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CLASS

BOOK

NATIONAL...
Have We a Moral Right to **THE PHILIPPINES?**

... REPRESENTATIVE ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER ...

LIFE OF "HANK" WHITE.

JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

VOLUME I,
NUMBER 1.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., APRIL, 1900.

5 CENTS A COPY,
25 CENTS FOR SIX MONTHS.

PUBLISHED BY CUMMINGS THE PRINTER, SMITH'S BLOCK.



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Rocker,*

A Couch,

or a pretty

Parlor Chair.

If its a new

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that is needed most, you are on the right track if you are bound this way. Every article in our Furniture Department is new and up-to-date.

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Whitney*

*Baby
Carriages*

and ...

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SAID TO BE
AS GOOD.

ALL GOODS

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Patent Leather Shoe for Men we can highly recommend as good to wear as a \$5 Shoe. Our price, \$3.50.

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When looking for Spring Footwear, bring the Children, for we fit 'em all, both great and small.

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Inter-State Journal and Advertiser.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

VOL. I—NO. 1.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., APRIL, 1900.

25 Cents for Six Months,
5 Cents a Copy.



THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



...

BY J. H. DUNBAR, A. M.

AMERICANS are an argumentative people.

All of us will argue for what we ourselves believe; most of us, through party loyalty, will argue for what our party believes, or professes to believe; and some of us, for the sake of argument, will argue for what we do not believe. As to whether this is the proper mental and moral attitude, as contrasted with the disposition to earnestly search for truth for truth's sake, it is not the province of this article to determine. We have made this introduction simply to account for the fact that there may be disagreement among us even on a question of pure mathematics.

Did the Nineteenth Century end at midnight, December 31, 1899, or will it end at midnight, December 31, 1900? Let us, Yankee fashion, and after the Socratic method of arriving at a conclusion, answer this question by asking several others.

Does a man become a voter at the beginning or at the end of the 21st year?

A bicyclist is making a "century run." Does he complete the century when he begins his hundredth mile, or when he finishes it?

A man is reading a book of 500 pages. Does he complete the first hundred pages when he begins the hundredth page, or when he finishes it?

A man beginning with the birth of Christ determines to save \$100 each year, and become a millionaire. Will he have saved his first 190,000, or 1,900 hundreds,

dollars at the beginning of the year 1900, or at the end?

We believe that there can be but one answer to these questions. If so, can there

ing the birth of Christ, 1899 years, 2 months, 14 days, 9 hours, 5 minutes and 30 seconds. This period is less than 1900 years, and therefore the Nineteenth Century is as yet not completed.

On only one supposition can the opposite conclusion be arrived at. We must suppose that 1900, the name of the present year, signifies that 1900 complete years have passed since the birth of Christ, and not that the 1900th year is now passing. But, fortunately, this point has been legally settled, for in 1751 the following act was enacted by the British Parliament:

"The years of the Christian Era are denominated as years *current* from the midnight between the 31st of December and the 1st of January immediately subsequent to the birth of Christ, according to the chronological determination of that event by Dionysius Exiguus."

The term "current," to quote from a standard dictionary, signifies, "Passing at the present time; not yet passed." Therefore, at least in Great Britain, and in the United States, whose common law is the common law of Great Britain, the year 1900 has not yet passed, and the Nineteenth Century will not end until midnight of the 31st of next December.

Just a word in closing as to what seems to us the proper mode of investigating a question of this character. If a machine will not work we know that it is on account of some defective part or of an obstruction at some point. In the same way, when every phase of an important question is not clear to us, a concentration of our mind upon the discovery and clearing up of the fundamental

facts will make the question as a whole clear in every particular. A little close thought thus expended will save a multitude of words and produce results a thousand times more profitable and satisfactory.



THE LONE PINE, HARTFORD, VT.

BY COURTESY OF LOUIS BISHOP PHOTO.

be more than one answer to the question as to the instant that marks the end of the Nineteenth Century? At the instant that we are writing this sentence, 5½ minutes past nine A. M., March 15, 1900, there has elapsed since the first January 1 follow-

HAVE WE A MORAL RIGHT J. H. D. TO THE PHILIPPINES?

Gen. Pilar attempted to mount his horse. Corporal Perry, on the cliffs, shot him through the head at four yards. Fifty-nine dead Filipinos were found and about twenty wounded. All of Gen. Pilar's jewelry and accoutrements were taken by souvenir fiends. He kept a diary, and the last words were: "I am holding a difficult position against desperate odds, but I will gladly die for my beloved country." A letter from his sweet-heart, Dolores Jose, indicated that they were to have been married two weeks before, but the hot hunt of Aguinaldo prevented. Gen. Pilar was but 23 years of age.

THE preceding extract is taken from a special despatch in a recent issue of a New York daily. We propose to make it the text of this article. That is, we propose to discuss the question whether Gen. Pilar, as here represented, was a patriot, a hero, and a martyr to the cause of liberty, or a cowardly rebel, nefariously fighting to destroy a kind and cherishing government, that was legally and rightfully entitled to his loyal support.

The two following propositions will be accepted by imperialists and anti-imperialists alike.

First, Gen. Pilar never recognized the sovereignty of the United States. Instead, he always denied and opposed it, and proved the sincerity of his opposition by the giving up of his life.

Second, the people of the Philippines as a whole have not recognized such sovereignty. Indeed, they have never been given an opportunity to accept or reject it, and it is not proposed to give them such an opportunity.

How, then, did the United States get the right to exercise sovereignty over Gen. Pilar? Someone has remarked that a certain United States senator has an especially valid title to his seat, as he paid the high price of ten thousand dollars a vote to get it. So the imperialist may claim that the right of the United States to exercise sovereignty over Gen. Pilar was indisputable, as, estimating the population of the Philippines at five millions, it paid four dollars for the political control of each individual Filipino.

Here, then, we have the imperialist's claim in definite form. Spain, a nation nearly half way around the globe, conquered the Philippines, and by virtue of that conquest, exercised sovereignty over them. This sovereignty was transferred by sale to the United States, so our title is complete.

What has the anti-imperialist to say to this? That, to quote from our once universally esteemed Declaration of Independence, all governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed;" that conquest gives no more valid title to the political control of a man than it does to the control of his property or person, or in other words, that political slavery is as tyrannical and unjustifiable as the Southern slavery that disgraced our country for nearly three-quarters of a century; that if Spain had a moral right to transfer her

sovereignty over the Philippines to the United States, we have the right to transfer it to the Czar of Russia, and he, in turn, would have the right to transfer it to the Sultan of Turkey, or to whoever might be the most despotic ruler on the face of the earth. But, the imperialist may answer, we are conferring the greatest of blessings upon the Filipino, even if we have no right to confer it; we are making him a part of the most glorious of republics. Not a bit of it. The latest imperial edict of the Administration declares that the people of our new possessions are not entitled to the protection of our Constitution; in other words, to paraphrase an infamous decision of our Supreme Court, that the Porto Ricans and Filipinos have no political rights that the United States is bound to respect. In harmony with this decision the Administration has recognized as a subordinate dictator a Mohammedan barbarian, the Sultan of Sooloo, and has agreed by formal and solemn compact to protect within the territory subject to his jurisdiction those "twin relics of barbarism," polygamy and slavery. So again slavery exists under a government whose constitution now declares that slavery shall not exist "within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction." No longer can the American proudly boast that his flag does not float over a single slave? Again, the catching and returning of a runaway slave may be one of the duties of a United States official. And, more than this, according to the professed views of the Administration, there is no legal barrier to the extension of slavery over the whole of the Philippines. The Filipinos, as they are to become not citizens but subjects of the United States, have absolutely no guarantee as to their future treatment. And the same Administration that was ready to offer almost any terms to a Mohammedan savage, refuses negotiations of any kind with educated representatives of a Christian people. Unconditional surrender and absolute submission to the will of their conquerors are the only terms that are offered these.

We repeat the question that we asked at the beginning of this article: Was Gen. Pilar a rebel and a desperado, or a hero and a patriot? Is his place among the Judases and Benedict Arnolds of execrated memory, or is it with Leonidas, who so valiantly defended the Pass at Thermopylae, with Warren, who gave his life for his country at Bunker Hill, and with the other martyrs to patriotism and righteousness, whose fame by song or story has been made immortal.

To those who believe that Gen. Pilar died the death of a hero and a patriot, we commend this sentiment, "Our country, right or wrong! If she is right, keep her right; if she is wrong, make her right!"

Announcement!

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY,
April 12, 13 and 14,

WE SHALL HAVE OUR ...



Millinery
Opening,

In the Room Over Our Dry Goods Store.

We have engaged one of the best trimmers in Boston, who has had several years' experience, and trimmed in Montpelier last season. We shall be pleased to see all the ladies of this vicinity, with their friends at our opening. You need not feel obliged to buy, but come and see our work.

At this Opening we shall show a Large line of

Ladies' Suits, Dress Patterns,
Silks and Silk Waists.

W. H. LAIRD,

Gates Block, White River Junction, Vt.

Two Very Nice Tenements to Rent, in what is known as the Hanchett House, North Main St. Inquire of W. H. LAIRD.

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Have made special effort in selecting desirable patterns and stylish make

Clothing

For the Spring business. Never during the 12 years that we have been doing business in White River Junction could we show so many different styles of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits.

In Our Custom Department, our lines of Fashion and Domestic Wear are large and attractive, and we are confident we can get you up as good a Suit as any of the city tailors, for less money.

We would impress upon all who read the JOURNAL the fact that we keep everything a man or boy wants to wear from head to foot.

WHEELER BROS.,

Clothers and Furnishers,

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

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United States became, not a, but the world power.

OUR MORAL RIGHT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY A CONSERVATIVE EXPANSIONIST.

A JUSTIFICATION.

THE law of nations is of slow growth. The action of the United States in intervening between Spain and her rebellious colony, Cuba, was a distinct advance, and for the first time the proposition was maintained that circumstances might justify the interference of another nation in the family quarrels of its neighbors. The principle is now well established, and by it, the

that from it
each and every
were not forced to co-operate with our forces; they did it willingly. The treatment of the insurgents was unvarying. They were not deceived. The evidence of our officers, and the complaints of the insurgents themselves, all go to show that they were subject to restraint and were conscious of it. The fact that they expected anything different shows how incompetent they were to form a stable government; and how sure they would have been to have fallen the victim of some bribe-taking demagogue who should work on their superstition and ignorance.

Two theories were put forward. Each had strong adherents. The arguments for each were well nigh balanced in public favor. From these came two systems of government. The one applied to Cuba has met with success far surpassing the hopes of its advocates. The other, applied to the Philippines, has resulted in the less sure, is resulting in a pacification of warlike elements, so that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are fast becoming accomplished possibilities.

These results were not to be accomplished at a moment's notice. Out of the hundreds of abuses, what wonder that one or two were left untouched. Inherited, innate vices are not to be overcome by proclamations or statutes. Education and civilization alone effect that. Brigandage, assassination, plunder and rapine were the immediate threats to the peace of the islands.

It was not a matter that our treaties do not fulminate against them. Does anyone believe that the practice would have stopped by mere treaty stipulation? Was it not, rather, a wise recognition of a condition, and a wise and practical method of dealing with it than a blind obedience to an untried theory? It was the treaty of the soldier and sailor, not of the politician scheming for office and power. It was not an attempt to hide the nastiness that everyone knew existed under the cloak of righteousness. It was an acceptance of existing facts, and the adoption of a practical, common sense way of making them non-existing.

There have been errors, beyond doubt, but the verdict of history will be a sufficient answer to all cavillers.

Springfield Republican

(MASSACHUSETTS)

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Opposed to Imperialism

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THE REPUBLICAN,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



Green Mountain Song.

BY
ALFRED
J.
BOUGH.

Here's a song of our green mountains,
Fair, and loved and honored state,
Of her valleys and her fountains,
And her sons who made her great.
Bright will shine her deeds in story,
Evermore her fame will ring;
Covered is her flag with glory,
And her praises will we sing.

Well the nation knows that ever
In the day of blood and tears
She can count upon the valor
Of her hardy mountaineers;
That in answer to the bugle,
Forth from mountain and from glen
Will be marching to the battle
Fifty thousand armed men.
As they marched, well all men know it,
For the fact in history shines,
That Vermont is good at plowing
Stony lands and rebel lines.

Its the best state in the Union
For the cure of that distress
Which a sight of people die of,
Known as chronic laziness.
For her summer is too fleeting
For a man to sit at ease,
And her winter such a wild one
That he's bound to work or freeze.
Stamped upon her vales and mountains,
Clearly seen by every eye,
Are these words of solemn import—
You must either dig or die.

Was there ever breathed from organ,
Or rehearsed in poet's lines,
Any music like the sighing
Of the winds among her pines?
Any strain by spirit chanted
Through a night of happy dreams,
That surpassed the measures woven
By the flowing of her streams?

There's the spirit of contentment
In the lowing of her herds,
There's a thrill of heavenly rapture
In the singing of her birds,
And sublime as shout of victors
When the foes defeated fly,
Is the answer of her mountains
To the thunders of the sky.

Were there ever laid on canvas,
For the love of fame or gold,
Hues like those which clothe her maples
When the year is growing old?
Softer lights and richer shadows
Float before her children's eyes
Than have swept the woods and waters
Underneath Italian skies.

to the Czar of Russia, and he, in turn
ould have the right to transfer it to th
ultan of Turkey, or to whoever might b
e most despotic ruler on the face of th
Who shall tell the strange enchantment
(Of her resurrection hours,
When the springtide rises o'er her,
Changing snowdrifts into flowers?—

When the woods, all bare at sunset,
Greet the morrow's tender dawn,
Like a troop of pleasure seekers,
With their summer garments on,
Angels drifting to her valleys
Ere her Indian summer dies,
Might still dream that they were standing
In the midst of Paradise.

Horses? Well trot out that Morgan,
Hitch her up and clear the way.
See that gait? She'll keep it steady
Through the longest summer day,
Swing a buggy o'er the mountains,
Reins drawn tight or lying slack,
Turn at nightfall to the stables
Not a wet hair on her back.

Little, is she? Well, each finely
Moulded, supple, nervous limb,
Is just like the State that raised her,
Crowded full of go and vim,
Grainy and saucy?—So again she
is under a government whose cons
now declares that slavery shall
be abolished.

Maple sugar? She supplies it
For the east and western home,
Sweeter than the nectar hidden
In the purest honeycomb.
Oh, the tinkle of the dropping
Of the sap into the pails!

Was there ever such fantastic
Music borne upon the gales?
According to the political vic
Administration, there is no legal
to the extension of slavery ove
rle of the Philippine. The fair.

There's her butter, just look at it!
Yellow as her goldenrod!
Colored? Yes, with colors nature
Mixed up with her virgin sod.
Bring that Jersey! Milk a pail full
And the cream at once will rise
To the surface, rich and yellow.

While you look, before your eyes,
At this fair Vermont Corporation
of Christian people. Unconditional
ider and absolute submission to the
their conquerors are the only terms

Every time they turn it over,
Knead it up or toss it round,
Something seems to make it worth
Another cent or two a pound.
See it ready for the market,
Wrapped in snow white linen bands,
And you'll say that it was moulded
By the daintiest of hands.



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A Large Crayon Portrait

For \$1.98.

Will it be a good one?

Good ones cannot be made
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.. Photographer, ..

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White River Musical Association's
... THIRD ANNUAL ...

Musical Festival

May 7 to 11, 1900,

White River Junction, Vt.

ARTISTS:

Miss HELEN WRIGHT, Soprano,
Boston.

Miss ADAH HUSSEY, Contralto,
Boston.

Mr. J. H. MCKINLEY, Tenor,
New York.

Mr. ARTHUR BERESFORD, Bass,
Boston.

Mr. C. T. GRILLEY, Impersonator,
Boston.

Mr. O. D. MOONEY, Pianist,
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Blaisdell's Orchestra,

HENRI G. BLAISDELL, Conductor.

For circulars and any information regarding the coming Festival, address MRS. M. E. G. DALEY, Secretary,
White River Junction, Vt.



Who shall paint her mountains, rising
Up like towers to greet the ~~sky~~ sun?
Or the streams that from their summits
To their bases leap and run?

And it's safe to say for traveling
O'er those delightful hills
Nothing better than the morgan
Ever stood between two hills

3 Then the women are such marvels
Made of such superior parts
That the butter when they touch it
Takes the flavor of ~~the~~ hearts.

4 Was there ever sight more jolly
Seen by mortals here below
Than a group of lads and lasses
Eating sugar upon snow.

Alfred J. Hough.

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CENTRAL VERMONT RAILWAY COMPANY.

DEPARTMENT.

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The Causes Which Have Led Up to the Boer-Boerish War.



Boer President, Kruger, or "Om Paul."

IN 1652 the Dutch East India Company established a supply station at the Cape of Good Hope, as a place for refitting their ships going and returning from the far eastern islands of the Pacific. They bought the land on which to found their town. The colony grew and prospered. In a century's time they held jurisdiction over 100,000 square miles. In 1795 the English, then at War with the Dutch, captured the colony, only to restore it in 1802. In 1806 the English again captured it after a severe struggle, and Cape Colony has since remained a British possession.

The rule of the British was not satisfactory to the Dutch colonists. It does not matter what the details of the trouble were. To remedy it, a body of 6,000 of the Boers, as they had come to be called, resolved to leave the land of their forefathers, in which they were now without voice, and seek a new country. They gathered together and went beyond the limits of Cape Colony, across the Orange River, and founded again an independent government, and called it the Orange Free State. This was in 1846. Again they grew prosperous, and again the English government found a pretext to annex the new settlements to the Cape Colony. Again the Boers resisted, and were defeated, and many migrated across the Vaal River, into a territory outside of the jurisdiction of either the Orange Free State or of Cape Colony. Here again they prospered, founded the Transvaal Republic and became the objects of the envy of the British. Since that time they have been engaged in warding off the frequent attempts of the English to dispossess them of their government. The results have not been attended with much military glory for England, and from time to time she has judged it best to withdraw from the conflict, and make treaties with the Boers, which they have only waited for a more convenient season to break, and renew the attempt to subjugate the sturdy farmers. The English historian, Froude, is authority for this statement. His fairness is unquestioned.

The last treaty was made in 1884, under the auspices of England's great peace-loving statesman, Gladstone, and the independence of the two republics, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic, was practically secured. Under that treaty the Boers have continued to prosper, and the discovery of precious metals and stones has greatly increased the influx of adventurers as well as bona fide settlers. It has also increased the cupidity of the English for the ownership of these rich fields, and led to the Jameson raid of two years ago, which, it is well understood, was secretly supported by the English government, who, however, promptly disavowed any sympathy with it just as soon as it proved a failure.

No one believed its innocence, and the Boers least of all. Warned by the past and the present, the Boers have been preparing for the death struggle which they knew must come.

The particular pretext made by the British at the present time, is that the Boers have broken the spirit of the 14th article of the treaty of 1884, which is as follows:

"All persons, other than natives, conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic will not be subject, with respect to their persons or property or in respect to their commerce and industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon the citizens of the said republic."

It is claimed that the Outlanders, as the new comers are called, are discriminated against. For instance, they are very largely engaged in mining operations, while the native Boers are not and use very little dynamite in comparison with the amount used by the Outlanders. President Kruger has granted the dynamite monopoly to a German, who demands and gets a much higher price than could be obtained if it were admitted without restraint. But it does not appear that native Boers are not subjected to the same prices. It also appears that the British, in our own Klondyke region, are asking and receiving much higher rates and imposing much more severe restrictions than has ever been done in the Transvaal.

The English further claim that the Outlanders are taxed without representation. So is every Englishman in the United States who does not become a naturalized citizen. They claim that the difficulties in the way of naturalization have been increased since the treaty was made. So the qualifications of voters have been changed since the passage of the 14th amendment to our own constitution, in several states.

But our Supreme Court holds that such changes do not infringe the constitution and are valid. We very well know what answer would be made if England should make such a request of our government.

A famous English writer, John Bellows, says, "All that the British Government has ever contended for with President Kruger has been the fair and honorable observance of this engagement in respect of equal rights in Article 14 of the 1884 convention." He specifies no other breaches than those above commented upon.

War was declared and the first blows struck by the Boers in the present conflict. In justification of this they urge that it was evident from the results of the Jameson raid that the English would soon enforce their demands by military power and that common prudence and the law

of self preservation required them to take what advantage might accrue from the first blow. It is difficult to say they were not justified in their apprehensions in view of the facts.

However our sympathies may be directed in this war, there is but one feeling of admiration to be expressed for the brave stand the Boers are taking in the face of overwhelming numbers, and the gallantry with which they maintain that which they believe to be a sacred cause.

It is interesting, however, to compare the war as now carried on with our own war of the rebellion as we may do in the letter that elsewhere appears, written from the front in 1863 and to realize that these are but mere skirmishes as compared with the immense slaughter and armies of those days.

WHITE RIVER FURNITURE CO.

How about some new House Furnishings?

We are now constantly receiving new and seasonable Goods and ask an inspection of our stock.



We are aiming to make our display of Furniture as large and up-to-date as can be seen in any of the larger towns.

We sell everything in general House Furnishings, from a Carpet Tack to a Parlor Suit for cash or on instalment plan.

A FEW SPECIALTIES:

Iron and Brass-Trimmed Beds, Couches, Sideboards, Chiffonieres, Extra-grade Dining Chairs and Tables, Carpets, Rugs and Matting, Upholstered Goods and Supplies.

We recently received in one shipment 27 rolls of new Matting, which are well worth your inspection.

REPAIR DEPARTMENT. WE HAVE A VERY WELL EQUIPPED REPAIR SHOP AND CAN PUT OLD OR DISCARDED FURNITURE INTO FIRST-CLASS CONDITION AT MODERATE COST. WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

Undertakers and Funeral Directors.

We carry a complete line of Undertaking Goods. Orders from outside towns promptly attended.



A SECTION OF A BRITISH BATTERY IN ACTION.

Easter Day.

EASTER DAY is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after March 21; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after.

The observance of this Festival is very old, indeed it is as old as the Glorious Resurrection of our Lord, and was always honored by the Church above all other days. It is a day of great rejoicing all over the earth, in which the Holy Church sings triumphantly her Alleluias, because the son of God, having vanquished death and hell, rose from the grave (attended with Holy Angels, and the bodies of the Saints, who rose from their tombs), and brought Life and Immortality to light. It is our Passover, the King of Days, the Queen of Feasts.

The old Fathers of the Church called it the Pascal Joy, or the Solemnity of the Resurrection; the bright and glorious Day of Christ's Rising from the dead; the most venerable Day that brought Life into the world; the Queen of Feasts; the Festival of Festivals; the Great and Holy Sunday on which the hopes of Eternity were confirmed to us.

Easter Day is called so from an old Saxon word, "Oest," which means "arising," because on this day our Lord arose victorious from the grave, destroyed the tyranny of Satan, loosed the bonds of death, opened the gates of everlasting life, and admitted us to the Society of Angels. There is no rest to the Christian no death; it is only sleep: Those who die in the faith sleep in Jesus; and because the Head rose, they who are His members shall also rise with their bodies at the last day.

The Resurrection is God's great pledge of the Christian Faith. It has been called the "Keystone of the Gospel Arch." There could be no Christianity without it. St. Paul says, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain," and "that Christ was declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection of the dead." The Resurrection was the great Message of the Apostles, their proof and sign of the Godhead of their Lord. It would have been no use for them to preach the Cross without the Resurrection. May we not think, then, that a great deal about the Cross, are apt almost to forget the Resurrection. This is a great mistake. We cannot think too deeply or too much of the Cross. But we must think of the Resurrection with it. If all our Lord's work had been completed upon the Cross there could have been no true Sacraments, no Christianity, no Salvation. He must rise again in order to ascend to his Father and plead His sacrifice for our sins.

And so the Apostles put the Resurrection to the front of their teaching, and no one could be an Apostle unless he were an eye-witness of the Resurrection and could say, "I have seen the Lord Jesus Christ alive after His death." When Julius had fallen, the Eleven met together to choose one who should be "a witness with them of His Resurrection," to fill the empty place. So it is worth while to understand this great doctrine fully, because it is the mighty fact to which we point as the sign of Jesus Christ the Son of God and that He still lives in Heaven as our Priest and King.

The Resurrection has this deep meaning for Christians, that just as we can share the sufferings of Christ, so we can also share His Resurrection. The power of the Resurrection is the special power by which the good God raises us from the death of sin. When we were baptized we were buried with Christ and rose again with Him. Whenever we confess our sins and are forgiven, we are raised up from the death of sin to walk in newness of life.

The Resurrection quickens not only our souls, but also our bodies. Our Lord has conquered death. We shall die, but death will not hold us, for it did not hold our Lord. We shall die, but we shall once for all and give us members the power of a blessed Resurrection to Eternal Life, to which may the good God bring us all.

A. A. B.

An Interesting Letter from a Battlefield.

THE following letter from a Union Soldier to his parents is found among the files of his father, long since deceased.

As the accounts of battles are now in order the custodian of this letter sends it to us for publication, as coming from the battle field.

The entire army left camp by various routes April 28, 1863, three Corps going up the river to the forts above Fredericksburg, and the rest striking it at different points. That night the bridges were laid and all completed at proper crossing places before daylight. No resistance was made to laying the bridges, except at our point of crossing. Our engineers could not work until the enemy on the other bank were forced back. To this one division of our Corps were sent over in the boats at midnight and attacking the enemy, drove them back, capturing about 30 officers and men. We lost some men, among them Col. Irwin of the 43rd N. Y. Vol. Just before day the bridges were laid and Gen. Brooks' Division went over, and the two Divisions occupied the plantation (Bernard's) where we fought the first battle of Fredericksburg. Gen. Reynolds (1st Corps) crossed below us a few miles and had some fighting next day.

Thus things remain for two days. It rains hard. Reynolds continually skirmishing below us and Brooks in our front and Gen. Hooker with his army are fighting up the river. We only hear their cannon.

Now we lay on the left bank of the river, supporting the two Divisions on the right bank and close to the enemy until Saturday, the 2nd, at nine o'clock in the evening when the balance of the Corps move over and take up their position. At midnight the cannon of the enemy at midnight we hear the volleys of Hooker's cannon. It was his night attack. We do not sleep for we are to storm the hills lined with many forts, rifle pits, and how many troops we cannot tell—probably enough to make desperate fighting.

At daylight we move forward, in the order following: Gen. Newton's Division, the light division, Howe's Division, and Brook's Division. We advanced about one mile towards the base of the hills, and the enemy's artillery opened as well as their skirmishers.

It was now clear that we could not gain the heights except by assault in full force. The order was given and the columns moved up under shot and shell slowly and steadily until within range of the musketry from the forts on the hill sides. Then the dash began. We could no longer see anything but our own regiments and what lines wavered on our right or left we could not stop to notice. Some columns were repulsed but none succeeded in gaining the summit of the chain of heights and outflank and confound the enemy. One Regiment on our front broke and scattered like Dutchmen and after a while my Regiment had the front supported by the 4th who kept close upon us.

Just before we got the crest, my horse was displeased with the music of shells and bullets, and landed me about a rod from him with slight bruises. I kept on without him. He was afterwards brought up by an officer who caught him after the fight was over.

Here we turned to the right and marched through the city and on the plank road southward to join Hooker, in the same order of the morning move. We had advanced some two miles when the head of the column ran into Gen. Longstreet's army and our Generals believing it to be a small force covered by the dense woods in front boldly attacked them, charging the woods with one line of battle unsupported. It was a mistake which cost us some three thousand men.

Gen. Longstreet had just got up to assist Gen. Mc Law and Farley with a powerful

force. Learning of their being driven from the hills, he united his forces to theirs and chose the strong position here. The enemy now outnumbered us, and were well fortified by the nature of their position. We must now act on the defensive and let them attack us.

This was Sunday night. Howe's Division in reserve. We expect a battle at daylight Monday morning. No sleep for us Sunday night and the enemy's skirmishers have not moved. By noon we saw them moving in great force to our left and occupying the same hills we fought so hard to get and then abandoned, yesterday. Their plan was evident. They were going to try to turn our left and get between us and the river. Longstreet was still in our front on the field he held in the last night's battle. Here was another reinforcement which had arrived on Monday. It was Jackson's old Corps and was commanded by Gen. Lee in person. Jackson having been killed the Saturday night before in the night attack by Gen. Hooker.

Gen. Howe formed his division to receive Lee's attack. Our advantage of position was all we could count on. Neil's Brigade made the first line of battle about a mile in front of the Vermont Brigade which formed the second line with our batteries massed in the center. A signal volley of the enemy's guns from the right gave the order for the attack. A shout and yell, loud and fierce, from the troops of Gen. Longstreet in front of Brooks' Division on our right and a strong move of their lines towards him was a feat to deceive us while their real attack was to be on our left. None were deceived by the feint. In a few moments Lee's columns were approaching and in about three minutes he opened upon our first line in splendid style, still advancing. Neil's Brigade reserved their fire well; finally opened, but only covered them. The fighting was kept up for some minutes at close range. Neil's Brigade were fighting 20,000 men with many men in reserve. They fell back and unmasked the front of our Brigade and batteries.

Now the fate of the entire Corps was in our hands. We were to stand firm, and the 6th Corps must capitulate or cut their way through an enemy three times their numbers, and swim the river, or drown in it, or be taken prisoners after a vain effort.

Now we must leave his position confronting Longstreet, without destruction to us all, so we could have no help from him, except to protect our right flank while we were engaged in front. Gen. Newton, also, must look out for Farley and Mc Law who would break our right and get our bridges if he weakened us there.

As soon as our first lines had broken and got out of the way our cannon opened in splendid style. In good grape and canister range. The infantry held fire. Each division of the Napoleon battery knocked their columns open, but they gathered in and moved on. Their steadiness was the admiration of all of us. As they gained the little valley before us our line opened. In a minute, the enemy were within range of our troops poured on this occasion. The enemy saw such a magnificent manner of battle. Our position was the best possible; theirs the worst possible. We were losing at the rate of hundreds a minute, the enemy more.

Less than two minutes after our line opened, settled the battle of that afternoon. They raised the cry when within ten rods of us, "Rally on the Plank Road." It was half a mile back and thither their broken columns ran in perfect confusion. We were not ordered to follow. We were not able. We had lost in our line of battle 580 men, and our position was too good to leave. In this battle we took 2000 prisoners; some of them laid down the fire and the smoke, and the splendid victory.

An order came for us to recross the river that night from Gen. Hooker. He was retiring and of course we must. We retired without damage, leaving our dead and wounded. Sent over Surgeons since and they are taken care of.

Your son,

S. E. PINGREE.

S. PINGREE, Esq.

Logging in the White Mountain District.

BY THE PUBLISHER.



THE large picture on the front cover of this Magazine was taken at Waterville, N. H., in the White Mountain region. It shows the biggest load of logs on record, which was drawn two and one-half miles by one pair of horses, just as seen

in the picture. The man holding the reins superintended the loading and drove the team. The load consisted of 138 spruce logs, measuring 8.350 feet, board measure. The width of the load was about 11 feet, and height about 13 feet. The logs were 12 feet long. The load weighed nearly 30 tons. It belonged to the International Paper Co.

At first sight it would appear incredible that such a load could be drawn by a single pair of horses for any distance, but this is the way it is done:

The roads in a logging district are nicely worked during the summer and fall and well widened out. When the snow comes the lumbermen skid the logs by the side of the roads. With a machine made for the purpose, a combination of snow plow and scraper, the snow is scraped out of the roads, levelled off and actually planed into just the condition wanted, so that it is not more than two or three inches deep under the sleds. A water tank is drawn over the roads at night and they are well sprinkled so that they will ice over. The smooth, icy roads enable the teamsters to take enormous loads, though usually not as large as the one shown.

What might appear to be dirt in the roadway,

times a week, as needed, and to keep the hay out of stornies.

Early each morning before the first load of logs goes down, the men are at work distributing the hay along the road on the little grades and on the hills. The result of this care of the roads in a logging district is all that could be desired.

There are often several sideways on a mile of fairly level road. If there is the least bit of a grade at the spot where the logs are loaded, it is necessary to trig the sleds to hold them so that the logs can be loaded in orderly fashion, for the professional lumberman takes as much pride in adjusting his load of great, cumbersome, snow-covered logs as some of the rest of us do in our own occupations. The outlines of the great load in the picture are as true as if placed by a level. The logs were loaded in sections, chains were passed over the top of every two layers or so and secured on the other side. The chains show in places in the picture.

The logging roads are so planned as to be one continued down grade. The roads are well enough made so that whenever one is pronounced finished the division superintendent drives over it in a buggy and personally examines the work done upon it.

The water tank used on this particular road was made in Michigan and holds nine tons of water. It is filled at a brook at the upper end of the road and the sprinkling is done as it goes along down.

The road is divided into sections, very much as it is done in the railway business, and each section is in charge of a section or repair man.

The White Mountain District is one of the many in charge of Mr. Chas. H. Green, Division Superintendent of Woodlands, of the Inter-

This man as he ran along took note mentally of the way the sled went over the hay in the road, and as he went along back on his return trip you would see him stop at some particular spot he had made note of, and scatter a little more hay here, where the sled went a little too easily, and remove some from this place where he had observed the horses had to pull a little. In this way the road is kept in the pink of perfection all the time. Mr. Green stated that a load twice as large could be handled if sleds were made large enough to take it on.

Each teamster draws a carload of logs each trip. The railway companies accept only about 7 cords to a car, or about 4,000 feet. The load in the picture contained 13 cords and about 117 feet, a trifle short of two carloads.

It had been noised about up in the Northern woods among the lumbermen that the teamsters of the International Paper Co. were drawing logs in incredible quantities, as much as a car-load at a trip, and lumbermen have been coming from all over the northern country this winter, many from 75 miles away to see how the work was done. Many photographs have been taken of similar loads almost if not quite as large but this load is believed to be a little the largest of all. One load contained 210 logs, but the logs averaged smaller. A great many people have come to see the logs handled so swiftly and easily. Pleasure parties have come from all directions. So one day the manager of the camp gave it out to these incredulous lumbermen from foreign parts and to the general public of that part of New Hampshire that if they would come up to camp on a certain Thursday, which he named, he would show them a load of logs that was a load. And on the day named everybody in that region came.



LOGMEN KEEPING THE LOGS RUNNING FREE OVER THE DAM, AT WILDER, VT.

PHOTOS BY EDWARD THE PRINTER



PORTION OF LOGDRIVERS' TEMPORARY CAMP, WILDER, VT. The Cooks' Tent and Group of Horses.

In the picture, is loose hay. The logmen use neither chains nor brakes. Hay is better than either. It is carefully scattered over the road and holds the sleds back perfectly and just enough on all grades.

The hay is kept in sheds built for the purpose at intervals along the forest roads. Three or four men work on the roads in a logging district all the time. The men rake up the hay from the roadway each night and put it under cover of the sheds. This is done so that the night air will not cover the hay with frost, which would make the road as icy as if no hay was used, and also that the hay may not be wet in the sprinkling, which is done two or three

times a week, as needed, and to keep the hay out of stornies.

To show how closely this system of using hay for a brake is followed Mr. Green said that some weeks ago he had occasion to visit one of these camps and happening to be at the upper end of the logging road, followed a load down the grade to see how everything was working. As soon as the first loaded sled passed the beginning of a repair man's section, the man jumped into the road behind the sled and followed it at a trot. The horses rarely walk but jog as the grade is so adjusted that the sled will almost move of its own accord.

Four-horse loads of sight-seers, as well as all the woodsmen turned out and went up into the wilderness to see the thing done; and they were astounded at the sight which was in store for them and which we have furnished a picture of for the readers of this Magazine. Among the hundreds who came to see the big load of the year was a photographer who had heard of the event and thought if he could get a view of the load he could sell pictures. He did better than he could have hoped for, for the very day he took the view, that very afternoon, before the picture was developed or finished, he took orders for 200 pictures at 50 cents apiece.

"HANK"

The Popular Co

"He made glad the days of his boyhood years after, on a broader stage, he brought hidden fun there was in the nature of the contact."

Copied

AZRO WHITE—more commonly known by his stage name, "Hank" White—was born in Cavendish, Vt., Oct. 2, 1813, and died suddenly of neuralgia of the heart, in Felchville, Feb. 14, 1900. His parents were of more than ordinary intelligence, his father, George White, working in his younger days with the Eddys, who resided in Weathersfield, and were among the early printers of Vermont. They printed the entire Bible, with engravings, in which the apos-

is a voluntary tribute from one who was personally a stranger to Hank and all his family, and proves that the United States Congress is not devoid of appreciation of genuine humor.

As a Printer.

Hank White, at the age of seventeen, went to Windsor to learn the printing business and served a term as an apprentice in the office of the Vermont Journal, where he was associated for a while with the now veteran editor, Hon. A. N. Swain, of Bellows Falls, with whom he maintained a life-long friendship. Mr. Swain writes: "On his advent to the office one of the first things he did was to name the 'bodkins' 'pegging awls,' but gener-

ered it an improvement to change 'oats' to 'd'. These were the days of the hand press, sometimes it took a whole night to work an edition of the 'Journal.' On these occasions Hank was very useful. The midnight or 12 o'clock morning hour was liable to be drowsy, dull, heavy, fretful; there were possibilities of ill temper. It was then Hank shone out as a successful diplomatic mediator. Few words, almost entirely panto-mime, and passing back and forth once or twice from press to composing room, all the while posing in various attitudes of an impatient ambassador, the 'strained relations' of his class would relax, and at three or four in the morning, the whole office force would be refreshed into a charming state of peace by a brief nap at the break of day. Such Hank in the printing office. His sunny disposition were both an entertainment and relief from monotony or vexation."



Taken at Newport, Vt.

"HANK" AT 22 YEARS OF AGE.
Taken in New York City.

ties are depicted in modern garb, with stove-pipe hats. Mr. White was afterwards an engraver and printer of maps. Azro was educated in the common school at Greenbush—now Annsden—where his father resided.

As a Boy and Young Man.

Hank White was always upright and manly, scornful to do a mean act, free from any debasing habits, never tasting intoxicants nor making use of tobacco. This was also true of all his after life. Hank was noted for his mirth provoking ability. There was always much laughter and hilarity in any company when he was present. Good nature seemed to reign; everybody was funny. They did not always think of Hank as the unconscious cause of it all, for he never seemed to be trying to be funny, but still the fun was an invariable coincident of his presence. He could make his face look like the face of any one else he chose, and he could imitate the voice to perfection. Whether it were the old negro, Dr. Brattle, brand-nosed Packard, Uncle Joe Dick, or any other human freak, his personation was so close to reality that every one recognized the living picture at once. He made glad the days of his boyhood friends and enlivened the streets and homes of his little village. And for forty years after, on a broader stage, he brought to the surface all the hidden fun there was in the nature of those with whom he came in contact.

A letter lately written by a member of the United States Congress, who is burdened with affairs of State and whose mind is occupied with the consideration of many serious and important questions of national importance, speaks thus of Hank, a notice of whose death the writer had seen only in the newspaper: "Probably no comedian ever lived who pleased me as much as Hank White. I enjoyed him more than any other comedian that I ever saw." This

OUR MOST GENIAL FRIEND, "HANK" WHITE.

From photo taken in 1870.

Mrs. White says this is her favorite picture.

ally he was too wary to be sent out on the street for any such thing as 'a quart of editorial' and too much kindness of heart to see others imposed upon in a manner which in the parlance of the printing office, he thought could not be 'justified.' If his 'proof' was 'foul' or his type on the 'galley' 'off its feet' he had a ready explanation that he had to use 'italic spaces,' and his countenance could always be readily turned to good account into an eight, twelve or eighteen mo. 'form,' in which the future comedian was plainly visible. If he 'pied' a whole 'stick full' he would make it appear only a few 'quads.' 'Ours' and 'doubles' he authored in common with his colleagues, but was too genial to use 'slurs' and always placed his 'quoins' in the 'bank,' while in market quotations he consid-

Hank in New York City.

From Windsor Hank went to New York City, where he remained for several years. Much of his time in the city was spent studying theatre and negro minstrel performances, and he thus prepared himself for the business in which he was destined to nature, as well as study, to make him distinguished.

Hank as a Minstrel.

About 1860, he returned to Vermont with George M. Clark, another Greenbush boy formed a negro minstrel company and commenced to travel, under the name of Broadway Minstrels. Clark made a study of the plantation negro while teaching singing in Florida. Hank's negro was not the conventional burnt cork darkey of the minstrel show, but the real article and *sui generis*. I one whose characteristics he evidently absorbed and probably imitated only real black men. Even when a child, was "Doctor" Brattle, once been a slave and belonged to the fact that gave its name to Brattle street in Boston and who, living near Greenbush, carried a



MRS. GEO. M. CLARK'S
in Felchville, where "Hank" lived.

WHITE

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drew large
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more than
twenty-five
years. E. P.

Hardy, the
brother of the late Judge Hardy, of Keene,
was their business manager. The last con-
cert of each season was at Felchville, Vt.,
the proceeds were given to the Free Public
Library of the village.
Hank White was true to his country as he
his fellow men. In 1862, both he and Clark
served in Co. E, 16th Vt. Regt.—Col. Veazey's.
was at the battle of Gettysburg, his regi-
ment belonging to the famous 2nd Vt. Brigade,
it covered itself with glory in that battle. Dr.



Taken at Sunapee Lake, 1868

George Spafford, who was the surgeon of that regiment, says of them, that in the opinion of the Colonel they did more good with their jolly ways and care dispelling songs, in inspiring the heavy-hearted and homesick, and averting sickness from their comrades than half the medicines administered by the regimental surgeon. Hank and Clark were often invited to headquarters to sing before Gen. Meade and his staff.

A Couple of Reminiscences.

Hank's humor was often beneficial and helpful in the army and camp. It is related that when his regiment left Brattleboro for the seat of war, they were placed in cars and a long wait was tiring the soldiers into gloomy reflections of home and the future. Hank saw the situation and took his position on the car platform in



THE BROADWAY MINSTRELS.

The first company "Hank" ever traveled with, comprising (in the rear), Wm. P. Chamberlain, now a men-haul at Keene, N. H.; S. A. Brock, now proprietor of the Brock House, Rutland, Vt.; (in front), "Hank" White and Geo. M. Clark. Taken in Canada, winter 1862-3.



"HANK'S" NEXT TO THE LAST STAGE APPEARANCE.

Minstrel performance given by Copeland Rebekah Lodge, Enfield, N. H., Dec. 12, 1890.

Fred Church, Mrs. J. H. Bennett, Dr. C. W. Pitman, Walter Donahy, C. W. Rich, Miss Jennie Huse, Miss Lillian Church, Fred Moore, Willie Norman, F. B. Williams, Mrs. H. C. White, G. Kelley, Mrs. F. A. Fogg, Miss Stella Huse, T. Crow, Miss Sarah Gentry.

Miss Daisy E. Wheeler, Mrs. Henry Flanders.

the "unble" attitude of Uriah Heep, with a cyclone cloud on his face. Soon an officer passed and observing him exclaimed: "What's the matter, Hank?" "Don't want to tell," said he. "What is the matter?" "I don't want to go." "Why?" "I'm afraid." "What are you afraid of?" "Fraid I shall get hurt." Such episodes soon placed the soldiers in good spirits for a start.

His hyperbole and extravaganzas were without conceit and sometimes as good as Joe Jefferson's Bob Acres in the duel scene of the Rivals, as

for instance when Hank related how in the battle of Gettysburg, he faced—behind a rock—a rebel battery of three hundred guns, which all fired at him at the same time.

Kindness.

Many a young man with whom he has associated on the road, speaks of the uplifting effect he had upon their lives—the encouragement he gave them to live rightly, to let alone drink and habits that would finally lead to their ruin.

He helped, pecuniarily, more than one homeless, to a home and an academic education that fitted them for a life of usefulness.

Only the great hereafter can reveal all the results of the manifold kindnesses he performed.

He married Miss Kate Felch of Felchville, his partner, Geo. M. Clark, having before married her sister, Miss Lucinda Felch. Both Mrs. Clark and Mrs. White have survived their husbands, and now reside in Felchville.

No children blessed the union of Azro White and wife, but what was denied them in this way they endeavored to supply in the good they did for others. One son, an adopted one, Howard White, is left to comfort and care for his mother, and mourn the loss of one who, to him, was more than a father.

"HANK" WHITE—Continued.

Frank Dumont, Manager of the Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"I knew Mr. White back in 1865 and '66. I was then with Duprez & Green's Minstrels, and we would often meet in the Eastern Country as we then called it. Whitmore & Clark's had a great reputation and 'Hank' White was talked of more than the President of the United States. I remember often hearing of him before I had the pleasure of seeing and knowing him. He was one of the greatest Minstrel Comedians that ever lived and a really funny man has gone from us, without leaving anyone to fill his place. It can not be filled by the present race of Minstrels; that is very sure."

In 1884 and 1885 Mr. White was elected to represent the town of Reading in the Vermont Legislature, and was not by any means the least conspicuous in that body of the wisdom and virtue of the state.

For the last fifteen years, he had not traveled very much but appeared occasionally when urgently solicited. Two months before his death he assisted the Rebekah Lodge at Enfield, N. H., and the last time he appeared before the foot-lights was at Charlestown, N. H., only two weeks before his death. On Tuesday evening he was well and cheerful and on Wednesday afternoon the silver cord was broken. At the funeral on Friday, Feb. 16, the village church was filled by his friends at home and abroad, and all were mourners. Rev. Miss Goldthwaite, pastor of the Universalist church, Rev. Mr. Teller, pastor of the local Baptist church, and Rev. Mr. Reardon, pastor of the Universalist church at Ludlow, joined in the services. The address was made by Rev. Mr. Reardon, his former pastor and was a beautiful and eloquent tribute to the dead minstrel. Here the curtain fell at the close of the drama of a well spent life to rise no more.



WHITMORE & CLARK'S MINSTRELS.

Taken at North Brookfield, Mass., 1885, their last season.

Some are still present.
Joseph Bourque, Dr. G. W. Huntley, Chas. T. Conant,
A. White, Chas. Perkins, J. Burke, F. J. O'Brien, "Hank,"
Geo. Clark, Tony Manning,
Chas. Hunt, Joseph C. Miron,

"HANK" WHITE.

There are times in my life as a Green Mountain Boy,
To which memory often returns;
For the jolly old friends that I then used to know
My heart with affection still yearns;
I remember with pleasure the "Fourth of July"
The Circus, with comical clown,
But the climax of joy I knew as a boy
Was the day that "Hank" White came to town.

For days we would gaze at the high colored bills
That beautified window and wall
And the wide-open feature of Hank's lovely mouth
Allured us from marbles and ball,
George Clark and "Tom" Maynard, Bryant and Burke,
"Seem" Holden, Joe Miron, (the bass,) "Pres" Hardy and others were personal friends
That we knew by their lithographed face.

From the posting of bills to the day of the show
We counted the hours as they sped;
We searched every cellar, and attic and barn
For bits of old iron, brass and lead,
Or ran upon errands a penny to earn
Which was hoarded with miserly care,
And when the doors opened each eager faced boy
With his quarter was sure to be there.

We would go to the depot and watch for the train
That brought the "big show" into town,
And in the procession "Hank White" played the drum
Which we boys closely followed around.
There were others, more stylish and wore better clothes,
And were with stage diamonds bedight,
But the attraction for all from station to hall
Was the jolly old hero "Hank" White.

When they opened the doors, to the very front seat
We urchins would go with a rush,
And impatiently stamp for the curtain to rise,
And when it went up—with a hush
We would scan every ebony face on the stage
From Clark, with the bones, on the right,
To the man on the left with a mouth and a smile
That could only belong to "Hank" White.

Though there may be minstrels of greater renown,
None better than "Hank" played his part,
And both on the stage and in every day life
To meet him would lighten the heart;
And throughout New England are thousands to-day
Whose eyes will with tears glisten bright,
When they think of the joys they knew, when as boys
They listened to jolly "Hank" White.

H. W. STOCKER.

Windsor, Vt., March 30, 1900.



THE KING OF MINSTRELS.

At an amateur circus, Orange, Mass., July 4, 1898.

GEO. M. CLARK.



THE names of Geo. M. Clark and "Hank" White are so closely connected that to their many friends wherever one is mentioned, the other comes unbidden to the mind. Geo. and Hank, as they were familiarly known, were associated from their youth first as stars in local dramatic clubs, and small travelling companies of players, then as comrades in the army and lastly as members of the famous Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels, well known throughout New England, Northern New York, and the Provinces. The memory of many old-timers will take them back twenty-five or thirty years to these entertainments, which for good music, wholesome fun, and genuine, old-fashioned minstrelsy have never been excelled. Old friends went to see Hank White perform and to hear Geo. Clark sing, as they expressed it, and although the other parts of the performance were well rendered, the two veterans were the leading attractions which sustained the reputation of the company.

George Merritt Clark was born in Clarendon, Vt., Sept. 10, 1833, and died at Felchville, Vt., June 5, 1885. His musical genius developed at an early age, and in his boyhood days he was the fiddler at all the country huskings and kitchen dances in that neighborhood. He continued to fiddle after he moved to this side of the Green Mountains, then taught singing school, sang in the choir and otherwise cultivated the voice which afterward made him famous.

In 1866, with O. A. Whitmore and E. P. Hardy, he organized the Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels, and was with that organization until his death, travelling with a circus as clown and singer for several summers in the meantime. Mr. Clark was Stage Manager and Musical Director for the Minstrels and composed much of the music that was used. He has written more than twenty-five songs, both words and music, among them being "Annie's Grave," "I'll Meet Thee, Darling Katie," "Flora Belle," "Don't Run in Debt," etc., many of which have become quite popular.

Mr. Clark and Mr. White were ever ready to help out local societies and organizations with their services and many have been materially benefited through their aid. The Reading Library has received large sums through their generous efforts, and it can truly be said that they devoted the best part of their lives for the amusement and happiness of their fellow-beings.



'Tis better to make people laugh,
Than to cause them needless pain,
For there's never too much sunshine
To scatter the mists and the rain.

FRANK H. CLARK.

INTER-STATE JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

Published the First of each month by
CUMMINGS THE PRINTER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

25 CENTS FOR 6 MONTHS. 5 CENTS A COPY.

...A Message from the Publisher...

IS the JOURNAL a surprise to you? Send in your subscription and receive this new Magazine in your mail each month. Every issue of the JOURNAL will contain features for which alone you would willingly give double the price. If you subscribe at once you will be sure to receive each issue. The fine, large pictures of local scenery which are soon to appear will of themselves form a matchless collection which all JOURNAL readers will be proud to possess. A large number of leading literary contributors have already given assurance of their co-operation and the best thoughts of writers all about us, whom we all know, will be presented in a most attractive manner. There will be poems of poetry, a religious column, a house-keepers' department, to which everyone is free to contribute, over their own signature, and something will be found in every number to interest each one of the family. The JOURNAL will be a clean, thoroughly modern Magazine, representing the best life of the Green Mountain and the Granite states. It will be the Magazine for the people of the Connecticut Valley. It will prove a most welcome visitor to your home. The present offer of only 25 cents for a six months subscription for a magazine of this class is without precedent. It may not be repeated. For this reason it may be well to subscribe now.

Have you a Friend?

HAVE the JOURNAL sent regularly to your friend in some far away place. Perhaps you're too busy to write that friend as often as you would like—the JOURNAL will carry a broader message to that home and you will be remembered and your thoughtfulness appreciated. The publisher will mail a neat note to the address given, saying through whose kindness the Magazine comes to them, if you wish.

WE HAVE a great deal more to tell you about the high standard set for the JOURNAL, what the publisher wants of amateur photographers, the matter in preparation for the May number, what you might contribute to its columns, and a host of other interesting things—but it will have to wait 'til the next number, for although a good deal of boiling down has had to be done this time and some unimportant things have been left out,—there isn't room for another word—and that looks as if we should have to have a bigger Magazine next time.

THE COMING FESTIVAL.

THE Third Annual Musical Festival will be held at White River Junction, May 7 to 11. The preparations indicate that the Festival this year will be the most artistically satisfactory of any ever held in the State. Our Festival took a high standard with the very first year, and the coming concerts will be up to and beyond the best efforts of the past. The chorus improves steadily each year under the matchless guidance of Professor Blaisdell, and as a result, widespread interest is taken in singing. In our church choirs, local concerts, and in school work a marked improvement is noticeable. The talent engaged for this season is of a very superior order, and is claimed to be the best that ever appeared in Vermont. Mr. McKinley, of New York, tenor, and Mr. Beresford, of Boston, bass, are known to be exceptionally good, and praiseworthy mention is given

to all the artists selected. Mr. Grille, the impersonator, needs no introduction to our Music Festival audiences. He is far and away the leader of his profession. The Committee has done well to secure Mr. Grille again this season. His impersonations during the work of the Festival Programs are most acceptable. The Oratorio "Elijah" will be presented this season. The chorus will number about 200 voices, as heretofore. Every singer is invited to join the chorus. By so doing valuable personal experience will be acquired, under the direction of most skilled musicians and singers, and the success of the Festival will be assured. The price of Chorus Tickets is \$1.00 and can be obtained of the Secretary. Rehearsals are being held Tuesday evenings. If you intend to join the chorus it will be well to make application for tickets at once.



WE ILLUSTRATE HEREWITH TWO PATTERNS OF OUR POPULAR

Gold Filled Guard

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Lorgnette Chains.

The Full Length of Each Chain is 50 Inches.

SOLID GOLD SLIDES.
SOLDERED LINKS. .

Over 50 Styles to Select From,
Ranging in Price from



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BOGLE BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Jewelers,

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GATES BLOCK,
Opposite Bagley's Hardware Store.

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1 Garnet, 1 Opal
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Price, \$4.12.

Either of the Chains Illustrated Sent
Prepaid to Any Address on Receipt
of Price. . .

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4 Pearls, 2 Garnets
and 1 Opal in Slide.
Price, \$2.87.

NEW ENGLAND DEPOT FOR THE PHILADELPHIA TRUSS CO.



We are now supplying

IMPROVED
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Champion
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to the United States Army,
Navy and Pension Depart-
ments.

Also to the United States Marine Hospital Service, and the large, increasing demand from dealers is proof of the great success they have had with them, many of whom are using the "Champion" to the exclusion of all other Trusses.

WE ALSO MANUFACTURE

The Genuine New York Elastic Cruss,

All Kinds of Hard Rubber,
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Supports and Belts, Crutches,
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JOBBERS IN ENGLISH CHAMOIS SKINS.

We make a specialty of Surgical Hosiery, for Varicose
Veins, Weak
Knees and Ankles, Lame and Swollen Joints.

Our Elastic trusses are as fine as can be made, our
prices are the lowest, and we guarantee a fit.

CHAS. L. BROWNE,

... WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.





The Horseless Carriage,

The Vehicle of
the Future.

It is not until we pick up a magazine or a daily paper that we realize how inventions of perhaps only a year or two ago have been forced to the front and are in daily and rapidly increasing use. The automobile or horseless carriage is becoming almost without our knowledge, as much a necessity in the cities of the world as the horse.

Every factory which is properly equipped for the work is making automobiles, locomobiles, or others of the new class of vehicles whose motive power is gasoline, steam or stored electricity. They are as busy making them as they were rushed in making bicycles when the field was new. Horseless carriages sell at present from \$500 up. The one which passed through White River Junction last summer cost \$1,000. It was made by the Winton Motor Carriage Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, the pioneers in horseless carriage construction in America. While here the machine attracted no end of attention and an employee of the JOURNAL office who was invited by the driver to take a trip around the square, in return for some slight service done, was the envied one of the village. A picture of a similar Winton machine is shown above. A powerful gasoline motor is enclosed in the body of the phaeton and is at all times under the perfect control of the driver. The machine runs almost noiselessly. It will climb the steepest hills without difficulty and moves over good roads at a speed greater than that of the fastest freight train. The cost of running is one-half cent a mile. Mr. Winton, the president of the company and a friend are shown seated in the carriage which made the record trip in May of last year between Cleveland and New York City, covering 797 miles of road in 47 hours. The picture was taken in Cleveland just before the start.

There were, of course, many interesting incidents on the trip. Here are a few notes from the report of their journey.

When pushing through a rural district in the Mohawk valley we came upon a "York State" team of oxen pulling a load of stone in an old-fashioned ox cart. Oxen and driver stopped and looked with blank amazement when our horseless carriage bounded over the crest of the hill and commenced the rapid coasting descent toward where the ox driver had pulled his slowest of teams from the roadway in order that we might pass with unchecked speed. The oldest method of road locomotion seemed to appreciate the situation as we wheeled past. The oxen viewed us in the same light, perhaps, as did the "sparrows." They seemed to say, "We see our finish."

The fact that our expedition was compelled to stop many times to allow horses to pass safely was published in newspapers ahead of us on the route. One very wise farmer had read that and it gave him knowledge which enabled him to get a careful view of the automobile—

and that is what he wanted. We met him on the road about thirty miles out of Syracuse. He caught sight of us at a quarter-mile range and hastily jumping from his wagon ran to his horse's head, grabbed the bridle in a fierce grasp and gesticulated wildly for us to slow up and stop. Mr. Winton shut off the power and we stopped quietly toward the seemingly much frightened man. He yelled to us that he had a green colt that would act ugly. We stopped and he started to lead his alleged green colt past us. At the same time I noticed that he was giving every bit of his attention to the machine and none to the horse. Then it dawned upon us that his clever little game was to get us stopped so as to give him an opportunity to carefully survey the automobile. We gave him a good-natured greeting, commented upon his cleverness, and asked how long the old horse really was. "Oh," said he, "she is under fourteen, and wouldn't scare in a burning barn, but I wanted to get a square look at that durned wagon o' your'n." And he did.

In some instances we passed farmers—men, women and children—who would run to the side of the road and climb fences to escape something that perhaps appeared to them as real. Their homes were far in the country and they knew not of recent scientific strides which has made the horseless carriage a realization. They perhaps had not read newspapers published beyond the borders of their respective counties, and were ignorant of scientific progress. It appealed to them no doubt as the sight of a brick block leaving its foundation and chasing up street would appeal to us.

Through the country it is an exceptional dog that will not run out and bark at a horse and wagon as it passes over the road, but their conduct with reference to our horseless carriage was different, likewise amusing. A dog would see us coming up the road and come out of the yard to bark. We would come nearer to it and a look of amazement, genuine, unswayed wonderment would overspread the dog's countenance. He would recognize that here was something decidedly amiss. He would be at once lost in wonder and astonishment and we would pass the canine and be far past him on the road before he would regain composure and remember that he had a bark coming.

The automobile has fully demonstrated its practicability and success in actual service under all conditions. It is unquestionable that the horse will before long be practically driven out of the cities by the automobile. The electric cars have driven the horse of the street railroads in every wide-awake city and larger village. The horseless carriage will before long take the place of private carriages, the public hacks and park carriages, and eventually the wagons and drays in city streets. Thos. A. Edison says there is in a year or two we will chase automobiles for a trifle more than the cost of a fine team.

Can We Talk To You?



We believe we have selected for the season of 1900 . . .

THE FINEST LINE OF WHEELS EVER SHOWN IN THIS SECTION.



Barnes, Racyle, Gendron,
Enoy, Fleeting, Pierce,
Stormer, Record, Garner,
AND MANY OTHERS.

We can furnish the Morrow Coaster and Brake on any Machine.

Unless we can save you money, or give you better goods for your money, we do not ask you to buy of us. We hope to see you.

H. R. & H. J. MILLER,

White River Junction, Vt.
WITH
EDELSON CARRIAGE CO., 20, MAIN ST.
H. RICHARD MILLER, Manager.

Paint Your House.

Now
is
the
Time.

It will pay you to
get my prices before
buying.

E. H. BAGLEY,

White River Junction, Vt.

Home ...Cookery.

TRIED RECEIPTS.

Breakfast Roll. One cup sweet milk, one-half cup sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful soda, one pint flour, butter size of an egg, two teaspoons cream tartar.

Pop Overs. Two eggs, one-half teaspoon salt, one coffee cupful milk, one heaping coffee cupful flour. Beat well and pour into a hot roll pan. Bake twenty minutes in a well heated oven.

Raisin Pie. One cup raisins, one cup hot water, one cup sugar, juice of one lemon, little flour. Let the raisins boil in the water. Thicken with the flour. Let it cool before using.

Baked Indian Pudding. One pint boiling milk, five tablespoonfuls Indian meal, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt and cinnamon, two eggs, one pint cold milk. Stir the meal in the boiling milk and cook ten minutes, cool it and add the cold milk, molasses, salt and cinnamon, the eggs well beaten and sugar—Bake in a hot oven two hours. When it has baked half an hour, stir in one cup of cold milk. To be eaten with cream.

Jelly Roll. Two eggs, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful soda. Dissolve soda in two tablespoonfuls of water. Bake in moderately hot oven and it will roll without breaking.

Sponge Cake. Three eggs, one and one-half cups sugar, two cups flour, one-half cup cold water, one-fourth teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful cream tartar. Beat the eggs five minutes; then add sugar, beat five minutes; add one cup flour; beat five minutes; add water with soda, then the other cup of flour with the cream tartar sifted in. Flavor with lemon. Bake in moderately hot oven.

Coffee Jelly. One pint sugar, one pint strong coffee, one and one-half pints boiling water. Soak one box gelatine in one-half pint cold water; pour the boiling water over it. When dissolved add sugar and coffee. Strain and set on ice to harden. Serve with cream.

Angel Cake. Whites of six eggs, one cup sugar, one teaspoon vanilla, pinch of salt, two-thirds cup flour, one teaspoon cream tartar. Beat whites to a stiff froth; add sifted sugar, vanilla and salt and the flour sifted four times. The last time sift the cream tartar with it. Bake in moderate oven forty minutes.

Plain Omelet. Put a smooth, clean, iron frying-pan on the fire to heat; mean while, beat four eggs, very light, the whites to a stiff froth, and the yolks to a thick batter. Add to the yolks four tablespoonfuls of milk, pepper and salt; and lastly stir in the whites lightly. Put a piece of butter nearly half the size of an egg into the heated pan; turn it so that it will moisten the entire bottom, taking care that it does not scorch. Just as it begins to boil, pour in the eggs. Hold the frying-pan handle in your left hand, and, as the eggs whiten, carefully, with a spoon, draw up lightly from the bottom, letting the raw part run out on the pan, till all be equally cooked; shake with your left hand, till the omelet be free from the pan, then with a spoon, one half of the omelet over the other; let it remain a moment, but continue shaking, lest it adhere; toss to a warm platter held in the right hand, or lift with a flat, broad shovel; the omelet will be firm around the edge, but creamy and light inside.

• • A Pleased Customer Is Our Best Advertisement. • •

EDSON & CHADWICK

Special Cash Trades for April.

Wise King Flour is a leader for a Bread Flour. If you are not using Wise King Flour you are sure to hear your neighbor praising it. Buy one barrel and be convinced there is none better and few as good.

MANHATTAN DRIP SYRUP, a fine, golden colored Syrup for table use. The very best thing out for griddle cake, hot biscuits, or any purpose where Maple Syrup would be used. We are selling enormous quantities of this fine Syrup, a good many cases a month. **Quart Can**, with handy opening top 12c.

Keep it on your table—you don't have to apologize for it.

ROLLED OATS, GRANULATED MEAL, RYE MEAL, 10 lbs. 25c.

PICKLES, Plain, crisp and hard, 25c. for 3 Qts.
Sweet, Plain and Mixed, 20c. Qt.

OLD GRIST MILL COFFEE, 5 Lbs. 90c.

HORSE RADISH, a good thing, quality guaranteed, full pint bottles, 15c. a Bottle.

TUMBLERS, a good trade, 12 for 25c.

WITCH HAZEL, full pint bottle, 20c.

AMMONIA, 3 Pint Bottles for 25c.

BLUEING, none better, full quart, 10c.

SAL SODA, 10 Lbs., 25c.

HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES. This is one of our special drives and cannot be matched in quality and price. Per box 90c.

GROUND OYSTER SHELLS, 100 Lb. Bag for 58c.

We give a Quarter Pound of Chocolates with \$1.00 Cash Purchase of these Goods if you mention this Advertisement. This offer is open at either Store.

Our Best, as AN ALL ROUND FLOUR, is used and liked by many of the best cooks in this vicinity.

PEPPER RELISH. Fine appearance, looks like piccalilli. A luxury appreciated by the epicure. Place this Relish where the man of the house can reach it at dinner time. It will give zest to his appetite. One Quart Bottle 15c.

TOMATO KETCHUP. If you are interested in Ketchup or Catsup, we have a good one, 3 Bottles 25c.

BONELESS CODFISH, in 3 lb. boxes 25c. and 35c.

B. T. BABBITT'S 1776 SOAP POWDER, 5 Packages 25c.

GLOSS STARCH, 3 Lbs. 25c.

PICKLED WHITE ONIONS, 20c. Qt.

FAIRBANK'S GOLD DUST, a 4 Lb. Package washing powder, 15c.

We carry Choice Brands of GROCERIES IN ALL LINES.

Call on Us for FRESH CREAM, in pint and half pint jars, supplied by one of the best dairymen in Hartford, per quart 30c.

10 Cakes ARK SOAP 25c.

BOILED CIDER APPLE SAUCE, in Qt. Mason Jars 35c.

BOILED CIDER, in Qt. Mason Jars 25c.

CANNED GOODS, "NECTAR BRAND," Peas, Corn, Squash, Pumpkin, Tomatoes, Succotash, the finest quality.

Lot of EARTHEN TEAPOTS at Half Price to close.

Lot of GLASS FRUIT DISHES at Half Price to close.

Lot of CUSPIDORES at Half Price to close.

EDSON & CHADWICK,
W. Lebanon, N. H. Two Stores White River Junct., Vt.

We Have a Well Equipped Meat Market at Each of Our Two Stores.

Pease Hotel, Hartford, Vt., For Sale!

THIS Hotel, famous for over half a century, since it first came into the hands of Luther Pease, will be sold on or before the 1st day of May, A. D. 1900. The history of the hotel business on this spot is one of great local interest. Located in one of the prettiest as

best selected stock after the best modern plans, thoroughly equipped and furnished, it is an ornament to the village and an honor to the public spirit of the Pease family. The only other hotel within a radius of many miles that can rival or be justly compared to it is the well known Woodstock Inn. Here in the quiet country village, with its numberless enchanting drives, its matchless scenery, its opportunities for boating and fishing on the clear waters of the White and Connecticut Rivers, the varied flora and fauna of the neighboring woodlands, its freedom from mosquitoes and other insect pests, its cultivated and hospitable society, its golf and tennis and croquet grounds, here is an ideal summer home for the weary toilers of the city.

Of late years the property has been the home of the Hon. Allen L. Pease, the third of the sons of the original proprietor. Owing to his ill health and other interests, he has leased the property to various landlords, who have not all possessed the inherent qualities of successful hotel men that seemed to run in the Pease family. For the past year and a half it has been under the charge of Mr. John F. Cann, who has done much to restore the reputation of the old days, by his constant endeavor to please the public with whom he comes in contact. Today the prospects of the hotel are very bright, and whoever shall be the purchaser, he will find a constantly growing business upon his hands.

A liverrly is connected with the hotel. Passengers carried to and from the Union Station at White River Junction. The sale is to settle the estate of Allen L. Pease.



• Old •

White River Hotel

and the
New

Pease Hotel.

well as most enterprising villages of Vermont, it has always wielded a potent influence upon the community, and has gathered a most enviable reputation among the hostleries of northern New England, both for the excellent table it has always set, and the good cheer of its landlords.

Luther Pease, who purchased the property in 1848, was a man of note in the community, and about his hotel office have gathered all the village worthies of generation after generation and helped to plan out the course of the town and state, in many an exciting discussion and heated debate. Many a scheme was concocted, many a plan was formulated for the manipulation of town politics; many a plot was hatched, and very often brought to a successful issue, and always with an eye for the best interest of the town. In all these the successful farmer and merchant and hotel proprietor, Luther Pease, was no small part.

At his death, the Hotel descended to Horace C. Pease, whose manifold other business interests led him, after a few years, to give up the business. He was followed by Charles W. Pease, his brother.

An ideal hotel man in many respects was Charles W. Pease, whose picture still hangs in the hotel office. Good humored, genial, courteous, all who came once were sure to come again, if they were within fifty miles of Hartford. He kept up all the traditions of the house and constantly added to its fame. "Pease's Annual" was the event of the season. Everyone who could (or thought they could), trip the light fantastic, even in the crudest of ways, turned out for this assembly, and mirth and jollity abounded.

The old hotel met the fate that comes to most hotels in the course of their history. It was destroyed by fire in January, 1889. Mr. Pease then used his residence upon School Street for a hotel, until the fine new house was built in 1893, at the cost of \$22,000. Made of the



There is something pathetic in the decease of the last of an honored name, something pathetic in the changing of an old estate to the possession of strangers. The humorous and touching traditions of the Pease Hotel will linger for generations, and let us hope that into whatever hands the property shall now come the name of "Pease Hotel" will be retained as a monument of the strong personality of the founder and his successors.

Terms and conditions may be obtained of David A. Pingree, Administrator of the Estate of Allen L. Pease, at any time before the sale.

Wheels for 1900.

THERE will be some slight changes in wheels the coming season but unless one is a very close observer he cannot tell if it is looking at this year's wheel or the one of last year. One thing which cannot be seen, but which is vouched for by the manufacturers, is that there is better material used than in the product of '99, and this fact alone will bring joy to the hearts of many who got "stuck" last year.

For the first time a coaster brake will be applied to the bevel-gear chainless models. The brake is of the outside type, acting upon the rear tire. The clutch in the rear hub is simple, positive in action, and designed to avoid all wedging of the parts and all shocks in their engagement. A slight backward motion of the pedal from any position throws back the auscultator and draws the brake spoon against the tire with a force easily graduated and controlled. All the apparatus, except the brake spoon and connecting rod, is contained in the rear hub.

As apparent perfection has been reached in the manufacturing of chain wheels, there leaves little for improvement in the main. Excellence of finish is noticeable, and there is a general tendency to make the wheels lighter. The latter is what made superior material a necessity. When a heavyweight orders his roadster, which is lighter than the ones he has been accustomed to riding, he will be advised to put on a 1 1/4-inch tire, instead of his 1 1/2-inch of last year. The manufacturers insist that more wheels are broken through carelessness than anything else, and say a large tire is a necessity, if safety is to be insured.

Among the wheels offered in this vicinity we notice the Racycle which has been on the market about six years, and is gaining in popularity steadily. It is quite similar to a bicycle and is not essentially a racing machine as the name seems to imply. The construction of the crank hanger is claimed to be superior to that of any other bicycle in the world. The crank-hanger is provided with a magazine self-oiler. This is charged at the factory when the machine is shipped and will run 10,000 miles without refilling. If the rider imagines it needs filling at any time it can be easily removed, filled and replaced in two minutes. It is claimed that the Racycle will carry the rider 27 per cent. farther for the amount of energy expended than is possible on any other machine. All bicycles have one fourth more pressure on their bearings than there is on the Racycle because their chains pull as a lever on the outside of their crank bearings, while the Racycle has a direct pull between its bearings without any leverage. This saving of one-fourth pressure enables riders to climb hills which could not possibly be ascended with any other style of bicycle. The price is no higher than any other standard grade machines.

The new coaster and brake are all contained in the rear hub, which must be specially applied to the wheel. It is about twice as large as the ordinary barrel hub and is fitted with spokes, either 36 or 40, so it is necessary for the intending purchaser to have his own rear hub and spokes pulled out and the new arrangement put in place by a mechanic. They can be supplied on nearly all new wheels at an extra charge of \$5.00 to \$7.00.

A new attachment to wheels will be in the form of a cyclometer that registers mileage saved by coasting devices. This coasting cyclometer, as it is styled, records only while the rider is coasting, and gives the exact distance covered by a rider when not pedaling. It keeps no record till the coaster brake is applied, when the little disc instantly begins to do its work. The idea is certainly novel, as many devices have been invented for measuring the work done in riding a bicycle, whereas, rarely has there been an invention for recording the amount of effort saved.

Queen Quality Shoes

ARE
MADE
SPECIALLY
FOR
WOMEN.



6,000
Pairs
Per
Day

ARE
PRODUCED

IN
THE
FINEST
FACTORY
IN
THE
WORLD.

45

THE MAKERS are, and have been for years, the acknowledged leaders, in their line, — women's fine Shoes. The Shoes are the most perfect fitting, the easiest on the feet, the most artistic, the handsomest, and the best values ever known in footwear. There are all styles for all uses, indoors and out; dress, walking, wheeling, golfing, and house wear. THE COST OF ANY STYLE SHOE IS BUT

\$3.00

We have a fine line of Queen Quality Shoes, and our store is the only place in town where you can get them. COME IN AND ASK TO SEE THEM. They are a delight to the eye and a comfort to the foot. We have all the latest shapes, comfortable and handsome, up-to-date in every way.

We send Queen Quality Shoes by express on receipt of price, \$3.00. If you live within 50 miles, the express will be 15 cents. If, when you receive them, you prefer the money, return the Shoes by express, prepaid, and we will refund the \$3.00.

Send for a Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of Queen Quality Shoes.

It will cost you nothing. You may decide to buy.

As a special offer to readers of the JOURNAL, a lovely picture of Queen Louise, a fac-simile in colors of the famous painting by Gustav Richter, will be given each purchaser of Queen Quality Shoes. No advertising appears upon the picture, which is a work of art and cannot be purchased for less than one dollar.

OXFORDS,
\$2.50



PIKE & COLE,

QUEEN QUALITY SHOE DEALERS,

DRY GOODS
AND JEWELRY.

White River Junction, Vt.



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New
Papers

AT \$4.00

The PICTURE FRAME STORE.

You will find **125 Other Patterns,**

Selected after examining the Stock of five of the largest factories.

Everybody Knows you can find here the Largest

Room Moulding in this section. . . Suffice it to say I have bought about

7000 Feet of this year's patterns of **Moulding.**

PICTURES, CANVAS, ACADEMY BOARD, ETC.

F. T. WILLIAMS, 2 South Main Street,
White River Junction.

National Bank of White River Junction,
VERMONT.



Authorized Capital, \$200,000.

Paid in, \$100,000.

RECEIVES ACCOUNTS OF CORPORATIONS,
MERCHANTS AND INDIVIDUALS.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

FOR REASONABLE RENTAL.

Call and Inspect Our Facilities For Doing Your
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OUR BUSINESS COURSE includes

Ben Pitman Shorthand. "A number of systems are taught, but that of Ben Pitman is more generally used than any other in this country, and may be called the 'American System.'"—Extract from the Report of the Commissioner of Education.

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If you cannot attend the school, write for particulars about our correspondence department, and especially about our system of teaching shorthand by correspondence.

JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

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ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

Dost thy heart stir within thee at the sight
Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?
Dost their sweet household smile waft back the glow
Of childhood's morn?—the wondering fresh delight
In earth's new colouring, then all strangely bright,
A joy of fairy land?—dost some old nook,
Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
Rise on thy soul, with faint streak'd blossoms white,
Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
And the bee's dreamy chime?—O gentle friend!
The world's cold breath, not Time's, this life bereaves
Of vernal gifts—Time hallow's what he leaves,
And will for us dear spring-memories to the end.

—MRS. HEMANS.



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THE OLD CITY FALLS, STRAFFORD, VT.

PHOTO BY FELLOWS.

Inter-State Journal and Advertiser.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

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10 Cents a Copy.
25 Cents for Six Months.

THE OLD CITY FALLS.

BY ELIZABETH M. F. CRANDALL, STRAFFORD, VT.

... High in air the burning torrents flow,
As deep receding surges foam below.
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.

—Burns.

Rather more than a mile from the village of Strafford, in a northerly direction, is the beautiful waterfall known as "Old City Falls." This is a favorite resort for pleasure seekers in summer and is most beautiful when viewed from the bed of the stream below. In spring there is a great volume of water, but as the season advances and the water decreases in quantity, one may follow the course of the stream up to the base of its very first leap, where is a beautiful dark pool, an enormous rock restraining the waters. Trees, tall and thick, overshadow the stream for a long distance; ferns and beautiful woodland things grow luxuriantly, and either bank is so high and abrupt that the direct rays of the sun enter for but a few hours of the day. The great tablelike rock is roomy enough to accommodate several people and is a favorite resting place after the rather difficult climb, the path in some places being exceedingly rough and narrow. But one is more than repaid for all exertions by the beautiful picture. The soft half-light, the floating mists constantly rising, the air always fresh and cool however great the heat elsewhere, the music of the waters half drowning all other voices, the grandeur of the rocks and trees, all combine to make one feel Nature's nobility and human frailness.

The region all about is historic, it being the site of the earliest settlements in the town, though but few landmarks remain to-day. In Revolutionary days this locality was often visited by bands of Indians and Tories, and the inhabitants were kept in a state of continual fear. The town "voted to raise eight men to serve one month in guarding and scouting in the state," and a log fort was erected on the flat above the falls. Lieut. Frederick Smith was to be the provider, and was to furnish "meat, bread and sauce, and a gill of rum per day." When all the men were absent on the scout, Mrs. Smith, the wife of Lieut. Smith, took the sentinel's post. Before the completion of the fort, Mrs. Smith and her infant son, Waitstill, and Philip Judd took refuge from a marauding band of Indians in a cave beneath the falls and remained hidden there in great terror and distress for several days and nights until the return of her husband, who was away on the scout.

It is also related of these times that one of the scouts, when drawn up in line that each might receive his "gill of rum," took his portion and then slipped out of his place near the head of the line, unobserved by the officer, and took a place near the end of the line, thus receiving a second portion. His satisfaction at the success of his ruse was so great that he laughed, thus drawing some of the liquor into his windpipe and strangling and dying on the spot.

Some of the older inhabitants remember being told by the previous generation of the pile of decaying logs, the ruins of the old fort, but now all traces of it have passed away. The many log houses which studded the fields and gave the locality the name of the "Old City" are long since gone and several substantial farm-houses now stand in the vicinity of the falls;

also the attractive summer residence of Dr. Seth C. Chandler, of Cambridge, Mass., the world-famed astronomer.

On the brow of the hill east of the falls where the murmur of its waters is always heard is the Old City Burying Ground where lie the ashes of those sturdy first settlers. Some of the headstones are of slate and fragments have scaled off so that the inscriptions are not all perfect. Several of the epitaphs, including that upon his own tombstone, were composed by Rev. Joab Young and are here appended.

Rev. Joab Young
the first settled
minister in Strafford,
died Nov. 23, 1816, in the
59th year of his age;
in the full hope of a
blessed immortality.

Know then my friends if such a wretch
Hath in the Lord found favour,
There must be room for all mankind
In my capacious saviour.

Another stone to the "Memory of Mr. Peleg Young," son of Joab Young, has dates partially obliterated. The epitaph reads:—

He lived beloved by Church & State,
To Hyran's friend his loss is great;
To parents dutiful was he,
To friends and brethren always free,
If virt[ue] bright from death could save,
Sure Peleg Young has shun'd the grave.

Upon a double stone we read:—

James Pennock Esq
Died Nov. 2, 1808
Ae 96.

Thankful Root
wife of
James Pennock
Died Dec. 23, 1798
Ae 81

Let it be remembered
That this was the first family
Who broke the soil in this Town
in 1768.

They left 6 children, 64 grandchildren,
189 great grandchildren and 16 of the 5th generation.



THE HARDEST TASK.

Listening to all the sad, complaining cries
That from our weak, impatient souls arise,
I sometimes think God's tender heart must ache
Because we do not see that, for our sake,
He answers not, nor answers otherwise
Than is the best for our tear blinded eyes.

This is Love's hardest task,—to do hard things
For Love's own sake, then bear the murmuring
Of ignorance, too dull to see aright,
The Love that rises to this wondrous height.

—Rev. Chas. S. Sylvester.

The Destiny of Our Nation.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

The law of gravitation is political as well as physical. Its effects are as plainly visible in the realm of governments as in the realm of matter. As the earth is held in its course by the attraction of the sun and of the planets so that it cannot be drawn from its fore-ordained orbit, so are peoples held under the sway of governmental authorities, subject to the attraction and counter attractions of other governmental centers. The distinction is that the great forces of the universe are fixed and stable, while the forces of the political world are largely fickle. Thus the outlying rim of a great country is controlled by the forces at the center. But it is also drawn by the forces that center in other governments, and, constantly changing, effect a varying influence upon the adjacent territory. As the forces of physical gravitation vary with the distance through which they act, so political forces likewise vary, and the district that is near a governmental center is less subject to counter attractions than are the more remote sections.

It may be laid down as a rule that the more compact a political body is physically, the stronger it is as a political unity. The force that controls within limited areas fails when exerted through great spaces. The historical illustrations of this fact are many. Rome fell because she was too unwieldy. The attraction of the center, weakened in itself by the loss of its early virtue and valor, was lost before it reached the far away provinces. While its own center force grew less, the force of other centers grew and inroads were made on the greatest country of ancient times till it fell crumbling in ruins. The glory and the downfall of Poland is of later date. Napoleon made France the greatest of modern nations, but even his genius failed to maintain its political unity over the immense areas he conquered. Political attraction could not exist between Paris and Moscow, and France became an Ichabod. England, a hundred years ago, learned the lesson of her weakness through the cutting of the ties that bound her most valued possession to her. Since then she has ruled her colonies as men rule their wives—by letting them have their own way.

Everywhere are illustrations of these political gravitations. Are we, as a nation, exempt from them? Thus far, as a nation, we have weathered many a storm that has threatened destruction. But these have all arisen while we were a compact body, and the interests of all parts were identical. Now with our Cuba, our Alaska, our Hawaii, our Philippines, with interests as diverse as the east is from the west, we have a new problem to face, a new destiny to fulfill. Never within the present generation has a time arisen when more was required of the statesman than to-day. What will be the result of it all? Where is the mutual interdependence that shall bind these isolated parts into a united, inseparable whole? North and South, East and West have stood the test of 130 years and have borne the throes of the greatest conflicts known to history. Will the thin, attenuated nerve fibres stretching around and across these world areas stand the strain, or will they, snapping, forebode the destruction of our fair land? Can these antipodal interests be held together? Is Washington to be the governmental center of the world? Quien sabe? Time only will tell.

TRUSTS.

TRUSTS AS BENEFICIAL TO SOCIETY.

BY EDWARD EVERETT LEBGHTON, L. L. B.

So much has been said against trusts politically and otherwise, that perhaps a fair non-partisan view of the true attitude of trusts to society would not be amiss.

What we call a trust is a combination of individuals or corporations. It is a union of capital. The idea of trusts, while not a new one, as the placing of property in the hands of a trustee for the benefit of the individual owners is a long established custom, still the gigantic unification of capital during the past few years for the purpose of manufacturing, distribution, etc., has called the attention of the people to these trusts and many hold up their hands in horror and cry out against them, without even stopping to consider their true relation to society.

There are various manufacturing and distributing mediums which are what we term natural monopolies. These are thus named, because from their very nature there can be no competition. For example: the business of making and distributing illuminating gas must of necessity, be a monopoly. The question then arises whether these should be public monopolies, that is, managed by cities, state, or U. S. government; or by private monopolies, but we will not now discuss this subject. But if it is decided that it is better for the private monopoly to assume control, then if a trust is the best organization, let it be favored.

This is an age of specialization. While a machine-shop, a few years ago, manufactured any sort of a machine; the progress and invention of the age now requires one shop to manufacture drills, another lathes, another bicycles, etc.. This brings us to another branch of progress after specialization had been to a degree developed, there comes the union of two or more units of the same specialty. These units may be factories, or any branch of manufacturing or distribution.

A notable instance might be the uniting of quite a number of the bicycle manufactories into what is known as the American Bicycle Co. We must, of course, recognize that the union of capital in the business world is for the ultimate end of money making. It is an established principle old as the world, that profit rightfully belongs to capital. Perhaps two reasons may be assigned for this union of capital, first which is competition. Competition, while considered the life of trade, may become as much of a curse as it may be a blessing. It tends to reduce prices. While this is always beneficial theoretically, and many times practically, yet it may be carried to such an extreme, especially in the United States where there seems a feverish desire to get something for nothing, that the price gets so low that one or more of several things must surely take place—namely: the pay of the laborers must be reduced, which no one will uphold as wise; stocks from which the goods are produced must be of a cheaper grade; the goods must be cheaply made and poorly finished, or the goods sold at a price below which they can be manufactured with a fair profit. Benefits derived from organizations may be said to be another excuse for the union of capital. That a collection of individuals or corporation many times derive great benefit from being conducted under one head, none can deny.

Raw material is bought in larger quantities, and thus nearly always cheaper. The cost of transportation of large quantities of both raw material and finished product is less than the smaller lots; high salaries of a large number of corporation presidents and other officials are cut out. Then we might go on, ad infinitum, with the great saving and distribution which increases the profits to that amount.

It may be said that the aim of the owners of this capital is to produce what is called technically, a plant of maximum efficiency, that is a plant which will produce the greatest amount of product at the smallest proportionate expense. Here let it be said that history shows whenever an attempt has been made to monopolize to the great oppression of the people, such efforts have failed, and generally with disastrous results to those who attempted it. From this we may draw the conclusion that an overruling power will not permit the great oppression of the masses by the few. In fairness to the great business men of our land who are connected with trusts, let us carefully consider the benefits, as well as the evil of trusts, before we condemn them.



DOROTHY.

THE ULTIMATE SUBSTITUTE FOR THE TRUST.

By J. H. DUNBAR, A. M.

A certain town has a few score of houses. Its water supply, up to the present time, has been obtained from a few wells, or drawn from the river which forms one of its boundaries. But the building of a new railroad through its centre, and the establishment of a number of large factories on its river banks, indicate that it certainly will soon reach a population of several thousand, and that it may, before many years, become a large city. The owners of the houses therefore give their attention to the securing of a convenient and permanent supply of running water. Fortunately, less than a mile distant, on a range of encircling hills, are large and never-failing springs of pure water. The first thought is for each householder to lay an independent line of pipe, but it is found that if this is done, both the individual and the aggregate expense will be very heavy. A capitalist, however, who has recently arrived in the town, proposes a solution of the problem. He tells the people that the laying of so many pipes would be a stupendous and needless waste of material and labor. He shows them that the water can be collected into a large reservoir near the base of the hills, and brought thence in a single pipe to the centre of the town, and informs them that he has given the matter careful consideration, and is ready to invest his capital and furnish them with a complete and modern water system. The general soundness of his arguments is recognized, and a meeting is called to vote the powers and privileges that he considers necessary. Everything passes along smoothly until a citizen inquires as to the cost at which he proposes to furnish the water. His first reply is that that is his business, and not theirs. As, however, a considerable number vigorously show their disagreement with this proposition, qualified by adding that he will agree that the price shall be less than the cost would have been under their original plan. As there are some whom even this magnanimity does not satisfy, he enlarges upon the many indirect benefits that will accrue from accepting his offer. He demonstrates that the taxable property will be largely increased, and, more than this, promises that a liberal portion of his profit shall be distributed among the churches, schools and other deserving institutions of the town. As these contributions will apparently be a clear gain, it at first appears as though the proposition will now be accepted by a unanimous vote. But the man who has asked the question is not yet convinced. "Your proposition seems to amount to this," said he, turning to the capitalist. "The saving in construction and operating expenses under your sole ownership, as compared with a separate line for each separate house, would, without doubt, be several times the capital needed to install it. You would certainly be acting very generously—more generously, I fear, than the average man among us would act—if you should present us with a fourth of this saving. And a twelfth part would certainly be a very liberal estimate for your taxes and your voluntary contributions. You would therefore get two thirds of the saving, while we should get but a single third. You may say to us that it will be better to save a third than to save nothing. That is unquestionably true. But I say that it will be better to save the full amount than to save a third. So I propose," said he, turning to his fellow-householders, "that in place of binding ourselves, our children, our children's children, and their descendants to the very end of time to pay yearly tribute to this man and to those who inherit his privileges, we make instead the necessary present sacrifice of labor and capital, and by ourselves constructing the works appropriate to ourselves and our descendants not a third of the savings, but very cent of it.

Strange to say, this last proposition was unanimously adopted, and if you who read this article had been present and entitled to a vote, for which of the propositions would you have it?

This imaginary episode fairly represents, we think, the different phases of that question which is the basis of all economic questions and in comparison with which all others are trivial and insignificant. A choice may be had between three systems. The first is the system of individualism, under which probably three-fourths of the potential labor of the world is semi-productive, non-productive, inactive, or even destructive. The second is the system of the trusts and of gigantic corporations, a system which is now extending itself over this country, with almost inconceivable rapidity and completeness; a system under which the aggregate wealth of the world may be increasing, but the efforts of which upon the distribution of wealth is well illustrated by two news items in the New York World, of May 2 the first of which gives the profits of John D. Rockefeller for the first third of the year 1900 as 24 million dollars, while the second records the strike of section men in Ohio to get an increase from \$1.15 to \$1.25 in their daily wage. The third is the system of socialism, a system in which the wealth becomes the property of those who produce it, a system in which man profits by the prosperity of his neighbor instead of by his misfortune; a system in which Christianity can be practised on week-days as well as preached on Sundays; a system in which intemperance and ignorance and crime will be done away with, and in which life will be a happy and harmonious development of the body and mind and soul of all mankind, instead of a general, and in millions of cases almost hopeless, struggle against debt and poverty.

TRUSTS. -- A RADICAL VIEW.

By A CONSERVATIVE.

So far as trusts are justifiable means to justifiable ends they are praiseworthy creatures. To the ideal trust no exception is here taken. Of the actual trust, which bears as much resemblance to the ideal as Satan before his ejection from paradise does to the Satan of hades, of the heartless, soul-less octopus that stretches forth its insinuating feelers over the length and breadth of the land, nothing can be said unjustly.

The actual trust has forgotten the needs that have inspired it. It does not recognize itself as a means. It sees in itself an end—the sole end of all things. Instead of being the channel through which the greatest good may flow to the greatest number, it has come by easy stages to be, first, a means of money getting to the few who control it, and then to be an entity in itself and for itself, seeking before all its own self perpetuation.

It must be admitted that certain great enterprises of commerce and mining and engineering cannot be accomplished by individual effort. It is granted that cost of production may be reduced, that prices may be lowered to the consumers, that more comfort may be had by the wage earner, by a combination of capital and capitalist. Every wage earner confesses this when he joins a labor combination, for he is by united action of himself and fellows that he hopes to better his condition. So far as the trust performs this function, so far is it justifiable. But the actual trust does this if at all simply as a side issue. That is not the purpose for which it has been formed. It is a money getter, and prices are never lowered until after profits have been increased.

Then as a sop to Cerberus, comes the mock heralded reduction of prices, which the hypocritical, canting managers of trusts proclaim as sufficient reason for their being.

It is a very marked circumstance that one's attention is never called to the increase of profits as a result of trusts, but is forced, willing or unwilling, to look at the sinking scale of prices. We are told but half the story. The part untold, condemns the whole system. It is no part of the ideal trust to make a class rolling in wealth that Croesus would have envied. Carnegies, Brices, Rockefellers, Goulds and Vanderbilts are not producers nor the products of the ideal system. They ostentatiously show their authority which they have been making them such. They fall utterly in their comprehension of the great duties which their great abilities cast upon them or having some faint glimmer of the true end of life, they are not willing to pay the price to attain it. They are lured away from the truth by the tinsel glitter of the world's rewards. So far as the trusts create or foster class distinctions, so far is it a curse. So far as the increase of wealth is greater than the decrease of price, so far the system is a failure. So far as employers become disproportionately wealthy as compared with the employed, so far is it condemned. No one can deny that the tendency of trusts is to do these things.

This is the trust as it is. Is the ideal possible to attain? Yes, but it will be by the slow evolution of ages. How, when or where we cannot say. We seem likeliest, paradox as it may seem, to progress by an universal extension of the evil of which we complain. The growing tendency of the day is to recognize that the trust is a necessity.—something we must have. The true principle of the trust is equally important to every individual, to every class. It is the principle of intelligent co-operation, not of capital and capitalists alone, not of employees alone, but of every individual of this great world nation, be he rich or poor, bond or free, or the extension of human happiness and human comfort. It is to progress in the governmental idea that we are to look for relief. In the stronger realization of the principle on which all true control rests and the carrying this principle more fully into practice, that government is for the people, through the people and by the people our hope for the future depends.

To the assumption by our towns, cities, states and nations of the powers of trusts and the performance of their duties the world is slowly trending. Every individual will then have direct voice in the management of and equal benefit arising from trusts. How this change can be brought about is the study of scientists and statesmen. It must be by the gradual, but the time is coming when the monster that now draws on the life blood of the nation shall be converted in some such way into an instrument of good.

An imperturbable demeanor comes from perfect patience. Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in their course undisturbed at their own private pace, like a clock in a thunder-storm.
—R. Louis Stevenson.

Take good care of the disagreeable duties. Attend to these first. Never select the things that you want to do, and shirk upon others the things that you do not want to do. Wherever you are, choose the disagreeable things. You will get your pay in your manhood. You cannot grow in any other way so fast. You may be angry with some foolish man who is willing to give you the things that he ought to do, you may feel that there is injustice in it, but you cannot afford to be unfaithful because somebody else is.—Henry Ward Beecher's unfinished writings, (unprinted.)

A Trio of Steel Bridges on the C. U. R. R.

DESCRIPTIVE MATTER BY J. E. THORNY, Supt. of Bridges.



LULL BROOK BRIDGE, AT HARTLAND, VT.

The bridge at Hartland, known as Lull Brook Bridge, is 97 feet above the water, the second highest in the State. The entire length of the bridge is 220 feet. It was built by the Hilltop Bridge Co., of Albany, N. Y., in 1896, and is a steel, pin connected, deck bridge. This bridge took the place of an old iron one which was built in 1861. The bridge removed was built for the lighter traffic of those days and had to be removed when heavier engines and rolling stock took place of the lighter ones. The old bridge is now doing service on the Narrow Gauge Railroad near Brattleboro.



LULL BROOK FROM THE TRAIN.



BRIDGE AT SCENE OF HARTFORD WRECK.

This bridge replaced a wooden bridge which was burned in the rail way disaster of February 4th, 1897. Photo. by Mrs. Cora T. Whitcomb.



FALLS OF THE OTTAQUECHES, NORTH HARTLAND.



THE NEW BRIDGE AT NORTH HARTLAND.

This bridge known as "Quechee Bridge" has just been completed: it is 676 feet long, and the tracks are 70 feet above the water. This bridge was made by the Edge Moor Bridge Works of Wilmington, Del., and is one of the best types of the modern railway bridge. It is built entirely of steel and is what is known as a triangular riveted truss, its safe load is 4,000 pounds per square foot of roadway surface. The bridge which this new structure replaced was a Howe Truss, built in 1864, by the inventor of the Howe Truss Bridge and was still in a good state of preservation.

ABOUT DIAMONDS.

BY C. C. BOGLE.

Having recently returned from a visit to New York, America's greatest diamond mart, possibly a few words about these wonderful gems may not prove uninteresting. Maiden Lane and John Street between Broadway and Nassau street, is the centre of this great business in this country. Here are the offices of the diamond importers and cutters. Here can be found scores of stocks running up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and many firms doing a business of more than a million dollars annually in nothing but loose diamonds. Some of the dealers are located a little further down Maiden Lane than Nassau street, and a few on Broadway and Union Square, but the most of them will be found within the above named limits.

Diamonds, always popular, are daily becoming more desirable as articles of personal adornment. A dozen years ago they were plenty and comparatively cheap, but since the organization of the London Syndicate the annual output has been controlled and regulated so that the price has constantly appreciated for many years. Nineteenths of the world's supply of these precious gems comes from South Africa, and is controlled by the DeBeers Mining Company of Kimberly, and the London Syndicate, which are closely allied in their interests and methods.

Americans, or more strictly speaking, people of the United States, have the reputation at the present time of being the world's greatest purchasers of diamonds, and never in the history of the diamond business has there been such a large demand as in the past year. To this is attributed, more than to the war in South Africa, the recent rapid advance in prices, which has already amounted to about 40% in the last ten months and bids fair to be 20% more in the very near future. The Syndicate claim however, that the cost of mining the rough diamonds is constantly increasing, as the level of the drift where the work is now being carried on is more than 200 feet below the earth's surface, and the diamond earth or rock is yielding less and less of the rough gems. At present the mines are not being worked for the reason that to operate them requires power, and power cannot be obtained without coal. Coal comes from Natal and is not available at present on account of the prevailing unpleasantness in that section between the English and the Boers. Should these conditions continue indefinitely the result would be a diamond famine. As it is, Cecil Rhodes, the principal mine owner, and his friends in Kimberly, cannot be having a real happy time, and would undoubtedly give valuable blocks of mining stock or make liberal contributions of diamonds in exchange for more liberty, or to have things in general more to their liking. The reader is admonished however not to shed tears over their sad condition, as it is reported that their profits for the past year are

more than \$10,000,000, which doubtless will reconcile them to a little inconvenience.

Many of the importers object to the sharp advance in prices and occasionally some of the smart ones tell the syndicate they won't pay it. The cool answer of the syndicate is "nobody wants you to pay it. What makes you do it if you don't want to?" One importer went to London with \$150,000 to buy rough diamonds. He waited three weeks for a chance to see them, as the Syndicate shows goods only at its pleasure and by special appointment. Accompanied by a broker he was ushered into a room and what is known as a "lot" of the "rough" was brought from a vault and placed on a table before him. The selling agent then retired telling the importer that when he had examined the stock and was ready to make a proposition he would hear it. The lot figured up about \$300,000. The importer's proposition was to take one-half the lot at prices quoted, that being the extent of his available funds. He was informed in terms more distinct than courteous that he had no right to ask to see the Syndicate's stock of "rough" unless prepared to purchase full lots, but as they had been to the trouble to show the stock his offer would be accepted. The importer says when he went into the Syndicate's office he felt like a Rothschild but he came out feeling like a very small ordinary man.

The cutting, finishing and polishing of diamonds for this market, up to a few years ago, was done almost entirely at Amsterdam and London, but since the passage of the Dingley tariff bill which admitted the "rough" free of duty and placed a duty of 10% ad valorem on cut diamonds, large importations have been made in the rough and the cutting is done largely in this country. This industry is established in New York and Brooklyn and has given employment to large numbers of skilled workmen at good wages.

In selecting cut diamonds dealers are careful first, to determine the color, and next to this the refracting power or brilliancy of each stone. These points are usually decided upon by most buyers without the use of a glass. Then the stones are given a critical examination with a strong magnifying glass to see if they are properly cut, correct shape and free from flaws and specks. Nothing escapes the expert buyer's eye and he will examine a hundred stones in a surprisingly short time, sorting them out and placing each in its proper grade as to value.

I hope no one will infer from the reading of this article that on account of the advance in price, diamonds are beyond the reach of people of ordinary means for such is not the case.

It is true they have advanced in price but this is equally true of many other articles of commerce and in fact of almost every thing bought and sold at the present time. But the country is now on a different basis as compared with the financial conditions that prevailed a few years since—more money is in circulation and business of all kinds is better, thus making it even easier for most people to purchase diamonds now than when prices were lower and money less plenty.



A CHILD STUDY.

IN THE JOURNAL EACH MONTH:

A beautiful view of Nature at her best; a return, in story, to the days of the early settlers; a study of the great problems which confront the Nation, by men you know; a poem as the muse may lead you; a little fiction, the better for being written about incidents of our home life; a host of interesting pictures from the Journal's eager collectors; the passing events of the Valley, illustrated; a monthly letter from the "Hub" an occasional letter from our local travelers in lands across the sea; a little cookery; a little of the famous; and the little notes of general interest.

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VERMONT'S SENSATIONAL MAN-HUNT.

A COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE ESCAPE AND CAPTURE OF FRANK AND DUSTIN SHAW,
AND THE SHOOTING OF OFFICER HOFFMAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE JOURNAL'S SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE JAIL AT WOODSTOCK, SHOWING ROPE OF BLANKETS DOWN WHICH FRANK AND DUSTIN SHAW ESCAPED.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF DR. HOFFMAN'S LIFE.

Dr. George W. Hoffman, whose tragic death has caused the whole state to mourn, was born at Island Pond, Vt., Aug. 18, 1854. His parents were in very moderate circumstances, and beyond a common district school he had to depend largely upon his own efforts to secure an education. When 16 years of age he secured employment on the railroad, but at the age of 17 was crushed between two cars and injured. His physician advised him to quit railroad-ing and go west. He did so and entered the employ of the government as telegraph operator, with the rank of lieutenant at one of the frontier posts in the Sioux Indian country. He was not in the Apache country at the time of Custer's death as has been stated in the daily press, but was personally acquainted with Gen. Custer some years before. Becoming tired of frontier life he returned home and entered school again at Lyndon, occasionally teaching a term or so to provide himself with funds to continue his studies. At the age of 22 he began the study of dentistry which he has successfully practiced in White River Junction for the past 21 years. In 1880 he was married to Miss Carrie Harris of Lyndon, who with two daughters survive him.

Funeral services were held at his late residence Sunday, Apr. 29, Rev. A. J. Hough officiating, assisted by Rev. G. A. Wilkins and Rev. P. P. Womer. The interment was at Lyndon, Vt., the following day.

"Doc" Hoffman as he was familiarly known, was an ardent lover of horses, and took a deep interest in matters pertaining to the turf. For a number of years he had been Secretary of the Vermont State Fair Association, and the Billings Park Association, and was an acknowledged authority in turf matters.

For ten years he had been a Deputy Sheriff and of him it has been said, that "he never knew what fear was." This sterling quality in an officer soon made him a terror to the evil doer, and many an adventure is told by his colleagues which shows his bravery and daring. In this, his last adventure, the attempted capture of escaped prisoners, his courage was not found wanting, and whether his assailant possessed a spark of daring or whether rank foolishness characterized his act, will be shown later at the trial.

HOW THE SHAW'S MADE THEIR ESCAPE.

The two Shaws, Frank and Dustin, were prisoners who had been confined in the Windsor County Jail at Woodstock on the charges of larceny and illegal killing of deer. They are father and son, aged 53 and 31. They made their escape in the early morning of Tuesday, April 24, by bending the iron bars from one of the hospital rooms. This window is plainly shown in the accompanying picture of the jail, and the improvised rope made from the bed covering is shown in just the position they used it.



THE FUGITIVES' CAMP ON SOUTH HILL, STOCKBRIDGE, WHERE HOFFMAN WAS SHOT.

The entrance to their bough house can be seen at the left. Directly in front of this shelter and between the two men was their camp fire, just behind the small tree in the foreground. On the saplings at the left can be seen the remains of the fox, rabbit and squirrel which the Shaws had killed the morning of the shooting. A JOURNAL representative was on the scene before their camp fire had burned out and the picture shows the camp as it was the morning the Shaws were surprised by the Sheriff. The tin pail, which they had stolen at Goudel's can be seen near the fox. Frank Shaw stood quite near the camp fire when the officers approached and Dr. Hoffman came up about where the man stands at the extreme right of the picture. The elder Shaw stood a little to the left and back of his son. Sheriff Stafford was directly in front, coming up the hill.



DR. GEO. W. HOFFMAN.

Mr. Thomas, the jailer, can hardly be accused of negligence. The Shaws were inconsequential prisoners and had behaved themselves so as to merit some confidence, and were given the use of the outer corridors. That this confidence was misplaced was shown by subsequent events, but it is not likely that either father or son will be trusted again.

THE PROBABLE MOTIVE FOR THEIR ESCAPE.

Some three years ago, it is stated, while in New York State, an officer attempted to arrest young Shaw for some minor offence, when Shaw struck him on the head with a coupling

pin and escaped. The blow cracked the officer's skull and he died some time afterward from the effects of it. The New York officers found that he was in Woodstock jail and, it is understood, were making arrangements for his removal, when young Shaw heard of it and broke jail.

This statement lends color to the idea advanced by many people, to the effect that the Shaws must have stood in fear lest some previously committed crime might come to light before the end of their confinement, for which they might have to do penance. If this were not the case they must have been inspired with an adventurous spirit to attempt to secure liberty by taking such a great risk of probable re-capture and a longer term of imprisonment, when they had but a few months more probably to serve. They under-estimated the staying qualities of the officers and people of the old State of Vermont.

HIGH SHERIFF SPAFFORD'S ACCOUNT OF THE PURSUIT.

"Jailer Thomas had notified me of the escape and I went out with Deputy Paul Tinkham of Rochester, the officer who had arrested the Shaws, and Constable Ed. Putnam of Barnard. We searched all that first day without result, and I then returned to the Junction to await development, arriving on Wednesday.

"On Thursday, Deputy Tinkham heard that the fugitives had been seen in the Stony Brook region. Two men stopped at Will Locke's and wanted to buy a loaf of bread. When they learned that the bread was but five cents they asked for two loaves and were accommodated. Each of the men had a rifle. The Shaws, when they left Woodstock Jail, had about seventy cents. Further up the brook the men tried to buy some meat.

"Our party now included Dr. Hoffman, Eugene A. Thomas, the jailer, and Paul Tinkham of Rochester—all deputies, Constable Eugene Wilson of Stockbridge, and Mr. Whittaker, a Rochester friend of Tinkham.

"We covered the Stony Brook neighborhood thoroughly making inquiry at every house and search of every outbuilding. After the meat incident, our first trace was found at Goodell's. No one had been seen there, but during the night somebody had entered the sap house and taken some syrup and a tin pail.



CHARLES NEFF'S FARMHOUSE,
About a mile from the scene of shooting, to which the wounded officer was carried.



DEPUTY HENRY H. PECK,
of White River Junction.



HIGH SHERIFF ROMAINE A. SPAFFORD,
of White River Junction.



DEPUTY PAUL TINKHAM,
of Rochester.



DEPUTY EUGENE A. THOMAS,
of Woodstock.

WINDSOR COUNTY OFFICERS WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE HUNT FOR THE FUGITIVES.

"The search went on. We remained out that night until between nine and ten o'clock, when we went to Pittsfield and turned in.

"On Friday, Apr. 27 the day of the shooting, we made an early start, getting off at about four in the morning. We were joined by Deputy Sheriff George Chedel of Rutland county



BARN WHERE THE SHAW'S WERE FOUND.

In escaping they jumped from the left rear window, 7½ feet to the ground.

PHOTO BY MR. SHAW, WHITE RIVER, Vt.

and went towards Stockbridge common at once. We carefully examined every house and outbuilding in the section.

"Suddenly, off to the right and up South hill, shots were heard. It was only seven in the morning and we rightly judged that the shooting was worthy of some investigation.

"So we started up the mountain, Hoffman on the outside of the posse, nearest the clearing. I was next, and the rest below. On the way up I occasionally saw Hoffman but saw none of the others. I had almost reached the top when I saw the track of a man in the snow. Further on, were a few drops of blood.



DUSTIN SHAW AND JAILER THOMAS.

In Sheriff's Office, White River Junction.

About a rod away, now, smoke was coming from a clump of spruces. Hoffman was about fiverods away and I motioned to him. He came down to me and saw the smoke. We couldn't reach the spot where we knew the men must be without skirting some dried-up tree tops, so we went about and came right up

in front of the Shaws. They had us covered at once. I was nearest them and Hoffman was about a rod behind and a little to my right.

"'Hello, boys,' said I, and the old man Shaw answered, 'Hello.' Young Shaw covered Hoffman, and his father had the bead on me.

"'Hold on,' I said, 'we don't want any shooting.' and the father said 'that's right,' and he told the young man to drop his gun, at the same time he lowered his own rifle to the earth, but did not let go of it.

"'Drop your gun, Shaw,' said Dr. Hoffman, to the younger one, or I'll bore a hole through you.' Then again, 'drop it I say.'

"Then Frank Shaw fired, hitting the doctor. 'My God,' said he, he's killed me. Don't leave me to die alone.' I fired at Frank Shaw immediately. He had turned about instantly as if to get away, but he turned back and blazed away at me. I know that I was excited and I guess he must have been, for we fired three shots apiece. The Shaws ran down the mountain."

After the shooting medical aid was sent for and the injured man was taken to the farmhouse of Charles Neff, about a mile from the scene of the shooting. Dr. Brigham and Dr. Allen



SHERIFF SPAFFORD CARRYING FRANK SHAW FROM THE TRAIN TO HIS OFFICE.

were soon on hand from Pittsfield, Dr. Green from Bethel, Drs. O. W. Daley and M. P. Stanley from White River Junction, and Dr. Fish from Randolph. Everything that medical skill could suggest was done, but the fatal bullet had done its work and at 8:45 p. m., his life's work ended. His wife reached his side about five in the afternoon.

The Shaws made good use of their time while the officers were caring for Dr. Hoffman, and for several days nothing very definite was known concerning them. It was thought that they had slept in a barn at West Rochester, and later they were heard from in Ripton. The search was renewed, and when it became known that they were nearing Middlebury hundreds volunteered to assist in their capture. A day and night guard was established and a picket line several miles in length was formed with Deputy Sheriff Thad. M. Chapman of Middlebury in command. This watch was kept up for several days with a spirit that could know no such word as fail, and at last on May 3 the fugitives were discovered in a barn near the Three-Mile Bridge, directly south of Middlebury. J. L. Knight, a former deputy of Middlebury, who was searching alone and unarmed, found them asleep in this old barn. He

did not awaken them, but hastened to give the alarm. Officers were soon on the scene, but the Shaws had become alarmed and were attempting to make their escape across the fields to a nearby swamp.

In the melee which followed, several shots were exchanged, between the Shaws and the officers. Fortunately the only one wounded was Frank Shaw, who was shot in the left arm near



FRANK SHAW IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
Exhausted after the journey from Middlebury to White River Junction.

the shoulder, the bullet also passing through the lung, causing a painful though not necessarily fatal wound. Both prisoners were taken at once to the jail at Middlebury.

The following day the elder Shaw was transferred to his old quarters at Woodstock. Deputy Sheriff Paul Tinkham, who has been untiring in his efforts to recapture the prisoners, accompanied his charge.

While waiting for the train in Sheriff Spafford's office at White River Junction, the prisoner became quite talkative and said in part, "I don't know what made Frank shoot, I told him not to."



TAKING THE PRISONER TO THE SPECIAL TRAIN.
Frank Shaw, wearing a dark, soft hat, is seen in the exact center of the picture, walking with his right arm over the Sheriff's neck.

When asked about the habits of his boy he said "Frank has read dime novels ever since he could read anything, and I think his head was completely turned by them."

What a lesson for parents and guardians.

Tuesday, May 22, Frank Shaw passed through White River Junction, en-route to Woodstock, accompanied by Sheriff Spafford. It was necessary to wait at the Junction about two hours, and he was taken to the Sheriff's office to await the special train. He had not recovered from the wounds received at Middlebury, and had to be carried. In the Sheriff's office he lay on a sofa with his eyes closed and seemed very much exhausted by his journey. When leaving for Woodstock he walked to the train, supported by two officers.



The Song of The Old Spinning- Wheel.

BY "SPERO,"
LEBANON, N. H.

Oratorio, symphony, opera grand;
All the products of genius of every land,
Though breathing with beauty and grandeur sublime,
Howe'er perfect in harmony, rhythm, and rhyme,
Can't awake in my soul the deep longings I feel
When I think of the song of the old spinning-wheel.
Like a swelling crescendo, fortissimos strong,
The diminuendos of the spinning-wheel's song!

How its melody lingers in memory sweet,
As its swift revolutions their echoes repeat;
Now slower, now faster, it whizzes and whirs —
Like a loving pet kitten it "sings" and it purrs —
There's no music to me that can ever compare
With that quaint, old, familiar, "big" spinning-wheel air.
The swelling crescendos, fortissimos strong,
The diminuendos of the spinning-wheel's song!

Though tinged with a sadness no words can express,
Its memories tender I ne'er would repress,
Nor would I keep back the fast falling tears
As I list to the sound of those long by-gone years —
Like a weird human cry, a heart's plaintive appeal,
Down the years comes the song of the old spinning-wheel.
The swelling crescendos, fortissimos strong,
The diminuendos of the spinning-wheel's song!

O, the spinning-wheel lullaby's charming refrain,
That its music might soothe me to slumber again!
Just to live over those scenes of innocent joy
In my dreams — once again a wild, thoughtless boy,
Manhood's years still before me — that once more I might feel —
As in those happy days of the old spinning-wheel!
The swelling crescendos, fortissimos strong,
The diminuendos of the spinning-wheel's song!

In the days of that loved one, now gone to her rest,
To me, of all mothers, the dearest and best —
How deftly she guided the lengthening thread —
O, say not to me that that mother is dead!
She lives in love's memory, still her presence I feel
When I think of the song of the old spinning-wheel.
The swelling crescendos, fortissimos strong,
The diminuendos of the spinning-wheel's song!

Other friends come and go with the swift fleeting years;
Bright joys are succeeded by sorrow and tears,
Yet there's one ever faithful, ever true loving friend,
Whose love never faileth, e'en unto the end!
That mother's sweet influence may I ne'er cease to feel
While in memory lingers the old spinning-wheel!
The swelling crescendos, fortissimos strong,
The diminuendos of the spinning-wheel's song!

THE BALTIC MILLS AT ENFIELD, N. H.,

Partially destroyed by fire last winter. Now remodeled.

A DESCRIPTION OF THIS NEW PLANT OF THE AMERICAN WOOLEN CO.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE JOURNAL'S SPECIAL ARTIST.

The so-called Baltic Mills of Enfield, N. H., were established in 1886, by Benjamin Greenback of Danville, Vt. who conducted the business until 1893, when it was sold to the George Whitney Woolen Co., of South Royalston, Mass. In 1898 the mill was sold to the Baltic Mills Co., a stock company of Enfield people, and May 15, 1899, to the American Woolen Company.

The product comprises principally, men's heavy overcoat stock, and Friezes, Chinchillas, and Cheviots are the leading goods.

On December 9th, 1899, one-half the main mill was destroyed by fire, at a loss of \$100,000. This part has been rebuilt and the entire mill refitted, so that while the old mill had but 47 looms and five sets of cards in operation, the new mill will have 72 looms, or nearly double the capacity. The finished product amounts to \$400,000 per year. The mills are large and commodious, amply lighted by hundreds of large windows by day, while at night electricity is used throughout both mills. This company in addition to lighting its mills furnish light for the streets of the town, and for use in dwellings and stores, from their two 600 light alternating dynamos.

The mills are designed to run by water power, but an efficient steam plant has been added so that they are not wholly dependent upon the river. The mills are equipped with automatic sprinklers for fire



THE LOWER MILL.

protection, and a 40,000 gallon tank has been erected on a nearby hill to give the required pressure.

The new mill is one story higher than the old mill, and will employ about 300 hands, more than ever before. These mills are a veritable blessing to the town of Enfield, as during the hard times of 1894-'98 they were run continuously.



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in any quantity for parties.

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For the buyer knows he is getting
the best blended Coffees, at the low-
est price for the quality. Packed
in 1 lb. cans only.

For Sale by all Grocers.



Home Cookery.

TRIED RECIPES.

Housekeepers are requested to send in their tried recipes, for publication in this column. They will be printed as fast as possible.

Lemon Cream Pie. Boil one pint milk, (the richer the better, but if cream is used butter may be omitted.) When near boiling stir in one large half cup flour, one cup sugar, and the yolks of two eggs, well beaten. Cook till thick. When cool add the juice and grated rind of one lemon and one tablespoon melted butter. Fill cooked crusts and beat whites of eggs with sugar for a meringue.

Mrs. H. P., Hartford, Vt.

Tapioca Pudding. Two tablespoonfuls tapioca, one pint milk, the yolks of three eggs and one white. Soak the tapioca in water two hours. Save out the whites of two eggs for frosting. Bake half an hour.

Mrs. W. H. W., Springfield, Vt.

Indian Pudding. Boil one quart milk, sprinkle in white hot one pint corn meal, free from lumps. Add one-half pint molasses, one teaspoon salt, lump of butter size of an egg. Mix thoroughly and add one pint sweet milk. Bake slowly three hours.

Mrs. F. T. W., White River Junction, Vt.

Windsor House Graham Rolls. Two cups sour milk, one-half cup sugar, one small teaspoonful soda, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup wheat flour, two cups graham flour.

Mrs. G. S. E., West Lebanon, N. H.

Cocoanut Cake. One cup sugar, butter size of an egg, egg and yolk of two others, one-half cup milk, one and three-fourths cups flour, three-fourths teaspoonful soda, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Bake in shallow tins. Beat to a froth the whites of 12 eggs, sweeten to taste and spread between the cakes and on the top, sprinkling over each some of Dunham's shredded cocoanut.

Mrs. J. M. Quimby, Wilder, Vt.

Canning Strawberries Cold. Crush the berries with a potato masher, leaving none whole; add as many pounds of sugar as you have fruit, and put in ice chest to stand 24 hours, stirring often until sugar is entirely dissolved; can in cold cans, tightly. Currants are very nice done the same way.

Mrs. S. H. P., White River Junction, Vt.

Chicken Cake. One fowl, a shortcake. Boil the fowl until the meat slips off the bones easily. Make a shortcake as for berries, open and lay in the bits of meat. Thicken the remaining gravy and pour around the cake.

Mrs. J. H., Springfield, Vt.

Rhubarb Pie. One and one-half cups stewed rhubarb, one cup sugar, yolks of two eggs, one tablespoonful corn starch. Flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon extract if liked. Bake in one crust and use the whites of the two eggs for the meringue.

Mrs. E. J. R., White River Junction, Vt.

Grandma's Strawberry Shortcake. One qt. of sifted flour, one pint sour cream, one scant teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar. Mix above ingredients well, and roll out about one half inch thick. In place of cream, one pint of milk and one-half cup of butter can be used. Bake and divide into two parts, and butter well. Wash strawberries, add sugar and cream, and place between and on top of cake. Serve hot.

Mrs. Moore, White River Junction, Vt.

EDSON & CHADWICK,

White River Junction,

Two Stores

West Lebanon, ..

.. Vermont. ..

.. New Hampshire.

Choice ...Groceries



EDSON & CHADWICK'S BEST is unequalled as an all-round Flour and the best that you can buy. You can't get a better one. The best cooks of this vicinity say they invariably have good luck with it and that everything comes out well.

PRUNES. An exceptionally good trade. We have had cheaper ones, good for the money, but these are extra grade. They are big, soft and nice, as handsome Prunes as you ever saw. 10c. a lb., 3 lbs. for 25c.

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1-2 lb. package, 20c.; 1 lb., 35c.

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..... 15c. a package.

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FRESH CREAM. Supplied by one of the best dairymen in Hartford. Pint and half pint jars. Per quart, 30c.

SOCKEYE SALMON STEAK. Cut out of the best part of the fish. The finest thing for salads. Try a can of it; there is nothing better sold.
..... 20c. a can.

PEPPER RELISH. Looks like piccalilli. Will give the man of the house an appetite Per quart, 15c.

BOILED CIDER. Quart Mason jars. Made by the Orange County Canning Co. The finest thing on the market 1/2 quart jars, 25c.

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PURE CRAB-APPLE JELLY. Home-made. No adulteration; contains no gelatine. Pint Mason jars, 25c.

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SAL SODA. A great help for cleaning purposes 10 lbs. for 25c.

1776. Another great house cleaner. 5 packages, 25c.

FAIRBANKS' GOLD DUST. A standard Soap Powder. This offer is not for dealers, but for customers.
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DANDY SOAP. 12 cakes for 25c.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP. A good, new Soap, sold at this price to introduce.
..... 7 cakes for 25c.

AMMONIA. 3 pint bottles, 25c. 18c., a quart.

CELLULOSE STARCH, for laundry use. Requires no cooking.
..... 5c. and 10c. sizes.

BLUEING. Full quart bottle, 10c., 3 for 25c.

HIRES' ROOT BEER. A healthy temperance beverage. Easily made. No boiling or steaming. Package makes five gallons.
..... Regular 25c. package, 15c.

GARDEN SEEDS. Hawkins', Rice's, Ferry's. In packages and bulk.

RICE'S and EMERSON'S FLOWER SEEDS. In large packages.
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REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

W. L. BUGBEE, White River Junction, Vt.

Our Boston Letter.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE JOURNAL,
BY AMOS W. RICHMOND.

"The grass is growing green
On the common;
And the soiled, unshaven bums,
Stealing thither from the slums,
Herald springtime as it comes,
On the common."

Boston, May 15.—The grass is getting green on the common, and in the Public Garden the crocus, narcissus and tulip are making a brave show. The pond too, has been cleaned and put in order, and the swan boats will soon be making their regular trips.

There are not lacking other signs of spring; the Symphony Concerts came to the end of their season on Saturday evening, April 28th. But the average Bostonian cannot survive long without the Symphony in some form or other, so we have, beginning on May 6th, the Promenade Concerts or "Pops" as they are familiarly called. The orchestra is recruited largely from the players of the Symphony, the programme being made up of lighter and more popular music. While listening to the music you may promenade or, seated at tables on the lower floor of the hall, partake of refreshments "both solid and liquid." The "Pops" are given this season in the Mechanic's Building, owing to the abandonment of the old Music Hall, and in the fall, the Symphony Orchestra will be installed in its new home, the magnificent new Music Hall now nearing completion at the corner of Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues.

Another sign of spring is the advent of the circus. We are to have the rather unusual occurrence of two large circuses in one season. And they come very early this season. On May 7th, Ringling Brothers' "World's Greatest Shows" opened on the Huntington Avenue grounds for one week, and on May 21st, Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' "Allied Shows" come also for a week. Whether the small boy will be able to stand such a surfeit of good things all in one month, remains to be seen. He can stand a good deal in that line, however.

The Elevated Railway is beginning to take shape, being now completed from Dudley street to Castle Street on Washington Street, and from Causeway Street over the new Charlestown bridge and up Main Street nearly to Sullivan Square, Charlestown.

Experiments are also being made in the Subway with different systems of electric power, with a view to seeing which one shall be adopted. In the narrow streets of Boston the elevated structure seems, to me at least, to be even more unsightly than it is in some other places; on the wider streets of New York, for instance, where on such a broad thoroughfare as the Bowery, its appearance is not unpleasant.

The theatrical season is drawing to a close, and like some other things, it seems to be more brilliant as it nears the end.

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"The
Finest
Portraits
That
Can
Be
Made."



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FINE CRAYONS,
FINE WATER COLORS,
FINE SEPIAS,
FINE VIEWS.

"What we say we do we do do."

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Cameras and Amateur Supplies

At all times. Our experience may be of some use to you.

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Murphy Bros.,

**WOOD,
COAL,
COKE.**

WE CAN FURNISH YOU WITH ...

Lackawanna or Lehigh Coal
In any quantity,

FROM A BASKET TO A CARLOAD,
BUT WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
THE LATTER. : : :

Blacksmiths' Coal constantly on hand.

WE SOLICIT A TRIAL ORDER.

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OUR WORK

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WE MAKE...

Stylish Spring and Summer Hats

That will well become you. Come in and see our Stock.

MRS. H. J. BANAGAN,

The Corner Store, • • Hartford, Vt.

Paint Now is the Time. Your House.

It will pay you to get my prices before buying.

E. H. BAGLEY,

White River Junction, Vt.

Pressed the Hot Water Button

But the Water Refused to Flow.

[From the Lewiston Journal.]

This is a tale of pressing the button. Blaine Viles of Skowhegan tells it to me. I don't know where he got the facts. Couldn't have been in Skowhegan, of course.

But wherever it was, a couple from the country came to the hotel of which the tale is told. Of course this may have happened in "Bob" Haine's hotel in Skowhegan. But I doubt it, for "Bob" has told me many times that it is liberal education for man, woman or child to stop in his hotel five minutes.

Kural parties in question asked to be shown to a room. Boy escorted them up. Left them standing in the center of the room looking around.

Over the electric push-button, of course, was the usual card directing a guest to ring once for ice-water, twice for hot water, etc.

It is evident that the first business of the new arrivals was to study the card.

In about five minutes the bell on the annunciator in the office commenced to ring pring-n-g, pring-n-g, pring-n-g, giving the hot water call over and over. The number shown was the number of the room occupied by the rural parties.

The boy rushed into the wash-room and drew a pitcher of hot water. Still the bell kept sounding steadily, two rings in quick succession.

"Get a move on!" shouted the clerk to the boy. "Them parties in slumteen must be considerably fussed up on the hot water question. They must have cold feet."

The boy was already half-way up-stairs, running like a deer. The bell still kept ringing.

The clerk, crazed by the noise of the bell, stood up in a chair, saying things in rapid succession, and held his hand on the gong, dulling its sound.

The boy tore into the room with his pitcher of hot water slopping. The new arrivals, man and wife, were standing before the electric button. Their eyes were on the card. The man held a bowl carefully under the button, with his head turned away, so that the hot water wouldn't squirt in his eyes, and the woman was pressing the button with regular stroke. They were doing their best to get hot water strictly according to directions.

"Here, stop that!" yelled the boy to the woman. "Here's your hot water."

The man with the bowl lowered that article and looked at the boy.

"What?" says he—the man from the rural districts—"D'y'e have to bring it in a pitcher the old-fashioned way? Wall, I snum! What's the trouble with yer water-works here? I've been pressin' this button accordin' to the rewies here on the card, and there hain't a darned drop of hot water come out yit. When things ain't workin' ye ought to hang up a sign sayin' 'Out of order.' 'That's the way they do on the weighin' machine up to Sile Cobb's groc'ry store."

And when the bellboy came out of his swoon he told the clerk, and the clerk went gravely upstairs with a tiny visiting card, on which he had written "Not working."

He carried a spike and a hammer, and after gaining admission to Room Slumteen he nailed up the card with the spike.

The guest surveyed his work with interest. "There, that's bus'ness," said the man from the rural districts. "Ef she ain't workin'," say so. And ef of his goin' to trouble ye any to fetch water up here, me and the woman will come down ter the sink and wash up. Jest as soon dew it no'st."

• • • • •

Lagnanimous.

Small Junction boy to younger brother: "Now, Edwin, I'm older than you are,—if there's any hard playing to be done, better let me do it."

What's in a Name?

A GREAT DEAL—if that name is

Ceresota

and it is upon the head of a barrel of flour.



IT MEANS RELIABILITY AND GENERAL EXCELLENCE.

SOLE BY
MADDEN & TRUMBULL,
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You need New FOOTWEAR

For the Spring and Summer months.

We have a large line of standard, reliable Shoes at the lowest prices.

Russet Calf and Patent Leather Shoes are the proper things for Men's wear this season and we ask you to examine our stock before purchasing. We have high and low, in all sizes.

Southern Ties and Oxfords are reliable goods for men and women and we also have the Theo. Tie, a fine, low Shoe for ladies.

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We have a few pairs of Men's Russet Shoes, new goods, which we will sell at a special low price of \$1.50 per pair.

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The only regular Shoe-Store in this vicinity.

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Monumental Work

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DON'T FORGET
THAT I
AM PREPARED
TO FURNISH
ANYTHING
FROM
A MARKER
TO
A MONUMENT.
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ALWAYS
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Reference, Any of Above Companies.

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SHINGLES, LATH, CLAPBOARDS, AND
FINISHING LUMBER.

WE SAW BOTH DIMENSION STUFF and SHINGLES.

OUR GRIST MILL is in charge of an Up-to-Date
Miller, and connected with it we have a

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and keep ...

Pope's Cream Gluten, Superior Mixed Feed
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WE HAVE FOR THIS MONTH NICE SEED OATS.

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OUR LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

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FURNITURE,

Comprising SIDEBOARDS, TABLES,

FANCY CHAIRS, CHAMBER SUITS.

100 PATTERNS, ALL PRICES,

Couches and Morris Chairs, Mattresses and Springs,
Window Shades, Rugs, Matting, Art Squares,
Children's Carriages, New Go Carts, easy running, light
and strong. Undertaking Goods.

Baldwin and White Mountain Refrigerators,
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

WE shall make special efforts to keep the BEST GOODS the market
affords to meet the wants of the people. Large shipments of New
Goods are being received daily, quality and prices to suit purchaser. Call
and see them and you will surely be pleased.

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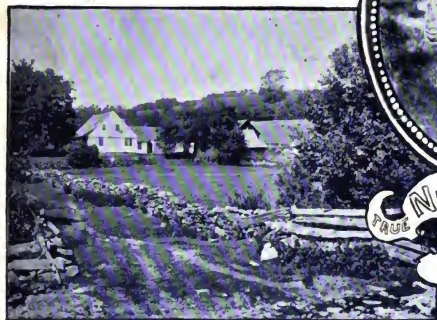
VOLUME I.
NUMBER 3.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., MID-SUMMER, 1900.

JUNE AND JULY ISSUES
COMBINED.

'MID THE HILLS OF OLD VERMONT, A PRELUDE TO Old Home Week.

BY JESSIE C. TINKHAM, ROCHESTER, VT.



An old man sat in his door one day
With a far-a-way look in his eyes;
Heedless of beauty which round him lay,
Of rolling prairies and western skies.

He saw not the fields of billowy wheat
Swing and sway in the summer breeze;
With stalks a-nodding their heads to greet
The waving arms of the cotton-wood trees.

He saw not the acres of lush, green corn,
Stand in plumed ranks like knights of old,
Which, later, would fill his bursting barns
With a gleaming wealth of gold.

But he saw the birches flaunt their rags
'Mid the hemlocks, tall and gaunt,
And wave their arms o'er the rugged crags,
That crown the hills of Vermont.

He looked once more, on his old, old home
The farm-house on the hill;
The distant view of Killington's dome,
And the acres he used to till.

10 Special Articles

He heard the clang of his mother's loom,
The drowsy drone of her wheel,
The tender voice, in the sweet old tune,
Singing "The Land of the Leal."

And the husking bees on neighboring hills,
The twang of the fiddle, as when
He swung his sweetheart in the reel
Down the middle and back again.

He saw it all, as his mind went back,
To the home and his childhood's haunt,
Where of peace and plenty there n'er was lack,
'Mid the hills of Old Vermont.

PHOTO BY
MISS F. L. DARLING, WINDSOR, VT.

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Salvanized Wire Hammocks.

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Call and see them.

Ice Chests and Alaska Refrigerators.

Acknowledged the best made. Get which you like and have your ice at the top or bottom.

So-Carts

Are the fashionable carriage for the little ones this season. We have them.

Chiffonieres and Sideboards.

Pretty and novel designs.

Window Shades and Curtains.

Folding screens in ornamental designs.

WE HAVE A WELL EQUIPPED REPAIR SHOP

UNDERTAKERS and FUNERAL DIRECTORS. Undertaking orders from outside towns promptly attended to by day or night.

WHITE RIVER FURNITURE CO.

Fine Line of Matting

To put down in your summer chambers and for floor covering purposes.

Portable Lawn Swings

Just right for the children to play in this summer—a help to keep them at home—just what you need. 5.00

Colored Coconut Fibre Door Mats.

You may need a new one this season. We have good ones at 65c, 75c

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In large assortment.

Iron Beds.

An elegant line.

Carpets.

We have an unusual sale, eclipsing all former years.

Art Squares.

Cleaner and handier than Carpets.

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In No. 1 quality only.

Spruce Sheathing and Flooring in Large Quantities Constantly on Hand.

Custom Sowing of Dimension Stuff or Shingles done in a satisfactory manner.

Custom Grinding done in our Grind Mill by an experienced man, who will show customers a choice lot of Mixed Feed, Middlings, Popo's Cream Gluten, Corn and Oats.

Six Good Building Lots for Sale, the Geo. E. Cane Store and two Chas. Hens and Lot on Banner St. Look for our next advertisement—several good bargains.

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... THIS SALE INCLUDES ...

The Greatest Values Ever Offered

By Us.

This Sale
Is to
Close Out
Our
Summer
Goods.



THESE GOODS ARE ALL THIS
SEASON'S STYLES.

Instead of having our Clearance Sale late in the season, we are going to give you the benefit of an early Sale so you can have these Goods to use during the two hottest months of the year.

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Meal Tickets
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My Dining Room in the Gates Block will be open to the public for Meals by Day or Week.

Ice Cream a Specialty.

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Having engaged a first-class cook, will keep on hand a full line of

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Turkey or Chicken Pie Dinner, Sundays.

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MRS. H. J. BANAGAN, • Milliner, •

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SOLD AT COST

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GOOD ASSORTMENT.

GOOD STYLES.

Get a New Hat for Your Vacation.



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LENOX

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**WHOLESALE
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Golf Links, Fine Drives,
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\$8 to \$10 PER WEEK.

Special Rates for July and August. Write for
References and Rates.

H. T. HOWE, Proprietor.

Choice Glassware.

WE ARE SHOWING SOME VERY
DESIRABLE ...



Water Sets, fine engraved glass,
large tankard pitcher and
six tumblers to match, Only \$1.25.

Heavy Glass Water Set, \$1.10.

Good pattern. Seven pieces.

Fine Chin Cumbiers, etc. doz. Engraved, with a neat figure, etc. doz.

Glass Sauce and Berry Bowls,

12, 18, 22, 25, 30, and 40 Cents.

Glass Punch Bowls, 12 inch, \$1.50,
14 inch, \$2.75.

... THESE ARE HANDSOME PIECES.

Water Bottles, 70 cts., good style.

OUR LINE OF GLASSWARE IS COMPLETE.

WE CAN SUPPLY ALMOST ANYTHING YOU WANT

Wedgewood Jasper Ware, blue and white and sage and white
pitchers, very handsome.

Prices, 85 cts., \$1.00, \$1.10, and \$1.25 each.

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WISH TO CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION
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Trunks,

Travelling Bags,

Suit Cases,

Umbrellas, Etc.,



... WHICH THEY ARE SHOWING.

As this department of our business has greatly increased in sales and
in amount of stock kept on hand, and as this is the season when
such articles are used, we are confident we can satisfy your needs if you
will visit our store.

WHEELER BROS.,

Clothiers and Furnishers,

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, - - - VERMONT.



QUECHEE GULF WITH WOODSTOCK TRAIN ON THE BRIDGE.

This is the highest railway bridge in New England. The rails are 165 feet above the water.

From a recent photograph specially taken for the Journal by Fellows, White River Junction.

Inter-State Journal and Advertiser.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

VOL. I—No. 3. WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., MID-SUMMER, 1900.

10 Cents a Copy,
50 Cents a Year.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

QUECHEE GULF.

BY PROF. C. H. HITCHCOCK,
HAKOVER, N. H.



NEAR Deweys Mills and station in the south part of Hartford, the Woodstock railroad crosses the Ottaquechee river upon a wooden bridge which spans the famous Quechee Gulf. Standing upon this bridge the visitor notes the existence of this gorge, about 190 feet deep and about 270 feet wide, and can look northerly less than a quarter of a mile to the mill at its upper end, and south for about half a mile to its lower terminus. The accompany-

ing photograph was taken from a point just below the bridge, looking upwards and exhibits well the natural wildness of the scenery, the rugged rocks washed clean by the river in times of freshet, several potholes and the steep easterly bank. It is not wise to attempt the descent or ascent on either side adjacent to the bridge. There is an easy path to the water's edge upon the east side, but if one wishes to explore the western bank where are the best rock exposures and certain rare plants, he will find it necessary to scramble down the west side some two or three hundred feet below the bridge. It would facilitate explorations very much if a foot-bridge could be built across the stream at the lowest point usually visited.

The first conclusion one will draw is that the river has worn out this gorge by its continuous energy. On looking further he will discover a reason for the steepness of the walls. The rock is a mica schist carrying a few beds of limestone, and is known as the Calciferous mica schist of Lower Silurian age. It dips easterly forty-five degrees and is traversed by two sets of trap dikes, one coinciding nearly with the direction of the gorge, and the other cutting across at various angles. The dikes represent melted rock forced through fissures at the time of the elevation of the strata. The dikes are also full of seams, much as if they had been constructed of bricks of variable dimensions but the presence of natural fractures and of the columnar structure shows where water may accumulate from rain and in the cold weather the freezing will gradually throw out

blocks so that the dikes are excavated in this natural way much more rapidly than could be possible by simple abrasion. The presence of the dikes explains the present situation of the gulf. Were they absent the excavation might have been more sinuous, and certainly with walls less steep. This steepness also proves the recency of the excavation, for had the work been done long ago the walls would have been no steeper than the usual gentle slope of the Quechee river both above and below the Gulf.

Further study leads to the belief that the wearing action commenced only after the Ice Age had ceased to exist. A singularly clear cut terrace of gravel and sand lies between the gulf and the eastern side of the valley. It is perhaps twenty feet higher than the bridge and has been extensively excavated for the railroad. This contains hundreds of pebbles of red and gray colors, being sandstones and quartzites that were brought nearly sixty miles from the west side of the Green Mountains. While rough in the moranic deposits they have been worn smooth by the water derived from the melting of the ice. It is easy to see where the end of the glacier was situated as it filled the low ground east of Deweys Mills and north of the high gravel terrace. This same glacier has been studied higher up the Ottaquechee river, and its moraines have been noted in Woodstock and Bridgewater. The high terrace occupies the place of a terminal moraine, but its upper part is distinctly of fluvial origin. Hence we are led naturally to say, first, that the original valley was blocked; secondly, that the material constituting this dam was brought by the glacier; third, the present gorge did not begin to form till after the ice had entirely melted. If now we could only ascertain how many feet were excavated in a century, by dividing the length of the gorge by the distance gained in a hundred years we should know how many thousand years have elapsed since the glacier slid down the Ottaquechee valley. Perhaps some one can give us the necessary data for such a calculation.

The trap rock is of variable composition. The normal variety is a diabase, composed of the minerals hornblende and feldspar. A second adds the mineral chrysolite or olivine, and is called olivine diabase. This olivine is often altered to chlorite. Zeolites characterize a third variety. These are little spheres having crystals radiating from their centers. A cut across the equators of these spheres will present a star-like figure upon the surface of the specimen. Very commonly crystals will be conspicuous in the middle of the dike and absent a few inches space adjacent to the outside. This is because the walls of the chasm chilled the igneous matrix of the dike, and checked the development of the crystals in the outer portions.

Everybody enjoys a trip to Quechee Gulf, whether or no interested in the scientific questions suggested. Some have noticed newly married couples there who paid little attention to the scenery but had a splendid time.

The Vermont State Prison.

BY HENRY W. STOCKER, WINDSOR, VT.

The Vermont State prison is situated on State Street in the beautiful village of Windsor. The act establishing it was passed in 1807, when, by a joint ballot of both houses, five commissioners were provided for, who should be empowered to plan and erect it. The commissioners elected were Ezra Butler, Samuel Shaw, John Caneron, Josiah Wright and Elihu Luce, and a sum of \$30,000 was appropriated. The original prison was built in 1808-9 and consisted of a stone

room, the Superintendent's and the Wardens' offices, over which are the sleeping rooms for the guards and the department for the female prisoners. On each side of this building extend the two wings containing the cells, of which there are four tiers, which with the stairs leading to them are of fire proof material. Across the yard is the main work-shop and engine room. On the west side are the store rooms and Chapel. On the east side is the cook room and over this is the hospital. The whole is surrounded by a granite wall nearly twenty feet high, which is kept neatly whitewashed outside and in, and which at a little distance resembles some old fortress. Two guard boxes on the wall, commanding a view of the yard, are occupied by alert sentinels armed with Winchester rifles and side arms whenever the men are out of their cells.



OUTSIDE - EAST WING - WINDSOR PRISON.

SUPY HOUSE

building 80 by 36 feet, a work shop and the keeper's house. The total cost was \$39,000. In 1830 a new wing was erected, 112 by 30 feet, and in 1881-2 a general reconstruction was made resulting in the substantial and commodious structure of the present time. In the center, fronting State Street is the Superintendent's house, a handsome two-story brick building, with dormer windows and English Cottage roof. Directly back of this is a four story building containing the guard-

Every thing about the prison is kept scrupulously clean. The system of ventilation, heating, and the water supply are nearly perfect, and the whole premises are lighted by electricity. There have never been any epidemics and the general health of the men is excellent. The food is wholesome and well prepared and is served in unstinted quantities. Very little punishment is found necessary, the men being generally well behaved and as contented as such circumstances would

naturally admit of, and as an incentive to good behavior each man gains an allowance on his sentence of five days for each month and a dollar a month, up to one hundred dollars. Vermont is the only state to adopt this plan and it works to perfection. The men, excepting those required for yard and hall duty, are engaged in the shoe-shop and are experts in the several departments.

In the past history of the prison are found the names of many notorious criminals, among them "Bristol Bill," O. B. Clark, George Miles, the Barre bank robber and George Abbott, better known as Frank Almy. Altho' it would seem impossible for a convict to escape, occasionally one, by his superior cunning and ingenuity, has succeeded in getting away, but they have all been recaptured sooner or later and had to serve their time over. Abbott's escape was craftily planned. He read works on



STORE ROOM & CHAPEL

MAIN PRISON - EAST WING - KITCHEN & HOSPITAL
STATE PRISON WINDSOR VT - INSIDE YARD.

SHOPS

INTER-STATE JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER



WINSOR PRISON
INSIDE YARD



CENTRAL BANK
& WORK SHOP



EAST WING
MEN'S CELLS



INSIDE OF
WORK SHOP

Henry Gravelin, March 14, 1879.
Asa Magdon, Nov. 28, 1879.
Edward Tatro, April 2, 1880.
Edwin C. Hayden, Feb. 28, 1881.
Royal S. Carr, April 29, 1881.
Emeline Meeker, March 30, 1883.
Sylvester Bell, Jan. 1, 1892.

Herbert O. White, Weathersfield.
Rufus Streeter, Barre.
Mrs. Charles Butler, Highgate.
his wife, Derby Line.
William Marcommock, Worcester.
Alice, her niece, Waterbury.
his wife, Fairfax.

A. E. Mann and Co. have been the contractors for the prison labor, for the past five years at seventy-two cents a day, and a new contract has just been made for the next five years at seventy-five cents. The shoe business has been carried on for the past twenty years, previous to which scythe-snaths were made, and before that gun and carriage making. Edwin W. Oakes is Superintendent and E. D. Harpin Warden. The discipline has been brought to a high standard and will compare favorably with any like institution in this country. The prison is self supporting and last year paid the state a surplus of nearly \$4,000. The State also owns a house directly opposite the Superintendent's residence, which is occupied by the Warden. It also owns a beautiful meadow back of the prison, part of which is utilized as a garden, and a large pasture just west of the village.

The food given the convicts is about the same each week of the year. The rations for Wednesday are: breakfast—meat hash, white bread and coffee; dinner—fresh beef, potatoes, white and brown bread; supper—white bread and coffee. Vegetables are supplied during the summer.

engineering and was soon set to work in the engine room. In the course of time he secured short pieces of gas pipe, and ropes, that came around the bundles of leather, and with these he made a ladder with an iron hook at one end. While at work in the engine room after the men were called in at night and the guards had left the wall, he threw the hook up until it caught on the top of the wall, which he quickly ascended and dropped to the ground on the other side. The next heard of him was his connection with the murder of Christie Warden at Hanover, N. H. No escapes have occurred for several years. There are no convicts now under the sentence of death, though there are several who have been sentenced and the sentence afterward commuted to life imprisonment, among them William Buzzell and Isabella Marsh.

In 1818 a guard named Hewlett was killed by a convict named Samuel E. Godfrey, who was hung in public at Woodstock the same year, a vast crowd gathering to witness the execution. The first execution in the prison was a double one, when, on Jan. 20, 1864, Sandy Kavanaugh and William Barnett were both hung for wife murder. Since then the following executions have taken place:

FOR THE MURDER OF

John Ward, March 20, 1868,
Hiram Miller, June 25, 1869,
Henry Welcome, Jan. 20, 1871,
John P. Phair, April 10, 1879,
Mrs. Griswold, at Williston.
Mr. & Mrs. Gowing, Weath'sfield.
Perry Russell, Hinesburgh.
Ann Freese, Rutland.

The Growth of the New Dartmouth.

By FRIS. A. G. HIGGINS, LUDLOW, VT.

The key-note of the late growth of Dartmouth College is the genuine earnestness of its president, whose evident sincerity



PRESIDENT TUCKER.

draws all men to him. Dartmouth was already a large and favorably known institution when in 1893 Dr. Tucker became its head, but the growth in the past six years nearly equals all previous development. The product shows not a one-sided material growth only. Friends of the college note too that enlargement of curriculum indicative of the mental growth and broader view of life as well as

the less showy but deep set honesty of purpose typical of true manhood.

Still the Commencement visitor must look to the buildings



ROLLINS CHAPEL.

for signs of this growth and not in vain. Butterfield Museum, Wilder Physical Laboratory, the Central Heating Plant and numerous modern dormitories testify alike to the indomitable perseverance of President Tucker.

To one visiting the College for the first time and to the alumnus returning after a many years absence, Dartmouth Hall claims first attention. Facing the campus, it stands, for generations past and to come a landmark of the Old Dartmouth. At the four corners of the campus are Wheelock Hotel, the College Church, Rollins Chapel and Wilson Hall containing the College library and reading rooms.

To the north and east lie the new buildings of the New Dartmouth, Butterfield Museum and Wilder Hall, evidences of a renewed interest in scientific study, Richardson and Fayerweather Halls, and further north the Mary Hitchcock Hospital, the best equipped cottage hospital in the country.

For a comprehensive view of all one needs only to climb the

tower on Observatory Hill in the College Park. Here may be gained an idea of the equipment required to educate the 728 students enrolled last year. To the south-east lies the new athletic field and buildings formerly erected for the Agricultural College. Half turning, one may see the modern residences, on "Honeymoon Ridge," homes of the new comers among the 63 members of the faculty.

Of further growth we can only prophecy. Strenuous efforts are being made to raise an additional endowment of \$1,000,000 to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's



WILSON HALL.

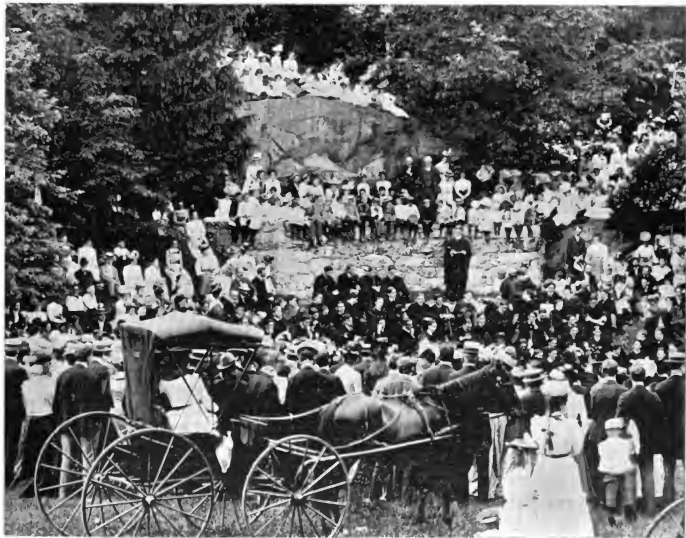
graduation in 1901. With evidences of his present efforts before us, no one can doubt but that Dr. Tucker will succeed in this new attempt.

The Observatory is seen at the extreme left of the accompanying picture. It is provided with all necessary instruments, including a telescope by Clark, having a focal length of 12 feet.

The illustration of Wilson Hall shows the building containing the main collection of the College Library, numbering about 85,000 volumes and 20,000 pamphlets, with a large accumulation of newspapers and manuscripts. It is a fire-proof building, constructed after the most approved plans of library architecture. It also contains three attractive and well stocked reading rooms, for newspapers, magazines and reference books, and a large art gallery. In its several collections the College Library represents the accumulations of a century and a quarter. The Library possesses over one hundred portraits in oil, a good collection of photographs for the illustration of art and archæology, coins, curios, etc.



GOING TO THE PARK FOR CLASS DAY EXERCISES.



AT THE BEMA, CLASS DAY EXERCISES, 1900.

Good Government.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

We of the country are apt to look askance at the great scandals which come to light every few days in connection with the financial affairs of the greater municipalities. We are a trifle pharisaical in our reference to them and thank God that our affairs are conducted in a less venal way. We overlook that the stealings of the Tweeds of the past and present are notorious because of their magnitude and do not realize that the peculations of our officials would be on such a small scale as not to create a ripple of excitement even when suspected.

But it is an open question whether more corruption exists in governmental affairs in the country or in the city, just as it is an open question whether other forms of vice are more prevalent in one place than the other.

It is true in both places that the men best fitted for office are seldom chosen, and when chosen their term of office is apt to be short through the machinations of the politicians. A really honest man is the worst possible politician. He despises the tricks of the trade and the people who use them. He shrinks from contact with them. He hates their bargains and deals. He only asks to be let alone, and is willing to be robbed to a marvellous extent if only he be not required to associate with the robbers.

It is a species of culpable self-indulgence on his part, and he does not deserve pity. It is all so unnecessary. Honest men are in the majority. All they need to do is to exert themselves. So it is right that they should suffer under the sense of the rottenness that exists around them, which they cannot avoid feeling. To remedy this requires action. The public need to be aroused to the true signification of these things.

Now it sees nothing particularly wrong in trading influence and support. It calls a man smart who can ride a license hobby-horse and a prohibition pony at the same time. The fact that a candidate is coquetting with both parties, seeking support from both under promises, implied at least, to pursue diametrically opposite courses, has come to be considered a part of the legitimate methods of conducting a campaign.

The agreement that Jones who is in no sense a fit candidate, but who controls votes, shall stand out of the way for Brown, who is of a slightly higher order perhaps, but who is too timid to fight it out on the merits of the question, on condition that Jones shall be his successor, is one that many people think should be recognized as valid. So at the next election Jones pops up as the logical candidate, who deserves well of his party because he stood aside and prevented a split. He does not show one identical reason why he should be elected other than this, but he perhaps gets the election, and the good people wonder how it comes about that such an incompetent gets all the rewards of politics.

One reason is that honest men don't always work in harmony. Each is intent on his own way and fails to distinguish between the essentials and non-essentials. Good Deacon Y objects to brother Z, because, though he recognizes his worth and ability, he has had a difference with him over a matter of church policy. He knows that Z is far superior to O who is another candidate, but personally he prefers O, who is forced into the field thus dividing the opposition to O, who as a natural result is elected.

Deacon Y loudly bemoans the situation, but nevertheless he is chiefly responsible for it. There are lots of Y's in the world.

This paper is written with a purpose. It is a word to the Y's as it were. It is a plea for united action of the best men to elect the best men to office.

Good government demands the sinking of personal spites and dislikes and the concerted action of honest folk to this one definite end. It calls for the election of sober, temperate men to public office, of men who are not carried away by every flurry of public opinion, and who will not join actively or passively in mob-like attacks on wrongly accused men and women. It calls for moral stamina and political honesty. It condemns jobbery and corruption, and asks for plain, straightforward reports of its officers, so that the public may know when and how its money is spent.

It behooves every man, be he of country or city, to take notice of the conditions and to place the blame where it belongs, and to support the best candidate that is available, although he thinks another would be better. To this end action is required at home, in the primaries, in the finals and everywhere. And there is no better time to begin than this very fall. Let the influence of every one go in the right direction, and in case the right men are not the nominees let us vote for them regardless of party whips and party machines.

OLD HOME WEEK.



H. P. DINSMORE FARM, WESTMINSTER WEST, VT.

PHOTO BY MISS F. L. DAVENPORT, WINSTON, VT.

Vermont doesn't usually have to take suggestions from any one. She is full of 'em—strictly original and up to date. But that doesn't prevent her from knowing a good thing when she sees it, and she isn't so pig-headed as to reject an idea simply because some one else thought of it first. And when she does adopt an idea she is inclined to carry it through with a rush and a vim that makes the originator wonder whether he ever did think of it after all. That's the way she will do with the Old Home Week, and the JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER is going to help her to the best of its ability. As a starter we present a little gem of a poem and pictures this month, and shall miss our guess if enough interest isn't manifested from now on to make our sister across the river exert herself to the utmost to keep up with us.

First we want an original programme for the week.

Then the best short bit of fiction that relates to the season.

Then we want a nice little poem, but it must be "dretful" good, nothing short of the standard we have set already, will be considered.

Now let's all enthuse and make it a grand success.

A Voyage on the Saxonia.

BY MISS E. M. FARMAN.

The first of a series of Special Letters to the Journal by a West Lebanon lady who has gone to Paris for a short time to study the French language, sailing from Boston June 25 on the Saxonia, a new steamer of the Cunard Line, and the largest vessel the Massachusetts coast has ever seen.

From West Lebanon by the "peanut" to Boston, one fine June day, was a pleasant ride. Arrived there, there was a Baedeker guide-book of Paris to be procured; an exchange to be made of dollars into pounds and shillings; and last but not least, a chaperon bag to buy, to replace the non-existent pocket of the lone female who was to go to the paradise of pickpockets. Far safer than a pocket it has proved, too.

Toward evening, as the steamer was to sail early the next morning, June 9, we crossed the ferry to East Boston and reached the wharf. The first indication of our nearness to anything nautical was a group of blue-shirted, blue-capped sailors in a very merry state of mind, giving each other quite necessary support now and then as they rolled toward the wharf. We saw the word "Cunard" in white letters across their breasts, and knew they belonged to that ship.

There was there, with her big red funnel, the Royal Mail Ship Saxonia; six hundred feet in length and nearly four thousand tons in weight, she looked every inch and pound of it. She was lying patiently by the dock now, with great doors open in her hold, where derricks were hoisting in the trunks, four at a time, as they continued to do nearly all night.

The wharf, longer than the big ship itself, and roughly floored and roofed like an enormous barn with open sides, was a busy scene. Trunks, trunks, trunks without end, not to speak of valises and wheels in crates, were arriving constantly, stacked high on wagons which were driven right into the building. Sailors were running here and there with trucks, and steerage passengers were sitting in forlorn groups, tired with the long waiting to have their tickets examined. At last the gangways were put up and the crowds began slowly, slowly to mount them. By the steerage gangway it was a long and tedious crush, for there were seven hundred and fifty; they must enter at a certain time, and now, while my lady of the first or second cabin could come in her carriage close to the other gangway, at nine or ten o'clock if she chose, enter with no delay; and her friends might pass the night with her on board if they wished.

Once inside everything seemed clean and new, as it ought, indeed. This was the first return of the ship to the harbor. The sailors and stewards were exceedingly polite and good natured and in a very happy frame of mind, which next day one understood when they had returned to their normal sober condition. But one caught a glimpse of the stewardess and she was decidedly a comfort to look upon, in view of possible draughts of the ship to the chop. The stewardess, with a fine figure and with gray hair arranged under a most becoming cap, she smiled upon you benignly and you fell in love with her at once, blissfully ignorant then of the shillings she would charge you for her smiles. Cabin-quarters were found to be decidedly snug, but as you had a whole port-hole to yourself you were quite resigned.

Most of the good byes were said that night and some were heart-rending. There was little sleep on board, for the confusion on the dock continued long.

But at last morning came bright and clear. The last belated trunks and bicycles were heaped on board, the passengers were all on deck early, leaning over the railing of the ship to have a last look at the friends on shore. Beautiful flowers were brought as parting gifts, which the receivers waved from time to time during the long delay before the ship really started. For at six o'clock all visitors were warned off the ship, the gangways taken down and the great doors in the hold swung together. And it was not till after seven that the little tugs "Confidence" and "Victoria" were made fast to the great ship and were ready to start her on her journey.

The big hoarse whistle sounded; the handkerchiefs waved for the hundredth time already; a few last good-byes were shouted down to the friends on shore below; and the R. M. S. Saxonia with her British flag flying began her voyage.

As she moved along the wharf the crowd there rushed to the end of the building where they could wave more signals. And so, we moved steadily out into the harbor, our eyes fixed on the waving handkerchiefs, hats, canes and flags, till they grew indistinct. Then the tugs turned the Saxonia slowly about and we were soon out in the harbor and could see the wharf no more.

The faint blue mists hovered over the islands and soon over all the shore, and made beautiful effects of color in the morning sunshine. The white-breasted sea-gulls circled about the ship, and the little tugs even after they had loosened their cables and parted company with us, escorted us a little way, as if to show that they were big enough to go outside the harbor, too, if they wished. There were a few more wavings of good-bye, for several gentlemen had come out to go back on the tugs, and then the little steamers made graceful circles and turned homeward toward the city.

We were soon out of sight of land, and almost immediately went into a fog, which made it cold and very unpleasant on deck for the

rest of the day. At night, however, there were fine pictures from my port-hole; at first dim and gloomy when the moon was trying vainly to pierce the fog, and I could barely see the white foam slipping down the water's side. Later the fog had been left behind us and the night was serene — so bright that the sky was blue, and the water quietly gurgled and eddied in the broad silver path to the moon.

The next morning was indeed a glorious Sunday morning, the sky without a cloud and the water a brilliant blue, sparkling and dancing in the sunshine. The changing color of the water was marvelous to me — sometimes it was herald and gray and almost colorless, sometimes nearly black, sometimes a deep navy blue, but this morning it was peacock blue.

At 10:30 we were called by the going to the dining-saloon to church, as the stewards all said. "Not 'Are you going to the service'?" "No, but 'Are you going to church?'" The table waiters were the ushers, and we sat in the revolving chairs along the sides of the long tables, now cleared. The large room was quickly filled; toward the last filed in a long line of the picturesque tars who stood cap in hand.

The services were opened by the singing of the sea-hymn: "Almighty Father, strong to save, whose arm hath bound the restless wave." The service was simply the church of England form of morning prayer and there was no sermon.

For on board the Saxonia everything is English. The British lion is everywhere, on the writing paper, on the dishes and even crouching on our beds at night in the blue and white spreads. The stewards were the sole exception to this, for they had an unmistakable Irish infection. We noted this next morning, when for some strange reason we preferred to breakfast in bed, and her ladyship descended upon us with a laughing "And are ye sure it's not la-zay ye are!"

Thereupon followed several cold, rather rough days, and though the Saxonia was fine and steady and the stewards all proudly declared her the best ship on the ocean, there were nevertheless several people on board who decided that the sea was more agreeable when gazed upon from the shore. If one ever got where something ever stood still.

There were many nice people on board, and one made many pleasant acquaintances. Minstrel people were in demand of an evening in the saloon, and two concerts were given, each with a printed program. The last number of each program was the singing by the audience of one stanza of "America" and one of "God Save the Queen." The Queen's song we sang America when we were very near Liverpool, it meant more to some of us than ever before.

Saturday, the 16th, was warm and beautiful, and nearly all were on deck and looking bright with expectation for we were to reach Queenstown tomorrow! And we reached land sooner even than we expected. At two o'clock Sunday morning we passed Cape Clear, when the Saxonia sent up a rocket as a signal. From that point it was telegraphed to all parts of the world that we were safe. Truly the world is one great family, and the continents clasp hands across the seas.

At four o'clock we were awakened by our steward's cheery voice: "Wh' d'not ye come up on deck and see the land?" "O my!" was the answer and a very quick toilet was made. Not many cared for a morning nap that day.

Land, real, real land that stood still and didn't wobble or shake or roll! Hills, rocks, cliffs — not yet clear enough in the morning mists to be green, but stretching seemingly not far away. And the dear sea-gulls were here to meet us and escort us on our way — flocks and crowds of the beautiful silvery things, hovering, soaring, circling, never leaving the ship.

Gradually the coast grew green in the sun-light and we could see the rugged outlines of the rocks as they were told. Now and then a light-house stood boldly out on some overhanging rock, always painted a brilliant white, that they may be seen the better. At the foot of the cliffs we saw the surf beat upon the rocks. Often we passed little fishing smacks, with their sails a pearly gray or touched with violet tints and how one longed to paint them.

At seven a. m. we reached Queenstown, where a little steamer came fussing and fuming out, her tiny wheels whirling sometimes half out of the water when one of our big ship waves lifted her high. After we had loaded her with a goodly number of passengers with their trunks, she rode the bay in a more dignified manner as if she had never lost her sea-legs.

Here, on the crest of a hill, we saw our first old-world ruin, a pretty little roofless church. All day we rode quietly, peacefully, with glimpses of the coast now on one side, now on that, rejoicing in the picturesque light-houses and thankful to see again the habitations of men. The water no longer blue, was of an exquisite light green or aqua-marine. We were alone no more, for schooners, steamers, barks of all sorts abound.

We saw the lights of Liverpool before we went to bed that night and felt the ship at rest. Next morning after breakfast we landed. The custom-house officer made one little dab in our bag, clapped a label on it, and then we were over.

"All aboard for London!" and we hurried off to our special Saxonia express, quickly filled with familiar faces. The engine and coaches looked like toys compared with those at home, but when they started they ran so smoothly that we decided there were some things in their favor.

So we set off on our journey across the green fields of "merrie England."

The New Town Hall and Opera House AT WOODSTOCK, VT.

By ARTHUR H. SMITH, ARCHITECT, RUTLAND, VT.

No one who has visited Woodstock, Vt., can fail to be impressed and charmed with the beauty and restfulness of this quiet New England Village nestling in the valley of the Otta-

nect thereon a new Town Hall building, a sum of \$20,000 being appropriated for the latter purpose. Upon the sale of the old building the Committee set about procuring a site and were fortunate in securing a splendid location by the purchase of a lot 80 by 150 feet from the Justin F. Mackenzie place, facing south on the park and near the village center. The next move was to obtain a proper and appropriate design for the proposed building, and with this object in view the Committee issued a circular letter asking several Architects to present designs. It was my good fortune to stumble into what was required by the Committee and my design was adopted. Working plans and specifications were made, and after a short delay in procuring reasonable figures in face of the sharp and

sudden rise in the price of materials, work was started upon the foundation on the 10th day of August, 1899. The general contract was let to Mr. John F. Germain of Rutland, who has co-operated with the Architect and carried out his contract in a very satisfactory manner. Apart from a short and unavoidable delay attendant upon the delivery of the four great steel plate girders, each weighing about four tons, which carry the floor of the Opera House, work has proceeded smoothly and without interruption.

Upon seeing the village and becoming better acquainted with its character, I felt it to be my duty as an Architect, which word implies Artist — to carry on and perpetrate in the new Town House the quiet dignified feeling of many of Woodstock's buildings. The new structure was therefore designed in the New England Classic style of Architecture, commonly called "Colonial." The plans and illustrations accompanying this article show clearly the arrangement and style of the building which is built of brick with granite grade course and red terra cotta trimmings, the roof being covered with Pennsylvania black slate having ridge and finials of galvanized iron.

Passing under a semi circular archway, deeply recessed and flanked by engaged columns supporting a finely moulded entablature, through the heavy oak outside doors with their bevelled plate glass panels, past the double action swing vestibule doors, which close after one has passed through, the main entrance hall is reached. From this hall a broad stairway passes right and left to the Opera House on second floor, while

immediately ahead are the plate glass panelled swing doors to the Town Hall apartment, which measures 50 by 62 feet with a seating capacity of about 600 persons. This room has a hard Southern pine floor for dancing. On either side of the entrance hall, reached by a door and passage under the stairways are ante rooms plentifully supplied with hooks for cloaks. It is proposed to use one of these apartments as a Select-

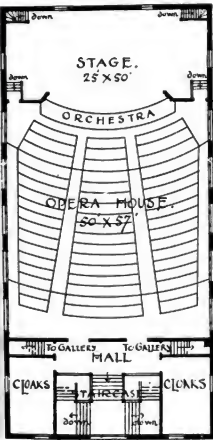
quechee River. The community has characteristics which are entirely distinctive and one soon learns to know and love the peaceful streets and roads with their great shady trees; the park with its beautiful maples under which one may sit and rest, the picturesque "Inn," the Library, the churches and various residences all giving evidence of a quiet and refined taste.

Woodstock is the seat of Windsor County Court, which held its sittings in the old Town Hall building, and it soon became evident that the entire structure should be devoted to Court purposes and a new and commodious Town Hall erected. At the annual meeting held in March, 1899, a resolution was adopted authorizing a Committee composed of Hon. William E. Johnson, Frank S. Mackenzie, Horace C. Lockwood, George M. Rood and William H. Smith, to convey to Windsor County the right and title of the Town of Woodstock in the old Town Hall and Court House premises, and to procure a site and





men's room, and off this is a fire proof vault built of brick, iron and Portland cement, in which may safely be stored the records and valuable papers belonging to



Second Floor.

The entrance hall is finished in cypress, with massive stairwork of birch; the woodwork is stained a rich oak tone and the plaster walls are finished in terra cotta relieved with a set stencil figure and border in blue, hardware on doors with electric light chandeliers being finished in antique copper. The effect of this hallway is exceeding rich and handsome.

The natural slope of ground towards the rear of building gave a fine high basement on back end, and here a side or stage entrance leads to a hall and corridor from which open at the left, on entering, a range of three dressing rooms having lavatory bowl and W. C. attached. On the right is one of the two heating chambers and a large dining hall with kitchen, etc., while immediately beyond to the front, is the other heating chamber, fuel store, etc., reached by a stair from front hall. In the side entrance hall and at the end of corridor on each side of the building, a stair leads to Town Hall floor and to stage level, thus giving

separate and easy access for speakers, performers and others from the entrance and dressing rooms to Town Hall platform and stage.

Passing up the main staircase one notes the easy ascent gained by use of landings, from the second of which, on each side opens a mezzanine cloak room, lighted by the oval windows seen on front of building; while at the third landing level comes the great colonial staircase window lighting the entire hallway. This window with its harmonious curves and delicate mouldings has a fine effect. A single broad flight of steps leads from this latter landing to the Opera House floor level, the main swing doors to which are directly ahead and those to gallery stairways on either side. This apartment has been planned as a modern theatre or opera house with sloping floor, curved seats, sunk orchestra, with splendid modern drop curtain, scenery and stage appointments. The plaster walls here have been

treated in an old rose tint with stenciled ornament in light green, the woodwork being enamelled cream white with the plastic relief ornaments on proscenium arch and gallery front touched out in gold. The acoustics of the room are good and from every seat in the house an equally fine view of the stage can be obtained. Chairs upholstered on the seat and finished to match the decorations have been provided for about 400 persons on the main floor and 150 in the gallery.

The building is lighted by electricity and heated by two hot air furnaces burning four foot wood, the warmed air being carried to the several apartments and circulated back to the furnaces through brick flues built in the walls, the entire system being controlled by dampers at the registers.

All the windows are provided with cypress venetian blinds made by the Burlington Venetian Blind Co. The decoration and wood finishing has been carried out in an artistic and satisfactory manner by Louis Martel of Rutland. Scenery is of the modern "lashed" type, doing away with the old time "grooves" and was supplied by Sosman & Landis of Chicago whose reputation for fine work is well known. The remarkably complete appointments for the Opera House, chairs, scenery, carpets and decoration, etc. are due to the generosity and public spirit displayed by one of Woodstock's prominent men, Mr. Frank S. Mackenzie.

I cannot close this article without commenting upon the pleasant relations I have had during the course of the work with the several members of the building Committee of which Mr. Johnson is Chairman. I have been assisted by their advice in many matters and helped by their co-operation and the seconding of my efforts to obtain results, which now achieved at the completion of our work, we modestly claim, have given the Town of Woodstock, a well arranged, soundly constructed, economically built and artistic structure second to none in our State.



A Relic of the Spanish War.

The Grand Army Post at Bethel, Vt., has secured an interesting relic of the late war with Spain in the shape of a modern, steel rifled, breech-loading gun, which saw service on board the *Vizcaya*, the crack ship of the Spanish fleet, in the running fight off Santiago, July 3, 1898. The gun is a six-pounder, made in Pazoza, Spain, in 1896. The *Vizcaya* was a beautiful cruiser, the pride of the Spaniards, and when lying at anchor in New York harbor a few months before hostilities commenced, had the city at her mercy. But in actual



fighting her looks didn't count. The "men behind the guns" on our war ships sent her to the bottom. The gun does not remind one of the magnificence of the *Vizcaya*. When received it was rusty from lying under salt water and its interior was full of Santiago mud and sand. It has been painted black, as the Post very properly considered that after the present interest had passed no one would take the time to keep it in a polished condition.

The gun is mounted before the Town Hall and eleven large shells which the Government sent with it will be piled up near by.

The officers of Daniel Lillie Post are W. F. Baker, Commander; Albert Abbott, S. V. Commander; Dan Stoddard, J. V. Commander; P. P. Wynn, Q. M.; T. A. Chadwick, Adj. P. C.; Wm. Magivney, Surgeon; W. J. Rogers, Chaplin; Austin Gillett, O. D.; C. P. Coy, C. G.; P. C.; H. Powers, Q. M. Sergeant; Ira Quimby, Sergeant Major, P. C.

The members are Wm. Waldo, Alba Dart, M. N. Kendall, P. C., Henry Rice, Amos Leavitt, John Morse, D. M. Clough, Adam Eglis, P. C., O. Smith, F. J. Hutchins, M. A. Moody, Guy N. Wright, John H. Holton, George H. Kimball, P. C., R. Corse, E. C. Rogers, M. M. Whipple, P. C.



COL. KITTTREDGE HASKINS.

Soldier, lawyer, statesman—that in brief is the life history of the next Representative from the Eastern District of Vermont. It is the same old ladder climbed by so many of our public men. The stern training of war made strong men of all who could endure it. It bred determination and resource, and no more important qualities are required for the foundation of successful lawiership. Add to this careful, technical study of the law and you have the embryo statesman. Give your statesman a term or two in the Legislature, make him the presiding officer if you will, and you have prepared him for the work of the nation, and have fitted him to restore the State to the proud position it formerly occupied.

Col. Haskins has proved his fitness in all these various trusts, and as he goes into his larger field at Washington, we look to him to uphold the best traditions of his state, and to stand fast against the vicious political methods prevalent elsewhere and traces of which are apparent even here.

Col. Haskins was born in Dover, Apr. 8, 1836; admitted to the bar in 1858; was 1st Lieut. Co. 1, 16th Regt. Vt. Vols.; has been State Representative, Senator, State's Attorney, United States District Attorney, and Speaker of the House of Representatives at two sessions.



NOVEL TRANSPORTATION TO NEXT CAMP.



CLEARING AN ISLAND.



CLEARING AWAY A SECTION OF A JAM.

LOG-DRIVING DOWN THE CONNECTICUT IN JUNE.

• A LEGEND OF •

The Living Cross of Lone Glen Gulch.

A Story of Long Ago.

By C. T. W.
WEST LEBANON, N. H.

Lone Glen Gulch is situated one-half mile north of the pleasant and retired village of Felchville, Vermont.

The quiet and peace which now reigns supreme and the contented warbling of the birds, as they build their nests in the trees on the hill-slopes, does not speak to us of the fierce and warlike scenes which were enacted when these hills were roamed by wild beasts and wilder men, the "Red Men of the Forest."

Lone Glen Gulch is the name given to the depression between the hills where now winds the smooth and shady road over what is sometimes called "Great Hill."

All that now remains of the once large lake of Lone Glen Gulch, which at highest water-mark burst its boundary and swept through the valley in one mighty, rushing, roaring thundering torrent, carrying rocks and trees in its course, is a frog-pond which, though having decreased in importance as it decreased in size, still retains the name, and serves as a landmark of the legendary site of Lone Glen Lake.

Nearly overhanging this pond there rises abruptly some hundred feet or more a picturesque and craggy precipice, the accessible portion being fern-covered and partially hidden by the foliage of the trees which grow upon its border.

Standing out in bold relief near the summit of this precipice, with its roots penetrating the cavities in the ledge, is a single, evergreen tree, and from its shape is called the "Living Cross."



The legend of this peculiarly formed spruce tree is of a young man who lost his life many years ago on the very spot from which it springs, and it serves as a living and growing monument to his deed of valor in braving the fierce and chilling winds of the severest wintry weather to warn a distant settlement of white people of an intended attack by a party of Indians. The white people warned in season protected themselves and successfully repulsed their enemies. But how about their preserver? After having accomplished his mission he started to retrace his steps toward his own cabin, where were anxiously awaiting him his widowed mother and young brothers and sisters, unprotected from the enraged Indians. Now hip-deep in the still deepening drifts, now turning from the fierce blast to catch his breath, he stumbled on, on!

The dusky mantle of night was rapidly descending, and the whirling snow hid from view even the nearest landmarks. Although impeded in his progress at every step, he floundered forward. He was rapidly feeling warmer, though confused, sleepy and bewildered. His way was lost. Summoning all his remaining strength he climbed to the highest point to take his bearings.

"Lost, lost, lost," was the wail which the whistling winds shrieked far down the valley and echoed from hill to hill. But "saved, saved, saved," was the thankful cry which the white settlement was sending forth, little thinking that their preserver was giving his life, that very instant, that they might live. Lost to mortality; saved to immortality! The following day he was found where he had fallen, partially over the edge of the cliff on the very spot where, years after, sprang up the Tree of the Cross, Nature's tribute to the memory, not of the man, but of his kind, unselfish and generous act.

• • Just Among Ourselves • •



Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.

Every person has two educations,—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.
—GIBBON.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

—HORACE MANN.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.
—HOLMES.

I love a rooster for two things. One is the crow that is in him, and the other is, the spurs that are on him, to bak up the crow with.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy, of which they were previously unsusceptible.
—B. FRANKLIN.

* Mix brains, then, with your business, if you would succeed, as Opie, the painter did with his colors.

If you can't trust a man for the full amount, let him skip. This trying to git an average on honesty has always bin a failure.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

Thousands of men go down to their graves in obscurity, because they lack the courage to take the first plunge.

Thar is only one thing that can be sed in favor of tite boots —they make a man forget all his other sorrows.

—JOSH BILLINGS.

"All difficulties come to us like the lion which met Samson; the first time we encounter them they roar and gnash their teeth, but once subdued, we find a nest of honey in them."





THE FIRST ONE OUT.



A VERITABLE JUMBO AND THE BABY.



"THE CAMELS—GREAT, UNGAINLY CREATURES WITH LONG HAIR."



"THE BOYS ON THE NEXT CAR IN REACH OF THE TALLEST ELEPHANT'S TRUNK."

How the Arrival and Unloading of the Circus Appeals to the Small Boy.

WRITTEN BY
THE PUBLISHER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
THE JOURNAL ARTIST.



A LITTLE after midnight there isn't much more sleep in store for the small boy of the neighborhood, in the railroad village where the great show is going to exhibit. He dozes along, giving unusual attention to every one of the many whistles of the locomotives in the near-by "yard" and at each long drawn out signal is heard he wonders if that isn't the circus train, creeping slowly into town. After a little the whistling and cries of the trainmen, which on ordinary mornings has no effect whatever upon him, makes him feel positive that at least one train has arrived and perhaps all of them and he is up and out of the house, if his mother will let him, and down the street to the vicinity of the station he goes, even while the roosters are announcing that the day is about to begin.

The trains are in. There are the doubly long, platform cars of the circus, with a long line of white-topped wagons and cages of irregular shapes, the sleeping cars, and the horse cars, standing out as far as the eye can see through the half-light and fog of the summer morning. At last, the realization of a boy's delight, the circus has

come. There are men atop of the elephant and horse cars giving orders and despite the early hour a small, dense crowd, not all boys by any means, is gathered at the crossing to watch every move of the unloading. The horses in the cars stamp and rattle impatiently to be let loose for the day's work, for even they know that the time for action has come. On the track the agent of the circus and the yardmaster are busy telling where the trains are to be moved and there is a good deal of shifting about by the engines to get everything in exact position for the unloading.

Now the circus employees, roustabouts and general workmen begin to come stringing along from the sleeping cars at the rear of the trains, or tumble out from hammocks slung beneath the heavy wagons, some stopping to lace shoes, some with hands in pockets, some with whiffletrees on their shoulders. The majority wear slouch hats, are costless and have bronzed and grimy faces. Some are rubbing their eyes and yawning in great shape. One asks "What town is this?" showing that they rarely know what place they will wake up in next. No two of the men are dressed alike. Some of the men are bringing planks and stout wooden horses with which to construct

an incline down which the wagons may be run at the end of the train. While the workmen bring up these timbers and put them in position the crowd increases and some climb up to the openings at the end of the horse cars and look in.

The boys walk down the track by the side of the trains. There is the resplendent steam calliope, and a great number of large floats and cages, and band wagons, all hid from view by great canvas covers, except the gaily painted and gilded wheels. The blue tent poles are strapped to the sides of large wagons closely loaded with seats. The growl of the tiger in his blanketed cage and the barking of dogs in nearby cages and the stamping and crowding of horses as the drivers move among them, putting on the harnesses, all lend interest.

At the crossing ten or twelve men seize ropes attached to a heavy plank arrangement, which rests on rollers on the first car and with a sailor's "Yo-heave-yo-ho!" they pull altogether and drag it forward into position on the heavy horses at the end of the train. While this is going on, the clown and his monkey are removed from beneath the larger wagons and trundled out of the way.

The large, handsome, white work horses troop out of all the cars at about the same time and stand in readiness, unattended, grouped in pairs all about the crossing.

Men have come from all directions and the work of unloading the great show begins.

After a few wagons have been taken off a pair of horses draws the wagons to the end of the train. The team is hitched to a heavy wagon and it is moved easily from car to car, the tongue being guided by an experienced man. When the car next the crossing is reached, the pair of horses, unhooked and a rope is slipped over a projection at the back of the wagon and given a couple of turns around a

steel stanchion at the side of the car, and thus one man easily holds on the heaviest wagon back as it goes down the incline at the end of the train. The horses go at a trot down the track after the next wagon, whiffletrees flying against the ties, ropes dragging and the driver and his assistant on the run. As soon as one train is unloaded, another is placed in position at the crossing.

There is a peculiar clunk and rattle to a circus wagon that is unlike any other sound of the year.

At the elephant cars, the rough, dirty-looking hide of one of the huge beasts is seen, crowded up against a window, motionless.

He must be a "whopper" for the opening is near the top of the car, but his back cannot be seen. The doors of the elephant cars are of stout planking on hinges at the bottom, ready to form a gangplank when let down. At one end of the car are bunks on which some sleeper is seen, usually shifting about in his blankets.

The ponies are taken out and hitched temporarily to the nearest car. What a lot of them!—stout, sleek, bright-eyed and quiet. The boys in charge bring out the harnesses, each for his own team, and

put them on in a jiffy. Out come thirty or forty racers from a nearby car and are led off. The ponies are hitched up in little groups between the cars and when ready the young driver jumps astride the fourth or sixth pony and the little team moves off to take its own wagon to the grounds. Up the track goes the whole cavalcade, the little chunks of ponies scampering along over the uneven roadway of ties, rails and switches as if they were used to it, the pony drivers calling out to some of the attendants with race-horses to "clear the way, you no accounts."

By this time a good many of the domesticated animals of the circus have been led out. A sacred ox is tethered to the corner of a freight car. Beside him are several camels and dromedaries, great ungainly creatures with long hair which in many places looks as if it had been bleached off. On inquiry of a circus man as to which is which, the boy finds it is the camel which has two humps. Here is a whole geography lesson, far more interesting than his books at school. There, too, is a zebu, a sacred bull, letting out at intervals a startling, knotty sound, like the snort of some giant, with his head in an empty hoghead. The number of animals which have come out of just one car is surprising.

The small boy has, with his fellows, spotted the elephant car long before, and as it is pulled up to the crossing and back again the feet-footed beasts following, for the unloading of the elephants is the best part of the show. The elephants are usually taken out of the cars at a point nearest the grounds, a little on the quiet, and only a few people see them until the parade, but the small boy is omnipresent.

The elephant car rests heavily on its powerful springs as the half dozen great beasts within move about. Soon the heavy door is let down by ropes from a pulley above and the elephants come forth. The boys assembled on the top of a car on the next track, in reach

of the tallest elephant's trunk, are almost the only spectators of the scene. The elephants pick up pieces of waste paper, as they stand about the car, waiting the order to proceed. The last one to come out, the biggest of them all, turns slowly about at the command of his keeper and with his tusks raises the heavy plank door into position again and closes it with a push of his head. It would have taken a good many men to do the same thing. The keepers prod their great charges with small, sharp steel hooks which they carry in their pockets, and start for the grounds, and the elephants follow in a long line, their backs rising and falling as they move.



"A PAIR OF HORSES DRAWS THE WAGONS TO THE END OF THE TRAIN."

awkwardly, off down the tracks, going around the switch standards as naturally as they used to dodge trees in the forests of their nativity.

There are yet a few wagons to be taken off, but the unloading is practically finished.

It is now only six o'clock in the morning, but it has seemed ever so long since the boy got up and when he goes home for a minute he finds his mother just getting breakfast and he parades around with an air of some superiority, for he has been up for hours.

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Woodstock, Clark's, and Merrill's.
West Woodstock, Ferris J. Perkins.
West Fairlee, George & Dudley.
West Hartford, W. W. Munsell, P. M.
West Lebanon, Horace French, P. M.
Westminster, R. Chapman.
Westminster West, W. A. Gorham.

Golf

Playing and layers,

At the Links of the
Woodstock Country Club.

BY ANNA M. HATCHER, D.D.,
WOODSTOCK, VT.



THE COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE.

Golf is the fashionable out-door game for young and old men and women, and is almost universally played. The fact that there are Golf links in almost every summer resort, and, indeed, in nearly every town and city, vouches for its popularity. Ten years ago it was hard to find a links, and now it is hard to escape one.

One great drawback to the more general playing of the game is the expense. Golf is expensive. But if gone into with moderation, it may be reduced to a minimum, as in every other sport.

As compared with other sports, it stands at the head in point of refinement, and then it is a fad, and a fad is sure to be more talked about, and favorably, and so it is supposed to stand far ahead of other and rougher athletic sports. It is not a game for the masses, however. The fact that both men and women can play the game and do it well, of course adds to its popularity.

The first thing necessary is to secure a good ground for the links, and to get a competent man to lay them out. The land need not be entirely level, and ought not to be, for the harder the links, the greater the sport. The links of the Woodstock Country Club are laid out on a mountain.

Any number of players may play the game, and must be matched against each other, choosing sides.

One great mistake made by most amateurs is that of getting too many clubs. If one gets too many clubs one does not learn to use them all properly, and, in learning to use them all, he learns none of them well. The number of clubs is unlimited, but all that are really necessary for ordinary play I shall name here, and tell their uses.

First there is the driver. This is a wooden club used to drive from the teeing ground,—the first stroke to each hole. It is loaded with lead, and is the largest of the clubs. Next comes the brassie, a wooden club, corresponding to the driver, except that it is "laid back" a little more, and is soled with brass. It is used for "long lies," that is long distances on a level, after the driving off. It is well to have a cleek which drives from holes, and has an iron head. The mashie is a short shafted club, with a long iron head, and is used for lofting the ball a short distance. The niblick is a very short headed iron club, much curved, and is useful for getting the ball out of a "bad lie," that is, out of a sand bank or long grass or any unusually indifferent lie. And lastly there is that short crook necked club known as the putter, which is employed in short strokes, when the ball lies on the green, some twenty yards or less from the hole. When a player is supplied with these clubs, and some of the small white gutta-percha balls, there is no reason why, with a reasonable amount of perseverance, he shouldn't become a good golfer, but it does need practice. There are golfers and golfers.

The terms of the game are infinite. It is not necessary to enumerate them all, and indeed I couldn't do it, but I will give a few, and try to explain them. The term "hanging" means the position of the

ball on a downward slope. And right here I should like to say, that first of all you must get a good "swing". That is, don't be afraid to swing your club in a complete circle over your shoulder, for that is the only way to make really good drives. It is well to remember that when "addressing" the ball at the tee, only to graze the earth and not dig up a lot of clay by driving your club way into the ground. By "addressing" the ball I mean the preparatory strokes taken before the ball is fairly driven off. The tee is a small mound of earth made to put the ball on at the driving off. This elevates the ball, and thus secures a better drive. It is not allowable to tee the ball except at the teeing ground. The "approach" is the stroke that takes the ball on



RALPH M. TEWKSBURY, OF WOODSTOCK,
Driving.

to the green and in range of the hole. When addressing the ball it is well to keep the eye on the ball, and when one has driven not to follow the ball with the eye, but let the caddy do that part of the business. Thus you see, you keep your thoughts on the stroke, and do not anticipate the hunting up the ball. This insures a better drive.

The links at Woodstock are owned by the Country Club, and are situated on what is known as Mount Peg. Through the generosity

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of some of the members of the club a commodious club house was built about a year ago, at a cost of about \$1,500. In it is a large club room, handsomely furnished, also lockers for ladies and gentlemen, a kitchen and store room, and dressing rooms. A broad veranda surrounds the building.

The course is laid out on a mountain, Mount Peg so called. There are nine holes. The club has been in existence five years. There are sixty-six members, not all from Woodstock, but nearly all come here in the summer, for more or less of the time. The names and residences of the members are as follows:

E. B. Adams,	St. Louis	L. A. Johnson,	Boston
E. G. Bailey,	New York	H. B. Johnson,	New York
Roger S. Baldwin,	New York	Margaret Johnson,	Woodstock
W. H. Bartlett, Jr.,	Chicago	Mary Jones,	Woodstock
Anna M. Batchelder,	Woodstock	F. T. Kidder,	Woodstock
F. S. Billings,	Woodstock	S. E. Kliner,	New York
Frederick Billings,	Woodstock	H. U. King,	Stamford
Laura Billings,	Woodstock	A. N. Logan,	Woodstock
Mary M. Billings,	Woodstock	F. S. McKenzie,	Woodstock
Elizabeth Billings,	Woodstock	George E. Mann,	Quebec
Sybil V. Boynton,	Woodstock	Arthur E. Mann,	Windsor
J. H. Bryson,	St. Louis	John N. Marble,	New York
J. P. Bryson,	St. Louis	W. H. Mitchell,	Woodstock
W. N. Campbell,	Chicago	W. H. H. Moore,	Woodstock
C. F. Chapman,	Woodstock	G. L. Myers,	New York
James H. Chapman,	Phila.	W. L. Marshall,	Washington
H. B. Chapman,	Plainfield	George W. Merrill,	Woodstock
H. P. Clark,	Woodstock	Michael A. O'Byrne,	Savannah
C. C. Cushing,	Woodstock	W. D. Parsons,	Woodstock
J. L. Dana,	Woodstock	F. C. Putnam,	Woodstock
C. L. Dana,	New York	Lou E. Porter,	Woodstock
E. C. Dana,	Woodstock	J. Foster Rhodes,	Chicago
Alice Dewey,	Quebec	C. W. Sabin,	Boston
I. Gertrude Dewey,	Quebec	E. A. Smith,	Woodstock
E. D. Faulkner,	Woodstock	Richard Southgate,	Woodstock
John French,	Woodstock	R. M. Tewksbury,	Woodstock
W. C. French, Jr.,	New York	H. V. Hall,	Woodstock
W. S. French,	Woodstock	Mary C. Vail,	Woodstock

T. H. Gee,	New York	Clara Vail,	Woodstock
S. A. Goldsmith,	New York	S. B. Whitney,	Boston
Evie Haggood,	Woodstock	A. B. Wilder,	Woodstock
W. S. Hewitt,	Woodstock	F. W. Wilder,	Woodstock
F. R. Jewett,	Woodstock	F. A. Wilson,	Woodstock

In the winter the club house is closed, except for an occasional snow shoe party. In the summer there are many pleasant gatherings.

The links is cared for by two men, who see to it that the grass is kept clipped and everything in good condition.

There are two essential qualities to possess if one would become an expert at Golf. These are a good eye and a good muscle. One should devote several hours each day on the links, and, as in other things worth doing, perseverance counts for everything.

It is better to have an opponent when on the links, and it is not considered "good form" to start off alone, when there are other players directly ahead. When one or more players are ahead of you and you wish to drive towards them or past them, it is customary to cry "fore," to warn them. A caddy, the boy who carries the clubs and finds the ball, understands from the call "fore," that he is to watch the ball and not the player. This rule is frequently disregarded by the caddies, and results in innumerable lost balls, and spoils the temper of the player, and makes things generally disagreeable.

And lastly, before going into Golf, learn the rules of the game, which are well defined in Lockyer's and Rutherford's Rules of Golf. And learn the rules of etiquette on the links, nor deem them of secondary importance, for the golfer is known by his correct form as the gentleman is known by his breeding.

Remember too, that a strong player is the best teacher, and it is a privilege to play with such an one. And in this way you not only learn how to play Golf, but you learn and digest those little rules of etiquette, without which the game loses its most alluring and fascinating character.

Oxen, Sheep, Swine and Poultry will be shown in increasing numbers.

Horticultural Hall, in charge of Geo. H. Mass, will have the biggest kind of a display of Plants and Vegetables, Dairy Products and Fruits without number.

The display in Floral Hall will be unusually attractive, and Home-made Articles, Needle Work, Embroidery, Ornamental Work, Art Work and Cookery and a thousand other things, will please the ladies.

No objectionable features will be allowed to exhibit on the grounds, and the prompt order maintained will be the subject of favorable comment from everyone.

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Begin to plan now what you will contribute to help make the Fair a grand success. Premium lists will soon be ready and can be had upon application to

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The product of these Jerseys is sold in eight special stores in New York and vicinity, at these prices: milk, 10c. per quart; cream, testing 50 per cent. butter fat, 60c.; and butter, 60c. per pound, sold mostly to New York clubs. Fine specimens of the butter, cream and milk are on exhibition at the Paris Exposition. The Farm and the Jerseys share alike in the honors received, but while the methods of the farm can be attained by any farmer, the primary cause of the wonderful results secured are the remarkable herd of Jerseys. Come and see them at the Fair.



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Josie's Cream Cake. Two eggs, well beaten, and put into a teacup, then fill the cup with sweet cream, add one cup white sugar, one and two-thirds cups flour, two teaspoons cream tartar, and one of soda. Bake quickly in round tins, making two thin cakes. Then for the filling, take one cup of boiling milk, and while boiling, stir in one egg, one heaping spoonful of flour, and one-half cup white sugar, and let them boil a few minutes. When cold, spread it upon one of the cakes, laying the other cake top of it.

Mrs. E. A. M., Bethel, Vt.

Parker House Rolls. Scald one pint milk; when luke warm add one-half cup sugar, half a teaspoonful salt, two table-spoonfuls butter, one-half of a yeast cake, one and one-half quarts of flour. Stir it together to a stiff batter and set to rise; let rise six hours; then stir down and let rise two hours; then mould and cut into shape, and fold over with butter between. Set in cool place and let rise two hours. Bake in moderately hot oven half an hour.

Mrs. C. A. D., Enfield, N. H.

Delicious Dessert. Hanover Crackers, sugar, nutmeg, whipped cream. Break Hanover Crackers in two and moisten well with hot water; place in serving dish and cover with whipped cream and sugar, flavored with nutmeg. If nutmeg is not liked, maple syrup may be used. This makes a quick dessert for busy days.

Mrs. L. D. W., W. R. Junction, Vt.

Ice Cream. Fine clusters of currants, white of an egg, white sugar. Dip the currants in the well beaten white and sift the sugar over them. Set in a warm place to dry.

Lemon Ice. Lemons, sugar, whites of six eggs. Make a rich sweet lemonade. To each quart add the whites of six eggs. Freeze.

Coffee Frappe. Two ounces coffee, six ounces loaf sugar, yolks of six eggs, one and one-half gills whipped cream. Pound the fresh roasted coffee in a mortar, enough to simply crush the berries, add the sugar, let it boil; then leave until cold, strain it on the yolks of the eggs into a double boiler and stir till the custard thickens. When quite cold work into it the cream; freeze the mixture; then fill a mould and keep on ice till time of serving.

Mrs. B. K., Springfield, Vt.

By reason of mechanical difficulties the June and July issues are combined in this, the third number, and the time of all subscriptions is extended one month.

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Groceries.

In Groceries, as in many other things, it isn't always best to buy the cheapest quality offered. Of course there are always some actual bargains to be had, as in our selling Fairbanks' Gold Dust at a less price than other dealers can buy at wholesale, but as a general thing, when the average dealer offers you an article for what you know is a lower price than usual, look out—there is apt to be something wrong about the goods in some way or other. People have this fact brought to mind almost daily—perhaps the codfish doesn't have the clear, wholesome taste that that other did, it's a little yellowish or streaky looking, it even goes through the wooden sides of the box and colors that,—in more respects than one you notice that it isn't as good as the kind you used before. It isn't the dealers' fault—he may offer such goods for sale because there is a call for a cheap article from some people who look only at the cost and never stop to consider how poor it may be. Buying the cheapest goods you can find in a day's shopping won't satisfy—not in the long run.

There's a difference in crackers, in flour, in butter, yes, and in eggs. There are eggs and eggs; the egg of yesterday looks, feels, measures and weighs like the egg of last month, but there's a slight difference in another respect and that difference is worth money. It's so with a good many other things, every article in the store perhaps. The difference between the good and the poor is slight to the unpracticed discernment, but it's a difference that counts every time. It costs a little more money, but it's worth more.

We sell honest Goods in Groceries. Trade with us and you will see that this is so. We may have a cheap line of some article or other, but did you ever notice that we don't push it onto you? We try to sell you a better one, knowing that afterwards you will see the wisdom of the purchase and that you will have confidence in our Goods.

Buy the best, buy of us, remembering that if Goods are not right, we make them right.

Here are a few good things for your consideration :

TOASTED BUTTER CRACKERS are a table delicacy, made of the purest materials. After a trial you are likely to prefer them to the common cracker. 100 in a carton, with a package of Try-Me Salines thrown in 25c.

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SAL SODA 10 Lbs. 25c. Why pay double the price to people who buy in small quantities and are not able to sell at this figure?

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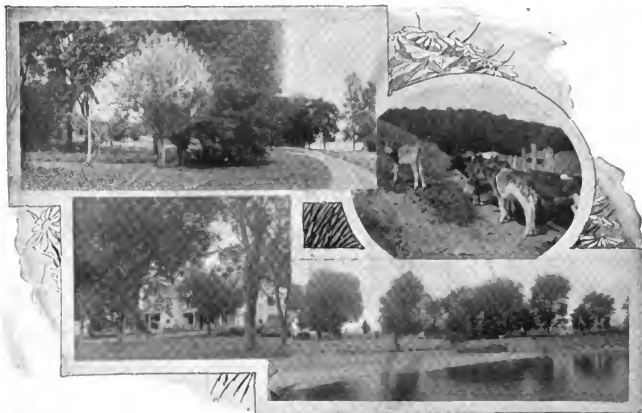
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VACATION

NUMBER.

INTER-STATE JOURNAL

ILLUSTRATED



I am longing for New England
And the haunts of other days ;
For the green and shady woodland,
With its winding, devious ways,
For the meadows and the uplands,
For the rivers and the rills ;
I am longing for the homeland,
I am homesick for the hills.

Homesick for the Hills.

GERTRUDE PALMER VAUGHAN.
LERANON, N. H.

Bright the visions that come thronging
In the sunny summer time,
While glad voices haunt me ever
Like an old familiar rhyme :
Sweet the dreams, but sad the waking
Which my heart with longing fills,
For the homeland of New England
For the everlasting hills.

Oh the magic of the hill-tops
At the birth-hour of the day !
Half their wondrous changing beauty
Pen nor brush can e'er portray :
But when Memory paints the picture
Every pulse with rapture thrills,
For "from glory unto glory"
Is the sunrise on the hills.

Oh the quiet of the hill-tops
When the day is nearly done,
And the purple twilight shadows
Fold them softly one by one !
Then the peace that o'er me stealing
All my heart's wild passion stills,
Seems a blessed benediction,
Seems the "Amen" of the hills.

Bright the skies may smile above me,
Sweet the flowers may bud and blow,
But they cannot still my longings
For the things of long ago.
For I crave New England's breezes
And the laughter of her rills,
I am longing for the homeland,
I am homesick for the hills.

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INTER-STATE JOURNAL.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

VOL. I—No. 4.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., AUGUST, 1900.

10 Cents a Copy
50 Cents a Year

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

A National Holiday in Paris.

BY MISS E. M. FARMAN, OF WEST LEBANON, N. H.

Yesterday was the great National Holiday, the French Fourth. There was no mighty ringing of bells and I heard very few fire-crackers even in the day time. There was nothing to disturb the night's rest. Evidently the city is not owned by the small boys even one day in the year. All the stores were closed all day and even the post-offices; and the omnibuses did not run their regular routes, but were only used, as were the cabs, to take people to some place along the line of march of the troops, and there to stay, so that those inside and on top could see.

Flags everywhere in greater profusion than you can possibly imagine; large ones singly, over a store or at a window, smaller ones bunched in fives on a wall or a post here and there. At the Place of the Star, where twelve long broad streets and avenues radiate in all directions, the scene was brilliant. High posts were erected as high as telegraph posts on each side of the head of avenues, and each post bore a flag four or five feet long.

In the center of this great place stands the Arch of Triumph. It is of a gray stone and can be seen for a very long distance, because it stands on high ground and because some of the streets that lead from it run a long way without a bend.

There were balloon ascensions by day and fire-works by night, and there were free performances at the Opera House and all the best theaters. There were sack races and races of all sorts in every little side street both that day and the next, (Sunday, mind you). There were Punch and Judy shows, there were women who whirled on stilts to the music of hand organs, there were merry-go-rounds which had sprung up over night and great swings likewise, all going at once.

The great spectacle of the day was the grand annual review of the army by the President of the Republic. This was held in the Bois de Boulogne. It was three o'clock. It lasted only a quarter of an hour but so great were the crowds that it was impossible to get anywhere near without hiring a cab at a fabulous price. I walked to where I could see the manoeuvres in the distance, but could distinguish little more than the glittering of the helmets in the sun and the marching to and fro. But it was interesting to be where I was, for there were such crowds everywhere. As one passed along the walks one saw so many stands for refreshments, chiefly beer, (but never do I see a drunken man), also bread and sausages, bread and cheese, bread and beer, cakes and beer, (never any butter, alas!). They have soda with cream, and often without ice, and when you find ice cream you pay two cents for two teaspoonfuls and they give it to you on something like a wine-glass with a flat top and no spoon. You can imagine the process. But there in the park there were mostly beer and fruit stands, and the fruit was mostly cherries.

When I reached the point where I could see the field, there was a line of spectators drawn up on each side of the roadway and a dense crowd behind them. I took my place in the line and waited for the soldiers to pass. It was slightly warm, you may imagine, and you didn't want to put everybody's eyes out with your parasol in the constant jostle, and the sun—but you didn't care for once if you were hot and if you did spoil your collar—it was the 14th of July and you were going to see it or die.

By and by the troops approached, infantry only on this road. The men marched well, but didn't look very handsome being very near copper-color from tan and heat. But the officers' horses were fine and how they danced. The crowd cheered and cheered and waved hats and canes and newspapers and made so much hubbub that the horses were very much excited and it was fun to watch them and their riders.

The troops were on their way to the Arch of Triumph, where crowds of people were waiting to see the President pass with his escort. I wanted to see that too,—he was going through the park by another road—so I started back. The music struck up and the grand-daughter of Maj. Carr had no difficulty in keeping step on the sidewalk and in keeping up with the troops. (She wasn't the only woman who did it either).

Arrived at the Arch, I saw the horsemen with their red and blue coats, their immaculate white trousers, belts and gloves, their bright brass helmets with red pompons atop, their horse tails behind, (there may be a prettier word, but that's what they look like). And after all I did not get near enough to see the President himself in his carriage. I was disappointed, but I had seen a good deal. The crowds lined the streets and thronged the squares all the afternoon; crowds so persistent that the only way they could be kept back was by keeping horsemen in front of them.

At night the principal buildings were outlined by lines of tiny gas jets. Here and there flamed a great R. F., the letters stand for French Republic. Some of the less important streets were almost roofed over with festoons of bunting and of red, white and blue paper, and with strings of Chinese lanterns. In the parks and along the streets the trees hung full of lanterns which looked like big oranges. Venetian lanterns they all call them, and they were everywhere the same, perfect paper globes of a deep yellow color. The effect was so pretty. The many colored Chinese lanterns were seen, but never on the trees. Twined about the Arch of Triumph and festoons across some of the principal streets were ropes of artificial laurel, and white flowers. The flowers each contained an electric light. There were festoons, too, of what looked at night like flowers of silver; and from these festoons hung here and there great bouquets of flowers of various delicate colors—pink, blue, violet, yellow, all with the electric light in the center and all nestling among green leaves.

It was not only the beauty of the illuminations that one enjoyed but it was also the gay people and their doings. I was told that this night of all the year there is no caste—people all make friends and all are like one family. The great crowds were perfectly orderly, quiet and good-natured.

That evening our party visited one of the very many dances which were held on the streets or in the squares that night, (and the next) free for the people. We went to the one in front of the great Exchange building. The military music was fine, and the long steps crowded with lookers-on while on the clean, smooth stone pavement they were dancing the Lanciers, pretty girls and good looking men, dancing quietly and gracefully. As we came away we saw a gentleman in fine dress, silk hat, etc. dancing in the middle of the street with his lady. The street was as clean as a floor. As we passed along I saw a line of young men and women, six or eight perhaps, each holding on the one in front by coat-tail or skirt—fairly hopping skipping through the street toward some ball. A friend called my attention to it and said that "on this night and tomorrow night" that would not be remarked upon as improper, but it would not be done at any other time without censure.

Windsor County Reunion of Veterans at Barnard.

BY OUR SPECIAL BARNARD CORRESPONDENT.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM C. V. S. L. SUMMER HOME BODY.

Barnard had been hoping to entertain even a greater crowd than did she upon that memorable day of June 17, 1875, when so many came from all points of the compass to do honor to her centennial, some of those from abroad expecting that the little town would that day be eaten out. But when a sufficient number of basketsful were taken up after the feast to feed yet another multitude, people began to realize something of the resources of the place.

Great, therefore, was everybody's disappointment upon jumping out of bed at four o'clock in the morning of August 16, 1900, to find it raining—not a good smart downpour, as though it might get through sometime, but just a gentle sizzle sozzle as though it might go on forever.

However, we kept on praying for "more light" and at nine o'clock the clouds lifted, and putting on our best bib and tucker we hitched up old Dobbin and started to see the sights, and the old horse being a good one, for a veteran, at ten-thirty landed us at the Silver Lake Hotel, that grand old house which for so many years has been famous for its clean beds, finely laid tables and absence of rum.



SILVER LAKE HOUSE.

Wal, Josiah and I and old Dobbin had just arrived in front of the hotel when the music for the day, Dewey's Cornet Band, struck up "Marching thro' Georgia" and was loudly echoed by the city folks stopping there and others who had come down from the numerous cottages around the lake, and they kept pretty middlin' busy till twelve o'clock. This band, by the way, will some day rival "Susies" band that you've heard in Boston.

As I was sayin', at twelve the procession started for the picnic ground, headed by Marshall H. A. Wood, and the band was followed by the few remaining representatives of the great number who went from the county in their country's cause. Among the number we noticed Peter Riley and Parker Atwood, as standard bearers, the others being Gilman, Chase, Coughlin, Savage, Crowell, Campbell, Chamberlin, Hewitt, Rhodes, West and Bruce. Upon arrival at the head of the lake there was music by the band and prayer by Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, when dinner was announced.

By this time people from a distance, who had been detained by the rain were arriving so that by two o'clock a large number were present.

In the grand stand were the commanding figures of Haskins, Henry and Tinkham and the more diminutive but not less distinguished form of Gen. Grout and Josiah and I was both of us surprised, for most all shows advertise three-fourths more than they give, but sure enough there they stood, or mebbe they was sittin', and I nudged my neighbor to ask her if she knew which was which and which was tother.

Well we found a good seat in the crook of an old tree so's to be ready to take notes, and the first speaker was Mr. Haskins as per the program. And the first thing he told us we knew before, and that always gives one a comfortable feeling, you don't realize your inferiority, so to speak, so much, you know. Well, he said he had come twenty miles (and that isn't very far, if he'd had old Dobbin ahead of him), to find the center of the universe.

Now Moses Cheney had demonstrated this long ago in his argument that Barnard should be the place for the bank instead of Royalton, and every school-boy has heard that if you start from here, due north is the great city of Montreal, east Portland, south New York and west Chicago. In fact he said, you can start from this point, Barnard, and go anywhere.

But Mr. Haskins didn't tell how this same modern Moses when representing the town, argued as a reason that the State-house be located here, the health of its people, that in point of fact, when one got tired of living, he must remove to some less healthy town. And this same Moses lived here until he was an old man and finally went off to the land of the Dakotas, to the land of Hiawatha, and there he died.

But I forget I am recording the speeches of great men, not mine, and let me see, where did I leave off? If Moses, by the way, had remained here he might have been alive today. But Mr. Haskins said had he known there would have been so many women—well, mebbe he said so many fokes—he shouldn't dassed ter come, for he'd got an idee this gathering was just a kind of a camp-fire—a few soldiers that meet and tell stories, sing songs, crack jokes and mebbe, snap lies.

He gave kindly greeting to the old soldiers who went forth in the prime of life like the children of Israel, in defense of their flag, of their country and their country's honor. There had been the wrong teaching that the power and sovereignty of state were greater than allegiance to the general government, and from this departure from right came on the great civil war, the few veterans being the surviving representatives of the 3,000,000 who gave up all for their country's sake.

Mr. Haskins' entire address was listened to with rapt attention as were also those of Gen. Grout and Judge Henry.

Mr. Grout gave an outline of the history of our country and reviewed Stark's campaign, the battle of Bennington, and told us that the real battle-ground was in New York, instead of the site of the monument at Bennington. I have not space to give his talk in full but it was fraught with interest and he said in conclusion that Henry was anxious to tell some stories, but Mr. Henry refuted the charge saying "Why I never tell stories—it's dangerous," finally admitting that he might possibly at some time or other have told one or two, whereupon he told several of the anecdotes for which he is famous.

He began by saying that the president might do very well in his present capacity as president of the day but evidently he would be a poor caterer, inasmuch as at all big dinners, the soup being a light article of diet, was served first and the solid meats after, while in this instance the meats were served first and the soup (himself) last but everybody was agreed that soup after all was a very nutritious diet.

Mr. Henry gave as a reason for his being here that "By gosh, I was invited first. Gilman invited me a long time ago up at Newport to be one of the speakers of the day here."

Once on a time in a country town a young lady had died

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and when the bearers were chosen, an old friend at some distance was invited to participate in the rites, but as he did not arrive in proper season, another was substituted in his place. However at the last moment he put in an appearance and when apprised by the conductor that because of the lateness of his arrival, Mr. so and so would act as bearer he replied: "Wal by gosh I'm goin' to be the bearer myself for I was invited first," and Mr. Henry claimed the honor of being invited first and for that reason "by gosh, he was going to speak," and we were all glad that he happened to be invited first for he then told the story of the Irishman's dilemma.

Mike McFinigan looked sorely troubled as he sat bolt upright against a tree. "What's the matter, Mike," asked the captain. "Oh!" says Mike, "I'm in a dilemma." "A dilemma! How? What do you mean?" "Ah!" says Mike, drawing a long breath, "I don't know what ter do—ain't that a dilemma?" "Why yes, but what's the trouble?" "Why, you see Tim Flanergan bate me a dollar that I couldn't swaller an egg whole, an I did it and now what to do I don't know. If I squirm around the dom thing 'll break and the shell will cut me insides all ter paces, an if I kape still, Holy Mither of Moses, the dom thing 'll hatch out a Shang-hai rooster, and he will ate me up—Och! 'tis a dilemma I'm in, shure!"

A great admirer of the workings of the telephone was telling his friend, an incredulous country bumpkin, of its great probabilities and possibilities as well, and being anxious to have him talk through it he said, "We'll call up your wife," which he did and then directing him to apply his mouth *so*, and talk in an ordinary tone, he awaited results, which were really astonishing to himself. The usual "Hello!" and "yes," followed and "Is that you, Hannah?" when lightning struck the 'phone throwing him far across the room. Rising and pulling himself together he calmly remarked, "Yes, Oh, yes, *that's* Hannah all right!" and he now believes that the telephone is perfectly natural to life.

This concluded Mr. Henry's stories for in point of fact he

was n't feeling first rate himself, or at least he said to his wife the evening before, "John Adams is dead and Thomas Jefferson is dead, the great men are all dying off, and Alice, I don't feel very well myself."

Mr. Henry reviewed the war and gave a beautiful tribute to woman and the part she took in that grievous time, portraying her in the still watches of the night, praying for husband and son, for friend and foe.

Hon. O. M. Tinkham of Pomfret followed with a few remarks which we were not able to hear but which we learn were in part at least, his usual characteristic and pleasant allusions to his friend Abraham Lincoln.

Politics were well let alone for the day, which exemplified the good taste of the speakers.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected: John Gilman, President; E. C. Hagar, Vice President; P. F. Riley, Secretary; H. N. Bruce, Treasurer.

A vote of thanks to the committee for building a speakers' stand was taken.

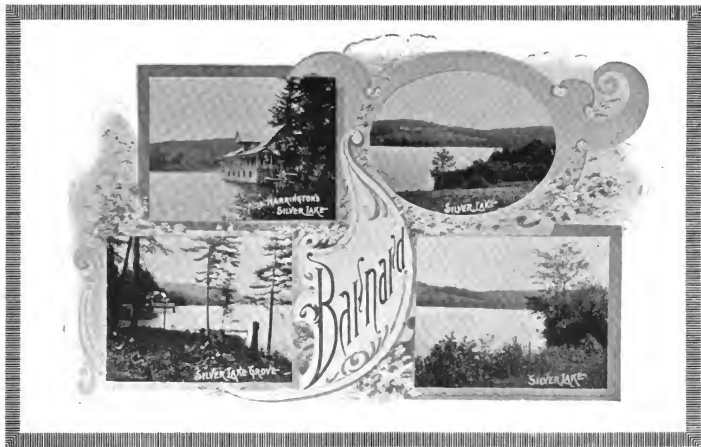
The committee elected were: Barnard, H. A. Wood, P. F. Riley, G. H. Kelley; Rochester, Henry Chaffee; Stockbridge, O. M. Harrington; Bethel, M. M. Whipple; Woodstock, George Perry; Hartford, Henry H. Peck; Sharon, C. E. Willey; Royalton, Cyrus Howard; Bridgewater, N. C. Baker; Hartland, L. J. M. Marcy; Pomfret, H. N. Bruce; West Windsor, W. H. Ralph; Randolph, J. E. Eldredge; Tunbridge, H. R. Hagnar.

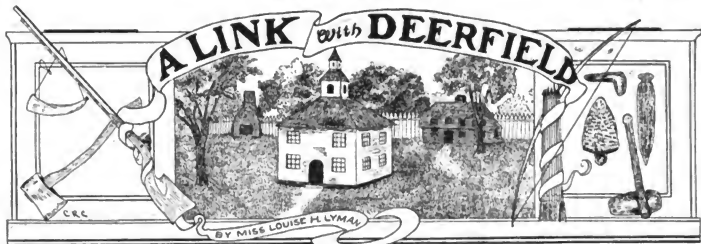
The steamers and row boats upon the lake were busy through the day and fruit venders and caterers of all kinds were in evidence.

A large number remained in the evening for the annual hop in Cushing's pavilion, all going home by the light of the moon and with a full realization that Barnard is a good place in which to live and a "boss" place to hold a Soldiers' Reunion.

Josiah and I both hope they'll come again next year.

RUSTIC.





Flat-Lock Gun, Powder Horn
and Ax of Early Settlers.

THE OLD CHURCH AS IT WAS IN 1704. FROM PAINTING.
RUINS OF BENONI STERBINS' HOUSE.

THE SHELDON HOUSE.

Bow and Arrows, Spear Head, Arrow
Head and Tomahawks of Indians.

In these days of vivid interest in all that pertains to our Colonial history, it may not be inopportune to consider our local association with Queen Anne's War. The war was declared by England against France in 1702.

The principal cause for the declaration were three in number.

First, France's support of the claims of James Edward to the English crown against his half sister, Anne Stuart. James Edward was fourteen at this time. He was the son of James II by his second wife, Mary Beatrice D'Este of Modena, Italy.

Second, the attempt of Louis XIV to place his grandson Philip of Anjou on the Spanish throne, thereby threatening to disturb the balance of power in Europe.

Third, Claims of the French King to certain privileges in America.

Queen Anne, in whose behalf England declared war, was at this time in her thirty-ninth year. She was James Second's daughter by the marriage with an English wife, Anne Hyde. Her husband was Prince George of Denmark. Parliament had settled the succession upon her, and failing heirs, upon Sophia of Bohemia.

Fortunately for a portion of the English settlements in New England, just prior to this war, the French Governor of Canada had concluded a treaty peace with the Five Nations. Owing to this compact, during the war that followed, New York was protected from the horrors of an Indian outbreak, but the fury of the storm burst on the feeble settlements of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Vermont at this time was simply a highway for contending forces of Indians, their allies or foes, and always a preferred bunting ground.

The expedition against Deerfield, Mass., was organized in Canada.

In outlining, briefly, the story of attack, the school-children are kept in view. The facts and quotations given are from Sheldon's History of Deerfield. The dates are old style.

The expedition was commanded by Hertel De Rouville, an officer of the line, who had won renown in preceding wars. He was assisted by one of his brothers. The force consisted of two hundred French, and one hundred and forty Indians, part French Mohawks, or Macquas of Caghawaga, probably in civilized dress, and part Eastern Indians, in native costume.

Sheldon states that these French and Indian raids, not purely for plunder, were for religious or political effect. In this attack of 1704, the special pretext, under cover of the war in Europe was to pacify and please the Abenaki, who had been enemies of the English and whose alliance the Canadian Governor, Vaudreuil, wished to retain. "Governor de Vaudreuil writes to the war minister at Paris, Nov. 14, 1703, that he should send a strong party against the English in the spring, were it only to break up the measures the English might be adopting to induce the Abenakis to conclude peace."

And again, one year later, Nov. 17th, 1704, "We had the honor to report to you last year, My Lord, the reasons which had obliged us to embroil the English with the Abenakis, and the heavy blow which with that view, we caused Sieur de Beaubassin to strike. Shortly after he had retired, the English having killed some of these Indians, they sent us word of it, and at the same time demanded assistance. This obliged us, My Lord, to send thither Sieur de Rouville, an officer of the line, with nearly two hundred men, who attacked a fort, in which, according to the report of all the prisoners, there were more than 100 men under arms. They took more than one hundred and fifty prisoners, including men and women, and retreated, having lost only three men and some twenty wounded."

"Vaudreuil commends de Rouville, and asks his promotion, complacently adding, 'Sieur de Rouville's party, My Lord, has accomplished everything expected of it, for independent of the capture of a fort, it showed the Abenakis that they could truly rely on our promises, and this is what they told me at Montreal on the 13th of June, when they came to thank me.' Thus this representative of a Chris-

tian nation, sent an army through the wilderness, not to fight an English force but to surprise and butcher the settlers of an English plantation three hundred miles away, merely to keep on good terms with a savage tribe and gratify his own ambition. It was an act of hardly less than cold blooded murder."

Deerfield, at this time, was one of the most northern settlements on the Connecticut river, and therefore greatly exposed to Indian raids. It had already sustained several attacks, one in 1675, and four subsequent ones from 1693 to 1696.

There was a fort built for its defense, and the Council had sent a detail of twenty soldiers there to aid the citizens.

The winter wore away peacefully, and as the days lengthened, the people felt less apprehensive of an attack.

The minister, Rev. John Williams, never felt at ease. He says: "I set apart a day of prayer, to ask of God, either to spare, and save us from the hands of our enemies, or prepare us to sanctify and honor him in what way soever he should come forth towards us. The places of Scripture from whence we were entertained were Gen. XXXII, 10, 11. Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau, for I fear him lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children." The Indians supplied the force with game killed on the journey, but all were suffering for food when Deerfield was reached. The winter had been a long, cold one and the snow was deep.

The force was provided with moccasins and snow-shoes, and there was an extra supply for the prisoners. Provisions were carried on sleds, some of which were drawn by dogs. The Indians supplied the force with game killed on the journey, but all were suffering for food when Deerfield was reached. The winter had been a long, cold one and the snow was deep.

On reaching the mouth of West river the dogs, sleds, and a small guard were left at that point.

On reaching the bluff overlooking North Meadows, near Deerfield, the force halted, deposited their packs, put on their war paint, and sent runners toward the fort. This was the evening of February 28.

One readily recalls that this was an age of superstition. The black shadow which enveloped the land, Sheldon says that "for two or three evenings previous to Feb. 29, 1704 a new topic of supernatural interest had been added to the usual stock. Ominous sounds had been heard in the night, and says Rev. Solomon Stoddard, "the people were strangely amazed by a tramping noise around the fort as if it were beset by Indians." The older men recalled similar omens before the outbreak of Philip's war. There were two hundred and sixty-eight inhabitants, the eldest being Widow Allison, eighty-four, and the youngest John French, four weeks old, a son of Deacon French. There were in addition, the twenty soldiers, and two guests from Hatfield, two hundred and ninety-one souls in all.

When day-light faded, the homes were lighted by the great fires on the hearth, pine knots being thrown on the huge logs for illuminating purposes. The supper was simple, bean porridge or hasty pudding and milk, eaten from wooden bowls with horn or pewter spoons.

A portion of Scripture was read, and the Goodman of the house offered prayer. In the warmest nook by the hearth, a grandam, clad in a red flannel gown and white linen cap, tending the cradle while she knits.

At the great wheel as befitting the queen of the home, the goodwife presided, her short gown of linsey-woolsey over a red petticoat, picturesque in the firelight as she steps back and forth at her task, casting the eye of an expert at her girls busy over the flax-wheels where the household linen is in preparation and anon encouraging the children, who are taught that idleness is a sin, and who are filling the quilts for tomorrow's weaving.

Before dawn on the morning of the 29th, the blow fell.

The Indians scaled the fort on the deep snow drifts, and surprised the force.

The story of the fight cannot be given in this article, but something of interest relating to the captives may be told.

When the Indians burst into Mr. Williams' home, he seized his pistol from the curtain over his bed and pointing at the leader pulled the trigger. The pistol missed fire. He was seized and bound. His slave woman, Parthena, his infant daughter, six weeks old, his son and namesake, John, Jr., six years old, were slain on his door step. He and his remaining family were hurried away later, captives, in the gray dawning of February 29th.

All of the captives were taken to the church previous to the march. This church was built about 1682.

There were one hundred and twelve prisoners in all. Seventeen of the Deerfield homes were in flames, and forty-nine of the people were slain, including those who pursued the Indians in the Meadow.

The men in the Benoni Stebbins house made one of the bravest fights on record, and were not captured. The Indians had no desire to fight in the open, and were withdrawing already when the first relief arrived, thirty men on horseback from towns to the southward, attracted by the burning buildings.

Mrs. Williams, then in her fortieth year, unable to keep up with the march was slain by her captor at Green river. The pursuing party from Deerfield recovered her body, and she was buried in the Deerfield graveyard. In 1886 a granite monument was erected on the spot where she fell. Her maiden name was Eunice Mather. She was a niece of Rev. Increase Mather, sixth president of Harvard College. Her eldest son, Eliezer, was fortunately away from Deerfield, at school; two of her little ones were already slain and six children with her husband were captives.

At West river the forces recovered their sledges and provisions. At Williams river Mr. Williams was permitted to gather his flock about him and preach to them, trying, doubtless, to console both their hearts and his own. This was on March 5th, and it was here that the Indians requested the prisoners to sing "one of Zion's songs," which they did. The river was named Williams, in commemoration of the event. March 8th the party reached the White river, and here the force divided, the larger part going up White river to Canada.

The St. Francis, or Abenaki Indians went up the Connecticut, carrying with other captives, Mr. Williams' son Stephen, then a lad of ten years. Mr. Williams was carried over the Green Mountains by the Caghnawaga Indians, whose route is believed to have been up White river from this point. Mr. Williams and many others of the captives were redeemed by Governor Dudley of Massachusetts in 1706; but Eunice Williams, seven years old at the captivity was never redeemed. On one pretext or another claiming at one time, that "she was as dear as their own hearts," the Indians refused all ransom for her. A few years later she married Amrusus, an Indian, and after her father's death, visited Deerfield, but refused to return to civilized life. She was a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. Her husband was one of the Caghnawaga tribe. She lived ninety years.

There is a Memorial Hall in Deerfield, where everything illustrative of town history is preserved. Among other articles is a little shoe worn by one of the captive children to Canada, and on the return trip. Among the articles carried away from Mr. Williams' house was a silver cup. In time it was given to Eunice Williams. In 1732 it was given by her to her brother Warham, who was only four at the time of the capture. The cup came down the line of Warham's lineal descendants to his grandson, Chas. R. Williams, once Governor of Vermont. The cup bears the following inscriptions:

Feb. 29, E. W. Obt. at March, 1703-4. June 10, 1733, E. W. to W. W. There are other inscriptions of a later date. The cup is still in the family of Warham Williams' descendants.

The treaty of Utrecht in 1713 concluded the war; that war which on the continent of Europe brought success to the English arms; and wealth and a dual coronet to brave Jack Churchill who led the Queen's forces; when France ceded to England, Newfoundland, Hudson's Bay, and the Island of St. Christopher, and Louis Fourteenth agreed no longer to maintain the cause of James Edward who now assumed the name of Chevalier St. George.



CHARLES T. WILDER PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

Dartmouth's new physical laboratory, known as the Charles T. Wilder physical laboratory, is a substantial and handsome brick structure, four stories in height. The main building is one hundred and seven feet long by fifty-eight wide, and the ell in the rear has dimensions of thirty-five by fifty feet.

It stands on the slope of the hill running up to the observatory, faces College street, and is a little to the right of Rollins chapel.

The brick walls are relieved by granite trimmings and are surmounted by a terra cotta and copper cornice. The front entrance is below an ornamental granite arch. The hallway is high and broad and paneled in oak, and the stairway is finished in quartered oak.



THE LATE CHARLES T. WILDER OF WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

In the basement are a workroom, dynamo room, and an electrical and magnetic laboratory. The first floor contains a large physical lecture room with a seating capacity of two hundred and fifty, better appointed than any other lecture room in the college, a recitation room for astronomy, electrical laboratory, a division room, an apparatus room, and on either side of the stairway a convenient office for the use of the instructors whose duties are in the building.

On the second floor is a large laboratory for beginners, two stories in height with a gallery for the use of spectators; a small laboratory for advanced work, a room for optics, and other rooms for acoustics, apparatus, photo-metric work, and a smaller seminar room.

The third floor has some quarters well equipped for photographic work, a concave grating and spectroscopy room, two offices for instructors and several small apartments for apparatus.

There are two wells extending from the top to the bottom of the building, one for gravity experiments and the other occupied by an elevator. The building is heated by steam, lighted by electricity, is well ventilated and very airy. Altogether it is the most efficient laboratory which the college possesses.

It is used by the departments of physics and astronomy. The cost was about \$200,000, the funds coming from the late Charles T. Wilder.



ON THE WILLIAMS RIVER.



Summer Scenes

• Along the •

Central Vermont Railway,

• The Popular •

Green Mountain Route.



A GOOD CATCH.

This very handsome string of plump, gamy black bass is one of hundreds taken daily from Lake Champlain and other noted fishing waters of the State. To the true angler there is no better sport than the hooking and landing of a bass. The rod must be skilfully handled to guard against his swift, vigorous rushes to avoid capture, until tired, or the line may part unexpectedly.

The sleepy village with church spire beyond the trees and the quiet water of the pond looks familiar. It is in the Wincooski valley, and is an artists study.



This picture will recall the joys and discomforts of camp life and boating to all who have enjoyed such an experience. The clean-cut lines of the boat indicate that she is a fast and safe sailer. The piling of sticks for holding the pail of coffee and the building of the fire was but the work of a moment as the shore is wood-strewed. The thin, ever-shifting smoke of the fire seems a trifle of scrambling for the moment.



ON THE WRONG SIDE.

To the city boys, unfamiliar with the ins and outs of farm life, the very evident protest of this crew may seem unusual for so docile an animal. A very vigorous kick may finally induce them to abandon the attempt until they discover the cause of the trouble.



OUT FOR A ROW ON THE LAMOILLE RIVER.



BATHERS AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.



These children have been lined up to have their picture taken. The two tots in advance of the others remind one of the sun bonneted, much patched pair in the sketch entitled, "What are the wild waves saying, sister." The youngsters and some grown people no doubt have a lovely time on this broad, sandy beach at Mallet's Bay, Lake Champlain.



A SUMMER HOME ON THE LAKE SHORE.

Just such a view as one often sees when the steamer passes near shore in making a landing. The labor of clearing away brush, trees and stumps is well repaid by the comfort taken there by the owner and his friends who come out from town to spend a few days with him.

These fine half-tone pictures are from the "Summer Homes" book, which is issued each year by the Central Vermont Railway, and which should be in the hands of every pleasure seeker. A copy of the brochure will be mailed on receipt of 4 cts. for postage, on application to T. H. Hanley, N. E. P. A., 134 Washington St., Boston.



THE THREE KIDS AT A SUMMER RESORT AT WINDSOR.



Some years ago while a Junior at college, I was, on account of certain indiscretions, given leave by the faculty to absent myself from the classic halls during the winter term. Anticipating that the notice of my suspension would be sent to my parents and not wishing them to feel any unnecessary alarm, I hastened home on the old safe plea that my eyes had given out and must be rested. In due course of time the communication from the faculty arrived and which, unfortunately, I neglected to turn over to the proper recipients.

With the letter safe in my pocket, I now announced my intention to teach a winter school, arguing that as my eyes were weak it would be better to leave off hard study for a time. I had little trouble in finding a school and finally decided to take the Dothan district. In arriving at my decision I was moved not so much by the advantages of Dothan over any other settlement as by the virtue-mad and apparent charms of the daughter of the first committee-man. Now Mabel Thacher was none of your buxom country lasses, but a fair, lissom girl suited far better for the company of a well bred and refined college man than to the country bumpkins of the district.

As I walked from my boarding place over to the school that first Monday morning my thoughts continually reverted to my fair Diana, but once at the school I discovered that life was not one grand sweet song. It had been the long established custom in the district to initiate a new master with fitting ceremonies and no courtesy was neglected in my own case. The cover to my desk had been carefully nailed down and the back legs of my chair all but sawed through.

Having devoted more time to physical than to mental exercise in my college course, I had learned self-control and putting on the best face possible awaited further developments. I had not long to wait. Each day had been a surprise. The door was nailed, molasses spread on my chair, the stove pipe and chimney stuffed with wet hay, red pepper thrown on the stove. Discipline in the school was running from bad to worse with no open outbreaks until finally at the end of the first month the committee cautioned me that unless improvement was shown they felt it their duty to secure a competent man.

The worst offender was Albert Wood, a stocky built young man of my own age and quite as evidently smitten with the charms of Miss Mabel. In fact it was current talk in the neighborhood that the elder Wood had an understanding with Mr. Thacher that in due time the two farms should be united by the marriage of the young people. It thus came about that Albert and I were rivals. Mrs. Thacher had been educated at a neighboring academy and with higher education looked forward to a fine match for her daughter so that in some sense she looked upon me with favor.

The fact that I had been warned by the committee was rumored round the neighborhood over Sunday and an outbreak on Monday was imminent. On the contrary, the order was especially good during the forenoon and not till recess in the afternoon was there any almonition of impending trouble. As recess was announced a significant look passed from Wood to the other boys and each taking his sled went out to coast. At the end of the play time the bell was rung and the pupils excepting Albert and two or three of the larger boys trooped in. A second time the bell was rung and still no boys. Paying no further attention to their absence I called out the classes and continued our work. At the end of the first recitation the boys appeared, Wood bringing up the rear. Allowing the others to pass in I stopped him at the door and asked him why they waited beyond the allotted time. "Wanted to slide," was his answer. Feeling that stringent measures were urgent I told him he might finish the afternoon and term sliding. "I guess not," he replied, attempting to push by. "I propose to get what schooling there is going." Then as I obstructed his way through the door he seized hold upon me and we began the hardest set I ever took part in. For a few minutes I had my doubts as to whether I was to teach any more school there. Then breaking away by chance I struck him hard and full knocking him backwards down the step and into the snow. Staggered and stunned by the blow he started once more for the door, then suddenly turned and made his way home.

Returning to the school room and calling up the remaining delinquents I announced that if they were ready to comply with school rules and do for the remainder of the term without recess well and good, otherwise they too might leave.

From that day on we had perfect discipline. Wood went to work on the farm and beyond an oft asserted intention to get even, made no trouble. On Friday evenings most of the young people were in the habit of attending the village singing school. On these occasions, as on other evenings I devoted my time to my college studies, endeavoring so far as possible to keep up in my work and prepare for the spring examinations. Just as invariably did Albert drive our Mabel down to the village.

The last day of school came and on the same evening the singing class was to disband with the production of a cantata. It was a great occasion, the social event of the season for the country folk. On the previous Sunday I had seen Miss Thacher at meeting and had her reluctant consent to accompany me to the concert. Reluctant, I say, because as she explained she had been attending the class all winter with Wood and he would naturally expect her to accompany him on this occasion. Overcoming her objections with such sophistical arguments as I was capable of adducing, I sent word to the village livery to reserve their best turnout for me.

Beginning Wednesday it rained for nearly two days, washing away the last traces of snow and leaving the road one long stretch of mud.

Friday evening the clouds cleared away, the moon shone in full brilliancy and everything pointed to a happy ending of my career as school-master in Dothan. In the early evening we set out, no word having been sent Albert as to any change from usual conditions. My companion though evidently somewhat uneasy in mind was certainly entrancing and my own spirits as I thought of my erstwhile rival were in full accord with the evening.

Everything was as happy as a wedding bell, as the story books tell it, until a sudden plunge of the horse and a cry of dismay from Mabel brought me to my normal senses. So captivated had I been with her appearance and talk that I had failed to watch my horse and had inadvertently driven into a clay quagmire. Now almost instantly the carriage sank in to the hubs, the horse floundered and fell, breaking the shafts and confusion reigned.

At this juncture our friend Albert drove by with a not over cordial "good evening." Driving on a few steps he stopped and all signs of anger absent from his face hastened with a long board from the fence to help us out. Even as Mabel walked along the plank I noticed how ungallant he was, offering no help and leaving her to leap up the bank alone.

Then his purpose became evident. Before I had time to step down from the buggy he had snatched up the board. "Better stay and watch the moon," he suggested, as he helped the girl into the team, "I will send up someone to help the horse out;" and driving off with my maiden by his side who offered no word of consolation, he left me to my thoughts. Help soon arrived and I was extricated from my predicament, but I was in no mood for a cantata. Leaving my trunk to be forwarded me I took the first train out of town.

June 1 I received a written invitation, plainly the work of my former pupil, inviting me to be present on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Mabel Thacher to Mr. Albert Wood.





WHY A BRILLIANT WRITER NEVER MATURED.

In order to secure complete and reliable service in giving JOURNAL readers the illustrated events of the Valley, the Publisher is arranging with an able writer in most towns to contribute the more important current events and the best literary material obtainable. When this is accomplished each number of the JOURNAL will contain more of general interest than ever. To show the difficulty encountered, however, in getting a current event contributor in at least one place, the following letter is appended. Life in that Vermont town is so quiet that with the exception of an event which the writer appealed to embody in his letter of reply, nothing has happened there in sixty-four years. He is a descriptive writer of no small ability, despite his lack of material to work on, all these years. We hope the unexpected will happen to let him contribute to the current event department.

To the Publisher of the *Inter-State Journal*:

The trouble about "special correspondence" here is this: nothing ever happens here; that is to say, it is an *extremely* quiet locality. I was born in the house I now occupy in 1833. Have traveled around the country some in the time but still I've been here enough to know that in the sixty-four years since then, a few street dog-fights between transient dogs passing through the place have been about the only excitements of the locality. However, one Saturday evening about ten years ago there was a rumup between two of the most respectable citizens (?) of the place, at the post-office store. It arose during an argument about the comparative merits of some horses I think. I was not present but was informed of the affair by some of my friends here. One of the parties, as I remember it, brought into use the butt of a ten-cent whip, while the other grabbed a wooden stick doing duty there at the time as a fire-poker. No blood was shed, but the flow of loud and abusive language was described as terrible in the extreme. Indeed, parties knowing of each occasion declared without reserve that in that respect it dwarfed the battle of Gettysburg, although it lasted not more than ten minutes while the great battle lasted three days. Well, after the fight, — the only one here in the sixty-four years, — I went to work and wrote up an account of it for the Springville "Clarion," expecting fame and renown in consequence as a "local correspondent." But, alas! the "principals" got wind of my sketch and one of them went to the office, and by threats and entreaties had it suppressed and all my hopes and expectations went for nothing.

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HOW THE PICTURES WERE "TOOK."

The five thousand readers of the JOURNAL who admired the strong kindly features of the old farmer and his motherly wife on the cover of the Midsummer number, will be interested in the story of how the pictures were "took." For these elderly people very apparently are not of the kind that seek to have their names and faces appear in public places. "It was a matter of regret to their many friends that they could never be induced to "set" for their portraits. But they were too modest and retiring for such things and had always successfully dodged the kodak fiend. The best guard is sometimes beaten down, however, and the day and hour came last spring, when a friend of the family, a lady, visited the farm with a camera.

The old gentleman did not surrender easily. He took to a back field for the day to hoe corn, and never once got in front of the "infernal machine," until just as the carriage drove away at night, when his innate courtesy drove him in to say goodbye. Had he known that the camera was still ready to shoot, instead of being stowed away under the seat we fear his reputation for politeness would have been smirched, but he came all unsuspecting like a lamb to the slaughter, and unconsciously struck the very pose above all others that an artist would wish.

Had the photographer been other than a lady no doubt conscience would have intervened and prevented taking such an unfair advantage of the old gentleman. But that was n't the end of her treachery for lo and behold, she sent the picture to an editor, and he, yielding to her wiles, published it and spread it abroad throughout the land in the most successful journalistic venture that Vermont ever knew.

What the old gentlemen thinks about it all has not been reported. Perhaps it may not be reportable.

HOW THE JOURNALS SOLD.

The JOURNAL is doing well. This in reply to the occasional question of some interested reader. It is receiving solid support. The subscription list is steadily growing larger and the number of single copies sold at the news stands of the larger villages and the post-offices or stores of even the smallest and most remote places is surprisingly large. The single copy sales have exceeded expectations and these were by no means modest. The new monthly is a seller. At many news stands its sales are more than twice as large as those of the most popular New York magazines selling at the same price. And this in towns where the JOURNAL already has from seventy to one hundred and fifty subscribers. Competition has been distanced. JOURNAL sales exceed all others, magazines of many years standing, and of acknowledged excellence. And this has been accomplished in three issues. The reason is that although there are hundreds of more pretentious monthlies, the INTER-STATE JOURNAL is the only one which closely and continuously reflects the home life of the dwellers between the granite hills of New Hampshire and the Green Mountain range of Vermont.

The JOURNAL has had a slight handicap. Its irregularity of publication. It is issued from a printing house handling a very considerable business. The many large printing orders have had to have the right of way. This inconvenience has to be put up with while the new monthly was finding whether or no it would be favorably received and accorded a place in the homes of the valley. This point being now decidedly answered in the affirmative, the mechanical difficulties are soon to be properly surmounted and each issue will appear at a stated time. This is absolutely necessary for complete success and the publisher has been aware of it from the first. — A number of new trimmings for improving the JOURNAL's general appearance are now in preparation and some are in this issue. A fine new heading is one, with artistic and graceful curves in letter and ribbon, which has a pleasing, solid and somewhat well-to-do appearance, speaking well of the contents which, arrayed within, will further satisfy each reader. The second is the wire stitching, which takes the place of laborious hand sewing, and is done by a little machine, which seems almost intelligent, reeling off an inch of wire from a spool, forming a staple and driving and clinching it, quicker than the eye can follow and making numbers ten thousand times as fast, if need be.

The JOURNAL is going to become a fine monthly when all the plans mature. They are being perfected as rapidly as possible. Nothing will be overlooked in the endeavor to keep the magazine up to the highest possible standard and to furnish the most for the money. The publisher has received many compliments on the JOURNAL's fine appearance and many have said it couldn't be any better. Thank you. The limit of excellence, as the publisher sees it, is not yet reached. But we are on the right track and the start has exceeded anything on record. Lend a hand and success will attend our every effort. The co-operation of reader and publisher will make a winning combination. If you are not a subscriber, 50 cents will bring you the JOURNAL for twelve issues.

AN INCIDENT OF A RACE MEETING.

As attention is turning to the fairs and horse trots of the coming fall the following incident in which a late local horseman figured will not be without interest. It was at a race meeting at Plattsburg. The first day opened with rain falling dimly and the track was already heavy with mud. The races were postponed till the next day. That night in the hotel, with many devotees of the sport present, our horseman stepped up to the Judge, a man prominent in racing circles, and said loudly, "See here, Judge, it's a shame to let a horse trot on such a track as we will have tomorrow, in all this mud and rain,—you give me first money and I'll put out." The crowd reared at this rather novel proposition, while the astounded Judge scored Mr. B. roundly for advocating such methods. When he had finished Mr. B. said, turning on his heel, "That's all right Judge, that's all right, but you won't make anything out of this race, not a cent, sir, not a cent." And that was the way of it. The next day Mr. B.'s horses took first and second money and Mr. B. avowed that at the hotel that night the Judge took him aside and told him that the next time he came to Plattsburg to let him know. He would like to have a talk with him.

Can you write a story? Can you write a reminiscence for this page? You are invited to try. Our first original story, A Vermont Schoolmaster, comes out in this issue. We will gladly give you the remuneration according to the excellence of the material.

D. L. Burnett, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN
and SURGEON,

South Royalton, Vermont.

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Best Goods the market affords to meet
the wants of the people. Larger shipments of
New Goods are being received daily, quality and
prices to suit purchaser. Call and see them and
you will surely be pleased.

H. H. PECK & Co.,

O'Neill's Block, White River Junction, Vt.

Our Boston Letter.

More and more as the seasons go by, does August become the month of exodus for the city dweller. You will find them scattered from the sands of Cape Cod to the mountain breezes of Blomidon. A friend of mine said to me, as we sat on the piazza of his seashore cottage the other evening in the moonlight, with the breeze blowing in our faces and the twinkling light on Billingsgate Island in the distance, "I can leave my business in August as well as not. The 'boys' can attend to everything that there is to be done." It is good that it is so. There is nothing lost to anyone and we come home refreshed and strengthened for a vigorous winter campaign.

But for those of us who remain at home there is no lack of outdoor recreation. The reservations of the Metropolitan Park Commission at Nantasket and Revere accommodate an unlimited number of people. On a Saturday afternoon or Sunday at Revere there are thousands of men, women and children. The magnificent Metropolitan bath-house at Revere accommodates on a busy Saturday afternoon or Sunday often, 5,000 or 6,000 people. The largest day so far, counted up to something like 7,200 people. I wish that space permitted me to give you a description of this finely appointed bathing pavilion. Perhaps, for those who have never visited the place, a few words of commonplace detail as to the method of taking a bath here may not be uninteresting. Passing in at the front entrance, you purchase a ticket of the attendant, which will be 25 cents if you have no suit of your own, in which case it will be 20 cents. Passing on, you are handed a suit and a generous Turkish towel, both of them exquisitely clean, having been washed and dried and sterilized. You are also given a key containing the number of your locker, hung on a rubber ring. Passing on through a turnstile, you deliver up your ticket to the attendant and then you are given an opportunity, if you desire, to check your valuables. A large envelope is furnished you in which you deposit these seal it up, carefully and write your name across it at the place provided for that purpose. Then you are given a check for it and on your return from the bath you will be required to sign your name in a book. This will be compared with your signature on the envelope and, if they agree, you deliver up your check and receive back your property.

You now hunt up your locker, with the aid of the attendant. There are something like 1,800 of them, counting both the men's and women's side. After having invested yourself in your bathing suit, you stretch the rubber ring over your head, leaving the key of your locker hanging around your neck, and go in for a swim. On your return, just inside the entrance you will find shower baths of both warm and cold water. At Revere Beach this year there is an entirely new wrinkle which is given the rather novel title of "Loop the Loop." It is nothing more or less than the old roller coaster which has been in vogue for many years at beach resorts, with the addition of an iron framework inside of which the car makes a complete circle in the air, leaving you at one instant of time with feet up and head down. When starting on the slide you come down a steep incline and the momentum carries you completely around the loop. To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln's remark: "For anyone who likes that sort of thing, I should think that it would be just about the sort of thing they would like."

For those who desire a pleasant sail, I would recommend the steamer Cape Ann for Gloucester. This is an exceedingly pleasant trip, passing down the North Shore, past Manchester-by-the-Sea and Magnolia, passing the Reef of Norman's Woe, sung about by Longfellow, and the sail up the harbor into Gloucester is very picturesque.

Next month I will tell you about the Fair we are to have in October in Mechanics' Building.

Our Specialty:

Hot Air Heating

WITH Richmond, Thatcher and
Palace Queen Furnaces
and other styles.

All kinds of Civil Work; Plumbing; Cist, Heating,
Stair and Gravel Roofing. . . .

General Repairing and Jobbing
of every description.

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solicited and promptly attended to. If doesn't matter how large or small the contract is, we can attend to it.

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the best blended Coffees, at the low-
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in 1 lb. cans only.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE.

TWO STORES,

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION,
..... VERMONT.

Our Dried Beef.

Some dealers have tried to cut into our trade on Dried Beef, but we are still in the lead. We have just purchased an expensive machine for cutting and we are now pleasing our trade more than ever as we slice it nice and thin, just as every housewife wants it. We take care to trim and slice it properly.

Bon Ami is the greatest window cleaner on record. That's what it is made for, to clean windows. It will do it easily and in a way that will surprise. Housekeepers say it is the nicest thing for the purpose. It is a marvel how well an inexperienced person can clean any number of windows. Dampen a cloth and wipe across the cake of Bon Ami, apply to window and then rub it off with a dry cloth. It comes off readily and the dirt comes with it. That's all there is to it. You don't even need warm water, but it leaves the glass beautifully clean. 10c. a cake.

A Medallion Portrait for 25c.

We don't believe much in prize schemes to create a demand for a line of goods. Most people want the worth of their money in the goods they are buying. But the great firm of Armour & Co. wish to call attention in an honorable way to their very superior line of soaps. Save your Armour wrappers until you have ten of one kind or assorted kinds, cut out the word "Armour" and send to them with 25 cents and a good photograph and they will send you a superb medallion portrait, enlarged from the photograph. The Armours are one of the greatest concerns in this country and can afford to make such an offer. There isn't anything cheap about it, except the cost.

These are the soaps: Armour's Floating White Soap, for the toilet, Armour's Tar Soap for the workman, Armour's Borax Soap for the laundry, and Armour's Washing Powder, in a one pound package. 5 cents for any one.

You should see one of the medallions at our stores.

Tea and Coffee.

If you are not using our Teas and Coffees get free samples. We know of no better way of convincing you that we can give you more value for your money in these Goods than by having you test the Goods on your own table.

The wise woman profits not only by her own experience but by the experience of others. When so many of your friends are using our superior Teas and Coffees why not come to us for your needs in this line?

Flour.

Bear in mind that we buy at this season of the year enough Flour of last year's wheat crop to last us until the new wheat is old enough to be good. Dealers who buy in small quantities are not able to supply their trade with old wheat and many a housekeeper complains of the flour in consequence.

NEW CLOVER HONEY, from one of the best apiaries in Vermont. This is not a product of sugar-fed bees. It is strictly pure. 20c. lb.

MANHATTAN DRIP SYRUP. For the table. Delicious. Quart can, 12c.

CHOICE EXTRA QUALITY PINEAPPLE in 1½ lb. tins, ripened and packed where grown. When opened will be found cut into neat cubes, fresh, soft and nice, ready for sauce. This is better than attempting to select a pineapple yourself, which you know must have been picked very green and ripened after its arrival, if it is ripe at all. 25c.

NEW DOUBLE CREAM CHEESE, 16c. lb.

ALPHA SALAD CREAM, a fine salad without oil. Supersedes the dressing made by the most expert housekeeper. In attractive bottle, 20c.

RELIABLE, SELF RAISING, PREPARED FLOUR, for making biscuit, cake and pastry. Anybody can make good biscuits with it. Always ready. Mix with milk is all you need to do. 3 lb. package, 20c.

100 TOASTED BUTTER CRACKERS in neat carton. You may like them better than the common kind. 25c.

VIOLET TOMATO KETCHUP. Worth more than we ask, 5c. a bottle.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE made by Skilton, Foote & Co. Just like stealing to get it at this price, 10c. a bottle.

SEEDED RAISINS, per package 15c., 2 for 25c.

BEST COOKING SODA in bulk, single lb. 5c., 6 lbs. 25c.

BOILED CIDER in quart Mason Jars, 25c.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER, 39c. lb.

BEST PREPARED MUSTARD, full pint bottle 10c.

BULK PICKLES, made by Skilton, Foote & Co., 10c. qt., 3 qt. 25c.

PICKLING VINEGAR. White Wine pickling vinegar is guaranteed to keep the pickles. 30c. a gallon.

COFFEE, 5lb. can 90c.

ARK SOAP, 12 cakes 25c.

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER. Sold at a less price than others can buy. 4 lbs. 15c.

SAL SODA. 10 lbs. 25c. Try this for cleaning and cleansing.

AMMONIA, 3 pint bottle 25c.

BLUEING, quart bottle 10c., 3 for 25c.

WITCH HAZEL, Full pints, 20c.

SMALLEY FRUIT JARS. This is the time for preserving and pickling. These improved jars have square sides that you can hold on to when opening. Also better to pack away than usual kind. Lightning top. Pints \$1.00 a dozen, Quarts \$1.10.

EPSON SALTS, 5c. a lb., 6 lbs. 25c.

TUMBLERS, One dozen good, large ones, 25c.

TOILET PAPER, Three large packages for 25c.

MOP STICKS all complete, sold anywhere else for 10c. our price 5c.

200 good Match Safes Given Away to Legal Voters or their Wives.

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In different quantities.

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In No. 1 quality only.

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Custom Sawing of Dimension Stuff or Shingles done in a satisfactory manner

Custom Grinding done in our Grind Mill by an experienced man, who will show customers a choice lot of Mixed Feed, Middlings, Paper's Cream-Closter, Corn and Oats.
Six Good Building Lots for Sale, the Geo. E. Oose Store and one Cheese House and Lot on Sumner St. Look for our next advertisement—several good bargains.

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"The
Finest
Portraits
That
Can
Be
Made."

We do not try
to see how
cheap, but how
GOOD they
can be made.



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FINE PHOTOGRAPHS,
FINE CRAYONS,
FINE WATER COLORS,
FINE SEPIAS,
FINE VIEWS.

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Cameras and Amateur Supplies

At all times. Our experience may be of some use
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Gates Block, White River Junction, Vt.

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EACH way safe and sure and out of
usual grooves. Suitable for women
in any state, "shut-ins" or home-keepers.
Written by MRS. M. L. CONKLIN, organ-
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INTER-STATE JOURNAL

ILLUSTRATED.



THE JUSTIN S. MORRILL MAUSOLEUM AT STRAFFORD, VT.

IN BLUEBERRY TIME. A POEM.
DELILAH HOPKINS HAS NEWS. A CHARACTER SKETCH.
THE JUSTIN S. MORRILL MAUSOLEUM. ILLUSTRATED.
THE ROBBERY AT TINKHAM'S. IN FOUR CHAPTERS. ILLUSTRATED.
EXPERIENCES OF A VERMONT BALLOONIST. ILLUSTRATED.



Autumn Number



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PRESIDENT

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CASHIER

The Other Fellow

Marks down his remnants
after you have done your buying.



Here is a
Mark-
down
at the opening
of Fall trade.

White back Paper,	was 10 cts.,	now 8 cts. dbl. roll.
White back Paper,	was 16 cts.,	now 14 cts. dbl. roll.
White back Paper,	was 18 cts.,	now 15 cts. dbl. roll.
White back Paper,	was 20 cts.,	now 17 cts. dbl. roll.
White back Paper,	was 25 cts.,	now 20 cts. dbl. roll.
White back Paper,	was 30 cts.,	now 20 cts. dbl. roll.

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Over 30 unclaimed and misfit Picture Frames at one-third off to close.

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Ventilated Coaches,
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in any state, "shut-ins" or home-keepers.
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Inter-State Journal.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED BY CUMMINGS THE PRINTER, SMITH'S BLOCK, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

VOL. I—No. 5.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1900.

10 Cents a Copy.
50 Cents a Year.

IN BLUEBERRY TIME



ALL IN THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINY WEATHER
DOWN IN THE FIELD WHERE THE BLUEBERRIES GROW,
WANDER THE LADS AND THE LASSES TOGETHER,
MERRILY SINGING AS ONWARD THEY GO.

DOWN IN THE FIELD WHERE THE SOFT BREEZES MURMUR
FREELY THEY CHATTER, WITH LIGHT HEARTS AND GAY,
ALL IN THE FLUSH OF THEIR LIFE'S SUNNY SUMMER,
BLUEBERRY PICKING SEEMS NOTHING BUT PLAY.

WHERE THE DEEP SHADE OF THE MAPLES IS FALLING
LADS AND THEIR LASSES AT EVENTIDE REST,
WHILE IN THE BRANCHES THE SONG-BIRDS' SWEET CALLING
WAKENS FOND FANCIES IN EACH YOUTHFUL BREAST.

BERRIES ARE SWEET, BUT SHY GLANCES ARE SWEETER,
NAUGHT HATH SUCH POWER AS A SMILE, TO ALLURE,
FAST TIME IS FLYING, HIS FOOTSTEPS GROW FLEETER,
HOURS HALF AS PLEASANT CAN NEVER ENDURE.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN TOPS COMES THE MOON PEEPING,
SMILES ON THE LOITERERS AS HOMEWARD THEY GO,
AND OF THE CHARM OF THE TRYSTS THEY ARE KEEPING,
NONE BUT THE SUMMER MOON EVER SHALL KNOW.

WRITTEN FOR
THE JOURNAL

By
**Gertrude
Palmer
Vaughan**

Canaan, N. H.

Some Articles in this Number.

HAVE you noticed that the articles which have appeared in this magazine have invariably been of a superior order? And that all are original and by home writers? There is not even a suspicion of crudeness in them,—they have n't had to be blue-pencilled,—they are published just as written. There is a rich vein of talent in the Connecticut valley, seemingly better than the finds in other parts of the country. Surface indications don't always count. The people of Vermont and New Hampshire have been justly celebrated for their "get there" and staying qualities and now the Journal, as a literary prospector, has discovered that they can write. "In Blueberry Time," and the very complete article on "The Morrill Mausoleum" are notably very superior productions. In "Delilah Hopkins Has News" the first of a series of stories under the caption of "Granite State Folks" is presented. From manuscript in hand the publisher is able to state that these sketches bid fair to rival the famous "Dooley" skits

and will be found far superior to them in point of readability being worded in the vernacular common to this region. Each will be complete by itself but all have a common interest with the inhabitants of "Edgeville" with whom the reader is acquainted in the next issue containing "The Village Grocery." Every article published thus far has won warm admiration. The Journal is proud of its contributors.

THINKS THE JOURNAL WORTH \$1. A YEAR.

Editor Inter-State Journal:—

I received a copy of your May Magazine. The views take me back to old Vermont. I hand you New York draft for one dollar. Kindly send me back numbers and consider the balance for one year's subscription.

Very respectfully yours,

D. E. TAFT.

Aug. 8, 1900.

326 Sixth Ave., Clinton, Iowa.

GRANITE STATE FOLKS.

*I.--DELILAH HOPKINS HAS NEWS.

BY
FRED FERRIS AND MOORE.

One of a series of character sketches to be published in book form under the title of "Granite State Folks." These sketches will appear from time to time in the Journal.



DELILAH Hopkins was the dress-maker for Edgeville. In conjunction with her lucrative business she was something of a scandal-monger. It may be well to say she was a spinster,—"an old maid"—the Edgevillians called her. Her age was uncertain, as the ages of unmarried ladies generally are, and she had a habit of handling the truth rather carelessly.

She was a good soul, despite her love for gossip, and had a most retentive memory for her neighbors' business. She could scent a love affair from afar, and if by chance she picked up any such news, it at once became public property from Turner's Hill to the cross-roads.

Her training for dissecting character was received at the weekly meetings of the "Holy Eight Sewing Circle." This was a religious organization, founded to aid in civilizing the heathen in far-off China, by trying to persuade him to wear suspenders on his trousers and smoke cigarettes instead of opium. The result was that many overalls in Edgeville were in need of patches, in those regions which usually require patches first, not to mention the good reputations unmercifully criticised.

It was here that Delilah Hopkins was regularly seen, and not unheard, exercising her tongue and needle; at times it was a question as to which was the sharper.

So when Mrs. Stack stepped out into her yard with a pan of fresh water for the hens, and descried the form of the virtuous Delilah coming up the road amid a cloud of dust, she knew that something extraordinary had happened.

"Why Delily! You're all fagged out. What can be the trouble?"

"The good Lord knows, trouble enough,—come inter the house an' I'll tell ye all about it," said the flustered Miss Hopkins as she cantered into the yard, after the manner of a race-horse.

"Ain't sunthin' bilin' over?" she inquired, as she bobbed down in a rocking chair.

"No, I be'n 'bilin' will—I guess that's what you smell," replied Mrs. Stack.

"Well, the trouble all is," began Delilah, when she had assured herself that the dinner dishes were washed, "I had got well along on Miss Primley's blue skirt, an' my braid run out, an' there wan't nobody 'round to slip down t' the store so I gits up an' starts an' when I gits there 'Lias did n't have nothin' t' match, so I took some kerosene ile an' jest as I was comin' home Bill Major got a letter from somebody in Boston, who I don't know, but it was writ in black ink, an' the envelope had a picture of a house on the outside of it, an' he read it an' t' said as how Warren Mason's boy had got run over by one of them new-fangled wagons they call a nottemobill an' was in the horspittle with a broken arm an' a bruise right on the back of his neck, but somehow or another I don't

b'lieve it's bad as he says 'tis, 'cause if 'tis his mother 'll have hystarix an' you know how bad she has 'em an' the Masley girl 'll be driv 'insane an' 't would be most too bad seen' she's so smart at school."

"For the land sake!" said Mrs. Stack, "what will John an' the boys say?"

Delilah rocked spitefully and did not attempt to answer the question. She had lost her breath, but in a moment she regained it. "I told Mis' Mason when she was down to my place to see about some dresses for the twins, that if she let Bert go to Boston some harm would come to him, he is so fiery you know, but nothin' would do him 'till he went, an' now I guess he's got enough of the city with his broken arm, an' I told th' Smith girls when they come to girt their last summer had trimmed over new, not to be s'prised if they heard of him bein' in jail or murdered in Chinatown by foot-padders, what ever they be, an' I wan't much put out when I heard he was hurt. The hull fambly 'll be driv 'insane."

"How in the world did you git that geranium to growin' so good? I asked Miss Primley to git me a slip, but she is so wropped up in that feller o' hers that I guess it muste slipped her mind. That tea smells awful good. Sometimes I wonder how you git your work done so early, you have so much to do, but I see your ironin' ain't done yet."

Mrs. Stack knew Delilah and turned her out some tea.

"I don't s'pose you heard 'bout Joe Masley?" said Delilah as she sipped her tea and took on a mysterious air.

"Eben was a tellin' me how it happened. He said he hitched up the bay pair an' went up the mounting for a load of flat stuns for his sullen ar' he got Joe to help him. They stopped for dinner at Si Granger's place an' Eben noticed that Joe kinder sneaked off after he swallered his pie, an' when he went inter the back kitchen he thought he heard a smack, an' sure enough the Masley boy had kissed Lucy Granger 'cause there they both was, an' Lucy her cheeks was awful red an' Joe commenced to whistle, an' when Joe Masley whistles he's been in some mischief, but I guess 't 'll be a match all right, even if the Grangers have got money an' Joe's brother Tom did steal a pair of blue overalls down t' the store."

Mrs. Stack was confident that such proceedings could result in nothing else but a wedding and Delilah gulped down the remainder of her tea.

"I'm goin' up to see Mis' Mason now and tell her all about it, afore somebody stuffs her with a lot of lies and puts her in hystarix. That tea helps my heart most wonderful, Mis' Stack. Good-bye," and the gushing Delilah cantered out and up the road to aid Mrs. Mason into an immediate fit of "hystarix."

Mrs. Stack watched her through the window and said "Amen," when she disappeared.

The Morrill Mausoleum.



BY ELIZABETH M. F. CHANDLER, STRAFFORD, VT.

ILLUSTRATIONS, INCLUDING VIEW ON COVER PAGE, FROM PHOTOS.
BY G. H. JOHNSTON, STRAFFORD, VT.

If, long ages hence, when all who walk the earth today with children's children to countless generations, have slept for centuries with the unnumbered dead, some restless soul, wearied with its researches in other spheres returns to Earth, it will find still standing on one of Vermont's rock-ribbed hills the subject of our sketch; the Morrill Mausoleum. Rugged, staunch, unostentatious, emblematic of the character of the man whom it commemorates, in the cemetery on the crest of the hill north of Strafford village and less than two hundred yards from the house in which he was born, stands this memorial of our "Grand Old Man," our "American Gladstone," Justin Smith Morrill.



THE LATE JUSTIN S. MORRILL.

Its location is ideal. Plainly visible from each of the three roads leading into the village it serves as a constant reminder of him whose name will ever stand illumined in the annals of these United States. The idea of its erection undoubtedly arose from his devotion to that sweet and lovely character, his life-long companion and confidante, Ruth Barrell Swan Morrill. Her death occurred in May, 1898, and the work of the construction of the Mausoleum was begun the following summer. The contractors were John Crawford & Son, Buffalo, N. Y.,

and the work was entirely in the charge of William J. Crawford. True to the love for his birthplace Senator Morrill stipulated that all stone used in its construction should be from Vermont quarries. All plans and contracts were made by Justin S. Morrill and until November, 1898, when he returned to his Washington home, the work went on under his constant observation. But the completed structure was never seen by him as his death occurred in December of that year and the work was finished under the supervision of his son James Swan Morrill.

As far as art of man has advanced in this fin-de-siecle age this structure has been planned to withstand the ravages of all time. Its base measures twelve feet by eighteen feet and its height is twenty feet. First an excavation eight feet in depth and larger than the base of the monument was made in the ground and the whole cubic space was filled with stones, in the interstices between which thirty barrels of cement were used.

The stone used on the exterior is Barre granite cut in the largest available pieces, thus making the minimum number of joints. All stones were dressed at the quarries and came by rail to Sharon, Vt., and from there were drawn to Strafford by horses with the exception of the cap stone.

This stone forms the entire roof of the structure and is without flaw. The first stone of the required size when partly dressed was found to be imperfect and so was rejected but the second stone was flawless. Its weight in the rough was thirty tons and when completed twenty-two tons. It was beveled on the lower side, thus fitting over and binding together the already immovable walls so that not even a catadysm can stir it. This enormous stone was not unloaded at the Sharon station as the highway bridge crossing the White river at that point was considered unsafe for such a weight, but was taken across the railroad bridge about two miles south of Sharon village. The carriage upon which to move it was sent from Buffalo, N. Y. Twenty-four horses were hitched to it but were found to be quite inadequate for the task of moving it the ten or eleven miles to Strafford. After three days work in which the stone was moved less than a half mile, this method was abandoned and that of moving by capstan was adopted. The road before it was planked, pulleys fastened to trees and then a pair of horses furnished the necessary force. The delay caused by finding the first stone imperfect had carried the work along until cold weather and frozen ground made danger of accident so great that after having moved the stone about four miles it was deemed unwise to go farther. The stone was moved a safe distance from the road, a shelter of boards was erected over it, and there it remained during the winter with Vermont blizzards sweeping about it. In late spring when treacherous frosts was completely out of the ground the work of transportation was resumed and progressed without interruption.

The mausoleum was completed July 11, 1899, when this last massive stone was swung by straining derricks into place. A few days later there was committed to its keeping all that was mortal of Senator Morrill and his wife.

Their influence will ever live. Many a young man owes his inspiration in life to the aid or example of Senator Morrill, while the gentle kindness of Mrs. Morrill to all who came in contact with her will never be forgotten.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Exposition in
Mechanic's Building.

FROM OUR SPECIAL BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

MOVING THE TWENTY-TWO TON CAP STONE
OVER THE PLANK ROADWAY.

The interior of the mausoleum is lined with Rutland marble. The vestibule is entered by means of beautiful bronze doors and grill, and lighted by stained glass windows protected by rods of bronze. Of the six chambers which the mausoleum contains, the facings of three are blank; the remaining three bear the following inscriptions:

JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL,

BORN AT STRAFFORD, VERMONT, APRIL 14, 1810.

DIED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 28, 1898.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM 1858 TO 1867.
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM 1867 UNTIL HIS DEATH.**RUTH BARRELL SWAN,**

BORN JUNE 11, 1821.

MARRIED TO JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL, SEPTEMBER 17, 1851.

DIED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 13, 1898.

JUSTIN HARRIS MORRILL,

SON OF JUSTIN S. AND RUTH S. MORRILL.

BORN APRIL 27, 1853.

DIED JANUARY 18, 1885.



PLACING THE CAP STONE IN POSITION.

According to promise, I endeavor to give you this month some particulars of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Exposition, which will occupy the Mechanics Building during the month of October. The workmen are swarming all over the building now, putting up booths and arranging exhibits. In the great concert hall, which, during this exhibition is to be known as "Marble Hall," a stage has been erected several feet above the regular stage. Upon this superimposed stage, the bands which are to play during the exhibition are to be stationed. It is thought that this arrangement will make it possible to hear the music better all over the hall, and will leave the stage proper for exhibition purposes. A novel arrangement upon this floor will be broad passages extending diagonally across the hall. This will make progress amongst the booths much easier than simply the passages running at right angles to one another.

There will be displays of furniture, house furnishings, house decorations, art, photography and lithography, dry goods, clothing, millinery, boots and shoes, hats and caps, underwear, haberdashery, jewelry, vehicles, stable paraphernalia, plumbing, pharmacy, surgical appliances, illuminating fixtures, cereal foods, fish and fisheries, produce and agriculture, mineral and mining, motive power, etc., etc. The working exhibits, with machinery of all kinds in operation, manufacturing goods used in the every day life of the people, will furnish an object lesson at once interesting and instructive to the great general public.

There will be the usual wealth of free samples, and to the first two thousand ladies purchasing an admission ticket before noon every day, will be given elegant souvenir spoons bearing the face of the musical conductors, Victor Herbert and Sousa.

One of the novel exhibits in the main exhibition hall is a new fire-escape, into which it is claimed, a baby can be tossed and come out safely, or a lady in full evening dress can descend without disarranging her toilet.

There will be a very extensive exhibit of automobiles, the greater part of the basement being taken up by this department. Nearly every automobile manufacturer in the country has taken space, and it is expected that the exhibit will be the most complete ever held in this vicinity. There is also to be an exhibition from Chinatown, where all the attractions of that oriental section of Boston will be displayed. Chop soey will be served to all patrons. The paraphernalia and work of an opium joint will be exemplified.

In Paul Revere Hall the "Women of all Nations" department is being put in place, and natives of leading nations from all over the world will exhibit their industries and methods of living.

The musical feature of the Fair, in point of excellence, will far exceed any that have ever been furnished for an exhibition here before. The music for the opening week will be furnished by the 71st Regiment Band, of New York, under the leadership of the eminent composer, Fanciulli, of New York. This musical organization was the official band at the inauguration of Greater New York; the band selected by the Reception Committee to officially welcome Admiral Dewey upon his return from Manila. It has never before been heard in Boston. It will give twelve concerts, afternoons and nights, October 1st to 6th, inclusive. From October 8th to 13th, comes Sousa, the March King, and his band, their first engagement on their return from Europe. From October 15th to 20th, comes Victor Herbert and his Pittsburgh orchestra. The musical program for the closing week will equal in excellence those enumerated above. Come with your gripsack and prepare to be loaded down with samples.

AMOS W. RIDEOUT.

The Robbery at Tinkham's.

In Four Chapters.

Illustrated.

Being an account of how two would-be desperados came to Vermont, secured two horses, crossed the Green Mountains, robbed a store at the point of revolvers, and attempted their escape after the most approved Western manner, the midnight battle with a sheriff, and their ultimate capture.



From this affair, and the report of two other burglaries in our immediate vicinity it appears that this section has been infested with a number of rather "crooked" individuals lately. In fact it looks as though they considered the Green Mountain State a prolific field in which to ply their trades. Happily these illusions are being rapidly dispelled. Our sheriffs have been specially active and in every case have rendered creditable service.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST MOVE OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

At about four o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the 17th of September, 1900, two men called at the Candlish livery stable, on West street, in Rutland, to hire a two-horse team to drive to Proctor, six miles distant. The team was obtained and they started off, saying they would be back in about two hours. As the evening passed and they did not return, Mr. Gleason, in charge of the stable, telephoned to Proctor to learn if the team had been seen there. No trace of the outfit could be found until late, when it was learned that a team answering to the description had been seen to pass through Mendon and afterwards through Sherburne, on the east side of the mountains, and about twelve miles from Rutland. Early next morning a sheriff and deputy started on the trail.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROBBERY AT TINKHAM'S.

A beautiful little village is Quechee. Nestling in the valley of the Ottaquechee river, which affords power for manufacturing, and with the Woodstock railway for a means to market, it is the home of a thrifty people. A good-sized woolen mill gives employment to many, while the rich soil of the valley and neighboring hillsides yields a bountiful harvest to the husbandman. Living somewhat removed from the rush and worry of the larger places one finds many peculiar traits among the people. For instance, here where "everybody knows everybody" and "most folks are honest," people rarely lock their doors. The inhabitants usually retire early, and it is not an unusual thing to find the streets deserted after nine o'clock.

For twenty-five years the leading country store in Quechee has been kept by Scott Tinkham, a prosperous merchant, well and favorably known throughout the town of Hartford, and who is also the postmaster and express agent.

The accompanying picture shows how the store looks from the exterior. The main entrance is seen on the right and the post-office entrance next, while near the corner may be seen the doorway leading to a tenement on the second floor.

At ten o'clock on the night of Sept. 18, Mr. Tinkham was alone in the store, his clerks having left but a few minutes before, and as was his custom he took the contents of the money drawer into his private office, which is in the rear of the postoffice, on the side of the building next to his house,



SCOTT TINKHAM.

and proceeded to "settle up his cash." The curtain of the office window was up and it was possible for anyone to look in from the street and see all that was going on.

The outside door opened and some one came in. Mr. Tinkham rose from his desk, stepped out into the store and stood behind the counter. Two fellows in complete cowboy attire, sombreros, flannel shirts, leggings, with faces covered by black masks, confronted him and with drawn revolvers, commanded "Put up your hands!" Mr. Tinkham was taken a little by surprise but thought the affair was a joke, that someone was trying to scare him. He answered in an evasive sort of way and laughed at them. They repeated the command and flourished the revolvers in his face. He laughed again and putting his hands in his pockets, walked along to the front of the store. At this the intruders lost all patience and said they wanted his money and that they meant business.

When the real purpose of their visit became apparent, Mr. Tinkham returned to the end of the counter and allowed them to search him. He did not put up his hands however. He was then assured by one of the pair that he had the most nerve of any man they had met.

While one of the men kept him covered with a revolver the other carefully unhooked his watch and went through his pockets. "Struck it the first time," remarked the searcher, as he turned up a roll containing fifty dollars. After a thorough search and finding no more in his pockets they forced him to his office at the point of their pistols, where he was made to extinguish the lamps and draw the curtains. Mr. Mr. Tinkham thought to leave one up a little so that they might be seen from the outside but he was detected and forced to draw it down. A small hand lamp was then brought in from the store and the strangers asked him to open the small safe. He assured them that there was very little in that safe and that the lady who kept the post-office had the key to it and she was up stairs abed. This seemed to satisfy them on that point and no further move was made toward that safe. Turning around quickly they walked toward the large safe at the rear of the office, which was standing open, and proceeded to help themselves. They removed his bill-book, taking therefrom \$100 which belonged to the postoffice, and \$107 of his own in bills, a paper bag containing \$12.75 in silver and \$6.75 which had been left at the store for Wesley Hathorn. They examined a bag of pennies but left them, explaining that pennies were too small. Mr. Tinkham thanked them and added in a sarcastic tone that he presumed the pennies would come in very handy in the store in the morning.

The burglars were evidently somewhat worried and did not make a very careful search of the safe. A handful of checks, aggregating about \$1,000, together with an envelope containing a small sum of money in bills were hastily run over and thrown on the floor. Near by in another compartment was \$95.50 of postoffice funds, twelve valuable gold watches, a considerable quantity of postage stamps, and several coupons from government bonds which escaped their attention.

Then, the primary object of the raiders having been accomplished, the question of timely escape confronted them, and,

fearing that Mr. Tinkham would give the alarm before they could get away, it was decided to bind and gag him. His hands were tied behind him with a leather whip-lash which one of the robbers got out in the store. To make it more secure a piece of strong shipping twine was removed from an express package and he was seated in a chair with his arms over the back, while his captors fastened his arms down by passing this string from his wrists around under the seat of the chair, making it next to impossible for him to rise or even fall over sideways and the chair was pushed up close to the table. At this point Mr. Tinkham told them that the string was cutting his wrist, and asked them to loosen it a little. This request was seconded by one of the burglars who added, "that's right, don't hurt him, loosen it up a little," and strangely enough the cords were loosened. A gag was then made from a large dirty-looking indigo blue handkerchief, stuffed in his mouth, and firmly secured by tying the ends behind his head and passing a piece of stout cord around as an extra precaution. This also proved too tight for comfort and at his request it was loosened. He was then told that he was not to move for half an hour. One of them then asked him if he lived "over here now" indicating by a nod of the head the direction of his house, which adjoins the store. He answered in the affirmative and the thieves promised—now here's the funny part—promised "on their honor," that they would notify Mrs. Tinkham to come and release him in half an hour.



THE STORE WHERE THE ROBBERY WAS COMMITTED.

Passing out into the store again the visitors provided themselves with five or six jack-knives and took a hasty departure.

Mr. Tinkham sat quietly for a minute or so and then began to ask himself why he should not try to get free. As there seemed to be no one around he commenced work on the cords with the result that he was free in a short time. In fact he estimates that he was bound about ten minutes, and that the time from which the burglars entered until he had released himself and given the alarm could not have been over twenty minutes. As soon as he secured his release Mr. Tinkham ascended a ladder at the rear of the store, which leads to the second floor, and aroused Mrs. C. H. Larrabee, who lives over the store, and asked her to send Otto Stevens down right away. Returning to the store he tried to call up the

office of the woolen mill and warn them of the burglars, as it seemed natural to him at that time that the mill office would be the next place visited. No answer being received he called up Woodstock and White River Junction, notifying Sheriffs Thomas and Spafford. In the haste to spread the news, Dr. Rogers of Quechee was called to his telephone by mistake, and overhearing that a robbery had been committed remembered that he had seen two horsemen pass his house a few moments before, and thus it became known which way the fugitives had gone.

CHAPTER III.

THE MIDNIGHT FIGHT WITH THE ROBBERS.

Deputy Sheriff Eugene A. Thomas had been talking with Sheriffs Stearns and Whitaker, who had come over the mountains from Rutland on the trail of the stolen team, and the two officers had just returned to Bridgewater for the night, where the last clue of the stolen team had been obtained. About ten minutes after their departure Mr. Thomas received word by telephone of the robbery at Quechee, and that the men had escaped on horseback, going towards Woodstock by the road on the north side of the river. Putting two and two together, Mr. Thomas decided that the men were the horse thieves. Hastily procuring a team with Hial C. Thompson, who is employed at Jones' livery stable, as driver, he proceeded down the north side of the river in the hope of intercepting the raiders.



DEPUTY SHERIFF EUGENE A. THOMAS

Who intercepted the Robbers and Knocked the Romance out of their Expedition.

They passed the fairgrounds, down by the fine country residence of J. Foster Rhodes, and along the road leading to Taftsville. The night was dark. The sleeping occupants of the farmhouses along the way little dreamed that a bold robbery of the regulation Western type had been perpetrated and that the robbers had escaped and would soon pass that way. The crack of revolver shots, shouts, and the clatter of hoofs was to be their rude awakening.

The drowsy chirp of countless crickets and the occasional call of some night bird were the only sounds. The occupants of the carriage buttoned their heavy coats the closer about them. It was cold driving. It might be a long drive and a fruitless one.

"Stop!" The horse is pulled upon its haunches. There at the side of the road in the heavy shadow of the trees are the figures of two horsemen. The light of the lantern shows the cowboy hats and leggins of the robbers. The leader reins up the bank to ride past. The carriage horse on which he is mounted does not respond as quickly as the trained pony of a life-long bandit. In the instant Sheriff Thomas is over the wheel and has him by the wrist. "I am an officer and you are under arrest. Get off that horse," he commands, pressing his revolver against the man's side for emphasis. The robber struggled to get free. To pull his man from the horse would be to pull the horse over onto the officer, on the sloping bank. It is all in a moment. "G—d— you," shouts the horseman in the rear, swinging out of his saddle, "Let go of him, or I'll drop you." "Shoot him, shoot him!" exclaims the prisoner. The sheriff turns just in time to see the flash of the revolver in the hands of the man in the rear, and fires his own at his assailant. The ball from the robber's pistol put out Officer Thomas' lantern and passed downward through his fur

coat.* The frightened horse at the Sheriff's side gave a leap, the rider wrenched himself from Thomas' grasp and they flew up the road at a gallop, amid a fusillade of shots in which all four men took a hand, Mr. Thomas firing twice at the man in the rear and then emptying his revolver at the escaping horseman. The second robber abandoned his horse, jumped the fence and ran toward the river. In the darkness pursuit was impossible. The officer directed Thompson to go to the village of Woodstock, two miles away, and give the alarm, while he tried to get the remaining horse to prevent its recapture by the fugitive. As Thompson galloped for home he saw the horse of robber number one just ahead of him and discovered that he was riderless. The leader had also taken to the



WHERE SHERIFF THOMAS MET THE ROBBERS.

This stretch of road is between Otto Yunker's and H. F. Sherwin's. The latter's house is seen at the left. Hjal Thompson accompanied the JOURNAL photographer and stands near a fence board which was broken by the second robber in his flight toward the river. At the instant of the shooting the team was in the foreground, the leading horseman on the bank at the extreme left, whither he had ridden in an attempt to pass by, and the second robber was about where Thomas first saw them, on the opposite side of the road from the barn.

woods. The horse ran to the village where it was caught. Mr. Thomas secured the horse of the second robber and Elmer Sherwin, who lives near by, drove the Sheriff to Woodstock, leading the captured horse behind. On Thompson's arrival, parties of men were sent out from Woodstock, Bridgewater and Quechee and spent the rest of the night searching for the fugitives. Both men succeeded in eluding the officers and nothing further was heard from them for several hours.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTURE OF THE DESPERADOS.

Wednesday morning two men were sent from the livery stable in Rutland to bring back the horses. When on the homeward trip, late in the afternoon, they noticed a suspicious looking man walking along just a short distance ahead. Naturally they suspected him. By driving slowly he was kept in sight for some time and finally was seen to enter a farmhouse. Officers were notified and within a few minutes the stranger was in custody. It proved to be one Will Cowdry, a former resident of Quechee, but who of late years has been somewhat of a wanderer, having no particular place of residence very long. He

was immediately taken to Rutland and given a hearing. He protested that he was innocent of the crime charged and attempted to prove an alibi but could not do so. He was held and Mr. Tinkham, Officer Thomas, and others summoned, and, influenced by this, and possibly by the fact that when he was captured his earthly possessions amounted to just eight cents and one of Mr. Tinkham's jack-knives, he confessed.

Wednesday morning Deputy Sheriff Jones of South Royalton was notified to look out for suspicious characters up his way, and accordingly was at the railway station when the stage from East Barnard arrived. It contained three passengers, two gentlemen and a lady, and was in charge of a Mrs. Allen, who is the regular driver. Mr. Jones carefully scrutinized the party, and, taking Mrs. Allen one side, inquired about one of the fellows who interested him. She replied that she had learned on the way down that he had been camping up that way for a week and was now going home to Boston. This, together with the fact that there was nothing in the stranger's appearance which would indicate anything wrong, and the immediate arrival of the train, caused Mr. Jones to conclude that the man was all right and he was allowed to pass on unmolested. A few minutes after the train had gone the Sheriff got the particulars of the robbery and telephoned for Sheriff Spafford at White River Junction to intercept the stranger, but as Mr. Spafford was in Woodstock and none of his subordinates in readiness the man got away all right.

During the detention of Cowdry at Rutland, his mother who lives at Castleton, was interviewed. She admitted that the missing man was Frank Casneau, who also went by the name of Harry White. Said that he was from Asbury Park, N. J., and that he had been visiting her son for about two weeks. In proof of this she showed the officers a letter from Casneau's wife, saying that he had gone to Rutland to see Cowdry and as nothing had been heard of him since, she would like to know if he was there. This letter proved to be a most valuable clue, as the officers telephoned the Chief of Police at Asbury Park and inquired for Casneau, with the result that in less than an hour a message was received saying that Casneau had been found, arrested, and was awaiting their pleasure.

Casneau was immediately taken to Rutland, where it is understood both men will first be tried on the charge of horse stealing. The indications are that with the multiplicity of charges against them, that they will have ample time to ponder over the utter foolishness of that one night's work.

Cowdry's confession disclosed the facts that the night they came over from Rutland, they drove the team nearly to Quechee and then left the carriage in the woods. They put the horses in Anderson's sugar house, and stayed there themselves during the next day. At night they took supper at Henry Holt's and rewarded his hospitality by stealing a saddle from his barn. The other saddle was stolen at Richard Seaver's. Late in the evening they entered the village, putting their horses in the church shed. Cowdry watched them while Casneau walked down street and "sized up" the store. During the burglary Cowdry simply kept Mr. Tinkham covered with his revolver, while his partner did the searching. This explains how Casneau came to have all the money.

Cowdry said that he ran to the river after escaping from Sheriff Thomas and, finding it too deep to ford, secreted himself in an old culvert and remained until matters became more quiet, when he began his journey toward Rutland.

Cowdry lived in Quechee some eight or nine years ago, and an old resident told the writer that he was not surprised at all that Cowdry had been implicated in such an affair. When a boy, he explained, I used to see him come down to the post-office day after day, always riding an old horse, and every time he would start for home the horse would be urged to his best speed and the boy did his best to imitate the actions of the cowboy hero of some dime novel. That he was devoted to such literature has been proven beyond a doubt. A boyhood friend also related how he had seen him riding his horse around the pasture at breakneck speed and trying to lasso crows. Can you see a moral to this tale, parents?

* The ball which put out Officer Thomas' lantern passed through his fur coat and lodged in the side pocket of his inner coat, where it was found with a piece of the brass burner imbedded in it.

The Experiences of a Vermont Balloonist.

ILLUSTRATED.

Prof. Clarence C. Bonette of St. Johnsbury, tells the Journal representative some interesting things about his aerial adventures.

THE management wishes to announce that on Thursday, the last day of the Fair, the renowned Prof. Monigoffler, will make a balloon ascension from the Fairgrounds, concluding with a parachute drop. A starting feature, well worth travelling miles to witness.

Do you remember reading something of that sort a long time ago? Remember how in childhood's happy days you watched the man pasting up bills over on the big fence—how eagerly you read every word; how you ran home to find out if you might be allowed to go—then the days of anticipation, and finally the realization of your hopes in witnessing the "balloon go up?"



THE ASSISTANT EXPLAINS THE ACTION OF THE KNIFE FOR JOURNAL READERS.

"The connecting rope from the balloon is passed through the hole in this shears-like contrivance, which you see is attached to the top of the parachute. A rope fastened to the knife runs downward to the trapeze, requiring only a slight pull to sever the connection."

But it was all over so quickly that you did not see how it was done. Well, that seems to be the general opinion. Most of us have seen ascensions while but few know how it was accomplished. Therefore, during a recent fair the aeronaut was hunted up and asked to tell something about his novel calling.

It was Prof. Clarence C. Bonette of St. Johnsbury, a Vermonter by birth, and a native of the Connecticut river valley. Although Mr. Bonette is still a young man, being but twenty-nine, he has been engaged in ballooning ten seasons, and has had an enviable record. He is justly proud of his success, and the people of the Connecticut river valley may feel proud of him. He was told that the five thousand readers of the INTER-STATE JOURNAL would like to know something about ballooning—would like to hear some of his experiences, etc. He seemed very willing to answer questions, and explain everything for the JOURNAL.

He said that generally speaking, balloons are divided into two classes: hot air and gas balloons, the principal difference being that

the latter are used where it is necessary to remain in the air for a long time, as in making scientific observations and for military purposes, while the hot air balloon is used more commonly for short ascensions at fairs and summer resorts. It is this class more especially that we will consider.

An examination of his balloon showed it was not made of silk, which the writer had always supposed was the only material used for the purpose, but from unleached cotton cloth, very similar to that seen in any dry-goods store. But it was made especially for the purpose and was of a finer, harder weave than that sold in open market. The balloon, which Prof. Bonette called a small one, was seventy-five feet high and fifty-two feet in diameter when inflated.

Lying on the ground it did not appear so wonderful as the writer had expected. In fact it resembled a good-sized tent, even to the tangle of small ropes that seemed to be everywhere. Near by was the parachute—nothing more than a big umbrella, minus the frame, and having apparently, hundreds of ropes used in its construction. It was eighteen feet in diameter and the ropes which run downward were thirty-two feet in length. He explained that the balloon and parachute complete while in the air, measure one hundred and twelve feet in length.

There is a little arrangement for detaching the parachute from the balloon that reminds one of a gardener's pruning hook. When a string is pulled the knife severs the connecting rope and the parachute has started on its downward journey.

Inflating the balloon is quite an undertaking, but with the right appliances it can be done in from six to twelve minutes. The method is this: a trench is dug in the ground, eighteen feet in length, two feet wide, and two feet deep. Iron bars are then laid crosswise to support large pieces of sheet iron which cover the greater part of the trench leaving an opening at either end. One end of this trench is slightly enlarged to make it more convenient to maintain the fire, while at the other a five-foot sheet iron stack or chimney is formed and around this is placed some non-conducting material, usually a layer of earth held in place by a wood jacket, so that in case the cloth should be blown against it no conflagration would result. The remaining earth which was taken from the trench is piled on the sheet iron cover making practically an air-tight flue. The balloon is then suspended from two forty-foot poles directly over this stack and the Professor calls for about twenty bystanders to assist in holding the balloon on all sides just as far from the stack as is possible. Then the fire is lighted and to be effective it must be a hot one. A pile of fine dry ash is used and on this the Professor throws a mixture of kerosene and gasoline.

Gradually the flapping canvas begins to assume a new shape and the bystanders fall back a little as though some strange monster were slowly rising out of the ground. Yes, it is rising now, and the wind which before was unnoticed seems to be making strenuous efforts to claim it. The pleasure of holding the balloon now seems to be more like work, and extra bystanders are called to assist in holding it. Now the ropes and poles which originally suspended it are removed and after a final dash of one or two cupsful of oil, the Professor casts off overalls and coat, appearing resplendent in tights, seizes his



INFLATING THE BALLOON.

trapeze and shouts "let go." Like a bird suddenly liberated, the monster is seen to dip and balance, then, up they go, while the intertidal aerial navigator hangs head downward from the trapeze, or holds on to the bar with his teeth; up, up, until it seems no bigger than a penny, when suddenly—every heart jumps—"he has made the drop." Oh! Through every mind the thought flashes: "Will the parachute open?" For a second—seemingly much longer—the man and the strip of cloth above him fall straight away through space. Ah! sigh the spectators, as the parachute opens. The Professor slowly returns to earth, to alight unceremoniously in a tree-top or perchance in an open field. The balloon continues its upward course, but a bag of sand attached to the top soon overturns it, and losing its buoyancy it falls by its own weight.

Prof. Bonette is accompanied by his wife, who is an invalid. Up to three years ago she and her husband worked together in most of the large cities of this country doing a double trapeze act in the winter season and in the summer doing balloon ascensions and parachute drops at fairs and pleasure grounds.



THE PROFESSOR LEAVING TOWN.

Unfortunately however she met with an accident which has made her an invalid for life. Prof. Bonette was also injured at the same time but not so seriously as his wife. It was at Malone, N. Y., on Sept. 29, 1897, at the Franklin County Fair. It was to be the last ascension of the Fair, and was to be two parachute drops from one balloon, the balloon used being a very large one, ninety feet high. The monster air ship was inflated and the pair were snapped into the air at a fearful rate of speed. When at a height of about three thousand and five hundred feet, Mme. Bonette cut her parachute loose. She dropped about one hundred and seventy-five feet before it opened and then it did not open fully as the hoop arrangement in the top caught in the cloth in such a manner as to hold it and the cloth being strong did not give way. This caused the parachute to oscillate and twist and turn. In the meantime, Prof. Bonette had gone on up some twelve hundred feet higher and had cut loose, and he could see that his wife was in great danger.

Can you imagine his feelings suspended thousands of feet in the air and knowing that his wife was almost sure, to be dashed to a horrible death, and he powerless to aid her in any way? In fact she was beyond all human aid, and the shouts and cheers which were heard as the great balloon bearing its living freight left the ground, were hushed in an instant. One could almost hear the heart beats of the thousands of people who stood spell-bound, expecting every moment to see the brave little woman dashed to a mutilated mass of lifeless clay. But such was not to be.

In describing her feelings during her frightful drop Mme. Bonette told the writer that she was almost sure she would be killed but made up her mind to do all she could to save herself, for she thought she had about one chance in a hundred. In the descent the parachute kept dipping and plunging and swinging full around, and in trying to steady it she got down and hung from the bar by her hands. She was coming at such a fearful rate of speed that to strike the ground meant certain death. She was now near enough to the ground to see some telegraph wires and she did her best to steer so as to strike them, and in so doing break the fall. Managing to reach the wires which were about thirty feet from the ground, she struck them on her right side and bounded off onto the ground, striking square on her feet and falling backwards. She tried to rise but fell back helpless, sustaining fractures of the hips and a dislocation of the spine.

This all occurred in much less time than it takes to tell it, but Mme. Bonette says it seemed hours to her from the time she cut her parachute loose until she landed on the ground. Meanwhile the Professor was having troubles of his own. The wind was blowing a gale and his parachute kept closing up on one side in consequence, making it very difficult for him to keep directly under it. He landed backwards against a fence, lacerating his back in a horrible manner, but stopping for nothing ran to his wife who would permit no one to touch her until he arrived. What need to tell what Prof. Bonette suffered—not from his own wounds, but from the fact that he was in part responsible for his wife's injury? That is, he will always think and believe that he was to a certain extent responsible, but what occurred is liable to happen to any aeronaut who insists on using a hoop in the top of a parachute (called a safety hoop). Prof. Bonette has never used a hoop since, but uses what is called a "cold drop" parachute.

Everything that money could buy or science suggest was provided for the sufferer. For three months she was kept in one position encased in a plaster jacket and not allowed to even raise her head or help herself in any way. Then came many weary months of convalescence where her wonderful constitution and strength acquired by years of training as a gymnast, finally won, and today although her limbs are both paralyzed, she seems cheerful and happy. She has in Mr. Bonette one of the most devoted of husbands, and it is touching to see how this great strong man carries her from room to room, attending her every wish before it is hardly thought of. Now that Mme. Bonette is able to accompany her husband again, when requested she personally superintends ascensions. Seated in her carriage, for she can walk but a few steps, she gives every order from start to finish, and claims the distinction of being the only lady on earth who can properly superintend the filling of a balloon.

To go up in a balloon is a dangerous experience anyway, but to come down in a parachute is still more dangerous one, yet from constant exposure to danger one soon loses all fear of consequences. Prof. Bonette has been injured many times while ballooning but takes it very philosophically. He is not very fond of landing in the water, and explained that it was possible to guide a parachute to a certain extent by pulling on the ropes, although the general direction is influenced by the wind. Many times he has gone up with his balloon on fire and cut loose before it grew dangerous. He has been up in heavy winds and been dashed against poles, but he counts these as nothing compared with an experience at Salem Willows, Mass. three years ago. In was another double ascension to conclude with two parachute drops from a mammoth balloon. The parachute on which Prof. Bonette was to descend was fastened to an iron ring on the side of the balloon with a small string capable of supporting fifty pounds.



A DOUBLE ASCENSION.

Photographed at Malone, N. Y., the day of Mme. Bonette's accident.

WINDSOR COUNTY FAIR.

On the bar beneath the bag sat the Professor, Mme. Bonette and her parachute hanging directly beneath. Properly operated, Mme. Bonette would have been released by her husband when the altitude safe for the descent had been reached. His wife released, he would have grasped the bar of his parachute and leaped into the air, his weight breaking the string holding it to the ring.

Unfortunately, however, the string broke as the balloon left the ground and the affair fell and hung about Mme. Bonette, at times encircling her in its folds. For her to drop would have been certain death as she would have fallen into the upturned parachute, which would also have prevented her own from opening properly. Above her sat her husband, cool and collected, but anxious to save her from injury and escape himself, but tug as hard as he could he could not release the detained parachute, which, opening hindered the balloon from rising. Had he succeeded in releasing the knot which held the parachute to the bar, Mme. Bonette could have descended in comparative safety, while he would take chances by remaining with the balloon until it fell as the hot air cooled. Fortunately the offending parachute was the means of preventing a serious accident as it retarded the movement of the balloon to such an extent that it did not reach a very high altitude, and descended as gently as could be desired, landing the lady in front of a restaurant and the Professor on top of a bath house, with a sprained ankle.

In addition to his regular work Prof. Bonette is the originator of several features which add much to the entertaining spectacle of a balloon ascension. One is a daring start in which he leaves the ground suspended only by his teeth, using no belts or concealed ropes, and remaining in that position until an altitude of a thousand feet is reached when he performs a lively exercise on the trapeze. Another is what he calls a "dive through a black cloud." In this he burns ten pounds of fine black powder in a specially constructed gun which throws the smoke in all directions forming a large cloud. When a great height is reached the cloud is made and the parachute falls through the same making a very pretty spectacle. Perhaps his most interesting act is a night ascension with fireworks, in which Roman candles, red fire, and fountains figure largely.

Prof. Bonette employs one experienced aeronaut to assist in double ascensions, but personally fills all engagements calling for single ascensions, when possible. The writer had an opportunity to observe Prof. Bonette carefully during the inflation of one balloon in which the assistant was to go up, and it seemed as though he could not give up the idea of making the ascension himself. In fact he argued some time with his man but finally gave in. He afterwards explained that he would much rather be thousands of feet in the air swinging from his trapeze than to stand on the ground and watch someone else work. And right here let us leave him as right here we differ. Most of us are content to remain on terra firma, but although his vocation often places him far above us, in closing let us wish him all kinds of good luck and prosperity.

THE PARACHUTE DROP.

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The second train over the Woodstock railway on the morning of Wednesday, September 26, the second day of the Windsor County Fair at Woodstock, carried several good-natured people.

The day was pleasant. Streaks of sunshine filtered through the tree-tops and into the cars. The foliage of the maples, elms and sumachs on the far-away hill-tops and up the White River valley and the sweet fern on the nearby meadows was changing to shades of yellow, crimson and red. The white birches at the side of the track stood out in strong contrast to the deeper green of the maples and evergreens. The fallen apples 'neath the orchard trees and the yellow tassel-topped shocks of corn and the scattered pumpkins in the bare fields along the line were a reminder that the harvest had begun.

The man who was seemingly full before he started was on the train. His witticisms provoked many a smile. Among other remarks he announced that he wanted to go to Woodstock jail, a destination he probably would arrive at by the close of the day. When the train passed over the Gulf bridge everybody "rubbered" and Oh'd and Ah'd as they always do at that awful chasm. "What if the bridge should go down with such a load?" Mr. H. H. Hanchett, the veteran bridge constructor who inspects the bridge twice a year was on the train and said that with the strengthening he gave the bridge a little while ago it is now stronger than when first put in.

And this was Woodstock, the prettiest town in eastern Vermont. The sidewalks on the way up from the station were crowded. The square was full of teams. The farmers from "Bridgewater Holler," "Shad-dee-gee" and the "aidge of Pomfret," were on hand.

At the bridge stood Murly Riley, who has done duty there at Fair time for 16 years. With a stout staff he maintained order and permitted no crowding or fast driving across. He said, "Biggest crowd they ever had. Never saw anything like it." Some days he counts the teams. He prophesied that there would be 3,500 teams cross that one bridge during the day.

At the three windows of the ticket office the crowd was to deep, the outer yard choked with teams. The selective chain of the merry-go-round organ and the toot of whistle and puff of its engine first greeted the arrival outside the gates. The grounds swarmed with people.

There isn't space here for extended description. The program was carefully carried out. The fair put all competition in the shade.

The junction foot-ball team that came up on the train defeated the Woodstocks 6 to 0. The balloon, pushed by a gasolin engine making a terrifying noise louder than a hundred plumber's furnaces, went up only a little distance and the parachutist couldn't cut loose to save him. So the whole thing settled in apple-pie order in a tree on the Billings estate. But true to the general policy of the management Prof. LaBour announced "There was no satisfactory ascension, boys, we'll have another after dinner." They did. The balloon went up a long way. The parachute came down too rapidly, but the man came out all right. He must have been "jarred" a little when he struck terra-firma.

The midway, back of the grand-stand was the most congested district. There were restaurants, photographers, phonographs, snake-charmers, fruit hucksters and peanut vendors, candy-makers, fortune-tellers, loud-voiced whip-sellers, an orchestra of "one-pieces," frankfurters, toy balloons, screech whistles and pop-corn. The shooting-galleries, the African dodger, the row of rag babies and the music testing machines did a "rattling" business. Two loud voiced barkers called attention to the "Filipino Wild Woman," (said to have been imported from West Lebanon at \$2.50 per day), who ate raw meat, drank blood and did other ferocious things.

There was good racing. The show of cattle and sheep was equal to previous years. The poultry showing was not as complete, however. Dewey's Celebrated Band furnished excellent music.

In Mechanics Hall there was a great exhibit of fruits and vegetables. W. F. Washburn's display of the fruits raised on one farm was varied and extensive and harmoniously arrayed. E. H. Slayton and C. A. Slocum had prominence with fruit and vegetable exhibits. The Billings estate showed enormous grape clusters. The boy farmers made a fine large display. B. H. Pinney showed stoves, and there were many farm and dairy appliances. The Cylinder Rastignac Pan Co. of Wilkes, had an agent showing their new cylinder roasters and frying ovens. The Excelsior Carriage Co. exhibit was in charge of Mr. Henry R. Miller, the genial manager of the New England branch, and it consisted of sleighs, single and two-seated pneumatic tire vehicles. In Floral Hall the ladies held carnival all day. There were fine displays of ornamental and fancy work, paintings, cut flowers, cookery, and preserved fruit. These Woodstock merchants had booths: Darrs Bros., Japanese pottery; J. B. Jones, china, carpets, draperies and lamps; A. E. Spear, complete dining room set. The Enfield Shakers sold products from their unique village. C. M. Keyes, the Springfield furrier, was also on hand as usual. The sound of piano music led the musically inclined to the exhibit of Mr. Louis Greely, who showed the Emerson, Miller and Gramer pianos. This part of the hall was crowded at all times. The Emerson piano especially is one of the best that money can procure, and in tone and finish is unsurpassed. Miss Greely, who holds forth at White River Junction, has sold an astonishing number of these fine instruments.

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Home Cookery.

Drop Currant Cakes. One cup sugar, one-half cup butter creamed together, one egg, an even teaspoonful soda dissolved in two-thirds cup milk, two teaspoons cream tartar well mixed with two and one-half cups sifted flour, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, or any flavor you like. Drop in spoonfuls in shallow pans, and place a few currants in each, pressing slightly into the dough. Bake quickly a nice brown.

Mrs. A. A. Brooks, Bethel, Vt.

Creamed Oysters. One heaping tablespoonful butter, two heaping tablespoonfuls sifted flour, one pint cream, teaspoonful salt and pepper, one pint of oysters. Put the butter in a skillet. Let it melt but not brown, stir in the flour. Draw the skillet to a cool place on the stove and add gradually the cream, cooking thoroughly; season with salt and pepper. Add the oysters, cooking until they curl; and the cream is as thin as gravy. Serve on toast.

Miss Clara Griswold, Springfield, Vt.

Peach Meringue. One quart milk, two tablespoonfuls corn starch, one tablespoonful butter, three egg yolks, one-half cup sugar, two peaches. Boil the milk, corn starch and butter; when cold add the egg yolks and sugar. Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with peaches. Sprinkle over two tablespoonfuls of sugar, pour over a custard and bake twenty minutes. Frost with three egg whites and a little sugar.

Mrs. M. J. Archer, Springfield, Vt.

Brown Bread. Two cups corn meal, two cups rye meal, one cup molasses, one large tablespoonful soda, one quart sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls salt. A two quart dish will hold this quantity properly. Bake three hours in a covered dish.

Mrs. O. M. Tinkham, No. Pomfret, Vt.

Ginger Pears. Eight pounds pears, eight pounds sugar, four lemons, one pound preserved ginger, one tumbler of water. Slice pears thin, and ginger and lemon also. Put all together and cook slowly three hours.

Mrs. Eva Potter, W. R. Junction, Vt.

Pickled Peaches and Pears. Seven pounds peaches, one pint vinegar, four pounds sugar, one-half ounce cinnamon stick, whole cloves, and cassia buds. Peel the peaches, into each one stick two cloves and two cassia buds. Have the sugar and vinegar hot, drop the peaches in and cook until tender. Pears may be done in the same manner.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

By MISS E. M. FARMAN, OF WHITE LEBANON, N. H.

Here I sit, this Saturday afternoon, in a little park surrounding the tower of St. Jacques, whoever he may have been. I am waiting for the opening hour of the popular Saturday matinee of Sarah Bernhardt's theatre. I came early to get a seat for which I paid twenty cents.

It is not a play, but a reading, and Mme. Bernhardt appears but once, but twenty cents is cheap to see her I think. By and by if my friend, Miss Zimmerman, from Ohio comes we will go together and see her in a play. I want to see Coquelin, the greatest French actor in the Cyrano de Bergerac too.

Well, I have as good as been to the Exposition today. I came to a bridge across the Seine, took a wee steamer up the river, fare two cents, and presto. I was between two lines of gorgeous buildings, all a-glitter with gold and a-flutter with flags. Bands of music were playing, crowds of people were going up and down the stairs at the bridges leading to the little steamer stations. Near by me on the boat was a gentleman talking English; a Turk with his loose, blue trousers mounted the stairs ahead of me. I am sure I saw the U. S. building, because it had a model of the Daniel French statue of Washington in front of it. I saw no flag but Old Abe was perched on top of the dome.

Many of the buildings were beautiful but I do not believe the general effect is anything like what it was at Chicago. They haven't the great, beautiful lake to begin with, only the dirty little Seine, which looked decidedly muddy today and is no wider than our Connecticut at medium height. It cannot come up to the Thames with its noble bridges.

But Paris is Paris and it is so many-sided and so wonderful. The children amuse me very much. They wear little short stockings only half-way to the knee; and half the time you can't tell whether they are boys or girls since the boys wear long blue or black aprons with long sleeves. Big boys, twelve years old or over wear them and you have to wait for a rear view where the apron gaps, before you decide the gender.

The children go to school till the end of July, poor things. They all carry black leather portfolios to school. They have bright black eyes and plenty of snap of course; but they do look so funny with their bare knees, well-dressed boys, too, with pretty duck suits, walking out with stylish mamma or the white-capped nurse. The stylish boys wear broad-brimmed straw hats that turn down all around and are not at all becoming.

It is the most fun to go out in the morning and see the marketing on the street. Every morning when I go to my half-past eight breakfast, I pass through a little square or "place" that is full of interest. By the way, my land-lady said I might have my breakfast at any time I chose. I thought I would frighten her a bit, and just to see what she would say I told her we had breakfast at half-past six at home. Of course she said "O mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" (my God! my God!) That is not swearing, O no. They say it every time they breathe.

Well, to return to my morning walk. The little square is the Place of St. Ferdinand or something or other and the little church of St. Ferdinand is in the corner. It is always open and the faithful are going in and out. The priests with their shovel-hats and long gowns one meets everywhere, of course. The poor abbes have to hold up their skirts from the mud like all the other women.

Round this square are drawn up every morning little hand-drawn wagons holding about twice as much as a wheelbarrow perhaps, but clean little wagons filled and heaped up with vegetables or fruit. I wish you could see one filled with cherries, all rimmed with leaves round the edge, and another with great, luscious strawberries. It would do your heart good to see the fruit here. And the men and women stand by the carts and call out in shrill voices, "four cents a pound!" I never saw so many cherries before. Everywhere you turn you see a cart full and strawberries as well. And the berries are sweeter than ours and so large and luscious. Everything is not so cheap as cherries, though, unfortunately.

On the square one can buy meat, fish, vegetables or flowers. Beautiful, great red roses. I have not noticed them but I know they are cheap for everybody wears them. Mignonette, three cents for a large bunch of five blossoms.

The policemen on the street wear white duck trousers, blue coats, caps and capes. The capes are very picturesque and I notice they are useful in a shower. They pull the hoods up then over their heads and need no umbrellas. I have seen some policemen that I thought earned their money. When one sees these magnificent, broad streets one can hardly believe they could ever be crowded, but I have seen these places where the policemen went through every three minutes and held up his baton to stop the carriages a moment to let the foot passengers across the street. One continual string of coaches and carriages with the horses' noses on the vehicle in front. Ah! It seems to me I have seen thousands of coachmen already—more coachmen than anything else. There must be armies and armies of them.

Sunday morning I went to the church of Madeleine, which is built on the model of a Greek temple and is very beautiful. We were not able to see the interior very well as the church was so crowded. The music was fine, the choir and organ as in Westminster Abbey, being accompanied by an orchestra, but the music was not simple and sweet and satisfying like that of the service in Westminster.

La Madeleine is a very fashionable church and we saw many lovely toilettes as we watched the people come out. It was a special day and there was a special ceremony.

Have been to the Exposition once. Tickets only nine cents if you go in the afternoon. I saw little except in the Art Palace, which I enjoyed very much. I shall visit the Exposition again.

THE HILLS OF VERMONT.

O pleasant hills, and must I say farewell?

Where in my frenzied moments I would dwell?

Leave long behind those mountain solitudes,

The close cropped plains and fragrant leafy woods?

Friends and companions of my troubled moods?

To say farewell and know that nevermore

Shall I mount to thy summits there to soar

On wings of fancy o'er Olympian heights,

Nor rest my tired soul from far-winged flights.

O Hills of old Vermont. Now lost from view

Lost in the all embracing azure hue

Of heaven. When shall I come again to you?

When I have overthrown my dungeon walls,

Whither the trumpet of true freedom calls,

I shall come back, O well loved hills, again,

Shall rest above the strife and greed of gain

Above the valley of perpetual pain.

Then shall ye greet me in the same old way,

As when I was a happy child at play,

Spending with thee my long, glad holiday.

ANNA M. HATCHER.

GRANITE STATE FOLKS.

*II.--THE VILLAGE GROCERY.

BY
FRED FERDINAND MOORE.
ESFIELD, N. H.

The second of a series of character sketches to be published in book form under the title of "Granite State Folks." These sketches will appear from time to time in the Journal.



EDGEVILLE has a store that cannot be rivalled in the United States, if in the world. It answers the purpose of depot, postoffice, drugstore, telegraph office, and includes in its stock everything that can be found in a city department store from a pin to a piano.

The store is the rendezvous of the country swain, and here all the politics, gossip and the latest murders are discussed by orators whose gift of gab and debating powers have been developed by a wide experience. No problem is too deep for them; the results of the coming prize fight are foretold as readily as how next year's hay crop will turn out.

The little room set aside for the use of the travelling public—when there are any of the latter in Edgeville—is utilized as a clubroom for checker players, and it has often occurred that the nine-thirty train got by the station without the thoughtful gamblers being cognizant of how many passengers were aboard.

There is considerable historical interest connected with the building. It was here that Zeb Jones choked to death while trying to swallow his false teeth with some molasses taffy. It was here that a showman died of heart failure when told that he could not get a train south for nine hours.

The store is the first place where the Powell boy committed burglary; and if you happen to be a stranger, any of the loungers will show you the very window that was broken open and to this day it contains a pane of glass which was there at the time of the theft.

Elias Martin is a very busy man; he fulfills the duties of postmaster, station agent, merchant and telegrapher, besides being a human encyclopedia of general information.

He is a tall, lank man with a well developed forehead and a square set jaw. He is absolute monarch of his little kingdom and woe betide the man or boy who disregards his unwritten law. He has never been seen in the store without a gray straw hat on his head, and winter or summer, it is all the same; the hat is there, set at an angle of twenty-three and one half degrees and with its checked band is a very good substitute for a crown.

"The store" has been the cause of many a family jar. Husbands sent for starch or pepper or any other little household necessity, have been delayed there to listen to some animated discussion, and returned home to be the recipient of a very tart tirade on the evils of laziness and good for nothingness in general.

Mose Barnaby is a very frequent visitor at the store; he is there so often that his absence is a cause for comment. Mose is an old landmark—a great authority on almost any subject from telling what the weather would be next week, to giving medical advice for the treatment of lousey cattle.

When he is not holding down a chair in the store, he is fighting with his wife or searching for "arbs" with which to concoct a remedy for his rheumatism. His game leg is the apple of his eye: that leg is the barometer for the community; if you are planning an outing and you wish to know the condition of the weather on that particular day, ask Mose Barnaby how his leg feels.

"Sunthin struck it at Antentim," is the only information regarding the cause of his lameness, that you can ever get.

Mose is the only man, except the vigilant 'Lias, ever known to go behind a counter in the store. His initial experience in this line was when he got a piece of tobacco for Frank Kimball, and those who were lucky enough to witness the incident, say that he conducted himself with the air of a man who had grown old in the store business.

Ever since that red letter day he has been more or less privileged; he always knows the quality of the raisins in the store, and if the mice have been at the cheese, 'Lias is warned at once to take effective measures toward the suppressing of their thievery.

Strange to say his nose is very red. He claims that it is a birth-mark, but it is more likely due to a close acquaintance with jugs—and their contents.

It was a cool October evening. The usual crowd had gathered, and with it the wreath of tobacco smoke around the stove pipe.

They sat in a semi-circle about the stove; not because they suffered from the cold but more from force of habit, and the hearth was very handy for the purpose of igniting pipe-lights, besides being a good depository for tobacco juice when "'Lias" wasn't looking in that direction.

Everybody was in good spirits, and looked at each other from over their pipe bowls with an air that said: "'Lias Martin's store is the most comfortable place in the world." The telegraph instruments behind the wire netting, chattered away by themselves with an occasional spurt, and the black cat winked knowingly from her perch on the cracker barrel.

"How'd your tatus turn out, Pete?" began Jim Berry, as though anxious to start a conversation.

"Fair t' middlin', Jim. How'd that hill piece of corn do?"

"Wall, tolerble, fairly tolerble. I didn't 'spect much from it ennyway, seein's the weather was so tarnation dry," 'sides, my young stock got inter it after it got started, an' then them Bumber boys stole my scare-crows. Consarn their pesky hides!"

"I knew we was marked for a dry summer, I knew it," piped Mose Barnaby, as he stretched out his leg.

"Dedly Hopkins keeps gittin' homlier and homlier, don't she?" said Elias.

"Y-a-s," put in Lizum Lazore, a French Canadian, "I got a aunt down to *Canadae*, an' he's so homely ev'ry time what he looks at a clock it ain't got some more."

"Now *that's* a darn lie," said Mose.

"Bah gosh it ain't!" replied Lizum.

"Didn't you most git killed once up on Bald Eagle mountain, Lizum?" inquired Jim Berry.

"Y-a-s. Mah fadder she's want me to chop some wood up dah, an' Rosy ant like it, 'cause prob'ly dars brown bear up dar, she says, so mah fadder say 'Lizum,' an' Ah ain't hear, so mah fadder she 'Lizum' some more—

"Go 'long with your fish stories," interrupted Mose.

"Wa'll, Ah don't care, said Lizum, "Prob'ly tees, prob'ly 'tain't, prob'ly Ah ain't know."

At this point, a gang of young men came in, and it was noticed that the Bumber boys were not inclined to approach the stove; perhaps their dealings with scare-crows reminded them that Jim Berry was near.

"Miskeeters drove ye in, hey?" said Mose with a grin.

"How many 'skeeters did you ever see in October, Mose?" inquired one of the new comers as he began to tease the cat.

"Now don't pester that cat! You fellers are the consarnedest! I'druther have seven kinds o' lice, than have one of ye around! Course I've seen 'skeeters in October."

"When?" went on the spokesman.

"In October," replied Mose, winking at an auction advertisement.

"What October?" persisted the other.

"'Lias remembers that time the Boston runner was carried away by 'em down in old man Kimball's swamp,—don't ye 'Lias?"

Elias smiled and busied himself behind the counter.

"'Visiree," said Mose, as the crowd gathered around expectantly, "'I remember that time just as though 't want mor'n fifteen minutes ago."

"When was it?" ventured one of the youngsters.

"Wa'll, now I couldn't eggactly give my affidavit when it was, I git dates mixed so like sixty. You remember when it was 'Lias?"

"Sometime close after that tramp got killed up to the switch," replied Elias without looking over the counter.

"Yes, that was when it was; close after that tramp got killed up to the switch," and Mose settled in his chair and puffed his pipe as though he was not going to utter a word again until the train came when he would be obliged to say: "Here she comes."

"Tell us 'bout it, Mose," said Jim Berry, as he winked to the crowd.

"You fellers wouldn't b'lieve it ennyway," said Mose, ignoring the wink.

"Keep it to yourself then," somebody growled, and as Mose was governed by contraries, he immediately launched forth into the tale.

"This runner was a peart young chap from Boston, an' knew it all, jest the same as Boston folks always do. He was a tryin' to tell 'Lias some new fangled contraption, I don't ricollect what 't was, but somehow or other he thought he'd be smart, so he said miskeeters wa'n't very thick up here in October.

"Kimball's boy picked him up jest as quick as he got the words outen his mouth an' tokl him he would bet him a bran-

fred new five dollar bill, that he couldn't stay over night in his father's swamp, the miskeeters was so thick.

"The runner took him up, pervidin' he could suit himself as to how he stayed that, an' they planked the money right down inter 'Lias's right hand.

"The runner borrowed a 'lasses cask of 'Lias and had it carted down to the swamp, an' when it got dark he hired somebody to nail him in tight."

"How was he goin' to breathe?" inquired one of the Bumber boys from behind a position fortified with nail kegs.

"He took a couple of scare-crows to help him out," replied Mose sarcastically, and the Bumber fellows seemed a trifle uneasy when the crowd laughed.

"But to resume. They nailed that feller in an' left him. In a little while the runner heard the miskeeters buzzin' 'round the berrell, an' 't wa'n't long afore one of the varmintes bored his bill through the side of the berrell, an' as the runner was on to his job, he tied a knot in the miskeeter's bill so he couldn't git away. Wa'll, that feller tied up more than forty thousand miskeeters, an' I hope my leg never gits well, if the critters did n't fly away with berrell, runner an' all."

Mose looked defiantly at the crowd.

"Bah gosh, Ah ant b'lieve it!" said Lizum.

Mose glared. "Canucks don't b'lieve the world is round—Here she comes!" and everybody scrambled to see the train.

• RED CLOVER •

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY HEN. HOMER WHITE, RANDOLPH, VT.

The birds are caroling their songs
From leafy trees beside the road,
And summer sunshine fills the air
Which trembles at its fragrant load.

The happy children pluck the flower
And taste its sweetness like the bees;
Their bare feet touch the earth with joy
And laughter floats upon the breeze.

Their red cheeks match the clover red;
Fresh as its leaves is each young heart.
O happy youth with sweetness fed;
O blissful days without a smart.

The cattle crop with eager tongues
The luscious clover from the sod,
The feast prepared by Nature's hand
And spread o'er all the fields abroad.

The strawberry grows around its roots,
Seeking to gain its ruddy hue
And drink its nectar, while the sky
Hangs o'er the scene in fairest blue.

The bees and youth and cattle love
Red clover sweet, red clover dear,
The queen of grasses and the flower
Whose beauty clothes with bloom the year.

Red clover bright, Vermont's sweet flower,
A honey-laden blossom fair,
Adorns the blushing fields with light
And fills with sweetness all the air.

The murmur'ing stream flows through the vale,
In joyous course upon its way.
Reflecting sun or cloud and casts
To clover banks its fresh'ning spray.

The mead is full of clover bloom,
With leaves of green and flowers of red,
And bees are buzzing o'er the field
Or sucking sweets from every head.

Vermont's Highway System.

By JOHN HUTCHINSON WOOD, NORWICH, VT.

What ought Vermont to do in order to better the present condition of her highways?

The present Highway Statutes of Vermont provide that twenty cents on the dollar of the grand list of each town shall be devoted to the construction and maintenance of its highways at the discretion

and under the supervision of a road commissioner, elected annually by a majority of voters at town meeting; and further, that an extra tax of five cents on the dollar shall be levied and forwarded to the State capital where it is divided and apportioned out to the towns on the basis of population; the idea being that in this way the more wealthy towns will help out the poorer ones. The apportionment of this five cent tax rests with a commission at whose head is the State road commissioner. The law specifically states that each town's share of this money shall be used for permanent improvements.

It is like the twenty cent tax used at the discretion of the town commissioner; but he must keep a separate account of his expenditures which is audited by the State Commissioner, and before receiving

submit a statement of the improvements which it intends to make.

The present system is unquestionably a long way in advance of that of ten years ago even when every farmer worked out his highway tax. The roads of Vermont have shown a marked improvement during the past decade. Nearly every town now owns a road machine; a few have rollers and use them with good results. The road machine is in the hands of men whose business is roadmaking, a part of the time at least. In most cases they probably do the best they know how to do. But that there is still chance for great improvement needs no further proof than a drive of four or five miles through Norwich or almost any Vermont town during mud-time. New Hampshire roads are no better.

The present condition of things will not be much bettered until two things happen: first, the people must be educated up to the economic advantages of better roads; and in the second place, either the town road commissioners must be educated in the art of making better roads with the money at hand or the system must be radically changed and the supervision of roads placed under State authority. Of the two difficulties the former will be the harder to overcome. The inhabitants of the average town are born into and expect mud in the spring, dust and sand in the summer and snow drifts in the winter as much as they do seedtime and harvest and the hills we always have with us.

The man who lives in an isolated house half a mile from the main road wants his avenue to civilization as well fixed as his neighbor on the main road and unless it is, he is ready to vote the old road commissioner out and a new one in the next spring. It is a bad idea to change road commissioners. It takes a new one a whole season to learn the details thoroughly, the portions of the road which need most attention, etc. One of the first changes in the present system should be to lengthen the term of his office to three or five years. Such a change would be beneficial in two ways: citizens would be more careful in whose hands they entrusted this office for the longer term, and again, his experience would count for much after the first year.

Vermont is composed largely of a rural population which by dint of hard toil ekes out a meagre existence on a side hill farm. But few live in opulence, and any measure which tends to increase taxation will be looked upon with displeasure. Any measure, however, which will be of economic advantage to the State should be passed whether or not it meets with popular approval. But such legislation cannot be secured until citizens can see the benefits which would accrue therefrom. Good results in this direction can be secured by circulating, gratis, among town road officers some first-class books on road construction.

More than fifty per cent of these officers disregard the fundamental principles of good road making, particularly those concerning drainage, reduction of grade and the proper use of road machines. Few realize that tile and vitrified pipe make cheap and efficient drains. The water instead of being turned off into side ditches is

allowed to run down to a waterbar which it soon cuts through and pursues its destructive course to the bottom. These waterbars become hard on the horse and disagreeable to man and they may be entirely done away with by a judicious use of ditches and cross-drains.

The matter of reducing grades in as hilly a state as Vermont seems at first a serious matter but the same principles hold in highway as in railway construction. An apparently bad country often proves comparatively easy in which to secure good grades. The trouble is that the roads were built originally with a view to securing the shortest route without regard to grades and there is a strong tendency to follow these old roads.

Another bad habit into which road officers have fallen is that of scraping mud, dust, turf, and detritus from the ditches up into the middle of the road year after year. This refuse is worse than useless. It has served its purpose and might be hauled off at small expense. Treated as it is this matter after a few days becomes mixed with the fresh soil; the whole is ground together to become dust in dry and mud in wet weather. If road officers and dump into the mud along Main street. The road there is better than before but the same money would have accomplished more in the hands of an efficient corps of roadbuilders under State supervision. It would be a wise move if the State would use this five cent tax as a nucleus and around it build up a State system of highways. Its beginnings would be small but believe that when citizens see and experience the advantages of good roads they would be willing to support a movement for their improvement.

Concerning a general law for a State system of repair and maintenance, an ideal system would be one in which all the roads in a county are under the general supervision of one person. The town commissioners should be responsible to him. They are now too often not responsible to anybody. These county supervisors might collectively form a body whose functions are to oversee and control the construction and maintenance of all roads in the State.

These officers should be subject to re-examination of one person as possible. Candidates, therefore should not be elected or appointed but subject to the Civil Service Laws. These officers should also be sufficiently remunerative to attract Civil Engineers to compete. It will be at once objected that such a scheme would only create a number of new offices when we now have all we can support. I firmly believe that such a system would be of economic advantage. A good road builder in each county could save his salary many times over in the course of a year. Such a system is impossible unless the State has full financial control of its roads, for so long as the town repairs its roads, its road officer should be responsible to it. Here is a strong argument for State Control. In short everything tends to point to the fact that State control would be better for all concerned, but at the same time no sudden changes should be made in the present system. The process of change must be a slow and natural one. The five cent tax should be devoted entirely to State roads to be built under the direction of a corps of capable road engineers, these men to hold their office not by appointment, but by virtue of a rigid competitive examination.

The roads of each town to remain under the charge of a town road commissioner as at present, but the general oversight of roads in a certain district, say two or three counties at first, to be under State road engineer. It would be easy to expand such a system from time to time to meet requirements, to give this State Commission more power and money as they show themselves capable of handling it.

On such a foundation Vermont can build a State Road System second to none in the country.



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MY FIRST DEER HUNT.



I always had a desire to bring down a buck, so last year, (1899), the open season being the last ten days of October, I started from my home in Springfield early one Monday morning and arrived at my old home in West Rochester, Vt., that afternoon. The next morning we began our hunt. We were up every morning before the crows were, the best time to hunt being in the early morning and just before dark. We did quite a bit of travelling the first two days getting the deer located, and then decided that the best way to get one would be to lay for them in the back clearing around the apple-trees. So accordingly we posted ourselves, each night and morning, in the attic of an old deserted log cabin on what is known as the Cotton lot. It was back on the side of the mountain and nearly two miles from the nearest house. We kept this up, watching a row of apple-trees just below the old cabin.

Friday was a rainy day and our hopes as well as the grass and underbrush were somewhat dampened. We stayed around the house until I began to get nervous, and about three o'clock in the afternoon I could stand it no longer, so I said to my brother, "Let's take a trip up on the ridge." But he would not go. He said that if he could not have decent weather the deer might live for all he cared. So father and myself started out in the rain. He took an umbrella and I a heavy coat. The rain made it rather nasty walking but it was better than sitting still. We got up to the old cabin about five o'clock. Everything was silent. Not a sound even from a bird of any kind. We took up our position as usual and waited.

We were both watching on the lower side and had been there about half an hour when I happened to glance through a crack on the upper side,—and there he was,—the first wild deer I had ever seen. Everything was a-flutter in less than a second. The first thing to do was to noiselessly get to the other side of the old cabin, which was slow, owing to the timbers being rotten. Father had the rifle at the other end of the attic. The gun I had was a shot-gun, so I had to wait till he could get over to where I was.

By this time it was growing dusk but I had my eye on the deer all the while and fortune was in our favor sure for instead of moving off, he looked all around and lay down facing us. As soon as I could get the rifle I put the muzzle through a hole in the shingles, took a solid rest and pulled a dead bead for the vitals and let fly, and to my great surprise he jumped up and ran. But it was a short run—just eight and one-half rods. I fired two more shots while he was running, one of them taking effect. At the last shot over he went. We lost no time in getting to him and I found as fine a three-year-old buck as any man could wish to capture.

A story of the
Open Season in the
Green Mountains.

BY

ORLIN LYON, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

PHOTOS. BY AUTHOR.



THE EAGLE CAPTURED
DURING THE HUNT.

Now occupies a position of honor in Mr. Lyon's Memorial and Billiard rooms at Springfield. The eagle weighed 11 1/4 lbs. and measured 7 feet 1 inch, from tip to tip.

As soon as our excitement cooled off a little, father started for help and I stayed by the carcass. A party of neighbors got there about eight o'clock and after lashing him to a strong pole we started for home arriving there about half past nine.

We weighed the deer and hung it up in a shed near the house and dressed it off. It weighed just 200 pounds and was as fat as butter. In dressing it we found that the first bullet was the one that did the work, it taking effect in the side of the neck near the left shoulder, passing in through and striking the right shoulder blade, where it mushroomed and split, smashing the bone. One piece came out under the skin just back of the right shoulder. The other piece went downward to the right and lodged somewhere in the intestines.



My brother killed a smaller spike-horn a few days later with the same rifle, which was a 32-20 full magazine Winchester.

Our desire for blood being satisfied and the limit of the law reached we started for Springfield Monday morning with my deer and a Royal Eagle which we caught in a trap. The eagle weighed eleven and one-fourth pounds, and measured seven feet and one inch from tip to tip. He is now mounted with wings spread and a grey squirrel in his claws, and occupies a place of honor in the front room of my shop, with the antlers of the deer, as a souvenir of my first deer hunt.

WM. P. DILLINGHAM.

WE present to our readers in this number a splendid portrait and a brief sketch of Ex. Governor Wm. P. Dillingham, the Senator recently chosen to succeed the late Senator Morrill in the U. S. Senate, and the same who will, we predict, succeed himself if he lives to serve out the unexpired term of the late Senator.

The fame of the good Governor Paul Dillingham, the father of the Senator, still lives in the memory of the men of middle life and the older men of this generation, and is cherished by them with a well warranted delight.

A generation farther back we find the grandfather serving several years with Washington and Green and Morgan in the Continental Army for the establishment of the American Republic.

While still a generation farther back and before British tyranny towards her American colonies had impelled them to resist the oppression of the King and ministry of the reign of George III, we find the Senator's great grandfather loyal to his king and country, offering and giving his life in his cause, on the Plains of Abraham, beside the brave General Wolfe. And in his young life, the remains of an elder brother, a volunteer of the Union Army, were brought home from the battlefield where he fell fighting to save the Union.

From such patriotic and sturdy stock, "if ancestry can be in aught believed," the logic of events, with a fair field, though without favors, the fourth generation should be counted on for a self made man, who should extend the family virtues through our time.

And in the Senator we find him with every element of success to challenge our respect and admiration.

Educated in the Common Schools and Academies of his time, he studied the law and came to the bar of the Courts in 1867, and five years later he was chosen State's Attorney of Washington County with the work before him of prosecuting some of the most notable criminal causes in the history of our Courts—among them the Magoon murder case and the case of Miles, the Barre bank burglar.

He also served in both branches of the Legislature, and was next chosen Governor by an unprecedented majority of the votes of his fellow citizens without any seeking on his part.

His administration of the Executive office was one of honorable and marked distinction, and from his retirement from the same to his unpretending prosperity and success as a hard working, conscientious and able lawyer, many of the people of Vermont have recognized him as the coming man, the popular choice to take up the work of the venerable Senator Morrill when he should be called to lay it down.

He now succeeds to the place in the prime of a vigorous and cultivated manhood. The record of the State for selecting her best men for this position is perpetuated by this election, and her clean methods in her politics are also vindicated.

The good name and fame of the State and the high and progressive rank which she should continue to hold and develop in the National Councils has been the objective of the large majority of the freemen from the opening of the late contest to its close, and this has been fully recognized and appreciated by their Representatives and Senators in the Legislature as soon as the complimentary scoring to local candidates was briefly and formally indulged in.

And thus we have the high office filled by a man of the people's choice—in whom the people confide—trusting that while the noble family he is of have never deceived or misled us, that he will continue to serve us well in the new field as he has in other positions of trust and honor.

Trusting that the high place and influence of Vermont in the United States Senate will be ably upheld and advanced through the integrity, probity and strength which the election of Mr. Dillingham contributes to it.

• The Senators from Windsor County •

HON. GEO. F. LELAND.

Hon. Geo. F. Leland was born in Baltimore, Vt., January 25, 1858. He attended the public schools of Springfield until eighteen years of age, at which time he entered the mercantile business at North Springfield as clerk in a general store and remained there six years. He then went to Springfield and clerked in a hardware store until 1882, when with his father, C. A. Leland, he purchased the largest stock of general merchandise in Springfield and has continued until now. Mr. Leland is President of the Village Corporation and has held that office for the past three years. He has been a School Director for three years and was elected last March for another term. He was a member of the Legislature in 1892, was Chairman of the Windsor County Committee in 1898, and now holds the office of Vice President of the Republican League of Vermont, and was recently elected Senator from Windsor Co.

HON. JAMES E. POLLARD.

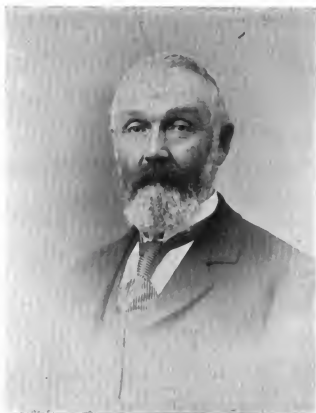
Hon. James E. Pollard of Chester was born in Plymouth, Vt., April 23, 1862. He is a son of James A. and Josephine Hall Pollard. He lived in Windsor from 1864 to 1880, and was educated in Windsor Graded Schools, graduating from the High School in 1879. He went to Chester in the spring of 1880 and was clerk in the clothing store of N. O. Johnson for two years. He then entered into partnership with Mr. Johnson the firm name being Johnson & Pollard until 1885, when Mr. Pollard conducted the business alone until 1897, the firm of Pollard & Abbott then being formed. Mr. Pollard was postmaster at Chester under Harrison. In connection with his brother W. S. Pollard, he established the Pollard Manufacturing Co. for the manufacture of wrappers in 1895, and they now employ nearly one hundred hands, making the "Favorite" Wrapper sold exclusively by Brown Durrell & Co., Boston.

Mr. Pollard represented Chester in the General Assembly in 1890, was Aid on the Staff of Governor Fuller 1892 to 1894, and was recently elected Senator 1900 to 1902, from Windsor County. He is an incorporator of Chester Savings Bank, has been Justice of the Peace, and is now Treasurer of Chester Water Co. He is interested in fraternal organizations, being a Mason and an Odd Fellow.



HON. HENRY W. WALKER.

Hon. Henry W. Walker, of South Woodstock, was born in Rockingham, Windham Co. Vt., May 6, 1833. He attended the common schools and afterward the Green Mountain Institute at South Woodstock. Mr. Walker is a farmer by occupa-



HON. HENRY W. WALKER,
OF SOUTH WOODSTOCK.

tion. He has been a breeder of Merino sheep and high grade Jersey stock. He purchased wool for Bridgewater Mills from ten to fifteen years. Mr. Walker makes first quality maple sugar and syrup and is quite a grower of choice fruit. He has been a Justice of the Peace in the town of Woodstock for twenty years or more, and also a Lister in that town. He represented Woodstock in the Vermont Legislature in 1896, and was then Chairman of the Committee of Agriculture, and he is Chairman of that Committee in the Senate the present session. He has been Chairman of the Executive Committee of Green Mountain Perkins Academy for sixteen years. Mr. Walker is a descendant on his mother's side, of Oliver Willard, his great grandfather, who once owned nearly the whole tract of land which now comprises the towns of Woodstock and Hartland.



HON. JAMES E. POLLARD,
OF CHESTER.



HON. GEO. F. LELAND,
OF SPRINGFIELD.



THE MAIL CARRIER STARTING FROM WEST LEBANON ON HIS DAILY 28 MILE TRIP.

U. S. Mail, Rural Free Delivery.

ROUTE No. 1 for the Rural Free Delivery of mails from the West Lebanon, N. H., postoffice was established September 1st. The Postmaster in charge is Mr. Horace French, and the carrier is Mr. Thomas S. Sinclair. The route as originally laid out covers a territory of about 24 square miles in a most thorough manner, and to reach the inhabitants the carrier must drive about 28 miles every afternoon. Not quite two months have passed since this route has been in operation, yet so enthusiastic are the people about it that to discontinue the service would be considered a very serious affair. Comparatively few people, even in this immediate vicinity, were aware that a route had been established so near home, so with a view toward explaining something about Rural Free Delivery,

the JOURNAL representative drove over the route with Mr. Sinclair one afternoon recently and endeavored to pick up a few facts about the service.

The carrier begins his work a little before one o'clock in the afternoon, in a little sub-office in the rear of the postoffice. All the mail which has accumulated during the night as well as the mails from the north which arrive at noon, must be sorted and arranged in little boxes very similar to the ones seen in every postoffice. The boxes are labelled in just the order that the families appear on the route. By the time the morning mails are in their respective boxes the afternoon mails are at hand and the carrier has to hustle. Each piece of mail must be handled over and the greatest care taken that no mistakes occur. After all the mail is distributed, then comes the packing up. The newspapers are taken first and made into two or three bundles according to the quantity, and the letters arranged in a separate bundle, care being taken that the same order of the boxes is preserved in each package. Incidentally each piece of matter must be counted, as Uncle Sam wants to know just how much business his new venture is doing. Finally the various packages are placed in a strong leather shoulder pouch similar to those used by carriers in the cities, and after buckling on his revolver (for the mails must be protected from violence,) the carrier is ready for his trip.

While the department does not insist upon the carriers wearing a uniform, it is advised, and a regulation blue postal uni-

form very similar to the one worn by letter carriers in cities is recommended. It is distinguished from the city carriers' clothes by a large letter R on each sleeve, in addition to a cap bearing a badge which reads "U. S. MAIL. RURAL FREE DELIVERY." Mr. Sinclair uses a common three-quarter seat top buggy for delivering, which with the exception of a sign "U. S. MAIL" on either side, does not differ from any common buggy.

The mail is loaded into the wagon together with a box containing stamps, postal cards, stamped envelopes, etc., and away we go. No mail is delivered within a mile of the postoffice.



CARRIER T. S. SINCLAIR.

This is one of the regulations of the department and it is a good one. The service is not intended for people living in town, but rather for those living remote from the villages. Delivery is commenced at the Mascoma River in Butmanville. Each family purchases a box which is placed on a suitable post or some convenient fence corner so as to be accessible to the carrier without leaving his wagon. These boxes are a combination of two good ideas—a strong iron box with lock and key for letters, and a wooden box without lock for newspapers. The iron boxes are known as the Corbin letter box,

while the wooden box is the invention of Mr. Henry Robinson, postmaster at Concord, N. H. At first thought one would suppose that it would be unsafe to leave mail matter out at the roadside even though it were enclosed in a box. Well, your Uncle Sam thought of that too, and just to keep you from worrying about it, he says that anyone who even meddles with these boxes shall be fined \$5,000 or imprisoned for five years.

INTER-STATE JOURNAL

When approaching a farmhouse where mail is to be delivered the carrier blows a shrill whistle to inform the family that there is mail for them, which is placed in the box if they are



POSTMASTER HORACE FRENCH.

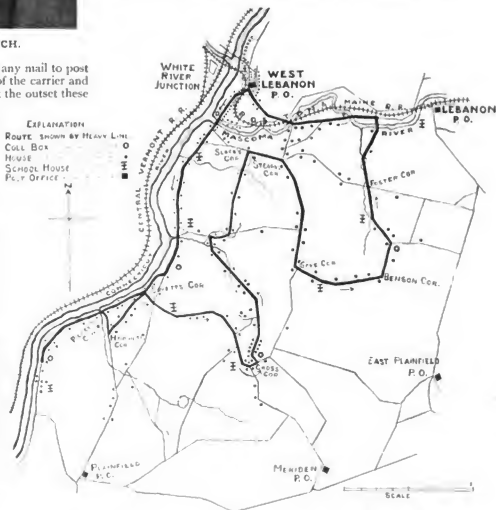
not out to receive it. In case the family have any mail to post it is placed in the box previous to the arrival of the carrier and a signal displayed to attract his attention. At the outset these signals were of all kinds and ranged from a piece of torn horse blanket to a rag doll. This struck Mr. Sinclair as being rather incongruous, and he provided each box with a small American flag at his own expense, so that now when there is mail for the carrier, or mail delivered for the family a miniature "Old Glory" waves proudly over the box forming a very pretty sight and one which will undoubtedly prove a valuable educational feature as well. Street collection boxes are placed along the route, generally at some cross road or in the more thickly settled neighborhoods. These boxes are similar to those in use in the cities with the exception that while the city boxes are usually painted a dark red color, these are finished in aluminum with red lettering, and present a fine appearance.

The route follows the river for about six miles down the beautiful Connecticut valley to James Hildreth's, returning northerly without delivery to Pierce's Corner, thence southerly to George Hanchett's Corner on Plainfield Plains road, thence northerly to Swett's Corner, easterly over Black Hill to Cross Corner or Coreyville, so called; thence northerly to Henry Hall's, then northerly to Slack's, easterly to Stearn's Corner, Poverty Lane; thence southerly to M. V. Gove's and easterly to W. W. Benson's, northerly to Foster's Corner and northerly to Scythesville,

(a suburb of Lebanon,) and westerly over the main road to the West Lebanon office.

Altogether this may be considered as a model route, and it reflects great credit on Postmaster French, who has had the general supervision of the matter, as well as Mr. Sinclair, to whom much of the detail work was entrusted. Mr. Sinclair is quite a young man, being still in his twenties, but in his endeavor to make this route a success has shown himself to be possessed of remarkable tact and rare good judgment. He began with a careful inspection of the old established routes at Concord, spending considerable time in the consideration of the system from every standpoint. Becoming thoroughly convinced that the system would be an excellent one to have at home, he returned and labored earnestly with the petitioners to secure it, finally receiving the appointment of carrier as his reward. Practically every detail of the work has been left to him to arrange, and, unlike some routes, not a single old soap box, section of worn out stovepipe, or fruit can is doing duty as a receptacle for United States Mail. Instead the boxes are of a uniform size and style, conveniently placed, and for the most part erected on painted posts, showing that the patrons of the service have been made to appreciate its importance.

How different this whole affair is from the condition which existed a few weeks ago. Let us suppose that fifty families on this route were expecting some important letter on this particular afternoon, a letter that it would not be advisable to entrust to "Neighbor Smith's boy," or "Old Man Jones" to carry, in fact a letter of more than ordinary importance. The result would be that fifty people would find it necessary to leave their more important duties and either drive or walk up town, a distance, in this case, of from two to eight or ten miles. Now very few of these same people would hurry around very fast, so the result will be that about fifty people lose an



equal number of half days' work. This is a direct loss to the community. Now all is changed. One man does the same work that it took fifty men to do then, and what is more he does it better. Why? Because that's his business. He also leaves the farmer an opportunity to continue his work with no loss of time. Then again, the farmer may *expect* his letter and drive away up town and be disappointed; that means another trip on the morrow, and another half day's loss of time. At best he rarely hears from the office more than once or twice in a week, and very often it is longer. Now, he knows every day just what mail has arrived and has only to walk down to the front gate to get it. And all this without any added expense to himself save the mere purchase and erection of a suitable box which serves as a receptacle for his mail in case the family are away or not in sight when the carrier arrives.



A VIEW OF FERRY AND "OLD HEN AND CHICKENS" ROCKS OPPOSITE NO. HARTLAND.

That it is an educator has already been evidenced on this route by the way the people are taking an interest in things in general. Houses that have not seen a coat of paint in years are now being painted; fields that never had a fence are now being enclosed; over five miles of highway has been raked free from stones; great boulders which menaced the safety of travelers have been removed; bridges repaired—and all this in less than two months of the service, and the good work is still going on.

The carriers are permitted to do express business, transport passengers and freight, purchase produce, butter, eggs, etc., on their own account in addition to the regular mail service, care being taken that these side issues do not interfere with the service. The pay of carriers is only \$500 a year, yet with an opportunity to do some additional business of this sort most carriers make considerably more. In all cases it is expected that the people will meet the carriers half way in the matter of keeping the roads in good repair and providing suitable boxes for their mail. They seem only too glad to assist in every possible way.

It may be interesting to know how a community goes to work to obtain this service. It must be borne in mind that it was not the intention of Congress to provide a suburban delivery to cities having already a free delivery, nor to establish a village free delivery. The purpose of Rural Free Delivery is to give postal facilities to those who have none; to carry the mails daily to remote rural communities, the residents of which would otherwise have to travel from two to twelve miles to receive their letters and newspapers. The roads must be good. This is an essential pre-requisite to any investigation. No route can be established that is less than from twenty to twenty-five miles in length, or which serves less than one hundred families.

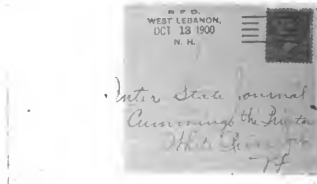


A COLLECTION BOX AND DELIVERY BOXES.

These conditions being favorable in West Lebanon, a rough map showing the proposed route, together with a petition to the First Assistant Postmaster General, signed by those who desired the service, and endorsed by the postmaster, was forwarded to Congressman F. G. Clark, of that district, who, after endorsing it, forwarded the same to the Department. Congressman Clark is deserving of much credit for the interest he took in pushing the matter. After six months the Hon. Everett B. Norton, special agent of the Postal Department, was sent up here to inspect the route. Mr. Norton reported the matter favorably to Hon. E. B. Hathaway, who is agent in charge of the Eastern division. About a month after this report came the order which made West Lebanon Route No. 1 a reality.

Regarding the amount of business handled on this route, the official reports show the total number of pieces delivered and collected on the second trip was 83; one month from that date 139 pieces, and the day the JOURNAL representative looked over the route 204 pieces were handled, showing that business has more than doubled in less than two months.

Mr. Sinclair's substitute carrier is a clerk in his grocery store, Mr. Geo. A. Howe.



THE CANCELLING STAMP OF ROUTE NO. 1.

THE "FIRST NIGHT" AT WOODSTOCK



Woodstock's new Opera House is a gem. Its setting was complete when on the evenings of October 12 and 13 it was first seen by the general public in a burst of dazzling splendor with the added finish given by a

perfect presentation of Denman Thompson's beautiful play, "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley." This entertainment was secured for two evenings in the belief that so many people would wish to attend the First Night opening that they could not possibly be accommodated. The provision was well made. Tickets for the second night sold as readily as for the first and when the second evening arrived, many sat in chairs and on the balcony steps while "standing room only" greeted late comers.

A special train the second evening brought many from White River Junction, Dewey's Mills, Quechee, and Taftsville.

People came in numbers rarely seen at Woodstock performances. Everybody was in attendance. The lowly and the well-to-do, the best society of Woodstock and outlying towns and the city guests at the Inn, all mingled in endless procession on the broad walk, through the spacious entrance of the new building, and up the heavily matted stairways.

And in the matter of dress, the toilettes of the ladies and the faultless attire of their escorts outdid Woodstock. It all promised much for the future of the town.

Within: as one stepped forth into the soft, perfectly lighted auditorium there came a shock, of awe, of pleasure, and in emotional people that rising, swelling fullness in the throat, that unutterable gladness, as the full comprehension came that all this luxuriance was for Woodstock to enjoy for all time. In the balcony at least, the dizziness, the intoxication of the scene was such that one hardly knew the seat had been reached until the gentlemanly usher pressed the checks into your hand and was gone. It seemed so strange to look up and about in this city play-house and see all along the rows the familiar faces of the towns-people, every one drinking in the fullness of the rich occasion.

No picture can ever do justice to the Interior.

Every appointment was perfect.

The lofty, arched roof supports gleamed and glistened in ivory whiteness from many coats of enamel, and each was beset with raised designs in gold. The terra cotta walls, the trimmings of the arched windows, the delicately tinted and ornamented ceiling, the beautiful drop curtain, the decorative designs about it, the carpeted floor and the large quiet audience, all came at a glance.

The balcony towered high, each row a chair higher than the one before it, and with a swiftly whirling electric fan above its highest point to furnish perfect ventilation. The nearness of the balcony to the stage evoked pleasurable comment.

The high-backed opera chairs all over the house were upholstered on the seat, and they were comfortable. Each was equipped with a hat-holder underneath the seat. The passageways were spacious.

The lighting was wonderfully well planned. There was no glare in anyone's eyes, no matter where you sat, and the light was uniform in every part of the house.

The statement that one seat is as good as another is a fact. There are no "best seats" to wrangle over, and no one will ever stay away because "the best seats are sold."

The Inn orchestra and pianist under the matchless leadership of A. E. Ordway were seated in a depression of the floor nearest the foot-lights, separated from the audience by a polished brass rail. The magnificent piano in the center was the gift of Mrs. Frank S. Mackenzie. Lamps with tall standards and beautiful shades placed at each side of the orchestra added their soft glow and gave a parlor-like effect. The whole atmosphere was of refinement.

What a change from the hard red settees and supporting posts of the old Town Hall with its small, bare stage. Some could have wept for joy.

And the play. "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" abounds in pathetic situations. It is a picture of life near the docks of New York, so well depicted that it doesn't seem like a play. It has no superior as a temperance educator, and it is a pity that there are not more plays like it. It is an example of "the good that we can do." There was excellent chorus and solo singing.

It was a good play for the opening night.

The remarkable complete appointments of the Opera House, chairs, scenery, carpets and decoration are due to the generosity and public spirit displayed by one of Woodstock's most prominent men, Mr. Frank S. Mackenzie.

A souvenir program printed by Howes & Sherwin, with terra cotta cover and envelope, was furnished by Mr. Mackenzie.

At the close of the first act on Saturday evening Mr. Frederick C. Southgate made a brief speech of commendation, in which he said that the people of Woodstock were grateful to Mr. Frank S. Mackenzie for the fine equipment of the Opera House and that for years to come people would thank the giver for his generosity. Mr. Southgate closed his remarks with "God bless Frank Mackenzie." The storm of applause which followed showed that Mr. Southgate had but voiced the sentiment of the audience.

And on the second evening there was one bit of pathos that did not emanate from the stage. It was only the work of a piece of mechanism, a village institution, but it smote the conscience of more than one. During a moment of quiet in the third act the Elm street clock told off the hour of ten. The clear, familiar tones seemed to call to the enraptured audience, reproaching them for forgetting that they were still in dear old Woodstock.

The old Woodstock has grown rapidly, but around the new Music Hall a new influence will broaden. The homes of all will be brightened and the entire village and surroundings will be unconsciously raised to even a higher standard.

Fortunate, proud Woodstock!

The Play-Houses of Boston.

BY OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

The theatrical season being in full swing once more, a brief description of the play-houses of Boston will be in order. During the past summer the Hollis Street Theatre has had extensive alterations and repairs, and is now very handsome throughout, the foyer being especially beautiful. Some of the coming attractions at this theatre, are: Francis Wilson and company in his new comic opera, "The Monks of Malabar;" John Hare, the English actor, in "The Gay Lord Ques;" Maud Adams, in "Lagomotti;" Annie Russell, in "A Royal Family;" Mrs. Leslie Carter, in "Zaza;" Julia Marlowe, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and Nat C. Goodwin and wife.

At the Boston Museum, will be seen Mr. James K. Hackett, in "The Bride of Jennico;" Miss Alice Neilson and her opera company in "The Singing Girl;" May Irwin in her new play, "The Belle of Bridgeport;" Andrew Mack, in "The Irish Rebel;" the opera company from Daly's Theatre, New York, in "San Toy;" and Olga Nethersole, in Sapho. These two theatres and the new one now nearing completion on the site of the old Public Library, are all under the management of Rich & Harris. The new theatre will be called the Colonial, and is expected to open early in December with the dramatization of Gen. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur;" now running in New York.

At the Tremont Theatre on October 15th will be seen Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp," a play founded on Thackeray's *Fanny Hill*. On November 15th, the distinguished English actor, Mr. E. S. Willard will begin a seven weeks' engagement. Stuart Robson will be at this theatre beginning December 31st, in "Oliver Goldsmith;" and on January 17th, the rural drama "Way Down East" begins a six weeks' engagement.

The Columbia Theatre is the first Boston theatre to attempt to provide between the acts, refreshments of a liquid nature, which are served to patrons in the "Promenade de Luxe." Smoking is also permitted in all but the orchestra seats. The entertainment provided is high class extravaganza.

At the Boston Theatre, Mr. James O'Neil is playing a long engagement, in "Monte Cristo," and at the Park Theatre, under the same management, is running a dramatization of the popular novel by James Lane Allen, the "The Choir Invisible."

It has been so widely advertised, that I hardly need to mention Mr. Keith's magnificent "continous performance" house. It is said to be the most beautiful theatre in the world. The best vaudeville talent to be obtained is seen here, the house being opened at 12:30 M., and continuing until 10:30 P. M. There is a royal house this season, however, old Music Hall having been altered into a very pretty theatre, known as the Music Hall Museum. Besides the entertainment at this house, there is an exhibition of wax figures of celebrities, brought from the Eden Musee in New York.

The Castle Square Theatre is perhaps the most remarkable theatrical enterprise in this country. It is a large, commodious house, as perfect in all its appointments as any theatre in the City, every seat is a good one from which you can see and hear perfectly. There is a large and first-class orchestra. Popular plays are produced by a stock company made up of players of known ability. Notwithstanding all this, the prices are: for the evening performance, fifty, twenty-five and fifteen cents; and a matinee is given every day, at which the prices are: fifty, twenty-five and ten cents.

In spite of the low prices, the attendance has always been made up of a most respectable class of people, partly, no doubt, on account of the system of subscription seats which obtains. You can select such seats as you desire, and these seats will be retained for you each week, as long as you take and pay for them. Adults purchasing seats for any matinee, are given one seat free for a child. At the matinee on Monday of each week, every lady is given a souvenir box of chocolate bonbons. Elevators are provided to take people to the balconies, and in case of rain, umbrellas are loaned to patrons, free of charge. Visits from out of town may purchase seats and remain through two acts, and then if they wish, or are obliged to go, can have their money refunded.

At the Grand Opera House, situated at the South End, the prices are a little lower than at the houses just mentioned; the entertainment is good however, being principally melodrama and farce comedy.

Near by is the Grand Theatre, which, with the Bowdoin Square Theatre, at the West End, is managed by Dr. Geo. E. Lathrop. Considering the prices charged, the productions are given in a very meritorious manner. I look upon the doctor as quite a philanthropist, in that he enables poor people to spend a pleasant evening, at prices which they can afford. The prices at the Grand are: twenty-five, fifteen and ten cents, at the evening performance; and at the daily matinees, ladies may have any seat in the house for ten cents.

Of the variety theatres there are the Lyceum, the Palace, and the old "Howard" Athenaeum, once the fashionable theatre of Boston. Then there is one of the landmarks of the City—the City—The Museum" on Tremont Row at the head of Hanover street. For fear that somebody might not have a dime, there is on Hanover street, a "Nickelodeon." AMOS WOODBURY RIDEOUT.

THOS. S. SINCLAIR, Fancy Groceries.

HEINZ' SOUR PICKLES, small and better than even Mother used to make,	per lb., 8 cts.
SMALL SWEET PICKLES,	per lb., 15 cts.
HEINZ' INDIA RELISH,	25 cts.
HEINZ' CATSUP,	18 cts.
HEINZ' GREEN AND RED PEPPERS,	16 cts.
HEINZ' APPLE BUTTER in stone jars,	50 cts.
HEINZ' WHOLE STRAWBERRY PRESERVE,	per Jar, 47 cts.
HEINZ' WHOLE STRAWBERRY PRESERVE, in bulk, lb.,	18 cts.
HEINZ' EVAPORATED HORSE RADISH,	16 cts.

Our new Canned Goods arrived this week and are of this year's goods. Every can warranted to be fresh and the prices very reasonable.

Call and inspect a store where the Goods are kept as clean and free from dust as in your own pantry. Does that interest you, or don't you care where your food is kept before you get it?

SINCLAIR'S GROCERY,
WEST LEBANON, N. H.,
IS THE PLACE.

The Effect of Jewels.



"BEAUTY UNADORNED"
IS ALL RIGHT, BUT JUST
ADD A GEM OR TWO FROM
OUR SELECTION AND SEE
THE IMPROVEMENT. ▷
WE HAVE GEMS OF THE
FIRST WATER IN THE
FINEST SETTINGS. ▷

OUR STOCK OF DIAMONDS
IS NOT SURPASSED

Outside of the large cities. In other articles of jewelry, such as Rings, Brooch Pins, and Lorgnette Chains, the designs are rich and beautiful, the assortment large and prices reasonable.

BOGLE BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Jewelers,

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION,

VERMONT.

FOR SALE,

The Medical and General Library

OF THE LATE
DR. C. M. TERRILL,

Containing some RARE BOOKS.

Also a Roll Top Desk, Desk Chair, Ironed Wheel Chair, Manikin, Book Cases, and a lot of Miscellaneous Articles.

Apply to D. A. PINGREE, Admr.
White River Junction, Oct. 10, 1900.

Gibbs & Wheeler,

PROPRIETORS OF JUNCTION HOUSE
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Livery, Feed and
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Good Teams and Careful Drivers.

White River Junction, Vermont.

DINING ROOM.

Meal Tickets
at
reasonable
Rates. 

My Dining Room in the Gates Block open to the public for Meals by Day or Week.

Ice Cream a Specialty.

I endeavor to run a neat, clean place.

I have engaged a first-class cook, and keep on hand a full line of

HOME COOKING, BREAK, ETC.

Turkey or Chicken Pie Dinners, Sundays.

MRS. EDITH TALBERT,

Gates Block, White River Junction, Vt.

JOHN LONG,

 White River Junction, Vermont.

BOOT, SHOE AND RUBBER
REPAIRING.

TURNED WORK AND HAND SEWING A SPECIALTY.

Only first-class Stock used. Prices Right.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

Particular attention paid to Stretching
and Fitting Shoes.

OPPOSITE EDSON & CHADWICK, MAIN STREET.



Home Cookery.

Baked Winter Squash. Cut open the squash, take out the seeds, and without paring cut it up into large pieces, and put on tins or a dripping pan; place in a moderately hot oven, and bake about an hour. When done, peel and mash like mashed potatoes or serve the pieces hot on a dish. To be eaten warm with butter like sweet potatoes. It retains its sweetness much better baked this way than when boiled.

Oyster Stew. Drain all the liquor from the oysters; put it into a porcelain kettle and let it come to a boil; then skim off all the scum. Now turn in the milk, which you have let come to a boil in hot water. (Allow one quart of milk to one pint of oysters.) Stir in also one spoonful of butter or more, salt and pepper to taste. Now put in the oysters, let them boil up once, and serve with a dish of Red Cross Oyster Crackers.

Macaroni in Cream. Wash a pint of macaroni, and then put in a basin with cold milk; set this into another basin with some water, and let it stand on the fire twenty minutes; then take off, and when it gets cold, stir in one teaspoonful of salt and three well-beaten eggs; turn this into a shallow dish, and bake twenty minutes.

Mock Cherry Pie. One cup sliced cranberries, one-half cup seeded raisins, three-fourths cup sugar, one-half cup boiling water, one teaspoonful vanilla. Bake with two crusts. Bake slowly about the time to cook apple pie.

Mrs. H. C. Fellows, Springfield, Vt.

Oyster Pie. Line a tin plate with plain paste, and then put in two dozen oysters, sprinkle with a little pepper, salt and grate on a little nutmeg. Srew in a little butter and cover with a rich paste. Bake twenty minutes, and serve immediately.

Moonshine. Six egg whites, six table-spoonfuls sugar, one cupful jelly, vanilla and whipped cream. Beat the egg whites, then add the sugar, beat for half an hour, then beat in the jelly. Set on the ice. Serve in saucers with the cream flavored with vanilla.

Mrs. Bert Denny Bowen, Springfield.

Prune Pudding. The whites of seven eggs beaten very stiff; a cup of stewed prunes after the stones have been removed, chopped fine; one-half cup of sugar (large one-half cup); little salt. After the eggs have been beaten, stir in the prunes evenly, add the sugar, and bake in a round dish, slowly, a good half hour. To be eaten with plain sweet cream. Everyone likes it.

Mrs. E. Morris, Hartford, Vt.

It Will Pay You

TO CALL AT OUR STORE AND EXAMINE
OUR LARGE ASSORTMENT OF ...

UP-TO-DATE



Furniture

Completing ...

SIDEBOARDS, TABLES,
FANCY CHAIRS, CHAMBER SUITS,
and Patterns. All Prices.

COUCHES and MORRIS CHAIRS,
Mattresses and Springs, Window Shades, Rugs,
Mantles, Art Squares, Children's Carriages,
New Go Carts, easy running, light and
strong. Undertaking Goods.

Baldwin and White Mountain
Refrigerators,

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

WE shall make special efforts to keep the
Best Goods the market affords to meet
the wants of the people. Large shipments of
New Goods are being received daily, quality and
prices to suit purchaser. Call and see them and
you will surely be pleased.

H. H. PECK & Co.,

O'Neil's Block, White River Junction, Vt.

Our Specialty:

 Hot Air Heating

WITH Richmond, Thatcher and
Palace Queen Furnaces
and other styles.

All kinds of City Work; Plumbing; Cist, Rebates,
Slate and Gravel Roofing. 

General Repairing and Jobbing

of every description.

OUT OF TOWN ORDERS BY MAIL
solicited and promptly attended to. It doesn't mat-
ter how large or small the contract is, we can attend
to it.

BILLINGS & SHEDD,

MAIN STREET, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

White River Paper Co.,

WHOLESALE
STATIONERS,

White River Junction, - - Vermont.

CURRENT COMMENT

HOLDS THE RECORD FOR SINGLE SALES.

Scott Tinkham is a hustler. He is the agent for the JOURNAL in Quechees. In the past he has always sold out all copies sent him and made his cash returns to the Publisher without being asked to. He sold 100 copies of the September number, containing the story of the descent of the bold, and also under his place of business, and also obtained several new subscribers. And that too in a place where the JOURNAL is a regular visitor in nearly every home. In a brief note, ordering a second installment of copies Scott wrote, referring to the article, "It is a good account of it." He is a popular man and well deserves the large measure of trade he receives.

TWENTY PER CENT!

That's the profit made in securing new subscribers or renewals for the INTER-STATE JOURNAL. A reliable, pushing agent can secure so many subscribers in a short time. That's \$2. easily earned. This is a tremendously liberal offer. We want to enlarge the JOURNAL's list of friends at once. We want an active representative to secure subscriptions at home in every town and hamlet within 50 miles. Why not begin now?

BOSTON SHOPPING.

This month has seen the rush of popular travel to Boston. At the low rates offered a good many people think it to their advantage to go to the city on a shopping expedition and to see the sights as well. It is an established fact, however, that purchases for one's regular needs can be made as cheaply at home. And, too, you escape the wait and suffocating jam at bargain counters and then as long a wait for your two cents change. A life-long city resident avers that in her opinion many stores put up the price of their goods during the autumn excursion season. However, if—and here's a proposition—if at any time there is an article that you cannot obtain of our merchants at home, the JOURNAL's correspondent will, for a slight commission, make any purchase or transact any business JOURNAL subscribers may require done in Boston or vicinity. Our correspondent's address: Mr. Amos W. Rideout, No. 7 St. Paul St., Boston. All inquiries should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

TWO ELEGANT NUMBERS FREE!

Send in subscription today and so receive the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers free.

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT

WHAT AN EXPERT SAYS OF A JOURNAL "AD."

The New England Grocer is a weekly paper highly prized by every wide-awake grocer. It contains much valuable advice to the trade, reports the state of business in various parts of the country, complete market reports, and keeps the grocer posted generally. One of the many interesting pages is devoted to a department of criticism, on grocers' advertisements, and is conducted by an able and experienced critic, Mr. Shearer. The fearless way in which this gentleman belittles the efforts of many a well-meaning advertiser, and his comment on printers' lack of style, when not up-to-date, is fearful to see. His name is appropriate to the office he holds, for he literally snips some advertisements into little pieces. Therefore when Mr. Edson, of Edson & Chadwick fame, announced that he had sent a copy of the INTER-STATE JOURNAL to Mr. Shearer for comment on his page ad, the ad-smith and printer who constructed the ad, in question felt a little fearful of the returns, booked to appear in the next issue of the Grocer. But this is what Mr. Shearer said:

"Messrs. Edson & Chadwick of West Lebanon, N. H., and White River Junction, Vt., write: 'We send you by today's mail a copy of the INTER-STATE JOURNAL published at White River Junction, Vt. Would like Mr. Shearer's opinion of our advertisement in this magazine.'"

The advertisement occupies a full page and is very attractively set. It is surrounded by an ornamental border. The display lines are in the correct size type, so is the body. It is an excellent advertisement. The heading is a good, plain talk that would benefit many buyers of groceries. It's good solid sense. The items with prices which follow are attractively set forth and the good points are brought out tersely and emphatically.

Altogether it is an excellent advertisement. It is an example for other grocers to follow."

This goes to show that in the opinion of an expert, the JOURNAL is thoroughly in touch with the up-to-date method of presenting an advertisement.

A merchant may be a fine writer and write ads. which will impress the reader if properly presented, but if the printer can not convey the merchant's ideas to the reader by proper style of type and arrangement, the greater part of the convincingness of the ad. is lost. The ad. must be set in accordance with the talk, in accordance with the nature of the business. There's a whole lot of things that enter into the make-up of a first-class ad. and the JOURNAL force is well acquainted with these principles. If an advertiser, send your ads. to the JOURNAL and receive pleasure in seeing that they are constructed properly and convey your idea to the reader. If a reader only, you will find it a pleasure indeed to read the advertisements as well as the reading matter. The printers' art has advanced rapidly in the last few years. The up-to-date advertisements of today are attractive, not repulsive.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATION FOR ADVERTISERS.

The cross and ribbon design on the back cover page of this number was roughly drawn by a JOURNAL artist to fill the need for an attractive design for the full page advertisement in which it appears. If you want an inexpensive design for your advertising, we can make it.

A WELL DRESSED REPRESENTATIVE.

A small advertisement in the JOURNAL does not cost much when the big circulation is considered. And bigger ads cost less in proportion. Some advertisements mediums are read and thrown away. The JOURNAL, never.

Gems from the North Country.

This is a booklet of New Hampshire poems written by MISS GERTRUDE PALMER VAUGHAN of Lebanon, N. H., a popular contributor to the JOURNAL. It is neatly printed on antique paper with a heavy cord-bound cover. It is illustrated with a number of very pretty half-tone pictures. The booklet merits a ready sale. 25c. At the JOURNAL OFFICE.

ACME STEAM LAUNDRY.

NEW MACHINES,
BETTER WORKMEN,
and BETTER WORK.

Give Us a Trial.

WATSON & BABBITT,
PROPRIETORS.

Mrs. G. H. Carl

Wishes to announce that she is now prepared to do **DRESSMAKING**

at her home, South Main Street, White River Junction, Vermont. Cutting, Fitting and Making done in a prompt and satisfactory manner, at

PRICES TO SUIT ALL.



WRITE

E. H. BAGLEY,

White River Junction,
Vermont,

and find out all
about

Acetelyne Gas,

THE GREATEST LIGHT OUT.

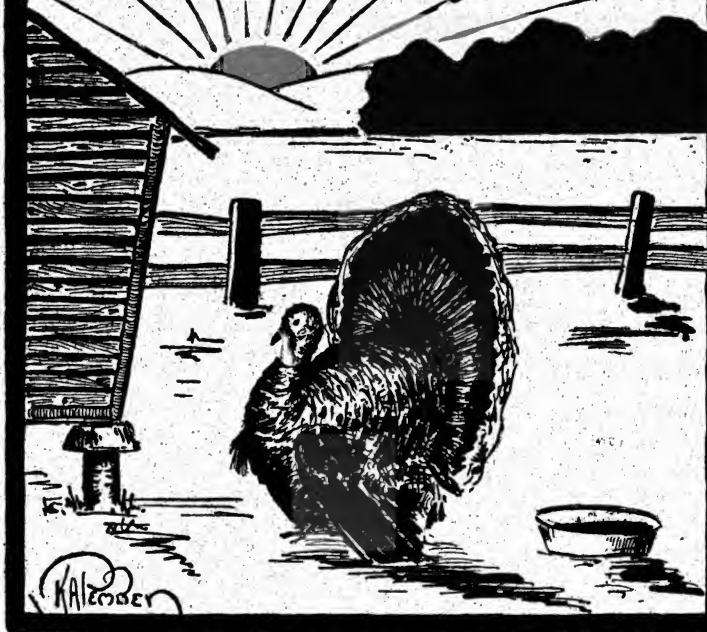
We have recently fitted Geo. W.
Smith & Son's office with this wonderful light.

Vol 2 No 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

10 CENTS A COPY

50 CENTS A YEAR.

INTER-STATE JOURNAL



1900

PUBLISHED BY CUMMINGS THE PRINTER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

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WHY NOT TRY...

HALL'S HAIR TONIC?

If your hair is falling or if you are troubled with dandruff or itching of the scalp.

IT IS WARRANTED.

Manufactured by

ALLAN M. HALL,

White River Junction, - - Vermont.

C. N. KEYES,

Manufacturer of...

Ladies' and Gents'... **Fur Garments.**

Ladies' Seal Garments
a Specialty.

REPAIRED OR MADE UP IN NEW STYLE.

Correspondence Solicited.

C. N. KEYES, Springfield, Vt.

FOR SALE CHEAP!

Encyclopædia Britannica,

WITH

American Revisions and Additions,

25 Volumes.

IN PERFECT CONDITION.

..

MRS. IDA DEWEY,

LEBANON, N. H.

IN MAKING OUT YOUR

LIST OF

HOLIDAY GIFTS

Do not fail to inspect
our line of...

BOOKS.

We have one of the most complete assortments
to be found in Vermont.

WILSON BROS.

Holiday

Perfumes

In Handsome
Packages.



Do not fail to look over our assortment before
completing your Holiday Purchases.

A Handsome Package of Perfume
is always acceptable.

HOWARD DRUG CO.,

White River Junction, Vermont.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

C. H. DORMAN

Wishes to Announce That He Is
Now Ready to Do All Kinds of

PAINTING

AND

PAPER HANGING

FURNITURE DRESSED OVER

at his shop under Fitzpatrick Store

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VERMONT

...IT PAYS...

to buy the best, both for the sake of economy, and the satisfaction
there is in possessing a good article. We have always tried to
meet the demand for this class of Goods, particularly at the

HOLIDAY SEASON.

THIS YEAR WE ARE SHOWING BY FAR

The Finest and Most Select Assortment

... OF ...

Jewelry and Fine Art Goods

EVER SHOWN IN EASTERN VERMONT.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS

MAY BE FOUND IN GREAT VARIETY.

Our window display is the finest ever seen in this part of the Con-
necticut Valley, but our Goods are not all in the window.

If you think of making a handsome gift in our line it will be easy
to make a selection from our magnificent stock.

HARRY A. HOLTON,

Junction House Block, - - - Opposite Railway Station,

White River Junction, Vt.

WATCH FOR OUR CHRISTMAS ADVERTISEMENT.

GOOLD & TARLETON



We carry the
Largest and

Best
Line of
Ready-
Made
Clothing

In the Town of
Hartford,
and our Prices are
Right.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

It will pay you to call and get prices and examine the styles and
quality of our Grindstone Line of Boys' Clothing, and while
you are about it look at our Boys' Ulsters, Reefers, and Sweaters.

Fur Collarettes.—We have them at the right prices. They
range from \$2.25 up to \$12.00.

Rainy Day Skirts.—Light gray, medium gray, Oxford and
brown, plaid or plain blacks; inverted plait in back, stitched
at top and bottom.

Dress Goods.

Some very pretty patterns in the latest fabrics. Zebeline Cloth,
Storm Serges, Flannel Goods, etc.

GOOLD & TARLETON, Wilder, Vt.

Always our specialty—

"The
Finest
Portraits
That
Can
Be
Made."



We do not try
to see how
cheap, but how
GOOD they
can be made.

FELLOW
THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Just look at this list—



FINE PHOTOGRAPHS,
FINE CRAYONS,
FINE WATER COLORS,
FINE SEPIAS,
FINE VIEWS.

"What we say we do we do do."

WE KEEP A GOOD LINE OF...

Cameras and Amateur Supplies

At all times. Our experience may be of some use
to you.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VERMONT.

Central Vermont Railway.

Passenger
Equipment
Unequalled

Short Line Boston and
New England to Mont-
real and other Canadian
points. Rates as low
as any other road.

New and Handsome
Vestibuled Coaches,
and Pullman's most
modern Parlor and
Sleeping Cars on all
through trains.

Quick Time and Sure
Connections can be
relied upon.

For Full Information as
to Rates, Routes, etc.,
call on any ticket
agent, or at Company's
offices.

306 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.,
353 Broadway, New York,

Or address

S. W. CUMMINGS,

General Passenger Agent,

St. Albans, Vt.



WRITE

E. H. BAGLEY,

White River Junction,
Vermont,

and find out all
about

Acetelyne Gas,

THE GREATEST
LIGHT OUT.

We have recently fitted Geo. W.
Smith & Son's office with this won-
derful light.

National Bank of

...White River Junction,

VERMONT.

Authorized Capital, \$200,000. Paid in, \$100,000.

RECEIVES ACCOUNTS OF CORPORATIONS,
MERCHANTS AND INDIVIDUALS.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Reasonable Rental.

Call and Inspect Our Facilities for Doing Your
Business.

GEO. W. SMITH,
PRESIDENT

J. L. BACON,
CASHIER

Dissolution Sale.

HAVING bought the interest of Mr. S. W. COLE, in the firm of
PIKE & COLE, I shall offer Special Inducements to reduce
stock. I have a large line of

**Capes, Jackets, Furs, Dress Goods,
Underwear, Ladies' Furnishings, Shoes,**

and everything usually found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.
Agent for the famous Queen Quality Shoes for women, also for
Standard patterns. The

JEWELRY DEPARTMENT

is replete with a large line of

**Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Sterling Silver, and
Ebony Novelties, Art Pottery, Fancy China, Cut
Glass, Japanese Crochery, Cutlery, Etc.**

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing of all kinds gives special attention.

THE OPTICAL DEPARTMENT

is in charge of Opticians of long experience, who can give you the
best of service in all cases of visual defects.

All Goods and Work Warranted.

Special Attention given to all Mail Orders.

HENRY D. PIKE.



FAYERWEATHER HALL, DARTMOUTH'S NEW DORMITORY.

Photo. by Langell, Hanover.



Inter-State Journal.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED BY CUMMINGS THE PRINTER, SMITH'S BLOCK, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

VOL. TWO—NO. 1. WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., NOVEMBER, 1900.

10 Cents a Copy.
50 Cents a Year.

FAYERWEATHER HALL, DARTMOUTH'S NEW DORMITORY.

This beautiful new dormitory which has just been added to Dartmouth College is a striking example of utility and art. We often see buildings which appear beautiful from an exterior view yet are remarkably inconvenient in their interior arrangement; again we find buildings whose interior arrangement is all that could be desired but with an exterior appearance that is not especially pleasing. In Fayerweather Hall however, the Architect seems to have carefully avoided either extreme, and the result is a structure whose equal would be hard to find even among the larger and more pretentious colleges.

It is situated on the east side of the College Campus, in the rear of the row of old dormitories, being exactly 130 feet east of old Dartmouth Hall, with the front on the same level, while the rear is some ten feet lower affording an easy access to the basement. From an architectural standpoint it resembles the Colonial style, still it is not a pure Colonial, differing in several little details. In size it is 32 feet wide by 100 feet long. It is constructed mainly of brick, with granite base and window sills, wood cornice and slate roof. Three entrances are provided on the front, and three on the rear, while numerous windows on all sides insure ample lighting. All exterior wood-work is painted white forming a pleasing contrast with the more sombre colors of brick and granite.

While the building is all that could be desired in its exterior appearance, the interior arrangement especially shows the touch of an artist. Every foot of space is utilized, still the students are not crowded. There are single rooms and rooms in suites, each having at least one outside window and many two or more. Two brick fire-walls extend from basement to roof dividing the building into three sections; the centre section being four stories high and the ends three. Each floor in each section accommodates about eight men with study rooms, sleeping apartments, and a complete bath room and closet. The total capacity of the building is eighty-five men, and every room is now occupied. The interior finish of the halls is oak and plaster and the rooms cypress and plaster, all woodwork being finished in the natural colors. An examination of an average apartment for one student shows a study room twelve feet, nine inches by twelve feet, six inches, with two large windows; a sleeping apartment adjoining measuring seven feet by six feet, six inches, with one window; and a clothes press, three feet by six feet, six inches. This costs the student ninety-five dollars for the school year, with heat and care. Other rooms range in price from forty to one hundred and sixty dollars.

Steam from a centrally located heating plant is used in this new hall in common with most of the college buildings. This plan of heating has proved the best and most economical one, having but very few disadvantages. Electric lights are provided throughout the building making it an ideal home for the small army of students who reside there.

The plan of dividing up a building with fire-walls while not a new idea is an excellent one, and the advantages gained are obvious. Much of the space usually taken up by long corridors is utilized for rooms, and in addition to the fire protection, greater quiet and a more secluded, homelike air is secured. The bath rooms are the only interior rooms and to provide for lighting these, light wells have been arranged which serve the double purpose of lighting and ventilating.

The necessary funds for the erection of this new dormitory came from a bequest of the late Daniel B. Fayerweather, a wealthy leather merchant of New York, who in his will divided up the major part of his immense fortune among about a dozen of the larger colleges. It may be remembered that his heirs took exceptions to this will and contested the matter in the courts.

The Architect who designed Fayerweather Hall was Mr. C. A. Rich of New York, and the builder W. C. Edwins of West Chelmsford Mass. The foundations were laid in November, 1899. The work was resumed the following April and completed ready for occupancy at the beginning of this present term.



DESIGN ON FRONT OF DORMITORY.

Most of us feel quite interested in Old Dartmouth, and it may be gratifying to know that this institution is steadily growing in public favor. Last year there were seven hundred and twenty-eight students enrolled, while at present the number is near the eight hundred mark. To accommodate all these, new buildings are being constantly added. The next addition to Dartmouth will be a Commons and Club Building to be erected on the opposite corner from the Wheelock Hotel, having a frontage of eighty feet on the Campus and one hundred and seventeen feet on Wheelock street, with an addition from the west end of Wheelock street of one hundred and thirty-three feet.

This "Commons" building will be unlike anything at Hanover, and after a careful examination of the proposed plans the JOURNAL is able to state that it will be the most welcome addition to Dartmouth of this century. It is designed to be three stories in height. The first floor to include a dining room, fifty by eighty feet, with a seating capacity of two hundred, a library and reading room, several rooms for headquarters of the various college organizations, in fact a general meeting place where all are equal. The building will have a circular piazza thirty feet wide and extending completely around the two fronts, designed as a lounging place for students. On the second and third floors rooms will be fitted up for dormitory purposes.

The building will be the most beautiful, architecturally, at Dartmouth. It will be dedicated as a feature of the Webster centennial.

GRANITE STATE FOLKS.

III—"WHO 'LIZY JANE LUZY WUZ" AS TOLD BY DELILAH HOPKINS.

By
FRED FERDINAND MOORE.

Copyrighted 1900, by the Author.



The Holy Eight Sewing Circle had convened in Mrs. Stacks' sitting room. Mrs. Barnaby, proud of her new waist, was there, and Mrs. Mason was looking cheerful, although she had just read a letter from Bert, in which he said he was not coming home for six months. The other five were seaming and stitching, including Delilah Hopkins, whom it is hardly necessary to mention, as she speaks for herself.

"Delily is wound up for a lot of gab, this time, I'm sure," whispered Mrs. Major to the hostess.

"Yes," cautiously replied Mrs. Stack, "She'll talk us deaf, dumb and blind. I wish she would resign."

"Heh, heh, heh!" giggled Delilah, as though she had overheard the conversation, "I never'll fergit the time 'Lizy Jane Luzy cheated the tin-man outer four cents."

"Who was 'Lizy Jane Luzy'?" inquired Mrs. Wimple, a new comer in Edgeville.

"Why! Is it possible that there is a livin' mortal who never heard of 'Lizy Jane Luzy'? Her first name—'Lizy—wuz about the tenth word I learned when I wuz learnin' t' talk."

"Goodness knows, whoever learned you t' talk, made a slick job of it," whispered Mrs. Stack to her nearest neighbor.

"What did you say, M'randy? Now I know you said if anybody could tell who she wuz, I could, an' so I can, 'cause her mother 'n my mother 'n the minister's wife's sister wuz awful thick when I wuz small, an' 'Lizy had great hopes fer me; she uster chuck me under the chin an' smile an' show her teeth—she had false ones—an' say how I wuz goin' to grow up inter a han'some young lady an' be a Prisdint's wife, but I never fulfilled the last part of her prophesy, 'cause I wouldn't merry the best livin' man, an' I've had three offers, too. Heh, heh, heh! Well, 'Lizy Jane Luzy wuz the darter of Jefferson Q. Luzy an' Hope Jelkins—Hope had a mole on her nose an' allus wuz hopin' 'twould drop off—but the Jelkins's wuz a low set anyway, an' I've heard 'twas said when J. Q. Luzy married Hope, 'twould hev been better fer him if he'd jumped inter Skunk Holler Crick, an' drowneded himself. The minister told me he carried the idee that there wuz a skiltlin in the closet of the Luzy family, but I took the pains t' look inter ev'ry closet they had, an' I didn't see no skiltlin, but if I did I know I would have fainted right away, 'cause ole bon's an' blood allus made me de'thly sick; he might hev mean't the little closet back of the saller door; I never looked inter it for fear of rats, but if there wuz a skiltlin in the house, that's where 'twas."

"The night that 'Lizy Jane was burned, her father fell inter th' crick an' was drowneded when he wuz goin' t' tell his brother Hamilton there wuz a new Luzy in town. The neighbors allus throwed it in her face when they wuz mad at her, an' told her that her father drowneded himself after he got one look at her, but that wuz downright meanness, 'cause 'Lizy Jane Luzy wuz good lookin' an' she oughter be, seen's her Aunt Jane on her mother's side wuz an oncomin' pretty girl, an' her aunt 'Lizy on her father's side wuz han'some enough to be married four times, an' two of her husband's wuz school teachers, one wuz a hoss doctor an' the last an' best lookin' one wuz a Jes-tice of the Peace, which wuz sayin' a good 'eal in them days."

"Who's that coming up the road?" asked Mrs. Wimple.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Stack, "some of the new boarders down t' Suglin's; they're goin' up to the paster to play goff. The's a links up there."

"A lynx!" exclaimed Delilah, "Why, I shouldn't think they'd want'er traipse 'round after wild-cats! Ain't they 'fraid'?"

"I don't know whether they be chain-links or fence links or sassaige links, but they use 'em t' play games with, an' from what Si Suggins says 'bout 'em, I guess they're sunthin' like saw-horses."

"You mean they're goin' t' play goff," said Delilah, "I saw that girl in the red waist carryin' a lot of sticks in an umbrella case; she's got it now too."

"Yes," put in Mrs. Barnaby, hoping Delilah would forget about 'Lizy Jane Luzy, "Si Suggins was atellin' Mose she was up there yesteday, yellin' 'Four', and talkin' about 'tea' all the time. He thought maybe she was goin' to have tea somewhere about four o'clock."

"That makes me think M'randy," said Delilah, "Would you mind drawin' me some of your Fermosey? Your tea does my heart good. I wonder what that thinnish feller does for a livin'."

"I hear he's an author," said Mrs. Stack, in rather a frigid tone, as she went into the kitchen.

"A nawther! Heh, heh, heh! I wonder if he writes novels."

"There goes your work-basket! Yes, he was down t' the store with one of his friends, and somebody said he was catchin' characters; he don't want 'Lias t' catch him hookin' nothin'. Say, ain't that Mose over there by that stun wall?"

The sewing circle went to the window. "That's Mose and Jim Berry," said Delilah. Mrs. Barnaby raised the window.

"Mose," she shouted, "Mose, where be you agoin' of?"

She did not hear his reply.

"What did he say?"

"He said he was goin' t' show Jim a bee-tree."

"I'll bee-tree you when I git home," she shouted. "Now did you ever see such a man? I left him sawin' wood. He's headed for Bartlett's cider, that's where he's goin'. Wait till I git home."

Mose slunk out of sight, and the sewing circle resumed business.

"Let's see," said Delilah, "I wuz tellin' about 'Lizy Jane Luzy. Where wuz I?"

"Never mind 'Lizy; have some tea," said Mrs. Stack.

"You had it all ready, M'randy, didn't you. You know how my heart bothers me. M'randy!" -- addressing the circle--"knows I have palpitation, 'cause she has it herself, an' nobody knows what palpitation is unless they have palpitation themselves. Why, my heart palpitates awful sometimes!"

"Her heart bothers her in more ways than one," whispered Mrs. Barnaby, from behind her hand.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Stack, "Her tongue palpitates awful, too."

"Well, 'Lizy come to a sad end—"

"For goodness sake end her!" exclaimed Mrs. Barnaby, losing patience, "we want to talk about the new minister."

"There you go now! You allus want to talk 'bout somebody else when I want to talk about somebody. This sewin' circle 'll be busted, first thing we know, an' if 'tis, don't blame me."

"As I was a sayin', Mis' Wimple, 'Lizy come to a sad end and—"

"Here 'tis most four o'clock," said Mrs. Mason, rising as if to leave, "and I left Mary takin' care of the baby; and he's always a jammin' suthin' in his mouth; I expect to find him full of shoe buckles and bureau drawer nubs when I git home."

"I should think you'd be afraid he'd git into the fly-pizen," said Mrs. Stack.

"Well, when Bert was a baby he drank most a whole bottle of mucilage an' then et a package of corn starch right on top of it."

"Land sakes alive! I should a thought he'd choked. What did you give him for an aunty-dote?"

"What's that?"

"Why, a cure for pizenin', of—"

"Mis' Stack!" said Delilah, sharply, as she faced the hostess.

"Yes, Delily."

The sewing circle held its breath, for Delilah's manner portended an outbreak.

"Did you know I was talkin'?"

"I knew it Delily."

"Did you know Mis' Wimple is waitin' to hear who 'Lizy Jane Luzry wuz?"

"Yes, but I—"

"Did you know it is a breach of etiket to interrupt when anybody is talkin'?"

"Delily Hopkins, it ain't a breach of etiket to stop a thrashin' machine. If you think you can talk at the rate of forty miles a minit, and drown everybody out, I tell you you're wrong. I didn't pay you five dollars towards my new dress and give you most seven yards of lace for nothin', to have you come in my house and sass me, and give me any lectures on Edgeville etiket, nor slander 'Lizy Jane Luzry's good name. If you don't like this sewin' circle or the way it's run, you can git right out now, and there won't nobody bawl themselves to death. You can like or lumpit, just as you please!"

"I didn't mean t' sass you, M'randy," said Delilah, cringing under Mrs. Stack's cutting rebuff.

"Good by Mis' Mason; I hope you'll find the baby all right. Yes, it does look as though 't would rain 'fore night."

"There she goes," began Mrs. Barnaby, anxious to make peace by changing the subject, "she thinks her children is better'n anybody elses. Mose says that women don't know so much as a yaller bed-steed, an' I guess it's so."

"Bert won't never settle down here," said Mrs. Major.

"I don't see why he won't; he was brung up here."

"Yes, but he wrote to Bill, and from what he said he knows everybody here is down on him; he feels kinder sore on Edgeville people since that Fourth o' July racket. He feels just as though everybody was agin' him, an' I kinder think they are."

"You can go on with the Luzry biography," said Mrs. Stack, speaking to Delilah.

"Heh, heh, heh!" giggled the latter, much relieved at the restoration of peace, "I knew, M'randy, you wuz as interested as anybody. Well, I kinder got ahead of my story, Mis' Wimple. 'Lizy had two brothers who come out bad. They wuz allus a thievin' pair, but never seemed to git found stealin' anything. They went around with the Powell boy most all the time, when they wuz growin' up."

"Finally they stold a hoss, an' got ketcht at it, same as all buglars do. The young one broke his neck in a pair of bars, tryin' to get away from the sheriff; 'twas a good thing they done it then, 'stead of waitin' a few years an' put the state to the trouble an' expense of doin' it, 'cause he would have wound up on the gallus anyway."

"There wuz more'n a dozen stories out about the other one—his name wuz John; named after a relation of his who wuz a



FRED F. MOORE.

tax collector—some said he went off up into Vermont an' hung himself; others said he went down below and enlisted in the Salvation Army, or wuz a sailer in the navy. Sim Sard, who wuz out West, said John wuz in Utah, an' jined the Mawmams, had eleven wives, an' sixty-four children called him 'paw', but I swan I don't believe it."

"It seems as if—"

A terrific pounding on the kitchen door caused the sewing circle to suspend operations and all rushed to the kitchen. Mrs. Stack opened the door, and Lizum, very much excited and out of breath, demanded: "Whar's Joe's resolver?"

"What in the world do you want with Joe's revolver? Who be you goin' to murder?" and Mrs. Stack looked at Lizum as though she doubted his sanity.

"Ah was down dar on de railroads," and he pointed over his shoulder with his thumb, "an' some little birds she's come an' sit right on front side of a telawire pole, an' bam by she's go bum—bum—bum, wid his mouth, an' den he's shook his h'ear lak he ant lak it some more, an' den he's go bumbumbum lak dat, an' den he's flop his h'ear 'gen lak some other tam an' flew 'way."

"For the land sake! What color was he, Lizum?"

"Wal, he's green, an' he's blue, an' he's yaller, an' he's red, an' he's pink, an' when she's flew it's look lak white. Probly Ah'll git him, if you lemme take Joe's resolver, you can't know."

"Joe's revolver," said Mrs. Stack, slowly closing the door, "is broke, you could have it, if it wa'n't."

"All right," said Lizum, and he started in search of someone who would loan him a firearm.

"Delily," whispered Mrs. Stack, on the way to the sitting room, "you cut your Luzry story short. You are damaging all the Luzry children. Now you mind what I say."

The sewing circle sat down and resumed work.

"'Lizy Jane Luzry wuz a sister to them buglars, and" she concluded, as she looked at Mrs. Stack in her most killing manner, "that's who 'Lizy Jane Luzry wuz."

BIG GAME IN VERMONT.

About 120 deer were killed in Vermont in the last days of October and 45 of them were killed in Windsor County. There were probably 20 more, unlawfully shot or wounded and of course not reported by hunters who were too badly rattled to make sure the game had horns before they fired. And yet there are deer and deer which escaped the hunters. A considerable number of bears were also brought in. Verily, owing to the protective law on deer, the State is becoming a hunter's paradise. It seems almost as if we were living 50 or 75 years back to have large game so abundant.

The falling off in the farming population as shown by the census is not wholly to be deplored as it is giving the game in our noble Green Mountains a little larger range. We used to think the hunter after big game must go to Canada or to the Maine forests or to the wider parts of the West to find good shooting. Now the local papers of this country each week are replete with mention of deer seen in nearly every town.

In driving along one of the main roads leading up the Connecticut Valley within seven miles of this noisy railway center the writer saw three deer lying down in a strip of pasture between the road and the railway track. They were a little below the road and within four rods but they made no movement until the carriage stopped. A freight train had passed that way not twenty minutes before so they must have been in the vicinity when it passed and were not alarmed. While the writer was reaching for the camera always carried on such trips the three deer came to their feet, although one remained lying a moment longer than the others, and they walked by the side of a wire fence for a little distance, leaped it easily, crossed a strip of waste land and then came to the track. Here they hesitated a moment, and with noses to the ground carefully felt their way across, standing for an instant in a little group between the rails. Then, apparently feeling that they were safe they took a high wire fence, each in the same spot, one after another, in the straightest, highest, prettiest, most graceful leap imaginable and they did it easily. The last one struck the top strand with his hoof making quite a noise at which they all raced up the bank and across a meadow into the woods by the river. It was a pretty sight. There was time enough as they moved away to get four snap shots with the camera and it was a precious opportunity not to be lost. But it was four o'clock in the afternoon and the hills kept back the sun. As is usually the case when the most desirable subjects present themselves unexpectedly none of the plates were perfect enough to reproduce here.

A VICTIM OF THE SALOON.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR, HARVARD, VT.

In my younger days while attending school in the town of S— I became acquainted with a young girl in whom I at once felt a deep interest and we soon became devotedly attached to each other. She was at the time about sixteen years of age and was being educated by an uncle who seemed to have no particular interest in her or love for her but merely wished to do his duty and as she was left an orphan at a tender age, she seemed to cling to me as to a mother. Although but three years her senior there seemed to be a much greater difference for while I was young and strong she seemed a tender little ivy.

To describe her beauty as it impressed me will be impossible. I may tell you of her rose-tinted complexion, the lovely golden hair, the eyes of blue and teeth of pearl, yet that will not express it at all. There was an intangible something which words of mine fail to portray. It was as though a ray from Heaven illumined her sweet face.

I loved that child. Although a plain woman myself, I have always been an ardent admirer of beauty in my sex, and hers was a beauty of the soul as well as loveliness of the body.

About a year from the time our acquaintance began she met a young man in whom she soon became interested. He was of fine personal appearance, an excellent scholar, possessed of an abundance of this world's goods, moving in the best circles and yet I feared for my darling—and why? Because I knew him to be a frequent visitor at the near-by saloon—knew that he indulged in the wine cup—not to excess 'tis true, but I knew only too well to what it would lead. I prayed that my dear friend might be spared the troubles I feared for her, but in his way, not mine was answered my prayer.

Months passed by and I observed that the habit was growing upon him. Then I remonstrated with her, I pleaded with her, but to no purpose. In all other things abiding in what she called my better judgment, in this she would not, could not heed me. She would only say, "I can not give him up. It is my fate," and I knew that against her own reason and judgment, she was by his influence being drawn into a marriage which would bring—but I read on this sad story of love and fate.

On her eighteenth birthday they were married, he promising from that day henceforth to drink no more, but alas for resolves made while the saloon, that hideous monster, stands in the doorway and demands "Your money and your life, and gets both.

Their home was small but even luxuriously furnished, everything seeming to have been prepared for the abode of happiness and for a time they were very happy—he seemed to be content with his better way, but gradually came the change. I could see that she was troubled and too well I knew the cause—knew he had gone back to his old companions, back to the saloon, back to the wine cup. I sought to relieve her poor breaking heart by words of sympathy, for I knew that brave wife as she was she would never break the silence even to me, her dearest friend, but as the tears ran down her cheeks she only said, "You are so kind to me," and at the conclusion of my visit as she kissed me goodbye, she said "Do not grieve for me. It is my fate."

About this time I went for a visit among relatives living at a distance, with whom I remained for several months.

Upon my return to the little village it was early morn. As I stepped from the train the sun was just rising. The birds were singing their welcome to a lovely day.

As my walk would take me past the home of my friend I resolved to call and give her an early surprise. We had so loved the early morn in the old school days.

I walked rapidly, full of anticipation. I opened the gate. I lifted the latch—and Oh, Heaven!—right across the little hallway lay the husband in a drunken sleep, while from the room beyond came groans of pain which seemed a union of physical and mental agony.

I sprang past the prostrate form and rushed into the room where upon the bed lay the gentle wife, my dear Annie.

I saw at a glance that she was dying. I took her hand and kissed her lips. She opened her eyes—she knew me, and again, for the third time she said, "Mary, it is fate. Be kind to my husband and save him from the saloon if you can," and she was dead, gone in her youth and loveliness. Stooping, I closed her eyes, smoothed her brow, and turning, left the room.

I went to her husband and shook him by the arm. He opened his eyes and with a bound came to his feet. I said; "Young man, follow me," and as one in a trance he obeyed me. He spoke no word, he expressed no surprise. When near the bedside I said, "Behold your work, behold the wife whom your conduct has murdered—behold her who has died for want of timely aid while you lay drunk. But she forgave it all. Her last thought was of your redemption; her last words, "Be kind to my husband and save him if you can."

At these words he was sobered. At these words he broke down and wept like a child, nay, not as a child, but as *strong men weep*.

At sight of his suffering my indignation subsided and the spirit of the good Samaritan entered my heart and I said, "Though she be dead, let it be yours to prove that her life has not been in vain. Be a man once more. For the sake of your aged mother, for the sake of your dead wife, for the sake of all humanity, turn from the wine cup!" Rising, he came again to the bedside of his wife and placing his hand upon her head, as in blessing, he said, "With God's help your last prayer shall be answered. With God's help I will be saved."

We robbed her sweet form in her bridal robes and at sunset of the next day we laid her away to await the eternal morn. It was her nineteenth birthday, and just a year since her marriage.

Turning from the grave, taking the hand of her husband, I said, "As you hope for Heaven, so keep your vow. Goodbye."

In a broken voice he replied, "With God's help, I will."

I soon left home for a protracted stay and after eight years I again visited the grave of my old friend. It was evening and there pervaded that hush of peace and quietude which at some time in your life you may have experienced.

As I approached there stood near by a young man. Although much changed, I knew him. No words were needed to tell me of his reform and I said as he stepped forward, offering his hand, "His death was your redemption."

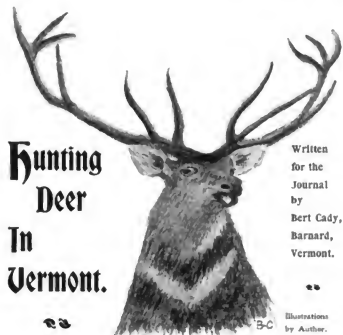
He then told me of his terrible struggle, with the saloon so near, and that but for his guardian angel he would never have been able to keep his vow. But as time passed on the appetite for strong drink had left him.

He invited me to his home, there to meet his wife whom he had married three years before, and as he showed me the little twin girls he said "These are Mary and Annie."



TO HELP THE JOURNAL GROW.

If you have not renewed your subscription to the INTER-STATE JOURNAL please send in the 50 Cents at your earliest convenience. The price is placed VERY LOW so that the JOURNAL may gain an enormous circulation. The bigger the edition each month the better things we shall have. Send your mite and subscribe for a friend at the same time. To Jan. 1902, 50 Cts.



Hunting Deer In Vermont.

Written
for the
Journal
by
Bert Cady,
Barnard,
Vermont.

Illustrations
by Author.

Vermont is getting to be a favorite hunting ground for the New England sportsman. The stocking of the forests of the State with deer by the Game League is a grand thing. It is one way of solving the much talked of problem of utilizing the abandoned land. These old abandoned farms make excellent pasturage for big game. Back on the hills you can take your pick of old farm houses, quite equal to a hunting lodge in Scotland, which would cost you hard money anywhere but in Vermont.

Anyone with a taste for athletic sports can not fail to enjoy a few days hunt in the beautiful month of October. If there is anything grand in the form of nature it is the Vermont hills at this season. With pure air, many colored foliage and a carpet of rustling leaves, —not too rustling—and a deer waiting for you, it is not strange that one is drawn from his occupation to the woods.

The hunter who takes down the old army musket or his new fangled sixteen shooter and starts out with the determination to bring in a 300 pound buck may tramp eight or ten miles and see nothing bigger than a hedgehog. And when this hunter gets started toward home he feels, as a friend of mine says, "a sort of all-goneness."

Such was my luck this year, six days of hard tramping and hunting and not even the sight of a doe or fawn.

I began to think I should have to go back to Michigan to get another deer. I had been fortunate enough to get one every year until this, up to the last day of October.

On the morning of the last day of the open season I started early and took my dinner along, not intending to return home until night. I hid the horse in a barn on one of those abandoned farms, about two miles from Barnard village, took my dinner and my Colt's 38-40 Magazine rifle and with my boy started across the valley toward another range of hills. We went about two miles and though I found deer tracks we saw no game. We crossed Locust Creek and began climbing a hill beyond. I have seen steeper and grander mountains but that one was steep enough for me. As I started up I noticed the sun was just beginning to shine on the top of the hill and as I looked I saw a lone sheep so far above me that I began to wonder how we were ever going to get up or it was going to get down.

When we got to the top I marked my way over fallen logs and through brush for about a quarter of a mile and then struck out into clear woods on a ridge. I followed the ridge about 200 yards, when, looking down into a flat bit of ground in the woods I saw a deer. He looked large to me but I was afraid I couldn't hit him, he was so far below me. I aimed low down on him and the ball struck him back of the shoulder. He dropped, but up he came before I could get to him, the trees were so thick. I wanted to get a clear chance at him if he was going to run. I gave him one in the shoulder and he went down again, and then I shot him through the heart and that put him out of distress and bled him at the same time. I found the first shot had gone through him, piercing the liver.

We took him by the horns and snaked him down the hill. We had to pull him over two or three logs but except for that it was a pretty slick way to move him. After we came to an old logging road it was clear sailing for a quarter of a mile, until we came to the public road. Then we got the horse and buggy and with the help of two men loaded him in and took him to Woodstock.

I must say I felt very well until I overheard the conversation of two gentlemen: Will H— says to Fred S— "How much do you think it took to get him?" "Well," F— says, "I should think by the size of his horns it took about two gallons."

Thus it is in life. When your cup of happiness is about full, somebody's gill will turn it to wormwood.

The deer weighed two hundred and thirty-six pounds. He was four years old and had a nice pair of antlers. I am having the head mounted.

Although our state will never be as well stocked with game as Maine or Minnesota, as our waste land is not in as large tracts, we should be thankful for the blessings we do receive.

Of Interest to Holiday Buyers.

The Holiday season is at hand. Watch the announcements of dealers who advertise in the JOURNAL and you can not err in finding the best places in which to do your buying. Every firm represented in this number is of excellent standing and their statements can be absolutely relied upon. And withal, you will be courteously waited upon, whether you purchase or not.

The firms which are enabled to advertise continuously are the ones upon whose Goods and methods of doing business the public has placed approval, and these firms will give you the best possible values.

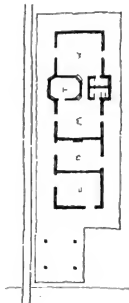
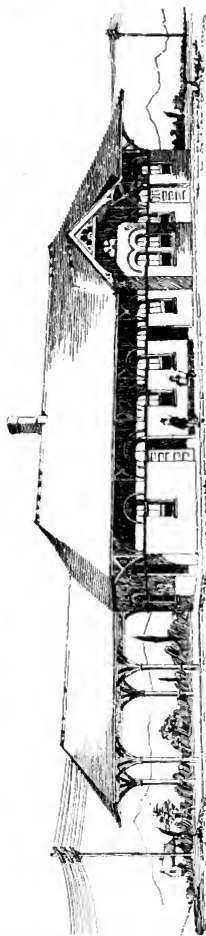
If inconvenient to call, send by mail the amount of the purchase you wish to make and your request will receive careful and immediate attention. It is possible to receive a response from a White River Junction firm twenty-four hours quicker than from most other points.

A JOURNAL representative calls upon every advertiser before each issue with the result that JOURNAL advertisements are ever new and seasonable and quite as interesting as the literary pages.

The CHRISTMAS number of the JOURNAL will be out early in the month and will contain advertisements of special interest to intending purchasers.



THE NEW RAILWAY STATION AT WINDSOR, VT.



FLOOR PLAN

Windsor may well feel proud of her new, modern Railway Station now in course of construction.

The new building is several rods south of the Station heretofore in use, being just south of the crossing and on the westerly or village side of the tracks.

With the completion of the new Station the travelling public will no longer have occasion to pass over the dangerous crossing now in use.

The new building will be a good type of a modern Railway Station and is being built after the standard design of the Central Vermont Railway Company.

The total length of the building will be 91 feet while

the length of the platform will be 138 feet. On the track side a platform 14 feet wide will extend the whole length of the building and at the north end a covered platform will continue 40 feet beyond the end of the building.

The building will contain two large waiting rooms, 24 feet square, connected by an arched hallway, on the one side of which is the ticket and telegraph office and on the other side, the lavatories.

The inside finish will be of No. 1 yellow pine sheathing arranged in panels, both on the side walls and overhead. The seats will be birch veneer, side seating.

Two large store rooms for baggage and express will occupy the north end of the building and underneath these two rooms will be a cellar for the heating apparatus which will consist of a modern hot water heater.

The walls will be of buff pressed brick, with window and door sills of Barre granite. The roof will be covered with the best quality of unfading black slate.

The building will be lighted throughout with electric lights.

The new Station will cost about \$10,000. The Contractors are Mason & Co., of Burlington, who state that the work will be completed about the first of January, 1901.

HON. FRANK D. CURRIER,

Representative to Congress from the 2d New Hampshire District.

ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF THE GRANITE MONTHLY, PUBLISHED
AT CONCORD, N. H.



Hon. Frank D. Currier, of Canaan, is a leading representative of the younger generation of Grafton County lawyers. He was born in Canaan, October 30, 1853. He received his education in the common schools of his native town, the Concord High school, and Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, finishing with a special course in Dr. Hixon's private school in Lowell, Mass. Choosing the legal profession as the most congenial field of effort, he commenced study for the same in the office of Pike & Blodgett, at Franklin, and finished with the late George W. Murray, in Canaan, and was admitted to the bar at Plymouth in 1874, at the age of twenty-one years. He spent the greater portion of the year 1875 in traveling in the West and on the Pacific coast, quite extensively in California, but finding no location that suited him better, he returned home, and in 1876 opened an office and commenced practice in his native town, where he soon acquired a profitable business.

Living in a "close town," where partisan controversy was generally sharp, and having a natural "bent" for politics he soon became a leader of the Republican party in the town, and in 1878 was chosen a member of the legislature, taking an active part in the work of the following session, in which he served as a member of the house committee on revision of the laws and as chairman of the committee on mileage. His interest and activity in political work soon extended beyond town limits, and his skill and tact in the management of partisan affairs

came to be so fully recognized that in the campaign of 1882 he was made Secretary of the Republican State committee, a position which he filled with signal ability for four successive campaigns.

Meanwhile he was elected clerk of the New Hampshire senate for the legislature of 1883 and again in 1885; in the campaign of 1886 he was chosen Senator in his district and upon the assembling of the legislature in June following, although a new member, his special fitness for the presidency of the senate was promptly recognized—his experience as clerk having given him unusual advantage—and his incumbency as the presiding officer was characterized by a readiness of action and fairness of conduct which had never been surpassed.

He was also a delegate to the Republican National convention in Chicago in 1884. In 1890 he was appointed by President Harrison naval officer of customs at the port of Boston, one of the most honorable and lucrative offices under the general government that ordinarily comes to a New Hampshire man, and which has been held, indeed, for a long series of years by citizens of the Granite state. His administration of this office was most thorough and efficient, so thorough that at the close of his term, in 1894, he received the written commendation and congratulation of the board of special agents appointed by the Cleveland administration, then in power, to examine and report upon the condition of the customs business at that port, for the highly creditable and satisfactory condition in which the business of the office was found.

At the close of his term in the naval office, Mr. Currier resumed the practice of his profession in Canaan, in which he has since been successfully engaged, but has not neglected to give his party the benefit of his service upon the stump, where he is a pleasing and effective speaker.

In November, 1898, he was again chosen by his townsmen as a Representative in the legislature, and, was made Speaker of the House, handling the duties of the position in a manner seldom equaled.

The present year Mr. Currier was nominated for Congress in the 2nd New Hampshire District by acclamation and elected by a plurality of 9,995.

Mr. Currier is prominent in the Masonic order, being a member of Social Lodge, St. Andrew's Chapter, and Sullivan Commandery. He is also a member of Mt. Cardigan Lodge, Knights of Pythias of Canaan, and of Indian River Grange, Patrons of Husbandry.

Mr. Currier was united in marriage May 31, 1900, with Mrs. Adelaide (Rollins) Sargent, establishing his home in a handsome and finely appointed residence, erected that year at the corner of Depot and School streets in Canaan Village.

Mr. Currier has a taste for reading and has a large and well selected miscellaneous library.



RESIDENCE OF HON. FRANK D. CURRIER.

A SILENT SUFFERER.

By MISS MARIE REED, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

It was a beautiful evening in June. I was sitting at the open window. A soft breeze blew through the room, and the silvery moon-beams glistened like jewels on the various objects outside.

A scene of peace and contentment. Strangely, however, a sense of loneliness came over me, for I was thinking of the many in the great metropolis to whom life was a never ending round of pleasure. I wondered why I was doomed to the drudgery of a teacher's life, with its endless repetition of precept and practice and its apparently vain results. The same monotonous story had been mine year after year. How I yearned for a change, for something outside of my every day experience.

Even while I thought it came. The door bell rang, and a little girl came in. I recognized her as one I had seen on my way to school near her home in a poor street of the city. She was not one of my pupils but I had noticed the bright, intelligent face and learned that her name was Lelia. We had bowed and smiled at first and then we spoke. One day she had walked with me almost to the school door. After that we became quite friends and I always watched for her on my way to my school and learned to miss the winsome little face if she was not visible.

This was the first time she had come to my room. She held in her hand a little note. She gave it to me, and stood silent and troubled, while I drew the shutters and read the note. It was brief and feebly written:

"Kind Friend: I feel that you are a friend, tho' I am a stranger to you, for my little girl is full of praises for you, and the instinct of a child is true. I am ill, yes, more, I am dying, a stranger among strangers, and my little girl will soon be alone. May I ask you to come and lighten the last moments of

CLARA DARRATH."

I looked at the note and then at the child in a dazed condition. Poor little girl! She was poorly clad and wan. I had not seen her for several days. Only a few moments since I had been pitying myself for my imaginary hardships. Here before me was the real thing—hunger, poverty, sickness and death, and I was humbled.

I put on my hat and gloves, and with little Lelia's hand nestling confidingly in mine we hurried down the street. We entered silently and made our way up the rickety staircase, and entered the room where Lelia said her mamma was. How bare and empty it all seemed, after the cheeriness of my own!

By the faint light of the low lamp, I could see the wasted form of a woman on the poor cot that served for a bed. She tried to rise as we drew near but fell back exhausted. I sought to make her more comfortable and arranged the pillows about her. It was a delicate, refined face that smiled faintly back into mine—Lelia's own face, older and matured by sorrow and suffering. Death was plainly marked upon it. A feeling of sympathy for this stranger came over me, and I murmured some word of good courage which at heart I knew was useless.

"Thank you," said the lady, for lady she was despite the surroundings. "You were very kind to come to a stranger. But I had seen you pass often and my little girl talked of you so much that I dared to take the liberty. May I tell you my story?"

I murmured my assent, and there in that little room I heard an old familiar story of a young girl's love and confidence, a runaway marriage and the disillusionment of the after math when the hero of her fancy revealed himself as a gambler, a brute, and a drunkard. Nine years of misery followed. Too ashamed to return to her father's house she had sought by every vile way to reform her husband. It was all in vain.

At last one night while a drunken carousal was going on a quarrel arose. To protect the man she still loved from an impending blow she stepped forward and fell stunned and bruised.

Then a general melee followed during which, as she was afterward told, her husband received a bullet in his heart. And her heart broke.

She sought to support herself and child after that, but the end had come upon her, and her only thought was for Lelia. She asked me to take her and send her to her parents if still living with a prayer for her own forgiveness and that they might care for the child.

That was all. In a few short hours Clara Darrath was no more. I stood the only mourner with little Lelia beside the plain, black coffin. Then I drew the forlorn little figure to my bosom and mingled my tears with hers.

This ends my story. Lelia found a happy home with her grandparents in a quiet country town and the memory of her early sorrows have grown faint. But the memory of those days have never faded from my mind, for there I learned to appreciate my own privileges and have never since repined at my imagined ills. The little Lelia is now a young lady, strangely like her mother, but with God's good help never shall she suffer as her mother suffered.

A TALE OF TWO WARS.

By ALBERT R. NOBSE, FORMERLY OF SPRINGFIELD, VT.

The following story was sent to the JOURNAL from far off Mexico. As the writer may be known to a number of our Springfield readers, here is the letter which accompanied the story.

PICHA, MONTE VERDE, October 10th, 1906.

Editor Inter State Journal,
White River Junction, Vt., U. S. A.

DEAR SIR:

Please find enclosed a short story of a personal experience of mine while in the late Vt. Vol. Infantry in the war with Spain. I need ask your indulgence for the manner in which the manuscript is written, and mailed. It was written in a palm hill and on the top of an old sugar-bush, to while away the time during a storm. I have no paper to copy it on to send will have to make a fifty mile trip for supplies, so will send it as it is. I am much interested in the JOURNAL, and it should fill the need of the Connecticut Valley. I am a former resident of Springfield, Vt., now residing on the Tehuantepec.

Yours truly,

ALBERT R. NOBSE,

Picha Monte Verde,

Veracruz State,

San Juan Evangelista,

Estado de Vera Cruz,

Via Laredo, Mexico.

The full moon hanging low over Snodgrass Hill shed a soft, light over the old cotton fields and historic groves of Chickamauga. A midnight calm rested over the tents of a great army peacefully sleeping on the field where before two other great armies had met in a death grapple that has gone down in history.

On the crest of a wooded hill just beyond the little mushroom town of Lytle, two long dingy lines of canvas marked the headquarters of General Broke. Stretching away from in front of headquarters a barren hillside dotted here and there with monuments erected to the regiments who had fought here so valiantly long ago, led down to a little brook which found its way among the hills to Chickamauga creek. Beyond the brook another hill surmounted by a grove of oaks rose brown and still.

On a small meadow formed in an angle of the brook a little group of tents stood out in sharp relief, white and silent against their hillside background. About this little camp a strong guard paced up and down on deeply trodden paths. The moonlight glistened along their polished gun-barrels and the rows of cartridges in their canvas belts shone clear and bright. Across the brook and just outside of the guard line two white-topped army wagons were parked beneath an old hickory, their mule teams standing tied to the wheels, with drooping heads and ears, peacefully dreaming of donble rations of oats and unlimited baked hay. Over at the guard tent the corporal of the guard sat on an old hard-tack box with his rifle across his knees, humming softly a bit of song about some far away "Green Mountain Home."

In spite of the peaceful calm of the sleeping camp there was an air of alertness about this little group of tents, an atmosphere of being ready for any emergency, and well there might be, for this was the paymaster's camp, come to pay off the great army in waiting at Chickamauga.

Two days before Lieutenant Corey had marched out of camp with one of the lumbering mule wagons surrounded by a strong guard when he returned two hours later every gambler and blackleg knew that within that frail blue guard-line of Green Mountain boys lay two millions of dollars sheltered by nothing more formidable than a canvas tent and half a dozen of Wells, Fargo's little iron chests.

Out on Post No. 2 the guard moved up and down in the rear of the paymaster's quarters, keeping a sharp eye on a brush grown ravine that lay dangerously near the line, and devoutly longing for something to turn up and break the monotony of the midnight relief.

Just as he made the turn at the lower end of the beat two elderly men wearing the uniform and insignia of officers in the pay department rounded the corner of one of the tents and came to a standstill at his sharp challenge: "Halt! Who's there?" "Friends," responded the taller. "Advance one and be recognized." The tall officer came forward to the point of the bayonet and halted. The guard scrutinized him carefully, then said, "Recognized, advance friend," and came to port arms. The officer paused. "Don't you come to present arms and face out when you pass an officer?" "Special orders about taking precautions. No one allowed to loiter on the guard line," replied the guard. "Oh, I see," and taking the hint the officer moved on while his companion in war passed out. "Are there any orders to prevent our sitting here on this bank and talking a little while?" inquired the short officer as he passed. "We want to talk over the old battle here and this is about the best place to see the valley." "All right, I think I know you both so there will be no objection, responded the guard, and passed on.

The two officers stood for a few minutes silently looking at the field before them. Then the taller one spoke, "Yes, it's the same old ground we fought over thirty-five years ago," he said. "There used to be an old tan-yard down there by the brook. Yes, see, there are a couple of the old yuts still standing. Don't you see them? Right between those two tall trees. That hillside on the right used to be all covered with brush and sumachs,—wicked ground to charge over as I ever saw. The hill on the left was a young cotton-field when the fight began, but I reckon they didn't get much of any crop to brag of."

"That's so," agreed his companion, "but now, the woods are just about as they used to be in the old days. My brigade was stationed just a little beyond where headquarters are and just about five rods back there in the edge of the woods. My regiment was the—Iowa and there was just about a good company left when you got through with us. I didn't see the wind-up for just before dark I got a crack in the side and they shipped me back to Chattanooga along with a train load of other wounded. That finished my fighting for about two months."

"I got a little souvenir that day myself, said the tall man, removing his hat and parting his gray locks to show an ugly white scar. "It was long about three in the afternoon and the fifth time we had charged across here trying to turn your flank. My old Alabama regiment wan't over an' above full by that time, but I hadn't been scratched until a bit of shell broke my head right down there by those old tan tanks. Next thing I knew was when they picked me up next night sometime."

For half an hour longer the two old soldiers, chance acquaintances of army life, sat and talked of the old days when one from the North, the other from the South, they had fought a desperate battle over this same ground. Deadly enemies then, now brother officers in the same army, volunteered for the selfsame cause of humanity.

Many were the stories that the familiar field recalled to the two veterans: how this officer led leading his men on a desperate dash; how that man rescued the fallen colors; and another saved his captain's life at the expense of his own.

At last they arose to go, but paused for one more look at the peaceful scene. The ex-confederate spoke again "Yes, we fought for four years, to the bitter end and lost, and if ever an army believed they were right we did. We fought for our rights, our honor, our all, as we then thought, but human flesh has its limitations and we could not win. War is a bitter pill, one I thought, could never swallow; but I had to. We all had to. Now as I look back things look differently.

There is a new South and a new North and together they make a better Nation. Now I have learned to thank God for it." "Amen," reverently replied his companion, and as the two old soldiers turned to go a voice fresh and clear from an Illinois cavalry camp across the valley rang out on the night air, "Post number one,—twelve o'clock, and all's well!"

THANKSGIVING DAY

A purely American festival, Thanksgiving annually emphasizes our marvelous rapidity of growth as a nation. Other nations are old and gray, we are of yesterday, and our strength is in the lusty vigor of youth and the sturdy poise of unwarmed health. It seems indeed a far cry to the first family feasts which were held over the first scanty harvests, and as the country expands and a thousand new elements enter into its body politic, there are those who do not appreciate the spirit which found the day as one of national significance, yet its character bids fair to remain practically unchanged. While there may be a falling off in the beautiful and solemn custom which gathered the early settlers in their churches to render grateful thanks to the Creator and Preserver who had guarded them from the perils of the savage and the wilderness, the day will continue a most welcome gala day for the working people, and a home rallying time for scattered families. From far and near, to New England especially, the widely severed clans return; gray-haired men and comely matrons find Thanksgiving a fit occasion to journey back to the old mother who counts the hours till she sees her boys and girls again.

A Mountain Ramble in Winter.

By HONESTUS STRAINES, FELCHVILLE, VT.

DICTATED TO CORA T. WHITCOMB, WEST LEBANON, N. H.

In the month of February, 1841, while teaching school at the foot of Ascutney Mountain, on the North side, one beautiful Sunday morning I set out alone to take a little exercise by climbing up the foot-hills of Mount Ascutney.

There had recently been a thaw which carried off most of the snow at the foot of the mountain. Pursuing my way up the foot-hills I came across a beaten path covered with snow which had frozen into a strong crust. As I found I could walk with considerable ease on this crust I decided then and there to travel to the extreme top of the mountain.

After walking for some three-quarters of an hour, all the way up a steep hill, I came across a spring of water which I had heard of from others who had ascended these dizzy heights. This was three-fourths of a mile from the top of the mountain. Pursuing my way I went up, up, up, until at last I arrived at the extreme summit of this interesting peak.



VIEW OF ASCUTNEY FROM WEST WINDSOR SIDE.

Photo by C. O. Randall, Felchville.

Words fail to tell the beauty of the view which then burst upon my vision. Hills on hills beyond hills could be seen in every direction. The glacial view of the ice-bound Connecticut added a lustrous enchantment to the scene. The White Mountains, far to the North-East, presented to view their golden peaks through the dim haze. The villages of Windsor, Claremont, Charlestown and others more remote added interest to the view.

On looking for my native hills I could trace the Old Mill Brook that loses itself in the Connecticut at Windsor, far back of its mouth hundreds of feet, and there I could just discern with the naked eye my old paternal homestead.

It seemed like being on a cone in a great bowl of hills, as the remotest part of the landscape seemed on the same level with the eye.

Having thus hastily taken in a full view of all that could be seen; that of the pleasant landscape and beautiful views of ice-fettered brooks and streams, and in other places the gray of frost-bitten grass, all afforded variety to the splendid scene. But the wind blowing a hurricane warned me that a long tarry wait would not be advisable, so I concluded to descend as soon as possible.

Half past well on my way I broke off a piece of a stump, forming a sort of slab, on which I sat and slid down a long distance in the pathway of the snow crust. Finally the foot-hills and headlands of the valley were reached. Following down a frozen stream and availing myself of the ice that I could slide on part of the way, I arrived at length at my boarding house.

While on the mountain I saw tracks of numerous wild animals, among which I could recognize panther and lynx tracks, and various other animals that infest that vast wilderness.

I also saw where, on a Fourth of July, they had drilled into a ledge with the idea of blasting off about two hundred tons of solid ledge to hear it roll down the mountain; but unfortunately it blew off the back side.

Others had contrived to climb thirty or forty feet up this dangerous ledge, known as the "Top Rock," to carve their names on the enduring rocks above.

ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

The trial is over. The evidence is all in. The last argument is finished, and the great cause of Bryan v. McKinley is given to the jury. And what a jury! Never in the history of the world was such a one. A jury of 16,000,000 citizens passing upon the choice of their rulers, and on the great questions of government. Athens in the olden time submitted public and private questions to the decision of its popular assembly, but Athens was never anything but a petty municipality alike in area and population, beside which the smallest of our states is an immense empire.

And so the contest is over. All last Saturday through the cold and drizzling downpour 100,000 men marched and cheered in testimony of the faith that was in them. Bands played, banners waved, throats were hoarse and parching, garments were ruined, and still the great procession marched on beneath the taunting placards of their opponents, and amid the thousands of excited on-lookers.

It was an inspiring sight. Men of millions, and of world-wide celebrity marched shoulder to shoulder with men whose daily bread came from the daily labor with their hands. Waked out of their four years' sleep everyone was alive to the fine points of our national game of politics and was playing the last moves for all they were worth.

The voting has been going on quietly all day. There is nothing in the air to indicate that anything unusual is taking place. Except for the blue placards upon the lamp posts forbidding electioneering within certain distances of the polls, and here and there a sample ballot displayed for the voters' information, no one would have thought that on today's voting depended our national destinies, that today an administration might fall and another rise.

That is as it should be. The great things in life should be done quietly and in order without spectacular effort or effect. And so it was today. At 5 p. m. the polls close, and the count begins. Even now there is a general feeling that McKinley will win. How soon we shall know for sure, is the question.

In every square the newspapers have arranged to give bulletins to the fast gathering crowds. It is 6 p. m. now. Herald Square, Union Square, Madison Square, City Hall Square are thronged. News comes fast and far. Cheers and groans greet the varying messages as they appear upon the screens. The pictures of the candidates, their managers and the leading men on either side fill the intervals. The vitascope is called into requisition with its wonderfully illusive effects. Scenes vary from the "wild man," who was always "Teddy" armed to and by the teeth (for all caricatures of Teddy make much of the teeth) to the grandeur of Niagara, and the absurdities of the cake walk and the ordinary performance of the vaudeville stage.

South of Madison Square is the skyscraper hotel Bartholdi. From its roof to a screen in front of the Dewey arch flashed the bulletins of the New York Journal. On the corner next west was another tall structure. Innumerable and varied colored electric bulbs ornamented it, making, as the lights came and went, a brilliance not easily forgotten. Not that the brilliancy was uncommon, but that it was non-political.

In the bustle and rumble and tustle and jumble of this great crowd in which all sought news political, here stood this great monument proclaiming its commercial spirit, and spelling out with its myriad electric bulbs the fact that Lentz sold 37 varieties of Baked Beans! Though McKinley should fall and Bryan should rise, one thing was clear. The Baked Bean still lived and Lentz was its prophet! But, oh, yeshades of Boston.

Thou art indeed fallen—beaten at thine own game. For never in thy palmist days didst thou ever reach such record. Never didst thou discover 37 varieties of Baked Beans. Hide thy diminished head. Fie, Fie upon thee. Thou art outdone.

It is seven o'clock now. The jam is tremendous. We poor men, not used to bargain days, think so, anyway. The crowd sways to and fro as some energetic person tries to force his way through it. Everybody is here—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. Keep your coats buttoned tightly, an eye on your pockets, and look out for yourself. What on earth is that old woman who has seen no less than ninety winters doing in this mighty crowd? And there is a man with a three months' baby and a pale slender woman clinging to him. They are swayed to and fro. What if one loses his footing? Oh, look! She's fainting, staggering, falling under the unheeding feet of the multitude. Ah, just in time. Some one catches her and draws her into a friendly doorway, and she is safe.

It is a good natured crowd. There is no disputing, no quarrelling, no ill will. The big, blue coated, magnificent brutes who guard the public peace exhibit the utmost patience. Somehow they succeed in getting a street car through every now and then and no one is injured. Seemingly it is little less than a miracle. Of course they are used to handling crowds, but this is THE crowd of all crowds, for never in all its history did New York know so many thronging people.

It is a noisy crowd. Everybody has a horn, and most everybody two. And if not a horn, then a devil's fiddle, or one of those soul wracking rattlers that are on sale at every corner. And everyone was shouting, and laughing and cat calling. Bands tried to play but their noise was not noticeable. Some tried to sing. The whole effect was indescribable. It was much as though Wagner was being played by countless orchestras all doing excellently well—never by any accident producing a harmony.

It is nine now. Two hours ago the unmistakable result was announced. Everyone knows McKinley is re-elected. Is the crowd satisfied and ready to disperse? Well, not perceptibly. Only the most intensely respectable do that, and their places are sought by a dozen others. All Wall Street has moved up town to-night. No one is more deeply interested in this election than Wall Street, and Wall Street doesn't care who knows it. The crowd is distinctly a McKinley crowd now, but is still good natured. An hour later it is still good natured, suspiciously so. New York is wide open to-night, and the good folk who have bitterly reviled Tammany for allowing it to be so don't seem to mind.

One can't picture in black and white the scenes of the night. Words do not exist to paint it. One must see, feel, hear, speak, yes, and smell; bring everyone of his five senses into play to appreciate it; and then he can never hope to reproduce it even to his own fancy. It is carnival, mardi gras, saturnalia, bacchanalia, pandemonium, all combined in one. It is distinctively American. There is little of the license that characterizes an old world mob. Nothing of the Hooliganism of London, drunk over the return of blood stained volunteers. A woman is safe from insult here, so far as she wishes to be, even into the late hours when it is fair to assume that the more respectable have gone away. Still the crowds keep up. Companies of men and women march up and down singing snatches of campaign ditties, blowing their horns in unsuspecting ears, whirling the unspeakable ratchet, or reproducing the cries of the damned by the devil's fiddle.

They have tramped miles since night-fall. How long will they keep it up? It is midnight now, and a new factor appears. Fireworks are set off in different quarters and call a portion of the spectators. And still the crowd is here. But human endurance will not stand everything, at least one human's won't, so for a last look around, a last glance at the latest returns, and back to the hotel where brilliant lights and decorations pass and repass before over-taxed eyes, and strange and wonderful noises recur to over-taxed ears, and the election is over and the country safe.

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Home Cookery.

Sponge Pudding. One pint milk, one-half cup flour, one-fourth cup butter, one-half cup sugar, five eggs. Have the milk boiling. Wet flour, sugar and salt with milk or water, stir into the boiling milk; when smooth add the butter and the yolks beaten light, then the whites beaten stiff. Bake in a pan of hot water in a hot oven for thirty minutes.

Pudding Sauce. Two eggs, yolks beaten light, cup of sugar, pinch of salt, flavoring, then the whites beaten stiff, cut in with a knife, set on ice an hour.

Mrs. Geo. L. Tarbell, W. R. Junction.

Eustard Souffle. Two scant tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one cup milk, four eggs. Let the milk come to a boil, beat the flour and butter together, add them to the boiling milk gradually and cook eight minutes. Beat sugar and yolks together, add to milk and cool. When cold beat whites of eggs and add lightly. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once with a hot sauce.

Miss Katharine White, Springfield.

Pumpkin Pie. One quart stewed pumpkin, four eggs, one-half cup molasses, two quarts milk, two and one-half cups sugar, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful ginger, a little salt. Beat well and cook five minutes. This makes four pies.

Ella M. Whittaker, W. R. Junction.

White Cake. Whites of five eggs, three-fourths cup sugar, one-half cup flour, one-third teaspoonful cream tartar. Sift the flour four times.

Mrs. Geo. F. Flanders, W. R. Junction.

Cookies. Two cups sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, one-half cup milk, one-fourth teaspoonful soda. Mix as soft as possible to roll—softer the better; cut with a sharp cutter and bake a light brown in a quick oven.

Mrs. David Paine, W. R. Junction.

Apple Fritters. Beat two eggs to froth; stir into this one-half pint milk, one teaspoonful salt, two cups flour. Beat this lightly and cut thin slices of apple into the batter; let stand one hour before frying; have the lard nice, sweet and hot. Serve with syrup.

Mrs. C. C. Gilmore, Swanton.

Every lady reader of the JOURNAL is invited to send in Recipes for this column.

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OUR BOSTON LETTER.

"For the fruits of the earth, for our flocks increase,
For the health that is of thy giving,
For our growth, with the year, for our foes' decrease,
For the rain of thy mercies that wane not nor cease,
We give Thee, O Lord, thanksgiving."

Josh Billings says: "Roast turkey is good, but turkey with cranberry sauce is better." and I have no doubt that the genial old philosopher would have been perfectly willing to admit that roast turkey eaten at the old homestead on Thanksgiving Day, is better than either. But not all of us city dwellers are fortunate enough to secure an invitation of that kind; and for those of us who have to remain at home, there is no lack of provision. In the six days previous to Thanksgiving last year, it is estimated that there arrived in this city in round numbers, 25,000 turkeys. They come from all over New England and from the West. The Vermont turkey is supposed to be especially good, however; but the finest turkeys come from Rhode Island, and a cognate part of Connecticut. Experts declare that the fowls from Rhode Island are more deliciously flavoured than any other, and their opinion is borne out by the fact that when you can buy an ordinary turkey for sixteen cents a pound, a Rhode Island turkey commands thirty-five cents. While an every day specimen might cost you \$1.25 or \$1.50, for the Rhode Island bird, you would have to give up \$3.00 to \$6. There are good reasons for the superiority of the Rhode Island turkey. The culture of the bird has been pursued in the state for many years on scientific principles, and the local agricultural experiment station has made special investigations on the subject, securing information which has been most useful to the growers. The market is fattened chiefly on corn and buckwheat, varying the diet with huckleberries and the toothsome, though occasional, grasshopper. Anybody accustomed merely to the ordinary turkey of commerce, has a gastronomic revelation before him if he has not had an opportunity to partake of the fowl of Rhode Island or eastern Connecticut. It is the food, presumably, that makes most of the difference, for whereas the every day bird is encouraged to pick up a living as it listeth, the gobbler of this chosen district, is furnished with all the hard corn it can eat. When one consumes a slice of him, one rubs a gratified stomach, and beholds as in a vision, a field of waving tassels. Very few of these choice birds are shipped far away, almost the entire supply of them being absorbed by Providence, Boston, and other New England cities. Not a Club at the modern Athens but has Rhode Island turkey on its bill of fare, through autumn and winter; and the intrusion of a western substitute would be immediately detected.

It is reckoned that about 4,000,000 turkeys are eaten at Thanksgiving time in the United States, and if all of them were arranged in their natural single file, it would make a continuous procession from Boston across the continent to San Francisco.

Last year, several tons of poultry from the west were condemned by the inspectors of Provisions here, as being unfit to be put on sale. To use a common expression, "it had spoilt." All of it was sent to Spectacle Island to be used as fertilizer.

For young men who are not otherwise provided for, a Thanksgiving dinner is provided by the Y. M. C. U. Other poor people are given a dinner by the Salvation Army, The Industrial Aid Association, and other benevolent organizations. The pleasant custom of giving married employees a turkey at Thanksgiving time is kept up by several large firms in this city. Mr. Keith of Keith's Theatre, being one of it.

takes quite a large number of turkeys to provide for all the people in all of his theatres in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The employees of the Boston Transcript are also provided for in this way, and the clothing establishment of Leopold Morse & Co. At the great chocolate mills at Milton Lower Mills, each married male worker is given a turkey at Thanksgiving time. This pleasant custom was instituted by Walter Baker, from whom the mills took their name, now dead and in his grave for many years; but a provision in his will makes imperative upon the present management to keep up the pleasant custom.

Speaking of old homesteads, Mr. Denman Thompson and his "Old Homestead" will be at the Boston Theatre during the latter part of December.

In making the announcement of my willingness to execute commissions for subscribers to the INTER-STATE JOURNAL, brother Cummings made a slight mistake. If you desire me to purchase anything for you, there will be no charge; so send along your commissions,—anything from matching dress-goods to purchasing horse-rakes will be promptly attended to. Credit it as one of the advantages which accrue to you from being a subscriber to the INTER-STATE JOURNAL.

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OUR 15c. LINE HAS MANY DESIRABLE ARTICLES.

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WE HAVE A FINE
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Smoking Jackets and House Coats,
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Suit Cases, Umbrellas, Canes,
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WHAT BETTER CAN YOU GET HIM THAN THE ABOVE?

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Lantern Globes, each,	7c.



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HAVE YOU THOUGHT

That Christmas will soon be here? Don't delay your
buying too long, as the most choice Goods will be gone.
I have the largest and best assortment of

HOLIDAY GOODS

I have ever shown. Here are a few suggestions that may help you
to decide what you wish to give.

For Father and Mother, a Carving Set, Silver Tea Service, Pickle
Caster, Parlor Clock, Silver Knives and Forks, or some Fancy
China.

For Your Sister, a Brooch, Bracelet, or something else in Jewelry.
Novelties, such as a Nail File, Shoe Horn, Manicure Scissors, etc.

For some other Fellow's Sister, a Gold or Gold Filled Watch or
Chain, a nice Ring, Bon Bon Dish, Glove Box, Jewel Casket,
Handkerchief Box, an Ebony Toilet Set, etc.

For that Brother, a Watch, Chain, pair Cuff Links, Scarf Pin,
Ring, Cigar or Tobacco Jar, Ash Receiver, a set of Military
Hair Brushes or Coat Brush.

For Grandmother, a pair of Gold Spectacles, a Chatelain Case for
same, an Indian Work Basket, etc.

For the Others not mentioned you can surely find something in
the following Goods: Fancy China, Wave Crest Ware, Jewelry
of all descriptions, Gold Pens, Fountain Pens, Opera Glasses,
Novelties in Sterling Silver and Onyx, Clocks of all descrip-
tions, Celluloid Goods, Indian Baskets, Fancy Boxes, Umbrellas
in plain and fancy handles, and a great many more goods that
have not space to mention.

HENRY D. PIKE.



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FINE WATER COLORS,
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WE KEEP A GOOD LINE OF . . .

Cameras and Amateur Supplies

At all times. Our experience may be of some use
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WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VERMONT.

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Having opened

**A New
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In **HARTFORD,**

we are prepared to show you a fine
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Spring Beds,
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All our Goods are new, of good de-
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Tables, wired for Electric
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Inter-State Journal.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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OLD HOME WEEK.

To the INTER-STATE JOURNAL belongs credit of beginning the agitation of an Old Home Week for Vermont. The Vermonter and other Vermont periodicals promptly and ably followed its lead.

To Senator Henry W. Walker of Woodstock is due the introduction of a resolution authorizing the formation of an Old Home Week Association, which has been organized with a membership of about 500. Gov. Stickney is President of the Association. The Executive Committee is comprised of a member from each county who are to encourage and assist in the formation of the local associations.

The Legislature has passed a joint resolution setting aside the week which includes the 16th day of August for the celebration of Old Home Week in Vermont.

THE JOINT RESOLUTION.

RESOLVED: By the Senate and House of Representatives that the calendar week which includes the 16th day of August in each year shall be designated as "Old Home Week," and set apart as a special season during which any town, or group of towns, may arrange for appropriate celebrations to welcome returning Vermonters, and other guests, and for exercises of historical interest.

The Legislature later passed an act appropriating \$500 to "make ample announcement of the coming re-union and adequately advertise the arrangements made by the people of the different towns for local celebrations."

It is needless to say that the INTER-STATE JOURNAL will be among the foremost in making this popular move a success and thus early urges its thousands of friends in all the towns around to begin to think out plans for the week. At the annual town meetings committees should be appointed to take charge of the observance of the week and the JOURNAL offers itself as a medium of correspondence for the exchange of ideas upon the subject.

The JOURNAL is young and modest, and does not like to arrogate undue importance to itself, but the success it has achieved in this instance is very strong evidence of the influence it has acquired.

A SUNDAY SERVICE

In the Vt. State Prison.

By MISS MARY MILTON WOODMAN, WAXBORO, VT.

One hundred and fifty men, in suits half black and half red, assembled for divine service causes a lasting impression upon one witnessing such a sight for the first time.

The inmates of the Vermont State's Prison in Windsor meet together every Sunday morning at nine o'clock in the Prison Chapel. The visitor must be inside of the Prison doors before this time if he wishes to attend the service; for all doors except those through which the prisoners are obliged to pass in order to reach the chapel are promptly closed and locked at nine o'clock.

The chaplain, the choir and the visitors take their places near the platform at one end of the room. The chapel is severely plain, the only articles of furniture being the settees, chaplain's desk and chair, organ and chair for a guard on the platform at each side of the room, overlooking the prisoners' seats.

As soon as the visitor has taken his place he sees approaching the chapel from a door on the other side of the court a long procession of men marching in lock step and single file, with heads down, winding this way and that as they make the necessary turns. If observed from one side the line appears black, while seen from the other side, it would be considered red.

Each man takes his place and the service is conducted in much the same manner as a church service.

While the good chaplain is preaching a practical, helpful sermon, one has an opportunity to notice the men more closely. An excellent chance for the study of human nature through the face is afforded. Various types of character are here brought together, many justly and some possibly unjustly. One pathetic point is the fact that men of all ages are to be found in this assembly. It is touching to see old, gray-haired men bowed down with the burden of age enduring the hard and dreary life of a criminal, instead of being surrounded by loving faces and ministered to by the willing hands and feet of happy children, acts which seem to be the just due of those advanced in life. Certain faces as indicative of particular characteristics can be recalled to mind long after they have been seen. One such face may be that of a comparatively young man, with a countenance which bears the tokens of an iron will, almost brute courage and unusual hardness of heart. The countenance of the one by his side is very different, showing a character easily influenced, if one judges by the swiftness with which the expression changes in accordance with the words of the preacher. This man appears to have a mild and gentle nature, and one wonders into what crime he can have been led—for the observer is certain that he would not have enough force of character to commit an evil of his own free will.

A little farther back is the keen face with the bright eye belonging to the active scheming man whose brilliancy, which had been trained in the right way might have amounted to much that was valuable and good, found vent in the wrong direction.

On the back seat is an "old bent man, worn out and frail." It seems as if all of the courage which he might once have had has long ago left him, and he is simply existing between the prison walls with no ambitions and no definite thoughts of the future. This sight is the most pathetic of all, unless it be that of the young man who is not yet old enough to have finished the higher education which he had entered upon, but whose young life has been blasted by the yielding to one temptation after another until he has reached this point.

But now the service is over and the men rise, march across the court and disappear one by one through the door, into the darkness, each to his own cell.

The visitor, on the other hand, goes out once more into the world feeling that a great restraint has been taken from him as he leaves the prison walls. He meditates upon what he has seen, and wonders how such a dreary, monotonous life can be endured. And yet, even the unvaried Sunday service is something to look forward to in the uneventful prison life.

THE NEW EPISCOPAL CHAPEL

Of St. Mark's Mission, at Springfield, Vt.

BY MRS. B. D. BOWEN, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

PHOTOS. BY FRED WHEELER.

Black River, one of the numerous streams which add their wealth to the broad Connecticut, passes through the stirring town of Springfield some four miles from its mouth. The business part of the town is located upon the banks of the river while the homes of the people are mostly upon three hills, which form immense terraces rising in equal heights from the river.

On the east bank of the river, at the lower end of Main Street, the Episcopalian people have builded their new Chapel. Henry Harrison Spafford, for many years a resident of the town, left a generous legacy for this purpose. He also left \$20,000 for the erection of the Springfield library and its maintenance. The Building Committee for the Chapel asked as Architect R. C. Sturgis of Boston, but many changes from the original plan were made and the style of the building was finally developed into Gothic.



The corner stone was laid April 30, 1900, at 4 P. M., by the Bishop of Vermont, Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall.

The size of the main part of the building is sixty-two feet by twenty-eight feet, with a chancel giving an additional width in all of forty-two feet. The lot where the Chapel stands was purchased at a cost of \$1,750 and the total cost of the building is \$3,700. Three Gothic windows contributed by Mrs. William Walker, a former resident of Springfield, adorn the end of the chancel. The seating capacity is one hundred and fifty, which does not include a balcony in the rear of the Chapel where there is room for twenty more.

A commodious basement, reached by a staircase beneath the balcony, is furnished as a dining room. A spring of excellent water is located on the grounds.



LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

The clergymen present were Rev. D. S. Sanford, Bellows Falls; Rev. A. A. Bryant, White River Junction; Rev. A. H. Wheeler, Keene, N. H.; Missionary in charge, Rev. B. S. Lassiter.

All the members of the Mission have contributed to the building, and there are promises of generous help from others, not members. The Chapel adds much to the appearance of the street at this point and all will rejoice in its erection and completion.

There are about thirty communicants and Rev. B. S. Lassiter is the rector at present.

W. P. Morse of Springfield, is the builder.

Christmas Morn.

BY A WHITE RIVER JUNCTION CONTRIBUTOR.

Clear and cold the morn is breaking,—
Christmas morn,
Blithe and happy hearts are waking,
And,—forlorn.

Unto some seem all things given
To make glad,
Others' souls with grief are riven,—
Sorrow sad.

Nature yields not e'en a tittle
To the day,
Sun and shadows, big and little,
O'er us lay.

But the sweetness of the birth-night,—
Years ago,—
Rim the clouds with mellow light,—
And a glow.

And we thank the great God-father
For the Son,
And His will, we pray the rather,
Shall be done.



A PLEA FOR THE TREES.

"There is nought in the world that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

This old rhyme is brought to mind at this moment by reports that are coming in of the rapid destruction of the forests under the grasping hand of speculators. The last invader of the Connecticut Valley is the Diamond Match Company. It has had its agents travelling up and down the valley for months, prospecting, estimating, inspecting, and finally securing options and purchasing outright all the desirable pine timber to be found.

Large quantities have been purchased in Hartland, Hartland, Woodstock, Claremont, Windsor, Charlestown and other places. The last lot to be bargained for is the beautiful grove in North Hartland, lying between the railroad and the river, which must have attracted the attention of many who have passed up and down the river road.

Most of the pine of this region is of second growth, the giants of the forests of the days of our forefathers having long since disappeared. Originally they were of magnificent proportions and quality, and the king, when he chartered a town in the New Hampshire Grants, reserved all "the white and other pine timber within the township fit for making his majesty's royal navy" for that use, and none could be cut "without special license, upon a penalty of a forfeit of the right and of any act of parliament then or thereafter enacted." We present a picture of a big tree that might well have been considered fit to furnish timber for the best ship of the king's navy. It is still standing a quarter mile northwest of Hartford village, where it has stood in lonely grandeur a hundred years or more. It is fifty feet to the lowest limbs and nearly fifteen feet in circumference a few feet from the ground, while its top is too near heaven for the writer to know much about.

Much has been said and written in deprecation of the wholesale slaughter of our forests. Probably most of the complaints come from those who have never had to pay taxes year after

year on unproductive land while the trees were gradually reaching marketable proportions. Neither have they seen forest fires sweeping over their possessions, and ruining the slow growth of years. Nor have they experienced whirlwinds and tornadoes which have laid flat the best and most valuable trees of all. Rather they belong to the class who decline to purchase for the purpose of preserving and protecting, on the ground that they can get just as much pleasure from them when other folks own them as if they were their own, beside there being no money risk in it.

Decidedly something can be said on both sides of the question. Whether the forest area has anything to do with the quantity of the rainfall or not, it is a fact that few things add more to the beauty of our scenery than the stately pine and hemlocks and the magnificent hardwood growths that crown our round topped hills and granite cliffs, making a new Arcade for poets and nature lovers.

New Hampshire has been alert to the value of its roadside trees as a feature of its scenery. The selectmen are given authority to designate shade and ornamental trees within the limits of the highway, and a penalty of not less than five dollars is fixed for injury to a tree so designated. The highways are laid four rods wide generally and within those limits is ample room for the cultivation of tree-lined boulevards, that will keep New Hampshire one of the most attractive Old Home States of the Union.

In Vermont both the roads and the law (in this respect only) are narrower. It would seem that control of trees within the limits of the highway is left entirely to the whim of the adjoining owner. In any other state such a license might be dangerous, but the innate love of nature and its beauties are so strong in the average Vermonter as to render his destroying a road side tree wantonly nearly inconceivable. But lest some one may be tempted so to do the JOURNAL suggests that aside from their lessons of beauty and strength, they are worth more living as an attraction to summer visitors, than they are dead, worked up into matches and tooth-picks.

SUBSCRIBERS' COLUMN.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

I wish the Journal success. C. O. FORBUSH, Springfield, Vt.

We have enjoyed the reading and the pictures very much, carrying us back in memory to old Vermont and all that we there hold dear.

A. V. BARTHOLOMEW, Purchase, N. Y.

I am pleased with your Magazine. It is better than I expected it would be and I expected well of it. I wish you the success you deserve.

REV. HOMER WHITE, Randolph, Vt.

Please find enclosed \$1. to renew my subscription and pay for one new one. Please send me all the back numbers and I will pay for them. I like the Journal very much. Would not be without it. Think I can get you more subscribers. BERT A. MERRILL, Taffsville, Vt.

I like the Journal very much. Herewith please find my renewal.

REV. S. A. PARKER, Bethel, Vt.

Enclosed please find fifty cents for the Journal until 1902. It is the best for the money of any paper I ever had.

MRS. M. L. WOODMAN, West Lebanon, N. H.

Enclosed find check for fifty cents. Please renew my subscription for the Journal. My father and mother are with me here from Thetford, Vermont and they prize the Journal as it takes them back to the dear old State. We wish it came oftener. Success to it.

LEE MARTIN, Cashier National Bank, Humphrey, Nebraska.

I herewith enclose one dollar to pay for your Illustrated Journal. I like it very much and think you "struck the nail on the head" when you commenced its publication. It ought to be in every family and would make a handsome Christmas or New Year's present to some friend. We have a very strong Boys' Club just organized here. They occupy the whole of a brick building. A gentleman and his wife from Chicago take charge of the affairs. The Club has a reading room and a gymnasium. I want to help them a little, so you send the Journal to the "Boys' Club, Barre, Vt." and let the one dollar apply on both subscriptions.

W. F. SCOTT, Barre, Vt., (formerly Editor Barre Enterprise.)

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT LEIGHTON, L. L. B.,
CLAREMONT, N. H.

The aim of physical culture is to build the human body into as nearly as possible the perfect one, that the Almighty intended. In the public schools it is especially important, as it is at that time in life while the bones and muscles are in a pliable state that the correct carriage, the graceful walk, and the proper and healthful form should be cultivated. The full firm chest, giving plenty of room for the lungs to expand, can not be otherwise than beneficial, and so with the development of all parts of the body. Let me here correct the common error which many make, of associating the terms athletics and physical culture, as synonymous ones.

Athletics, while a good thing and I believe worthy of encouragement is regarded with strong prejudice by many, and not wholly without cause. I am not going to diverge from the subject to discuss them, but I do wish to explain briefly the difference between athletics and physical culture. Perhaps the best way would be to give definitions, and I will define them as follows:

Athletics is a competition of brawn and endurance, and in which only a few can excel. In other words it practically consists of races, jumping, throwing heavy weights, foot-ball, etc.



EXHIBITION CLASS AT TEACHERS' MEETING, NOV. 23.

Photo. by Fallens, White River Junction.

Physical culture is the systematic exercise of the muscles, for the perfection and strengthening of the human body. As has been before said, its aim is to build up and strengthen every muscle, without overtaxing or neglecting any. When we encourage athletics, we stimulate but a few to build up their bodies for the test. Many an athlete has injured the action of his heart by overtaxing it, and his whole body has been weakened by overtraining. Physical culture, properly

given, tends to the perfection and strengthening of the body without overtaxing it. Physical culture is for every person, weak or strong, and the weaker he is, the more need of this training. Health, or hygienic value, is becoming one of the chief features of gymnastics. Doctors tell us that nearly every disease is traced to the blood. It is a well established fact that if the blood becomes clogged, the brain does not act readily, and the same result comes from impoverished blood. The portion of the body which is in activity calls the blood to its aid, to build up that portion which is being torn down by its work. For example, if the brain is active, the blood rushes to the head, or at least is there in excess, and if proper exercise is not taken, it becomes clogged, and the brain does not act readily. This is of course especially the case of persons of sedentary habits, such as professional men, school teachers and their scholars. It is here that physical culture plays an important part, not only in keeping the body well and strong, but in the exercise of each muscle, thus tending to equally distribute the blood through the body, thereby taking away the surplus from the brain. It keeps it flowing in a healthful manner, thus increasing the capacity for brain work. Of course the proper flow of blood thus stimulated assists in keeping the body in perfect health, thus relieving the individual from the troublesome minor complaints, such as colds, temporary indigestion, and the like. As a practical illustration we would say that during the past years in the Stevens High School, of Claremont, N. H., where physical culture has been introduced, the amount of sickness amongst the pupils, especially colds, has been reduced more than one-half over previous years, when no gymnastics have been given.

Many a young man or woman in the years of preparation for their life work have become so absorbed in books, that when they raise their eyes from their work, to meet the world, their gaze is met by their own reflection in the glass, by stooped shoulders, bent backs, sallow complexion—in fact that frightful human organ of strong mature brain, and a puny deformed body, no presence as we call it, that commanding appearance which inspires respect; that personality which we so admire. If, in the years of their school life, their attention had been drawn to the necessity of proper physical exercise, to perfect and strengthen their physical being, to form a strong pedestal for their minds, their whole life would have been much more a success, of much more value to the world, and much more happiness to themselves. The duties of the public schools to the pupil, extend beyond the development of brain power. For what profiteth a man, if he gain great mental power, if he loses a strong, well body, to nourish the brain and to act as its necessary auxiliary? God intended the perfect man to be perfect in body, as well as in brain. Christ, the great example of perfection, is never portrayed as a man weak, or imperfect physically. He ever tried to use his power to cure the deformed and helpless.

Physical training in public schools is rapidly becoming a necessary factor. In kindergartens and primary schools, the work is being taken up as a branch of education. The children are taught to imitate the movements of the objects about them, such as: swaying of the trees, and the tossing of the branches which furnish movements for the neck, which tend to draw the head back to an upright position, and also bending of the whole trunk, in imitation of the trunk of the tree; the sighing of the wind through the tree tops, which gives them a breathing exercise, etc. In this manner they imitate the jumping-

jacks, birds learning to fly, and the like. This not only gives the children exercise, but it also teaches them to notice the things around them, and their movements. Thus the work progresses through the different grades, until the advanced dumb-bell, Indian club swinging, and other drills have been mastered.

A great deal of opposition has been met with in the introduction of physical culture in public schools. This is due to the supposed expense and necessary special apparatus for the work. School committees find so many ways for the expenditure of the proportion allotted for the maintenance of the schools, that they find it necessary to cut off all things which to them seem to be not actually necessities. Many times the members of the board of education are ignorant of the work in the gymnastic line, and so know nothing of the value, and of its necessity in the school life of the children. In Claremont, when physical culture was suggested for the Stevens High School, for a long time it looked impossible, owing to the supposed expense for instruction and apparatus. The way finally looked clear to the principal and exercises were introduced for the boys; at first without dumb-bells. Later the school committee furnished the money for dumb-bells, and the work continued through the year. The instruction was furnished by the writer, and Mr. Small, one of the pupils, was given charge of the class work in absence of the instructor.

The exercises were given fifteen minutes at a lesson, four days in the week.

The young ladies were given Swedish calisthenics, by one of the regular High School teachers, Miss Bright, at the same time as the boys were exercising. Great interest was manifested throughout the year, by both the boys and the girls, and during the winter an exhibition of the work was given at the Opera House.

The present year exercises for the boys have been entirely under the instruction of Mr. B. I. E. Small, and the portion of his class which gave an exhibition of class work in gymnastics at the Connecticut Valley Teachers' Association, at West Lebanon, Nov. 23, shows that the work is being successfully carried on. The schools were at no expense for instruction, and the illustrations of this article, showing the class that gave the exhibition, are strong evidence of the success which Mr. Small is having as instructor of his class-mates, in Stevens High School, and of the benefits which they are deriving therefrom.

The above facts are stated for the purpose of showing to school committees and teachers that the question of expense is one that can be easily dealt with, and that no matter how economically the school may be obliged to be maintained, still physical culture can become a part of the education of the pupils. The necessary information as to the movements, may be obtained from text books, and one of the older boys may be, at a small expense, sent to one of the larger cities, to a gymnasium, for a few weeks, to gain some particular knowledge of the subject. In the lower grades, the teachers are able to give the exercises, by the information found in text-books on the subject.

For home work, for people of advanced life, who are inclined to corpulence, the following exercises are of great value.

Ex. 1. After undressing, just before retiring, lie flat on the



EXHIBITION CLASS FROM STEVENS HIGH SCHOOL, CLAREMONT, GOING THROUGH PHYSICAL CULTURE DRILL, FOR THE JOURNAL.

Photo. by Fellows, White River Junction.

back on the floor, arms at sides. Then slowly raise the legs to an upright position, without moving the body, and slowly resume former position, flat on the floor. Repeat until the muscles of the abdomen feel tired. This exercise tends to strengthen the abdominal muscles, and thus drawing in the walls of the abdomen, reduces the waist measurement thereby.

Ex. 2. Same position as in No. 1; raise body slowly to upright position, without moving legs. Then slowly resume former position. Same effect as in No. 1.

These above described exercises have cured chronic cases of dyspepsia, in less than three months, in which medicine had been of no avail.

Ex. 3. Same position as in No. 1. Slowly spread legs as far as possible, and return slowly to position.

The following exercise has been found very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, or nervous disposition, who are troubled with sleeplessness. The object is to draw the blood from the head into the lower limbs, without such violent exercise as to increase sleeplessness.

Just before retiring, or, if unable to sleep, arise and take the following exercise.

Stand erect, heels together, toes turned out, hands on hips. Then, keeping the body perfectly erect, bend the knees until the body is as low as possible. Slowly raise to the 1st position. Repeat until the limbs feel tired.

The advantages of a cold bath, and especially a shower bath after physical exercise is one of the important, and almost necessary essentials of the work. When the body is in a state of perspiration, it is not only necessary for a bath of cleanliness, but it prevents taking cold by exposure. Much might be said in regard to gymnastics, which would be of great interest and value, if space permitted, but in closing, let me urge that parents inform themselves as to the necessity of their children being perfected physically; let each school-teacher see the need of gymnastics for her pupils, that the future generation may not only be capable men and women mentally, but that to them and their posterity may be the blessing of strong and perfect bodies.

CHAS. H. HOYT, - An Appreciation.



CHARLES H. HOYT.

Photos. by courtesy of Mr Frank Wood, Charlestown.



CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT.

From Copyrighted Photo. by Morrison, Chicago.

The Noted Playwright died Nov. 20, 1900,

AT HIS HOME IN CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

"To him who hath contributed most to human enjoyment is honor chiefest due." Thus wrote El Keezar in the XVI century B. C.

Continuing he says, "And be it not supposed that creature comforts are thereby intended, for, while to eat and drink are necessities, yet are there higher attributes of life, and not least among them mirth is to be named, and he who adds to the world's mirth is worthy of high regard." Again he says, "Wit is Wisdom. The jester is the true philosopher."

The old sage's dicta have lived these centuries because they are true, and because they are true, they become fitting preface, of any appreciation of Charles H. Hoyt.

It is now some fifteen years since the theatre going public began to convulse itself over the grotesque humor and absurd wisdom of a new purveyor to its taste. Since that time Charlie Hoyt has been chief Pleasure Commissioner to their Royal Highnesses the Common People. And the world, grown wiser, since El Keezar's day, honored him even as the sage hath said. Riches and pleasures were his in quantity unmeasured, and he paid for them with the best that was in him and in the end with his life.

Of Hoyt's boyhood little has been said. He was born in Concord, N. H., July 26, 1860. His mother died when he was about two years old. The family appears to have been well to do and well connected. When he was still quite young we find it spending the summer at Brandon. Whatever the standing of the family the boy was a true democrat and among his chiefest playmates was the son of the village tinker. Years after the two came together again and the tinker's boy became a leading interpreter of the writer's roles. On the whole we imagine him to have been bright, lazy, loveable. He never made enemies. That was his happy faculty throughout life. It is said he was eccentric, but it was probably only a good humored eccentricity that came from fitting a round peg in a square hole. He was not one of the kind to achieve distinction along lines laid down by custom. He revolted against ruts and grooves. Consequently he did not shine in his classes at school, but still managed to extract considerable satisfaction from his school life. When that ended the question of a career opened before him.

A short experience on a ranch cured him of the western fever. He came home and at his father's desire began to

study law. His account of how he came to give it up is so characteristic of his humorous invention that it may be easily believed apocryphal. It throws a strong light upon his character whether it is true, or only an invention, and though often told we cannot forbear repeating it.

"My father desired me to study law, and I went to Charlestown and for a time read law in the office of my father's old friend, ex-Chief Justice Cushing.

"One day I said to the Judge: 'Well, how am I getting along?' The Judge answered: 'You know all my good stories and I know all yours.' That settled the law business."

In all his various experiences the sting of poverty appears never to have been felt. There was always a way open for him. After the law came journalism. Here he seems to have found a congenial occupation. Good stories which hindered the study of law were in briar demand, and his natural aptitude to see the humorous side of things and people was a good capital for newspaper work. No society is more exclusive than that of a self-centered New England Village, and Saint Albans is one of the best exemplars of this fact. It did not take to Hoyt's free and easy style, and he retaliated by a series of amusing skits that attracted wide attention. Soon he was summoned to Boston to conduct the "All Sorts" column which became widely read and quoted. Many of his sayings derive their pungency from their timeliness rather than their intrinsic wit, but that is true of all paragraphers, and the ability to extract a smile from a serious affair is by no means to be rated low. Here and there a gem would scintillate among the paste jewels that was worthy of survival. We give the following as examples of his style.

"Mrs. Clarke of Syracuse has eloped with a bass Drum."

"What is evening dress? asks a girl of the period but a dress that is suited for Eve? Give it up."

"Wheeling is to be the capital of West Virginia. The Hub sends its congratulations."

"Nilsson, they say, has to keep herself covered with mustard plasters. She ought to draw well."

"Temperance Lecture: You must be always drunk or never drunk. The man who is once drunk is lost."

"Miss Bock made her debut on the concert stage in New York last week. She seems to beer fine singer."

"A New York merchant who advertised for a boy found one on his doorstep next morning."

"Frisky Cupid! A Connecticut woman of 40 has had the forty-tude to elope with a youth of 18."

"De Cordova is lecturing on 'Mrs. Grundy.' Can't the dear old lady speak for herself?"

"The Herald thinks they've been taking too much Kissengen water in Brooklyn. That's a vichy's remark."

Of his serious work of this time nothing appears to have survived. It was probably neither better nor worse than the ordinary editorial writing of all time. Meanwhile he was maintaining his reputation as a royal good fellow and laying the foundation for the enthusiastic support of his brethren of the pen when he should finally venture forth into the

theatrical world. Such a reputation adds a halo about a man, but it also throws a cloud about him. In other words we know what was said about him, but not what he was. It is noticeable that few incidents appear in his career that explains to a non-acquaintance the loyalty and friendship that so many felt for him. The specimen of his handwriting herewith given is interesting. It is a bluff, easy business hand, indicating an open disposition. But the comment upon his own portrait shows to a still greater degree an innate characteristic of his that, with all his successes, is a little unexpected. No self-conceited man would have remarked, "Comstock says it flatters." It is the remark of a man wholly unspoiled with the favors Dame Fortune bestowed upon him. That is one reason for the hold he won upon his friends.

The old Howard Theatre in Boston whose boards had been trodden by all the famous actors of the first half of the XIX century had one further distinction as it degenerated into the very ordinary variety house it now is. Here was produced the first of Hoyt's stage attempts and his first success. It is impossible to criticise it. It was made up of loose fragments with the faintest of connected ideas running through it. But it was a new departure and led to the young playwright persevering in what was evidently the work for which he was designed. He had ambitions for better work than he did, but the public would not have it. They had had a taste of the concentrated hilarity of his plays, and did not mind if they violated all the unities of the stage. His more ambitious attempts were not devoid of literary merit but were stage failures and vice versa. In his successful plays one feature is always present: there is a laugh in every sentence. Sometimes it was won as much by the acting as by the text, but it stands to Hoyt's credit in either instance. Early in his career as a playwright he began to drill the actors to bring out the points that were in the play. He developed not only a new style of farce but also a new kind of farce-acting.

As a cow boy and a law student Hoyt was not a success. The bent of his mind was otherwise. Reporting was more



HOYT'S FINE SUMMER RESIDENCE AT CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

Photo. by Fellows, White River Junction, Vt.



LOOKING NORTH. CHARLESTOWN'S CHARACTERISTIC STREET.

congenial and more strength and earnestness appeared in his work. In stage work for which he seemed pre-ordained he showed growth of strength surprising to those who knew him in earlier days. The easy, good humored Charlie Hoyt became a strict martinet in his stage discipline, and woe to the actor who sought to slight his part or impose on a fellow actor. He put into his work just the elements needed for success, and success came. Another surprise in Hoyt's life was the shrewd business qualities he developed. The money that flowed in upon him was safely invested and up to within two years of his death no serious reverse had fallen upon him. He was never a niggard in personal expenses and was never known to fail a friend in sympathy or in purse in time of trouble.

He early associated himself with Frank McKee. Together they put their own companies on the road in his plays. He gave his name to a theatre in New York where his plays are acted exclusively. A strong friendship long existed between him and McKee, and the latter was one of

the principal beneficiaries of his will. His home in Charlestown, N. H. was given to the Lambs Club of New York, under provisions calculated to afford assistance to needy actors.

Hoyt made his home in Charlestown for several years. There was something in the quiet old town with its long broad avenue shaded with magnificent trees that appealed to him. It became his pet. Not simply the mansion which he bought and beautified but the whole town was an object of interest. He was intensely loyal to it, and it was loyal to him. Everyone liked and was proud of him. Once or twice he represented it in the legislature and always with credit. Of course he was popular. He showed his appreciation in a delightful and characteristic way. A whole company would be transported bodily from Boston to Concord for complimentary performance to his fellow legislators. It would be the feature of the session.

LOOKING SOUTH.



A single glance at the magnificent elms which flank the old road on each side, a view of the green hills, or a step upon the green carpet sprade between fences and road for yard upon yard, with never a sign of these would tell a stranger in a word that he was in a rural town. The Hoyt residence is at the extreme left.



USED IN ADVERTISING "A TEXAS STEER."

Illustrations from photos by Fellows, White River Junction.

Hoyt was twice happily married. There was no cloud in his domestic life save the death of the lovely and accomplished women who had linked their lives with his. Both actresses of recognized merit whom he met in his manly capacity. The first was Flora Walsh and with her he was for about five years. The second was Caroline Misk, who was commonly considered the most beautiful woman on stage. For her he wrote the "Contented Woman," the leading role gained much applause. She lived about five years. Her loss marked the turning point of Hoyt's career. Broken with grief his mind gradually gave way. But his losses followed. Eccentricity became so marked as to lead his being committed to an insane asylum at Hartford, Conn. The story of his release from it and his subsequent history fresh in the minds of our readers. His last days were comfortable as kindness and care could render them.

His work is hard to place. By received canons of criticism it is ephemeral. But those who have been on a "Texas Steer" in Chinatown, or have visited a "Temperance Town," or have watched the growth of a "Texas Steer," will wonder at the future student of later XIX century life will find in these or suggestive pictures of certain phases of our life found in these good humored satires of our weakness.



THE HOYT MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLESTOWN, N. H.



NEAR VIEW OF MAGNIFICENT FLORAL TRIBUTES. THEY CAME FROM FRIENDS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, ONE TRAIN BRINGING \$1,000 WORTH.

From Photos. specially taken for the Journal by Fellows, White River Junction.

The Farmer's Wife.

BY LUCIA T. HARRINGTON. - NORTH
POWRETT, VT.

Up with the sun in the morning,
Ofttimes while the dawn is gray;
One of the busiest mortals
Begins her working day.

For there's milk to skim and table to set,
Chickens to feed and breakfast to get,
Dishes to wash and beds to make,
Lamps to clean and rugs to shake.
She gets these trifles out of the way,
And is ready, then, for the work of the day,
That the days and the seasons vary.
To wash and iron, to sweep and bake,
A turn with duster and mop to take;
A day to deal with such odds and ends
As on every housewife's work attends.
Cream to test with the utmost care,
Churn and worker and tub to prepare,
If she happens to have a dairy.

Even the months of winter
To her bring little rest;
For then, 'tis by all conceded,
That dairying pays the best.

When the lamps are lighted at close of day,
And the supper dishes are put away,
The farmer's wife with thimble and yarn
Sits down, the farmer's stockings to darn—
Where the Knight of Labor has set his seal
In the shape of a good-sized hole in the heel
For her evening's recreation.
I sing of the woman who dares to defy
A basket with mending piled, two feet high;
The mangled victims of rubber boots,
Garments with buttons torn out by the roots.
I sometimes think, could she take in hand
The tangled threads of her native land,
She'd mend the affairs of the nation.

Fully an equal partner,
As far as the labor goes;
There is one important difference,
But little of her work shows.

Pervading the various farm events,
Like a watchful general Providence,
She remembers who borrowed a missing tool,
She starts the children in time to school;
Of home the very centre and heart,
And always ready to do her part
In each praiseworthy undertaking.
To her busy neighbors, who love her well,
She is known as a "mother in Israel."
For no matter how heavy her share of the load
To be carried along on the "Jordan road,"
Though her burden was heavy enough before,
She can always manage a little more,
To comfort a heart that is aching.

The calls that the minister's helpmate
Supplies in the parish life,
Are not more constant or varied
Than are met by the farmer's wife.

When tired at last with doing her best,
She is sick from lack of a needed rest,
The whole machinery jars and creaks,
And every wheel in the household squeaks.
One week you hear, "She is on the gain."
The next, the work moves on again
With her careful hand at the lever.
I think somewhere, in the other life,
There will be prepared for the farmer's wife,
A special place of absolute rest,
As the thing that will suit her need the best;
And something quite likely to be unknown
Till she takes her reward at the Master's throne,
When work is ended forever.

YOUR HOLIDAY PURCHASES.

The present Holiday season is attended with widespread satisfaction among all classes. Prosperity is abroad in the land once more. An easy feeling prevails. There are more well-lined purses among the throngs of shoppers than at any previous years. The merchants have already begun to feel the tide of the small change current setting strongly in toward their counters, and in anticipation of a vigorous shopping season our local stores are filled with a larger assortment of seasonable Goods than ever before. White River Junction and neighboring villages are becoming more and more a recognized shopping center. The Holiday buying began early. Visit the merchants whose advertisements appear in the JOURNAL and we feel confident satisfaction will attend your every purchase. Before you spend all your money remember that a year's subscription to the JOURNAL will make a splendid gift. Many have already given action to the thought. While on the round of your purchases, hand in your JOURNAL coupon found on last page, with a 25 cent purchase at one of Edison & Chadwick's up-to-date stores and see how willingly they will give you a free bag of Christmas or New Year's candy for the youngsters.

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"Itchins."

BY A WHITERIVER JUNCTION
CONTRIBUTOR.

We hed a sample copy
Of the Journal, "Inter-State,"
An' all the time last evenin'
Way up till purty late
Myrandy was a readin'
Tha pieces et it hed,
An' a good deal I was thinkin' ont,
After I went ter bed.
It sounds jest as our own folks duz,
An' sez 'bout things we know
An' sets tha mind a runnin'
About as't orter go,
An' so I laid an' tho't a while
An' figured all this out,
An' tho't 't was purty good fer me
An' 't is without a doubt.

An' so I hunched Myrandy
An' hed her light a light
An' put these tho'ts on paper,
Right thar in dead er night,
She got a little fussy—
An' laft at what I sed
An' blew tha tarnal light out
An' tumbled inter bed.

Er else I'd sed some more,
An' nigher what I thought
Of everything I wanted to,
Tho' p'raps I hedn't ought,
But, some day when Myrandy
Has gone away a spell,
I'll think as I'm a mind to
An' tell what I ken tell.

Our Boston Letter.

"The Church of the Back Street"

And Its Christmas Dinner for the Poor.

is such a quantity: washtubs of snow-white potatoes, water-pails full of squash and turnip, coffee in spigotted barrels, vast piles of pies, mountains of bread, and other things in goodly store. It reminds one of Charles Dickens' "Ghost of Christmas present" in the Christmas Carol, where "Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking

attention,—it was altogether too plebeian a dish for Christmas dinner.

The service at the fifty tables is furnished by Salvation Army lasses, assisted by other ladies from the churches of Boston; in all, it requires about 250 waiters. Many of these come from some of the best families in Boston. They wear the Army cap and apron, these often being embellished with a familiar Bible quotation. There were fed, all told, last year, about 7,000, and the cooking and preparation of the dinner required about two days and three nights. Besides the dinner for grown people, there is provided a separate table at which over 2,000 children are fed, and a huge Christmas tree. The tree towers from the lower hall far above the balcony, being about forty feet high. From it Santa Claus distributes gifts, both of utility and jollity. There were last year 2,000 presents in all, there being several hundred pairs of shoes, and in round numbers, 400 pairs of stockings, each being ticketed with the name of the boy or girl for whom they were intended, these having been previously ascertained by the visiting workers of the Army. Tickets for the dinner are distributed by slum Officers, the Police and Firemen. Probably there is no one that can place these tickets where they will do as much good as the slum workers of the Salvation Army, who, by coming in daily contact with the poor, know just where to locate them, as well as those who are worthy and those who are not.



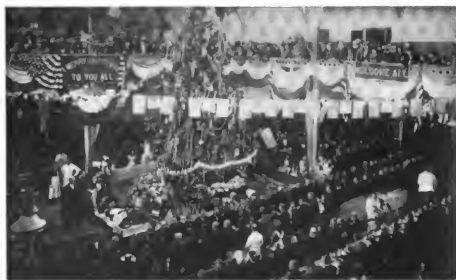
"JUST BEFORE THE FEAST." CHRISTMAS DINNER TO 5,000 POOR. MECHANICS' BUILDING (1899).

For ten days or so previous to Christmas, you will see on the streets in front of all the larger stores, at the railway stations, the theatres, in fact at any point where people most do congregate, a man or woman dressed in the uniform of the Salvation Army, bearing a staff to which is affixed a receptacle for money, with a sign, "Salvation Army—Give Here," the purpose being to provide several thousand men, women and children with a Christmas dinner. The dinner is given at the Mechanics' Building, and the expense entailed amounts to something like \$5,000 or \$6,000. A large part of this is collected in this way, while other larger contributions are sent in direct to the Army. Besides money donations, there comes from many of the leading firms of this City, loads of confectionery, grapes, apples, nuts, etc.

The amount of food required last year was something like this: 1900 pounds of turkey, 1200 pounds of chicken, 900 pounds of beef, 500 pounds of pork, 40 bushels of potatoes, 750 pounds of squash, 200 pounds of turnips, 1,000 large and 500 small loaves of bread, 200 quarts of cranberries, 1600 pies, 200 pounds of coffee, 1,500 oranges, 25 barrels of apples, 300 pounds of butter, a barrel of pickles, 300 gallons of milk, 300 pounds of nuts, 300 pounds of sugar, 10 bushels of peanuts, 15 barrels of crackers, and 12 cases of celery.

The tables as they are set ready for the coming onslaught, present a pleasant sight. At each place is grouped a small pyramid of apples oranges and grapes; at each place a white mug for coffee, out of which projects a fancy paper napkin.

To see the relays of food in the background, is almost enough to satisfy one's appetite, there



REV. DR. G. C. LORIMER INVOKING THE DIVINE BLESSING.

pigs, long wreaths of sausage, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges luscious fruits, immense twelfth cakes, and seething bowls of punch, which made the chamber dim with their delicious steam."

But not withstanding the bounteous supply it melts away MORE rapidly than dew before the sun. The popular dish is turkey. I remember one year I noted on the tables a goodly supply of Boston's favorite dish, baked beans, but for once the old standby received slight

In addition to the dinner given in Mechanics' Hall, there are distributed to families, baskets, each basket containing materials for a dinner for five persons. It is usually made up of a chicken or roast of beef, a loaf of bread, flour, coffee, sugar, celery, potatoes, nuts and fruit.

The Salvation Army does many good things with its rescue missions, its hotels for working-men and working-women, etc., but not the least of their good works is the making of 2,000 poor children glad and happy Christmas Day.

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Home Cookery.

Maple Creams. Two cups maple sugar,
one cup sweet cream. Stir constantly till
it grains. Pour in buttered dish, when
cold cut in squares.

Mrs. G. L. Closson, Springfield, Vt.

Caramels. Three cups molasses, three
cups sugar, one and one-half cups cream,
one cup chocolate, one tablespoon flour,
butter size of an egg. Boil till the mixture
strings. Cool and cut in small squares.

Mrs. Beulah Knight, Springfield, Vt.

Potato Salad. Slice a large platter full
of cold boiled potatoes, and grate an onion
over it. Prepare a dressing of one-half
cup vinegar, one-half cup butter, one tea-
spoon salt, one teaspoon pepper, one tea-
spoon mustard. When boiling, pour over
the well beaten yolks of two eggs, stirring
rapidly. Cover potatoes with dressing.
Place on top slices of hard boiled egg.
Serve cold.

Olla J. Slack, Norwich, Vt.

Cheese Crackers. Butter either soda or
common crackers. Grate a little cheese
over each, and brown in the oven.

Mrs. K. M. Cone, Hartford, Vt.

Walnut Cake. One cup sugar, one
half cup butter, one-half cup milk, one cup
chopped walnuts, two cups flour, one and
one-half teaspoons baking powder, three
eggs. Flavor with lemon or almond.
Frost the top of cake and put walnuts in
halves on the frosting.

Miss Lizzie Lyman, W. R. Junc., Vt.

Suet Pudding. One cup suet, one cup
sour milk, one cup molasses, one cup
raisins, one teaspoon soda, one-half tea-
spoon salt. Steam three hours. Serve
with liquid sauce.

Mrs. F. T. Williams, W. R. Junc., Vt.

Brown Bread. Two cups sweet milk,
one-half cup molasses, two cups rye meal,
one cup Indian meal, one egg, salt, one
teaspoon soda. Steam three hours.

Mrs. E. Morris, Hartford, Vt.

Ribbon Cake. Two-thirds cup butter,
two cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, three
cups flour, three eggs, one teaspoon flavor-
ing, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream
tartar. Bake three-fourths in two tins.
Add to one-fourth a tablespoon molasses,
one cup seeded raisins, one-half teaspoon
each cassia, cloves, allspice, one tablespoon
flour.

Miss Carrie Newton, Hartford, Vt.

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ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.



S. A. Parker.

THE LATE REV. S. A. PARKER, PROMINENT UNIVERSALIST CLERGYMAN, OF BETHEL, VERMONT, WHO DIED JANUARY 5, 1901. "HIS NAME IS A HOUSEHOLD WORD IN HUNDREDS OF HOMES FROM ONE END OF THE OLD GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE TO THE OTHER."

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Inter-State Journal.



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THE NEW YEAR RESOLVE.

By Rev. Chas. E. Petty, White River Junction, Vt.

How it came to be a custom to start the New Year with a new resolve, is not the purpose of this article to state. But there is an idea in this custom that we may emphasize.

There is the resolve, the resolution, the idea to do something; there is also action in greater or less degree, and there is a definite relation between the resolution and the action. This relation is the point to be emphasized. Let us simplify by using the terms "thought and action."

In the psychology of "attention" we find the law of our relation between thought and action. The mind is occupied with an object as good to start with. This good continues to grow in importance as the attention remains; and finally action almost involuntarily takes place. Thus riveting the attention, or fixing the thought upon an end to be sought aids in attaining that end. If we are correct in our observation the relation between the thought and its execution is a very vital one. So much by way of introduction.

The new century that is now an actual fact with us has inspired many noble actions. Much has been done in church, and in state to celebrate the 20th Century. No doubt, all of us have made some resolutions and earnestly hope we may be able to keep our word and make it action. This is no easy task. We may make many mistakes in our attempts. How can we do what we have decided to do? How put into action our new thought? Let us look at a few cases in point.

Hiram Golf, the story tells us, was a shoe-maker by the grace of God, because every piece of leather, every stitch, and every stroke upon the lapstone was so many reminders that the very best he could give was none too good for his poorest customer. Nor was this all; he considered it his privilege to do his utmost within his sphere. Duty was left behind, and all things became invested with privilege. A noble good sense, a true resolve, and high aspiration kept that shoe-maker to his bench even while he lived far above it. He made *honest* shoes because he was honest in his resolve. His product was good because he tried to think of only the good in his trade.

It must be seen also that this same principle underlies all true education. Schools and colleges are equipped and maintained to train minds to find and to make use of the *perfect conception* of duty to God and man. There is the perfect conception; and all necessary ability is called into service to make that conception *real*. The attainment, in any single case, may be far off, but in no case is the power of the conception unfelt. The thought of rendering one's life in noble fashion will lead to noble living.

Can we say, also, that moral authority lodges in what we think is good? Surely we feel the force of the more exalted thought pressing upon us and we instinctively recognize its commands; that is, the mind instinctively sees and knows its own. The other phase of moral authority, too, is seen in this same relationship. The high thought about life keeps one on a high level of living and thus offers many a restraint when one would go down into the valley of animalism. Low and mean thoughts have no authoritative, controlling power over him. He knows that the force of the high thought is directing aright, and that its power to hold men is absolute. Banish the pure thought and there is little restraint to keep men from sin. Enthroned the pure thought and the action is secure.

In this same way and, perhaps in a higher degree, do high religious standards sway men. The trouble, if there is any, lies in getting men to make a judicious selection of their beliefs. The more real and true to us they are, the more they move us; we also respect them more and through this respect comes true living so far as it is possible. The Golden Rule may be imperfect, or open to criticism as to its statement, but the thought underlying it is the Golden Rule for social conduct. There is no higher idea for us to act upon if we are free from bias in the interpretation of its scope. True, if we start out with a narrow idea of life and God's providence we shall fetch up with a narrow Golden Rule. If we believe that only white men are God's children we shall limit our Golden Rule to white men. If we believe that all men are God's children then our actions will be accordingly broad and catholic. If we put infinite importance in a right life we shall try to live the right life. If we believe we are to be held accountable to God for our lives we shall consider our responsibility in living. If we believe God is the Father of all men we shall treat all men as our near relatives.

I think it is demonstrated beyond cavil that there is a very vital relation between thought and action. "As a man thinketh, so is he." Our New Year resolves may mean much or little to us and our fellow men. That will depend on our thoughts about them. A beautiful helpful thought leads to a beautiful helpful action, if it leads to anything. A sordid thought to sordid action. Here is the law. By it our new century resolutions are to be tested; by it life is to be tested; yea, all things both human and divine.

"With a high and holy purpose
Doing all thou hast to do;
Seeking ever man's uprising
With the highest end in view.

"Undepressed by seeming failure,
Unelated by success;
Heights attained, revealing higher,
Onward, upward, ever press."

NEW IRON BRIDGE AT WEST WOODSTOCK, VT.



Photo by F. B. Ordway, Woodstock, Vt.

++ BY CHARLES M. COBB. ++

The general course of the Ottauquechee River through the central portion of Windsor County is from west to east, but at the point where it is crossed by this bridge it runs for a short distance very nearly from south to north.

The new highway bridge (shown above) is 173 feet in length 32 feet in height and 16 feet in width. It is built of wrought steel, is of the style known as "camel back" and the metal weighs something more than 50 tons. It is the best road bridge on the river. The bridge was purchased by the Selectmen of Woodstock of the Groton, N. Y. Mfg. Co., considerably below its cost, under the following circumstances. The company named had sent a similar bridge to a New York town to be "put on" when a freshet washed away the abutments made there for it, and widened the stream so that it would not do for the place, and the town declined to take the bridge. So it was then offered to Woodstock at a good discount, and the offer was accepted.

But when the Company ordered the bridge shipped to Woodstock, another place had been found for it and the holders refused to give it up, and a new bridge was made and sent to us on the same terms and at a loss.

The abutments of this bridge are of blue limestone, and cement, (using for it 40 barrels of Portland cement) and are said to be the best and strongest on the river. The easterly abutment rests on a solid ledge which slopes to the water at an angle so steep that it was necessary to blast for "steps" on which to lay a foundation.

On the westerly side where "reposes" the little village of West Woodstock (the *quiet* locality faithfully described in our August number) the stone abutment rests on a foundation of logs, mostly hemlock, of unknown depth, but supposed to be not less than six feet which were placed there in 1789 by Jabez Bennett, Esq., bridge builder, who then and there erected what is thought to have been the second bridge across the Ottauquechee, the Elm street bridge down town having been the first.

Several of the top layers of these logs were recently taken out, from a little above the surface of the pond to four feet beneath it, and all the logs wholly under water were found to be as hard and sound as when put there 111 years ago. In fact it is probable that they will now outlast new logs, having become "cyanized" as it were by the action of the water.

The grain and fibre of the wood looks as bright and sound as ever, and it is as hard to cut or break as ever. Its color now is a bluish gray, all through.

Jabez Bennett the builder was a "stayer" and outlasted his bridges at this point, but these old abutment logs outlast him and bid fair to represent him here during another century. He lies in the old West Woodstock cemetery on Handy Hill, having died in 1848 at the place now owned and occupied by Frank T. Vaughn at the ripe age of 94 years, almost the oldest person that ever lived in Woodstock.

The distance between the abutments of this bridge, across the water on the surface of the mill-pond is 168 feet. At the top of the abutments they are 170 feet apart. The bridge is placed above the reach of freshets. At its lowest point (the under side on the west abutment) it is 20 inches above the high-water mark of the ice-jam of Feb. 24, 1866, on the door of Mason Mills' barn, which mark shows the highest water level of the half century, and was attained by an ice-blockade at the "dug-way" below Benson & Johnson's machine shop and by "back-water" which then covered the adjacent meadows for a mile up stream with ice and left it there.

The easterly end of the bridge is still higher being 10 feet above the surface of the water, while the westerly end is 9 feet 1 inch above the same.

With the good luck in trading heretofore described it is probable that \$6,000 will cover the cost of the whole structure. The greatest gain on account of it accrues to the farmers of School District No. 9 and others on the hill roads to South Woodstock, whose lumber and other products will be much more available than before and the value of all the farms will be considerably raised, thus benefiting the town by increasing its grand list.

But more than this the people of the valley nearly all wanted a highway bridge at this point for the addition it would make to the attractive "drives" of the town, which is one of the most romantic and picturesque in New England (the Switzerland of America) and is at this time getting to be a summer resort of considerable consequence. And so when the old suspension foot-bridge of 1885 below the dam was swept away by the ice freshet of March, 1899 a strong move was made for a road bridge at West Woodstock. W. W. Dearborn and

others did active personal work and the columns of the local press were used, supplemented by posters, to help the cause. On May 26, at a special town meeting in the new Town Hall, called for the purpose, the town voted for a bridge with few dissenting voices. On the 9th of August Geo. W. Perry with a gang of men commenced work on the abutments and they were completed about Sept. 15.

The work on the bridge was commenced about Nov. 14 by men sent by the Mfg. Co. under the supervision of J. S. Hunter and it was finished and opened to travel Dec. 7, 1900. Dr. O. W. Sherwin was the first regular passenger who drove across the bridge.

Geo. M. Rood, Wm. H. Smith and A. L. Wood are the selectmen who contracted for the bridge.

Extract from "The History of Woodstock" by Mr. Henry Swan Dana, written 1869. Page 500:

"A few rods above Aaron Whitney's shop, on the north bank of the river may yet be seen the remains of a log abutment to a bridge that once spanned the river at this point. The logs are still in perfect preservation, and even a plank pinned to two of them to keep them in place, is as sound as ever, pine and all. This abutment was laid eighty years ago by Jabez Bennett, whom the present generation has well nigh forgotten. The bridge was a great convenience to the public at the time. It stood a few years and then was swept away by the ice. It was rebuilt forthwith by Mr. Bennett. One winter when the snow was very deep the bridge got overloaded and giving away under the pressure it fell flat on the ice. This accident happened in the evening and sometime during the winter of 1802-1803. The bridge was never rebuilt after this, but twenty years later, a sort of pontoon bridge was used for some time by the people of the neighborhood on crossing back and forth at this point."

WHAT HAS BECOME OF OUR BOASTED LOYALTY?

Gov. Jordan of New Hampshire is going to take steps to stop the indiscriminate cutting of trees from the forests of the State. New Hampshire forests must be saved if the State is to hold her summer resort business, which has developed into a tremendous income of late years.

And where is Vermont? Behind the times, as usual. Other States are looking out for their state interests. Public opinion will finally demand that Vermont look alive and protect her forests. These, with her hills and valleys, are her fairest attractions. Vermont is getting a little more into the summer visitor line each year. The present inception of Old Home Week is intended to start the old State in the growth, the infusion, the new life of the outer touch, which she should enjoy. But will the word of the sound of the portable steam mill in her forests bring an ever increasing number of visitors to the State for an outing? Will the well-to-do be likely to think of selecting a state for the erection of their summer homes which has no care for a continuance of its natural beauty? It has always been said that Vermont was a slow state, requiring years to see and adopt that which in other commonwealths has become every day action. Vermont has shown the world what her sturdy sons can do. Let those who remain at home each in his own locality, exert an influence to save our forests from depletion, our springs, our trout brooks and our rivers from shrinking away, leaving only a blasted mockery of what by its well filled beauty once made glad the heart of all who passed that way.

Our proverbial slowness, indifference, our inability to break away from the past and move with the quickened pulse of events which the closing years of the 19th century has brought,

our lack of foresight, and long delayed action will certainly result in denuded and blackened hillsides and failing springs and streams.

The people of New Hampshire are showing a widespread interest in the saving of their trees. Former residents have joined in an appeal for forest preservation. But that interest must not abate because the Governor intends to do something about it.

Eternal vigilance is the price of our tree possessions. Vermont must be awakened to a care for its future.

A UNIQUE NEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY MRS. J. W. PIERCE, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

NESTS THE SIZE OF A BUSHEL BASKET BUILT OF SAND BY A SPECIES OF SMALL FISH IN LAKE SUNAPEE. EVERY NEST OWNER A VALIANT FIGHTER.

During a summer vacation the rare opportunity was given me of studying the nest building habits of a small flat fish that frequents the shallow places in Lake Sunapee, N. H.

My fish had selected a quiet cove within a few feet of the shore and quite near a row of cottages. Presumably, they were less in fear of man, than of the finny tribe. Their nests were circular in form and about the size of a bushel basket. They were hollowed out in the center like a saucer, and were kept in perfect shape and beautifully clean, by a swift, fan-like motion of the tail fin of the fish, held in a perpendicular position. The bottom of the lake being of a dark color, and these nests made of white sand, you could easily see what a neat housekeeper this little fish was. Each nest had its owner, who fought for her "hearth and home" with great valor, chasing off every intruder and seldom being vanquished in the fray.

This pugnacious creature was essentially a home body, seldom leaving the nest, except to dart off a few feet in quest of food, or in hot pursuit of an invader. This little fish is a bold robber, as well as a valiant fighter. I noticed one of the largest specimens drive a smaller one from her nest again and again, and then take possession of it, spending her time between her own nest and the one she had robbed. I counted three dozen of these nests, not more than a foot apart. Some of these fish were beautifully colored.

I went down to the lake very early one morning to take a look at my pets. The water was very calm and clear. Nearly all of the fish were lying perfectly still in the center of their nests, apparently fast asleep.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY G. S., READING, VT.

If all the people that we see
Lived like the righteous—free from crime,
O, what a blessing it would be,
Viewed through the telescope of time.
Each for the other then might live,
Year after year their blessings share:
O, for a thousand lives to give
Under the guidance of such care.

THE DEERSLAYERS

NOT BY COOPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL

BY REV. HOMER WHITE, RANDOLPH, V.T.

"Kathleen Mavourneen the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill."

The young man sang this stanza through while critically examining a handsome rifle which he held in his hands, and then commenced on another stanza in a happy if not musical voice:

"Kathleen Mavourneen awake from thy slumbers,
The Green Mountains glow in the sun's golden light—"

"Stop that racket, Bob," exclaimed his companion; another young man who was sitting on a sofa in the room and absorbed in the contemplation of a buckhorn-handled hunting knife, "If you can't shoot any better than you can sing there is no use in our going to the Green Mountains or any where else to hunt deer."

"Now, Tom, because you don't know good music when you hear it, is no reason why you should betray your ignorance, or your unfortunate lack of musical taste. Your wisest course is to look as though you enjoyed it and say nothing. Let no word escape the barrier of your teeth, as one of the old Grecians expressed it."

"I'll let no deer escape, unless you scare him away with your good singing."

The two young men were occupying an elegantly furnished room in a private house in New York City and the time was the first of October in the year of grace 1897. They had heard of the open season for deer in Vermont and that the wooded hills and mountains of the state were full of the antlered game which Vermont had been protecting and allowing to increase for nearly twenty years and they had agreed to go together on a hunting excursion to the wilds of that mountain region. They had plenty of time and money, and with complete hunting outfits they promised themselves a week or more of thorough enjoyment and a triumphant return to the city with abundant trophies of the chase.

The next morning the two friends took the cars for the land of Ethan Allen, expecting a more hospitable welcome than Yorkers were accustomed to get in olden time. Without accident or other notable event, they arrived in the evening at the village of Randolph, lying in the shadow of the Green Mountains.

"Red Lion Inn, sir?" inquired the colored porter of that unpencilled red brick structure. He gleamed in a military uniform and was at the depot to meet and welcome incoming strangers.

"Yes," answered Bob, unless there is a Red Buck hotel here."

"No, sir: this way," said the porter, seizing their valises and leading them across the street.

"How are 'The Old Folks at Home'?" ventured Tom, as the two followed with their guns.

"All right, sir," smiled their guide as he led them into the Inn.

After such a supper as would have given Delmonico the nightmare, even to dream of, they talked with the landlord and learned all they needed to know about the best place to go and how to get there. They retired at nine o'clock, the country bedtime, to get all the rest they could, and the next morning were astir at an early hour. Hiring an express wagon with a horse and driver, they purchased their supplies and loaded up with cooked and uncooked food, enough to last them as long as they would be likely to stay. Then they climbed into the wagon to start for Rochester mountain.

"Git up, Doctor," called the driver to the horse, and as the Doctor was decidedly fond of getting up, they went rattling down the street at a lively pace and were soon out of the village and on the road to the hills. The Doctor was one of those horses which never get tired. The farther he was driven, the faster he wished to go. He was a horse which had opinions, also. When they reached the Three-Corners he wished to turn to the right, thinking, perhaps, that he knew best where the deer were to be found; but being forcibly restrained and somewhat violently turned to the left, he dashed ahead at a frightful gait over a rough road, and his two city passengers began to grow pale and to wish they were somewhere else—in a Venetian gondola for instance, or some other easy going craft.

"Can't you stop the brute?" cried Bob.

"No; that ain't his way," calmly replied the driver. "Pullin' don't do no good."

"He'll tip us over!" screamed Tom, as the wagon bounced over a big stone.

"I guess not," said the driver, speaking slowly and not appearing to be at all disturbed; "I can keep him in the road and bimeby we shall git to the foot of the hills and then he will have to slack up a little, nat'rally. He can't run up a mountain with this load."

But the old horse seemed to think he could, and dashed on as fast as ever. He ran for about a mile and then coming to a long, steep pitch he was glad to stop and breathe at the first water-bar.

"There, I told you so," said the driver, loosening the lines with a satisfied air.

The Doctor was all right for the rest of the way as the road was all up hill and steep at that—nearly perpendicular, in places, it seemed to the two hunters. After a long, hard pull they reached the summit and turning into a wood-road penetrated the forest about three-quarters of a mile when they came to a small clearing where was a choppers' shanty. Taking possession of this they unloaded their goods and began to get dinner on the old cooking stove which the choppers had left. The meal was served on a rough board table and lacked nothing but venison to make it perfectly satisfactory. After all appetites, the Doctor's included, had been appeased, they dismissed their team, stipulating with the driver to return for them in ten days.

"And, by the way," said Tom, as the man was driving away, "come with the Minister, or some other horse besides the Doctor. We've had enough of him."

"All right; I'll come with Daisy."

"That's a daisy; goodbye."

Left alone the two hunters went to work to arrange their belongings in the way to make themselves the most comfortable. They brought in armfuls of hemlock brush for bedding over which to spread their heavy blankets and secured a quantity of firewood, which was plentiful around them and needed but little preparation.

The day was a glorious one, as hunters count glory. It was the beginning of Indian summer. The leaves were yet mostly on the trees but they were dyed in gorgeous colors and the solid woods of surrounding hills and mountain peaks presented a panorama of exceeding beauty such as is seldom seen outside of Vermont, the most picturesque of all the states. Underneath the feet, the dry leaves that had already fallen rustled musically as one walked along. It was beautiful October at its best. The heat of summer was gone but it was still warm in the sun while not cold in the shade, and all nature seemed to be exulting in the triumphs of the year, like a strong man in his prime joying in the success of his previous years of effort.

The two friends feasted their eyes on the beauty of the scenery and decided that they would not kill any deer that afternoon; but they thoroughly enjoyed the wildness around them and felt that they were getting close to nature and gaining an appreciation of the feelings of primitive man.

"What a sham our civilization is," remarked Bob philosophically.

"Pretty good, though," replied Tom. "If you don't think so, throw away your rifle and pick up a club or make a bow out of one of these hemlock limbs and go a hunting tomorrow."

When the sun began to plunge down the western side of the mountains, seeming to set the hill-tops ablaze, they prepared and ate their supper, and then, lighting their pipes, laid their plans for the morrow. The stillness of the forest settled about them and the moon made ghosts and bears and panthers out of the stumps in the little clearing. At length they went into their new dwelling and made ready for the night. They fastened securely the shutter of the square hole, called, by courtesy, a window, and bracing a heavy log against the door to keep out dangerous wild beasts, they went to their rustic couches. Wrapped in their warm blankets, they courted sleep which soon came to them in spite of their novel surroundings. They slept like savages.

With the first light of the morning they were awake and were soon up and dressed. While one made a fire the other brought water from a good spring near the shanty. Breakfast was soon ready and after it was eaten they took their guns and ammunition, together with a good lunch, and started on their first hunt, having shut the door of their domicile behind them. They had no dog, as the law of the State forbade any such assistance, but they had a large stock of confidence and with that they set forth. It was as nice a morning as any deer or hunter could ask for and they pushed into the dense woods with attentive ears and expectant eyes. With occasional halts for rest and consultation, they walked for miles, their stock of confidence gradually growing less as they failed to see any sign of deer. At noon they stopped beside a little brook and ate the lunch they had brought.

"I don't like being my own dog," remarked Tom. "Very likely we have walked past a dozen deer without knowing it, just because neither of us is blessed with a dog's nose."

"I don't doubt it," replied Bob. "We must be a good ways from our shanty; suppose we curve around and turn such noses as we have towards home—it is just as good hunting in that direction as any other."

"Agreed," said Tom. "I don't want to go any farther."

Picking up their guns they turned homewards; but, gaze as hard as they would, no branching antlers obstructed their vision. They had tramped about a mile when suddenly Bob raised his rifle to his shoulder and aiming into a tree, fired.

"Have they climbed the trees and is that the reason we can't find them?" inquired Tom.

There was a rustling among the branches, as some object fell through them, and down to the ground came a gray squirrel shot through the head.

"There's the first game, anyway," said Bob, picking up the squirrel.

"Mice and rats and such small deer," quoted Tom.

"It's a small beginning, but perhaps you'll kill a bear before we get home."

He did not, however, but he had the satisfaction of shooting another squirrel in the edge of the clearing, and with this small amount of game for their first day of hunting, they were glad to find themselves at home while it was still daylight. Skinning the squirrels, which were large and fat, they determined to have a game supper which they cooked and ate with the relish of woodsmen. The remains of the feast they threw out of the door and then spent the evening enjoyably in discussing the experiences of the day and hoping for better luck on the morrow. When all had been said they fastened up the shanty as before and putting out the light went to bed. They were about falling asleep when a noise outside disturbed them and aroused them to wakefulness.

"What is it?" whispered Bob.

"Blessed if I know," answered Tom.

Just then they heard a heavy body come against the door, jarring it, and this was followed by a scratching on the rough boards. They sprang from their couches, struck a light and seized their guns. Something was pressing hard against the door and growling fiercely at the same time. The log which braced the door slipped back a little and the door opened about two inches.

"Bob, jump on that log and hold it!" screamed Tom.

Bob obeyed orders immediately and was able to maintain the *status quo* and to keep out the *persona non grata* who was seeking admission. It was a moonlight night and Tom, turning his eyes to the opened crack of the door, perceived the black nose and part of the head of a large animal. Placing the muzzle of his rifle against the intruding head from which horrible growls were issuing, he quickly fired. There was a yell of agony and rage and a fall outside while the head disappeared from the opening. Bob pushed the door together and held it closed.

"You've hit him."

"I guess I have; I don't usually miss when the muzzle of my rifle is pressed hard against the thing I'm firing at."

"Hear him thrash and growl; what is it?"

"Well, it's either a bear or the Doctor, or else it is the porter of the Red Lion Inn—it is some big fellow anyway."

"Beast or human, we had better give him another shot and put him out of his misery."

"You may do the shooting, this time, and I will manipulate the door. If it is the porter, his blood be on your head; if it is a bear, remember I shot him."

Bob took up his gun while Tom opened the door a few inches.

"Put your gun through the crack and if you can see him take good aim; if you can't see, fire at the noise."

Bob did as directed and soon the rifle rang out and then all was still outside.

"I've hit the noise or else the beast has crawled away," remarked Bob as he drew in his gun and the door was shut again.

They listened awhile but heard nothing.

"I'm going to see what the matter is; you open the door and hold the light," said Tom, and finding his hunting knife, he stepped cautiously out. A dark object lay a few feet from the door. He approached it, ready to spring back if it moved. It did not stir, and touching it he found it was a big black bear quite dead.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, and Bob came out to help him gloat over the fallen foe. There was rejoicing in camp that night and feeling unable to sleep after the exciting event of the evening, they completed their hasty toilets and took off the skin of the bear, while it was yet warm. At length they calmed down a little and got a few hours' sleep before morning, but rising early they dressed the animal, hung the carcass on the limb of a tree and had bear steak for breakfast. They voted to take the day for rest and refreshment. They had roast bear for dinner and cold, sliced bear for supper.

"I guess we can bear it a few days on this, can't we?" asked Tom.

"Yes," replied Bob, "and when this is gone we can catch another bear by throwing out a few squirrel bones for bait."

The next day they went on another hunt for deer but found nothing larger than gray squirrels. But their courage was good after having slain the bear, for they had something at least to show as the result of their hunting expedition. Every day they went in a new direction and, as Tom remarked, they got the exercise if nothing more. One day, indeed, they caught sight of a noble buck, but he first caught sight of them and before they could fire he was out of sight. They followed his track for a little while, but soon lost it and, sighing for a dog, turned back.

It was soon the last day of their hunt; the next day they expected the team to come for them. They turned their steps toward a wooded height they had not yet visited, determined to spend the day in one last desperate effort to secure a specimen of the wary animal they had come especially to hunt. The way they went the wind was in their faces and this they knew was in their favor as the deer's keen scent could give him no notice of their approach. They made as little noise as possible and kept a sharp lookout in all directions.

It was near noon when, creeping up a slight acclivity, they looked cautiously over down into a little ravine where ran a small, clear stream. At the first glance they beheld a magnificent specimen of the animal they were seeking, drinking from the brook. His wide-spreading horns seemed to their much-magnifying eyes to be twice as large as they really were. The monarch of the woods was before them and unsuspecting of danger. Silently but quickly Bob raised his rifle and fired. The ball struck in the shoulder. The buck raised his head

and with a mighty bound cleared the brook and rushed up the slight pitch directly towards them. He had almost reached them when Tom fired, hitting him in the neck. The beautiful animal staggered and fell, dyeing the red, maple leaves of the hillside with the ruddier tinge of his own blood. With one last look of mingled surprise and defiance his proud head sank to the earth and he was dead.

The ambition of the hunters was satisfied now, and they almost reproached themselves for destroying so beautiful a life. They could not carry away the slain animal and so they removed the head with its regal crown and retraced their steps to the clearing.

The next day about noon the same team and driver that brought them there drew up before the shanty.

"Why, that is the same black horse we came with, isn't it?" inquired Bob of the driver.

"No," replied the latter, unblushingly; "this is Daisy. Most all our horses are black."

"Well, I am glad it isn't the same one. I should hate to go down this mountain with the Doctor in the shafts."

After dinner they loaded their things into the wagon and set off down the mountain. As they went down the steepest pitches the driver was continually speaking to his horse in soothing tones—"whoa, Daisy; careful, Daisy"—and the Doctor (for it was really he) behaved in a manner to do him credit. The bottom of the mountain was reached at last without accident, and they moved over the more level road at an accelerated pace. Yet the driver was very careful not to excite his horse, and persuaded him to walk whenever he could, where there was the least excuse for walking. It was near the close of the short afternoon when they reached the outskirts of the village, and here something seemed to remind the Doctor that there was a comfortable stable and a good supper not far ahead of him. Without any urging he struck his best gait and Ben Hur never drove the Arabian horses of the Sheikh, hitched to a lumbering Roman chariot, any faster than the Doctor pulled that wagon-load of deerslayers through the village streets. Everything in the wagon jumped and jingled and Bob and Tom, almost breathless, clung with trembling hands to the back of their seat. For the last quarter of a mile the old horse ran and never slackened his speed till he reached the stable yard. A stableman seized him by the head and then his frightened passengers gladly alighted.

"If that isn't the Doctor," exclaimed Tom, "then he is his twin brother, and I don't want anything to do with any more of the family. He may be a good Vermont Morgan, but he isn't a good enough Morgan for me."

But the danger over, the young men were in good spirits and perfectly satisfied with their brief season of deerhunting in Vermont.

EXTRACTS FROM SUBSCRIBERS' LETTERS.

Pleased to renew my subscription. Am always glad to receive the Journal for it is interesting. H. L. VONDELL, Windsor, Vt.

Last summer I read two numbers of the Journal and became very much interested in them. If I remember correctly the subscription price is fifty cents per annum. I enclose two subscriptions. V. M. BOWEN, Barre, Vt.

It is great. Long live the Journal. MELVIN E. COWEN, Quebec, Vt.

I think very much of the Journal and look forward to its coming, almost as I would a friend. HATTIE M. HOISINGTON, Bethel, Vt.

The Reading Public Library.

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW GILBERT A. DAVIS LIBRARY BUILDING AT FELCHVILLE, VT.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY REV. ELIZABETH HOLY GOLDENHWAITE.

In these latter years it is no uncommon custom that men and women of public spirit bestow their generous gifts in person, for the general welfare of their fellows, thus having the double satisfaction of giving personal service and of having assurance that their wishes as regards their gifts are fulfilled.

year to year and from generation to generation is indeed a public benefactor.

The town of Reading, Vermont has been made the recipient of a gift of this high order in her new Library Building at the hands of one, who though not her son, becomes through such a gift, surely as an adopted child.



Happy is the man or the woman who can give an institution, be it of whatever nature, for the betterment of humanity and happy also should be the people who are made the recipients of such a gift.

No greater gift, nor one of more far-reaching influence, was ever conceived than that which fosters the love of books in the youth and which gratifies the taste for literature in those of mature years. Who shall be able to measure or weigh the influence that goes out through the channel of the Public Library to enrich the life of the individual, making it thereby a power for the general welfare of mankind? "Education is a debt due from present to future generations" and he who, in conspicuous measure, is able and willing to make possible the payment of that debt with generous interest, by making available large resources for its continuous payment from

Gilbert A. Davis spent many years in Reading and as proof of his love for his long time home erected "The Gilbert A. Davis Library Building," which by a deed of trust is forever to be used for library purposes by the citizens of Reading and those residing within the delivery of the Felchville postoffice.

The Library Building is situated on the west side of Main Street, in Felchville village and is a marked addition to the beauty of the street with the deep lawn and wide gravel walk leading up to the broad steps and generous porch of the Building, whose front is graced with four white Ionic pillars which support the overhanging roof. The front is marked in large gold letters—above the pillars—"THE GILBERT A. DAVIS LIBRARY BUILDING" and over the door and beneath the overhanging roof "READING FREE LIBRARY." The building is 60 x 32

feet, made of brick, with a cobble basement forming the foundation upon which is a belt of gray granite. It is built in the form of a cross and after plans of Jarvis Hunt of Chicago. The outside trimmings are of pressed brick. Within, the walls are of black ash and the ceilings in the same finish with exposed beams and overlays. The floors are of quartered oak. The windows are of plate glass and have inside shutters.

Entering the broad door, one steps in to the spacious vestibule which at present holds temporary cases for the surplus magazines generous donors have provided. Large rolling doors open into the Reading Room which contains two long tables weighed down with current literature—at one end the latest fiction and the rest of the space filled with pile after pile of late magazines—and easy chairs galore invite one to tarry to let fond fancy play as it wills. On the walls are pictures of former townsmen, many of whom have passed to "the great beyond." Among these faces of the past one may sit in the blissful quiet and converse with poet, philosopher, literateur, historian or scientist as he desires and his chat shall know no disturbance. Still other rolling doors pushed aside reveal the Book Room, whose shelves are shielded from the dust by plate glass rolling doors. The shelves are replete to overflowing with books, said by eminent critics, to be of a most wise and judicious selection, touching all phases of thought and ministering to lofty ideals. Few if any second rate or trashy books have found place here, greatly to the satisfaction of those interested in this institution for the people.

Reading has long had a Library Association whose books have been moved from house to house as the office of Librarian changed hands. This Association received from the Vermont State Library Commission a donation of books to the value of \$100. and public interest has been manifest from time to time through some public entertainment, the proceeds of which were always devoted to the furtherance of the Library's power to do good. With the breaking of ground for the new Library Building this effort gained impetus and many a former townsman was told of the prospect awaiting the town at a not far distant day and with the consummation of the builders' work, so ably done under the supervision of Hiram Beckwith of Claremont, N. H., results began to accrue with surprising and gratifying rapidity. The Dedication which took place on July 4, 1899, while replete with many happy incidents, will have last-

ing remembrance in the generous gift of Wallace F. Robinson, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, a former resident in a gift of 110 books—books of permanent value because of their wise selection. This gift has found repetition at the hands of many friends, until the Library has now nearly 1600 volumes besides several hundred Government Reports and fully a hundred volumes of the War Correspondence relative to the Civil War. In addition to the bound books are year upon year of the valued magazines which need binding that they may be preserved for general reading and reference. Summer visitors and a popular subscription have made possible twelve of the current magazines for the Reading Room, and here also may be found some half dozen of the weekly county and state newspapers, also the monthly magazines of local interest, the *Inter-State Journal* and *The Vermonter*.

At the hands of the Librarian, Miss Minnie C. Fay, the books are nearly classified according to the Dewey System. This work is being done at intervals, as opportunity affords, other than what time is available during Library hours on Wednesdays and Saturdays, afternoon and evening. As fast as funds and time will permit the Library is being placed on an up-to-date basis for the good of its patrons.

To a former townsman this new Library Building with its equipment may seem like a myth and to our townspeople it is as yet scarcely more than a dream. It is a dream which will only become a full reality when we all are mindful of the power it can wield for good in our town; when we give it the equipment it needs that it may become a working force in our midst. The writer may be pardoned perhaps if, because of her deep interest in this great instrumentality among us, she expresses the wish that is so strong within her that by some means, an endowment might now be provided which would make possible so many added facilities which would bring this generous gift close to the home and the hearts of all our townspeople.

Hon. Gilbert H. Davis, the Donor.

Gilbert Asa Davis, who presented the town of Reading with the handsome Library building so well described on the preceding page, is a successful Attorney residing in the neighboring town of Windsor.

Mr. Davis was born in Chester, Vt., December 18, 1835, and was the son of Asa and Mary (Hosmer) Davis. Having received an education limited to the public schools and Chester Academy, he began to teach when he was fifteen years of age. In 1852 he removed to New

Jersey, where he pursued the profession of teaching for four years, at Belvidere and other places in Warren and Hunterdon counties. While in that state he read law with Hon. J. G. Shipman of Belvidere. Returning to Vermont he continued the study of the law in the office of Hon. William Rounds of Chester and later with Messrs. Washburn (P. T.) & Marsh (Charles P.) of Woodstock. He was admitted to the bar at the May term of Windsor County Court in 1859, and practiced with his last instructors for about a year, after which he removed to Felchville, in Reading. Here he

was State's Attorney for Windsor County in 1878-80. In 1874 he was selected by Governor Peck to compile the school laws of Vermont, and he has published a history of the town of Reading. At the centenary celebration of that town he delivered the address, and he was also the orator at the centennial celebration of the adoption of the name and constitution of the State, held at Windsor, August 9, 1877.

Mr. Davis has been for many years an officer of the Vermont Historical Society; a member of the Vermont Commandery of Knights Tem-



HON. GILBERT A. DAVIS.

remained for about twenty years, laying the foundation for a large and successful practice. He still retains an office in Felchville although he removed to Windsor in 1879.

Mr. Davis has always been identified with public improvements in his community. He is a Director in the Windsor Electric Light Co., has been a Trustee of the Village; he was one of the Commissioners appointed to supervise the construction of the Windsor Water Works; he is president of the Windsor Machine Co., and of the Windsor Canning Co.; is Clerk of the Electric Light Co.; he is also President of the Village of Windsor.

He is a member of the Republican party and has held many important town offices. In 1858 and 1861 he was Assistant Clerk of the Vermont House of Representatives, and to him was entrusted the important task of making out the grand list. He served as Register of Probate of Windsor for five years. He represented the Town of Reading in the Legislature in 1872 and 1874, serving in both sessions on the Committee on Education of which he was Chairman during his last term. He was elected to the Senate in 1876, and he was a member of both the Educational and Judiciary Committees.

plar, the clerk of the Congregational Society of Windsor, and Superintendent of the Sunday School. He was an Alternate and acted as Delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1888; and he was a member of the Triennial Council of the Congregational Churches at Worcester in 1889, and in Minneapolis in 1892.

In April, 1862, he was united in marriage with Delia I. Bolles, at Turner, Illinois, and their union was blessed with four children, two of whom are now living.

Mr. Davis' work as a lawyer is shown by reference to the Vermont Reports, from volume thirty-six to volume seventy-one inclusive; in addition to that he has had an extensive practice in the Federal Courts and in the Courts of New Hampshire. In 1868 Mr. Davis was one of the editors of the History of the First Congregational Church of Windsor.

On the enactment of the United States Bankruptcy Law July 7, 1898, Judge Wheeler of the Vermont District appointed Mr. Davis as referee in bankruptcy for the County of Windsor, and he has discharged the duties of that office faithfully and impartially in the seventy-nine cases that have been referred to him.

Delilah • Hopkins • Encounters • Cupid.

FOURTH STORY IN THE GRANITE STATE FOLKS SERIES,

Written for the Journal by Fred Ferdinand Moore.

Copyrighted 1901, by the Author.

"Well I do declare! How do you do Mis' Wimple? Come right in, I knew it wuz you when you rapped."

Mrs. Wimple, laden with bundles and covered with snow, went in.

"Sit right down here by the stove and take off your shawl. Dreadful weather ain't it. Be'n down to the store?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wimple, "I thought I'd get a ride with Eben but he had to wait at the blacksmith shop to get the bay pair shod. I thought I'd come in for a minute and see how you was."

"That's right. Miss Primley wuzn't be'n gone long. Had an awful time tryin' to fit her. She ain't got no figger but I s'pose she ain't to blame for that. Wouldn't you like some tea?"

"Yes Delilah, I will have some. You're always busy at home. I should think you'd get tired of cutting and sewing all the time."

"An old maid like me has to do somethin', heh, heh, heh!"

"Why in the world don't you pick up and get a fellow?"

"Now there! I wuz just thinkin' of him when you come, an' I've be'n wantin' to tell you all about that, for some time. They've had all sorts of stories goin' around," said Delilah, taking out the teacups, "And you'll find out after you've lived in Edgeville as long as I have, that the people here have got bad tongues. There's Mis' Mason; she's one of the worst back-biters in this town. 'Lias won't trust her for nothin' an' their place is all mor'gaged up. I like to talk, but thank heaving I ain't no back-biter. Now you just draw up to the table here, Mis' Wimple, an' I'll tell you all about Reuben Bixler an' me."

"No, never mind, Delilah; it's none of my business and I only spoke in fun."

"Well now Mis' Wimple, I will tell you all about it, 'cause if I don't they'll stuff you with a lot of lies. Have some sugar! I've had more'n one feller if I am an old maid, heh, heh, heh!"

"These cups are very pretty; get 'em of 'Lias'?"

"No, that's the strangest part of it. Reuben give me them cups, an' they *are* pretty."

"The first time I ever saw him he wuz up to the school-house to a play or a chay-rade. I noticed he kept lookin' at me, and all of a sudden he come over an' went by my desk an' dropped a paper in my lap. He went right along an' nobody wuz lookin' so I opened it. It said, 'I am slave to thy charms,' heh, heh! Well Mis' Wimple, I wanted to laugh out loud but I held in till after the play wuz over, an' then the minister introduced me to him as, 'Reuben Bixler, the new school-teacher.'

"He went with me pretty reg'lar. All the girls wuz jealous as sin an' started a story that somebody told him I had money in the bank."

"Is that Miss Primley's new dress on the chair?" asked Mrs. Wimple.

"Yes. Everything went along lovely till he got to writin' poetry. He let his hair grow long like that writin' feller that

wuz here this summer an' played goff all the time. He wuz crazier 'n a bed-bug one while; they didn't play goff then but if they did he'd played it too. He wouldn't keep himself clean 'tall; said a poet hadn't oughter wash his face by right. You couldn't hire him to lick one of the scholars, 'cause he said he couldn't tell whether there wuz a future President or a famous man growin' up in his school an' he didn't want 'em to have a grudge agin him when they wuz famous. He tried to change his name to 'Sir Hagar Hartcote.' Said Bixler didn't sound poetical.

"He writ a long pome on the back of six or seven rolls of wall paper an' said he guessed 'twas goin' to be as long as 'Parody's Lost.' I didn't know who that wuz, but I told him he would lose his mind an' his reputation as a school-teacher if he kept on. Why it wuz somethin' ridic'ulous Mis' Wimple. He had a lot of foolish stuff in it 'bout somebody who had arms like Venus an' a voice like Zepper, whoever *she* wuz, an' great monsters with hundreds of legs an' they wuz spittin' hot cinders all the time an' their eyes wuz pregnant with the fires of Haydees, heh heh heh!

"I couldn't remember half of it if I tried.

"I never'll fergit the day he walked out with me. We wuz down in Kimball's medder. I asked him when he wuz goin' to ask me to marry him. I didn't ask him right out to marry me, mind you, 'cause I wouldn't do such a thing, but I asked him when he wuz goin' to ask me.

"He waved his hand like a train conductor, an' said: 'My dear Delilah, I am wedded to my art.' Well I got scairt right off; I thought he was *insane* sure, but I got my breath an' said kinder offish like, 'I should think you'd want to wed somethin' a little more substantial; somebody who would bresh your clo'es and keep your pants buttons on, an' make you comb your head on Sundays anyway.'

"Says he, swingin' his hand again, 'If I should wed I'd have no time for art, and I owe it to the world, I owe it to the world,' says he, 'to cultivate my genius.'

"Well, say I, 'If cultivatin' your genius means writin' pomes full o' swearin' an' makin' folks have night mares with your hundred legged monsters, cultivatin' a poesy bed an' mowin' medder hay looks better to me.'

"That made him mad, an' he said, kinder down hearted like, 'It's in Greek history anyway.'

"An' says I, seein' I wuz bringin' him around, 'It's all I want to do to keep track of these American United States without worryin' about Eyetalian's,' heh heh heh! —

"'Greeks ain't Eyetalian's,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'They sell bananas an' wear bon 'rings in their ears an' keep butcher knives sharpened on both sides in their boots.'

"That made him madder an' he swung *both* his hands an' tore his hair. After his fit cooled down, he says, 'What you know about Art won't never give you headaches.'

"We parted," said Delilah, wiping her eyes.

"He jumped the stun wall an' went toward Skunk Holler Crik; I come home in tears by the cross-roads."

"Did you ever see him again?" inquired Mrs. Wimple.

"No, but I writ to him," said Delilah, crushing back a sob. "He went up to the Junction an' got into bad company; went to smokin' cigars an' some said he drank."

"He wuz awfully sot in his ways; would wear cotton socks winter an' summer. I knit him nine pair of woolen ones but he said the rats et 'em. He et with a fork an' had to have a cup of water on the table to keep wettin' his hands. Think of that!" He wuz dreadful sot in his ways, yes he wuz."

"Is he up there now?" said Mrs. Wimple, biting her lip.

"No. He stepped on a cigar box an' run a nail into his foot. I writ him to find the nail and put it in his left hand bureau drawer an' cut a soap advertisement out of a paper and every night before he went to bed to throw the advertisement over his right shoulder an' say three times, 'ricky racky to rum.' A gipsy woman told me that would cure any disease. She looked into my hand for a quarter with thirteen stars on it, an' told me I *could* be merried if I wanted to, 'cause I wuz goin' to have three offers, heh heh heh!"

"I believe her Mis' Wimple 'cause she had great ridges an' furrers in her hands from raslin' with witches. She smoked a clay pipe, I see her with my own opticals, an' said they wuz genu-wine Roman gipsies, but I don't believe the waggin they had ever brought them from Rome, 'cause I know it's a long ways from Rome to Edgeville."

"I told her I thought a quarter wuz cheap for what a lot she told me an' she said she would tell me a lot more for another quarter, but I didn't have the change so I swapped her two seven-pound flatirons an' a chiney aig. I see the men anchorin' the hosses with the flatirons."

"Did Reuben do as you told him?"

"No," said Delilah, bursting into tears again. "He got blood pizinin' an' died 'cause he didn't say 'ricky racky to rum' as I writ to him. Well, it's too bad you must go. Come in again."

Mrs. Wimple took her bundles and left Delilah to her tears.

Earning a Quarter for the Church.

BY M. PERRY EASTMAN, BARNARD, VT.

In some way or other we're requested to earn
A quarter, church expenses to defray;
Now women earn enough right along
But with all respect to men, we're minus the pay.
This money must be obtained in some way unique,
Something out of the ordinary, one may say,
So as usual with troubles to my "gude man" I go,
And promptly he remarks "I'll tell you a way."

What a relief! but not a word did I speak.

For fear of being broken the spell

So he proceeds to unfold his plan.

If selfish or not, I'll leave you to tell,

"Now my dear," said he, in his soft soapy way,

Which men all use when there's an ax to grind,

"If for ten days you'll be all the time good,

I'll give you a quarter, do you mind?"

Well woman like I jumped at the chance
A little thought would have told he'd get his worth,
But experience only some lessons must teach,
And I was bound by a right strong girth.
So from that day, my troubles began;
At dinner he broke a pitcher of cut glass,
And while inside I was deathly sick,
I just looked smiling and let it pass.

And later when he went to feed the pig,
He slopped the milk 'pon my clean floor;
I quickly ran to get the mop,
And smiled as he went through the door.
He knows I dislike above all things,
When lighting the fire the stove to litter,
But he took a holiday on being neat,
While I looked sweet and felt bitter.

The wood box empty, the water tank not filled,
For I was earning two dimes and a half,
Do as he might, he knew I'd concede,
And for ten days in his sleeve he might laugh.
The days passed on as time will go,
Till three were left and I began to hope
I'd live through the probation sure:
But lack a day still closer drew the rope.

Now the best of men need occasional caution
But just now I couldn't hint it, and alas!
Well of all bad things he yet had done,
The worst of all would come to pass,
He was standing before my dressing case,
The one in our room, the mirror plate glass,
When divesting himself of his shirt that night,
It came kinder sudden like, and he made a pass

At that mirror. I heard the crash;
I ran to the door to behold my loss,
But only said "Accidents will happen,
Did it cut your hand, dear?" and wasn't cross;
But my advice to any sister friend,
Go out scrubbing, a quarter to earn,
Sweep snow, do any thing menial I trow,
But don't try smiling, for you will learn,

That men, fair in most things are not at times,
When they know the women are making rhymes,
One thing sure, I'm not caught napping again,
For I have smiled, Alas! too many times,
Next time I'll give the church a "V."
For just you see the fearful loss,
Cut glass, china, plate mirror and all,
By looking sweet and never getting cross.

That there are not as many illustrations as usual in this number is due to the nature of some of the contributions. It is generally only in the descriptive articles that we are enabled to present photographic illustrations. There is much excellent reading in this number. The Deerslayer story by Rev. Homer White is one of the best we have had. Mr. White's stories are in demand by the Youth's Companion and other periodicals. Any lack of illustration in this number will be made up in the February issue, partly described elsewhere.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.

Corrected for the INTER-STATE JOURNAL Jan. 17, 1901, by H. E. Tinker, Union Station Agent.

B. & M., PASSUMPSIC DIVISION.

Arrive from North.	Leave for North.
Night Mail, Daily, 2:30 A.M.	Night Mail, Daily, 12:50 A.M.
Norwich Local, 7:40 A.M.	Norwich Local, 6:35 A.M.
Day Mail, 11:30 A.M.	Accommodation, 8:08 A.M.
Lyndonville Local, 2:30 P.M.	Day Mail, 1:45 P.M.
Accommodation, 8:30 P.M.	Accommodation, 6:40 P.M.

B. & M., CONCORD DIVISION.

Arrive from South.	Leave for South.
Night Exp. Daily, 12:25 A.M.	Montreal Exp. Daily, 2:30 A.M.
Local, 12:25 P.M.	Local, 8:10 A.M.
Express, 1:15 P.M.	Mail, 11:45 A.M.
Chicago Express, 4:00 P.M.	Montreal Express, 2:45 P.M.
Accommodation, 8:30 P.M.	Accommodation, 8:52 P.M.
Paper Train, 7:30 A.M.	Accommodation, 1:40 P.M.
* Sundays only.	

CENTRAL VT., NORTHERN DIV.

Arrive.	Leave.
Night Express, 8:15 A.M.	Night Exp. Daily, 12:40 A.M.
Day Mail, 11:25 A.M.	Local, 8:10 A.M.
Chicago Express, 2:30 P.M.	Express and Mail, 11:45 A.M.
Local, 8:35 P.M.	Chicago Express, 4:27 P.M.
* Sundays only.	

CENTRAL VT., SOUTHERN DIV.

Arrive.	Leave.
Night Exp. Daily, 12:25 A.M.	Night Exp. Daily, 2:35 A.M.
Local, Windsor, 8:05 A.M.	Local, 8:45 A.M.
Mixed, 9:45 A.M.	Express and Mail, 11:45 A.M.
Day Mail, 1:30 P.M.	New York Exp., 2:40 P.M.
New York Express, 4:17 P.M.	Mixed, 4:50 P.M.
Mail, 8:15 P.M.	Windsor Local, 8:45 P.M.

WOODSTOCK RAILWAY.

Arrive.	Leave.
Mail, 11:30 A.M.	Accommodation, 8:10 A.M.
Accommodation, 8:32 P.M.	Mail, 1:40 P.M.
Accommodation, 6:40 P.M.	Accommodation, 6:25 P.M.

Inter-State Journal.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

Issued about the middle of each month by

CHAS. R. CUMMINGS,

Editor and Publisher.

Office in Smith's Block, near station,
WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE AT OFFICE AND RESIDENCE.

Price, 10 cents a copy, 50 cents a year.

All back numbers, from April, 1900, can be had in sets, at five cents a copy.

The Publisher will be pleased to receive stories and articles of general interest, and photographs of important events, accompanied by FULL DESCRIPTIVE MATTER.

All lady readers are invited to contribute to the Cooking Receipt Department.

Subscriptions received by Postmasters.

THE FEBRUARY JOURNAL.

The February JOURNAL will contain an intensely interesting story, "The Baker Boys' Hedgehog Scrape," a story of olden time, showing that fun-making just would exist in Vermont boys of 100 years ago, even under the stern customs of that time. How the boys' joke broke up the meeting at the school-house and nearly brought upon them the "penalty o' law," and how they were vindicated in an unexpected speech by Sarah Taggart, the country tailoress, implicating Deacon Foggett, their chief accuser, of similar performances in his own youth, is fascinatingly described by the author, Mrs. Jessie C. Tinkham, of Rochester, Vt.

The completion of the Bethel-Rochester railroad furnishes a subject for a descriptive article by Mr. J. Wesley Miller of Bethel, Vt. The difficulties of the undertaking and how they were surmounted are depicted in the article, which to many will be the most interesting yet published. A number of specially fine illustrations from photographs by J. H. Edson and others, show the steam shovel at work, the camp of the 300 Italian laborers in Stockbridge, the improved dumping car, looking more like an armored fort on wheels, White River scenery, showing views not surpassed in California or anywhere else, the difficulties of grading, with men and teams at work, bridge and trestle construction, the departure of the first train over the road, showing the crowd at the Rochester trainshed, and other views which will help to make this article the finest of its kind ever presented in Northern New England.

A Maine Hunting Trip by Mr. E. A. Norwood of Bellows Falls will describe the joys and discomforts of a week in the wilderness around Joe Mary lake, canoeing in waters swift or still, how the sailor cook brought down a deer propped in life-like position for the occasion, amid shouts of laughter from the camp, how the hunters' party got a number of deer, narrowly escaped being frozen and how they made a perilous passage of Pemadumcook lake in a fierce blow, with an overloaded canoe. Truly a sportsman's story. Illustrated.

A Day in a College Girl's Life will be the title of an interesting article by Miss Mary Milton Woodman of Windsor, one of the JOURNAL's new contributors.

Raising Oxen in Barnard will show the training given the bovines in a portion of that famous hill-town. The story is written by Mrs. Martha A. Eastman, which is a guaranty that it will not be lacking in interest. The illustration of Oxen doing a circus feat in the farm-yard will be a little out of the ordinary.

A sketch of the life of the late Hiram Hitchcock, one of the owners of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and founder of the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital at Hanover, N. H., will also be given in the February number. It will be replete with photographic illustrations specially taken for the JOURNAL by artist Langill, of Hanover. It will be a beautiful memorial.

A number of other special articles will appear in the February issue. Among them a photograph and sketch of John Marshall Shaw, of Bethel, Vt., who has

passed his 99th birthday, also a fine picture and article of Springfield's prominent resident, the late Hon. Adna Brown.

Old New England Kitchen Homes.

By J. ELIZABETH SHELTON,
Windsor, Vt.

The fire-place is blaring high.
The kitchen chairs are standing by.
The old gray cat is purring high
In coziness.

The tall clock in the corner ticks,
The kettle on the crane can hiss,
The shovel and tongs together hitch;
All bespeaks bliss.

The candlesticks are bright with care,
And flutings made smooth by wear,
The shot gun is suspended where
No harm can come.

The brick oven speaks of pumpkin pies
And all good things to eat implied
That from the farm is brought inside
The farmer's home.

The housewife in clean home-spun gown,
Now gets the spinning wheel around,
The rolls of wool kept warm around,
She holds a link.

Then stepping back upon her heel,
With graceful stroke she starts the wheel
And soon a thread of yarn reveals
Without a kink.

The winter's work is done away
The candles she dipped yesterday
And thinking as she spins that day
With right good will

Of friends who live some miles away,
How nice to come now in a sleigh;
She soon sees them without dismay
Drive o'er the hill.

With early superstitions blest
When roosters crowed upon the steps,
She told her friends she'd been impressed
Some one would come;

When jest and mirth together vied
And gossip too crept in edgewise,
They started on the stroke of five
To hasten home.

Three cheers for old New England homes
And may our lips be never dumb
When we within its precincts come
For right good cheer.

And though we roam the wide world o'er
We'll never find such comfort stored
In pantry, cellar, barns, garage,
As harbor here.

The land where patriots fought and bled
To potentates were never wed,
For equal rights with slavery dead,
They took a stand.

Let every son and daughter — you
As yeoman, valiant, noble, true
Strive that such laws be carried through
To bless this land.

White River Paper Co.,

WHOLESALE STATIONERS,

White River Junction, - - Vermont.

I Have Secured the Agency for a New Varnish called

DETRO-LAC.

It is the finest Varnish I ever used for finishing Furniture and interior woodwork, as it will dry in ten hours; will not crack; is not affected by hot or cold water or liquors. It is guaranteed to do all this and more. If it does not give better satisfaction than anything you have ever used before it won't cost you a penny. That is fair, isn't it? Call and examine the effect on different woods.

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**Home
Cookery.**

Buns. Take one pint of raised bread sponge, one cup sweet cream, piece of butter, one cup sugar, one cup raisins or currants, a little spice. Raise light and then cut out.

Mrs. E. G. Blanchard, Norwich.

Plain Cake. One egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup cream, one-half cup milk, two cups flour, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, flavor to taste.

Mrs. Lucia Harrington.

Oysters Cooked with Rice. One-half pint rice and one pint of oyster liquor cooked together; when done, add one-half cup of butter; when cool, add two eggs, well beaten; put rice in dish one and one-half inches deep; make holes with a spoon, large enough to hold three oysters; season and cover with one-half cup of butter and one half cup fine cracker dust; put in oven and brown quickly.

Dark Cake. One cup sour cream, one cup sugar, one cup seeded raisins chopped, two large cups flour, salt, two eggs, three great spoons molasses, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon all kind spices, three great spoons wine improves it. Bake slow.

Mrs. Zerah Clarke, Hartford.

Coffee Cakes. One quart flour, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda, one scant cup sugar, one scant cup lard and butter mixed, salt, milk enough to make a stiff dough. Knead well, roll thin, and spread with sugar and cassia, roll up like jelly cake and cut in slices. Bake in a moderate oven.

Mrs. Jackson, Norwich.

Maple Sugar Pie. One large cup of maple sugar broken into small pieces, one-half cup of butter. Beat one-half cup of sweet cream and one egg lightly. Bake with two crusts.

Walnut Creams. White of an egg in a tumbler, an equal quantity of cold water; put egg in a bowl and beat, add water, vanilla and stir in sufficient confectioners sugar to make a stiff paste. Form into balls, put walnuts on top.

This is formula for all French candies.

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of every description.

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Bank of Junction,
Vermont.**

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Paid in, \$100,000.

RECEIVES ACCOUNTS OF CORPORATIONS,
MERCHANTS, INDIVIDUALS.

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Rental.**

CALL AND INSPECT OUR FACILITIES
FOR DOING YOUR BUSINESS.

GEO. W. SMITH,
President.

J. L. BACON,
Cashier.

Sylvester Ames Parker.

BY REV. J. F. SIMMONS, WOODSTOCK, VT.

Sylvester Ames Parker, the subject of this sketch, was born in Lempster, N. H., June 10th, 1834. He came of good stock, and was always justly proud of his relationship to Rev. A. A. Miner, the great preacher, educator, reformer and philanthropist. His good mother, the sister of Dr. Miner, is still living in Lempster, N. H., having attained her 90th year.

In his boyhood and young manhood he eagerly utilized such opportunities of education as were open to him. After the usual common school training at home, he received his academic training at the Lempster Academy, Union Academy, Washington, N. H., Hopkinton, N. H. Academy and the Green Mt. Liberal Institute, South Woodstock, Vt. He graduated from this Institute in 1855. He was a student for a short time at Taft's College.

May 10, 1856, he was married to Nancy M. Green, of Barnard, Vt. With his wife he went to Warren Co., Ga., and took charge of Oak Grove Academy during 1857 and 1858.

This was a most interesting chapter in his life. He often spoke to his friends in later years, of his southern experiences, and I doubt not that many who will read these words have heard his interesting lecture, spoken with the emphasis of personal knowledge, "Plantation Life in Georgia." From Ga. he went to North Carolina, where his wife died Aug. 8, 1858. After this great loss he returned to the north.

He was born and reared in the religion of the "larger hope" and let it be said that to the hour of his death his character and work constituted a most practical, manly and inspiring exemplification of it. Choosing the ministry of the Universalist Church for his real life work, he was ordained at Stowe, Vt., August 25, 1859. Here he labored for three years, and here the fruits of his labor abide unto this day. July 8, 1860, he was married to Mary A. Hunton, of Hyde Park, Vt., sister of the Hon. A. P. Hunton of Bethel. Mrs. Parker, the loving, faithful wife and helpmeet of more than forty years, survives him. He removed to Bethel, Vt., as pastor of the Universalist Church, May 1, 1862, and remained continuously in the pastoral office until May 1, 1878.

He made Bethel his home until his death. All who have visited the "Parker House," as he was fond of calling his home, know that it was truly an ideal home—the home of religion, love, culture, hearty hospitality and the simple virtues which more than anything else in the world, serve to dignify and consecrate this human life of ours. He was at least once, after the close of his regular pastorate, acting pastor of the church, and always he was its loyal, devoted friend and helper. He now became the pastor of many pastorless churches of the faith "scattered abroad," and of unchurched Universalists, near and far. For a long period he was the business-like, tireless Secretary of the Universalist Convention of Vermont and Province of Quebec.

His friends, in the spirit of loving banter, often called him "Bishop Parker," though real bishops are unknown in the polity of his church, and the great editor, Dr. G. H. Emerson,

used to speak of him as "the epitome of Vermont Universalism." For years he was a trustee of Goddard Seminary, Barre.

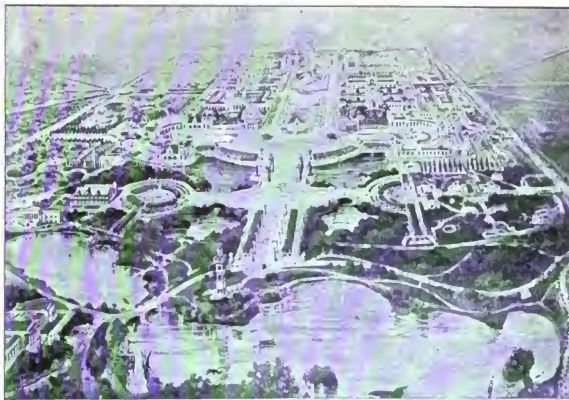
He was a devoted Mason and his services were in great request upon public Masonic occasions. He was called to minister in many homes, not because he was a Universalist, but because he was loved and trusted as a man and a Christian.

Probably no minister in Vermont has spoken words of Christian comfort to more people in their hours of sorrow. It seems divinely fitting that he himself should be called "to explore death's mystery" when performing this sacred office in the home of a life-long friend. He fell unconscious while speaking at the funeral of the wife of the venerable Rev. G. W. Bailey of Springfield, Vt., Thursday, Jan. 3, 1901. He passed on to the life of the spirit Saturday morning, Jan. 5. A simple funeral service was held at his home in Bethel, Monday, Jan. 7, conducted by his friend of many years, Rev. J. F. Simmons, of Woodstock, and his esteemed pastor, Rev. E. A. Read of Bethel. Besides his wife and mother, he is survived by a sister—Mrs. Maria A. Thompson of Lempster, N. H., and two brothers—Alonzo Parker of Boston, Mass., and Andrew Parker of Lempster, N. H.

His name is a household word in hundreds of homes from one end to the other of the old Green Mountain State which, though a son of New Hampshire, he loved with all his heart and soul.

He was a minister of religion; but there was no cant, nothing of the ministerial pose and mannerism about him. He would be a man first, true and efficient in all the relations of life, a good citizen, earnest to see his "father's business" in all the work his hands found to do. Being that, it was safe for him to let his ministerial character take care of itself. He went far toward realizing my ideal of what a Christian minister ought to be. He was scholarly and well abreast of the world's best thought and striving in many fields. He was hospitable to truth from any and every quarter and firm in his anchorage to God's Word, wherever he found it. He hated hypocrisy, yet was charitable in judging even hypocrites. He spoke evil of no man even when himself spoken against. He walked ever as in his Master's eye and was ever devout, cheerful, sunny, unpretending, sympathetic, hearty, sane, in touch with all classes and conditions of men. He always carried a good heart of hope around with him. He had the courage of his convictions, in all companies, and never lowered his flag. He loved life and found it worth living; yet feared not death, looking upon it as simply the going on of life to diviner issues. He worked on to the last and had a noble right to feel that he had made a good use of his life and the powers God had given him. Vermont is a better state because he has lived and worked in it for more than forty years. It is a richer State for the debt it owes him. Let those who would honor his memory in the best way devote themselves to their own duties in the spirit which dominated his whole life. He did what he could with such powers and opportunities as he had. He was not a great man doing great things in the great places of the world. He was content to be faithful, to do his duty, in his own modest sphere. And let it be remembered that our country, for the solution of its problems, needs not so much more great men as more common men in the simple, everyday walks of life, of the right stamp.

It will be a long time before the people of Vermont have a better example of Christian manhood and citizenship set before them than the example set by Sylvester Ames Parker of Bethel.



BIRDSYE VIEW OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO, MAY 1, TO NOV. 1, 1901.
 GROUNDS HALF A MILE WIDE, MILE AND A QUARTER LONG—350 ACRES
 COPYRIGHT 1901 BY THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION CO.

Vermont at the Pan-American Exposition.

At a meeting of representative men from different parts of the State, at Montpelier recently it was decided that Vermont should be properly represented at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo the coming summer. All the New England states are to combine in the expense of erecting a large building at the Exposition, which will cost about \$15,000. This building will be used as headquarters for New Englanders at the exposition, and will contain a large room for each of the states, where its attractions can be set forth for the enlightenment of the millions of visitors.

It is proposed to raise by subscription \$5,000 for Vermont's representation at the Exposition, \$3,000 to go toward the expense of the building, and \$2,000 to be used in providing an exhibit showing the attractions of Vermont as a summer resort, and in providing for an exhibit of articles of historical interest.

It is expected that the amount needed will be

raised without much difficulty. An organization was formed at the meeting, to make arrangement with the other states occupying the building, and to raise the amount needed, and attend to all details.

Nearly all of the six New England states have made preliminary appropriations for the building, and it was expected the Vermont Legislature, in recent session, would do the same, but either through haste or economy the plan was "turned down." State pride, however, by voluntary private subscription, should see that Vermont is properly represented.

THE NEW ENGLAND BUILDING.

Plans for the New England Building at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo are practically complete. All that remains now to assure success is to make the final appropriations.

At first glance the building reminds one of a fine old colonial mansion. Its broad piazzas and terraces are typical of a New England home of the Revolutionary period. It is plain,

yet rich in design, and should it be erected would be a credit to the oldest states in the Union. The building is to cost, complete, \$15,000. It is 104 feet long by 52 wide, and is to be made of staff and wood, painted to represent red brick with white marble trimmings. The shields of the six New England States are to be placed in colors on the front, and there is to be a staff for each state flag. On the ground floor, as one enters the building, is a large reception hall, nearly 47 feet square, supported by four columns, and at the rear are colonial staircases leading in two directions from the first landing. On the right of the reception hall will be the bureau of information, the coat-room and custodian's quarters. On the left will be lounging and writing rooms, from which a beautiful view of the entire exhibition will be possible. In both these rooms large colonial fireplaces will be arranged and the furnishings will all be in accordance with the colonial idea. The toilet room will be in the rear. The arrangement on this floor is simple, thorough, convenient and without decidedly in keeping with what the building will be used for. Upstairs there have been arranged six large rooms. Each New England state will be allotted one, and it will be used for a rendezvous for people from that particular state.

This house has been assigned a place in the exhibition grounds on the foreign and state building reservation. It will be located on a street, or path, connecting directly with the grand court, and will be in almost as central a position as the New York building. It will be on the lake and in the midst of over 10,000 transplanted shrubs and trees, which has transformed the reservation into a veritable park.

Any subscriber to the fund will become a member of the Association. Subscription papers are being distributed by county members of the Executive Committee. State Treasurer John L. Bacon, of White River Junction, who was chosen to receive subscriptions from Windsor County, states that \$200 has already been received by him for the fund. From \$300 to \$500 from each county will be sufficient.

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For a superior Breakfast, Dinner, Supper, or an Oyster Stew, at very reasonable prices.

Meals by the day or week. Open Sundays.

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If you want the Nicest Work

on Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, and general Laundry, leave your bundle at

Wheeler Bros.' Clothing Store,
 White River Junction, for the

CONCORD STEAM LAUNDRY.

They send us a large basket every Wednesday noon.

JOHN H. TOOF & CO., Proprietors,

61 North Main Street, CONCORD.

FOR SALE!

THE Dutton House,

Next West of Church

IN HARTFORD VILLAGE,

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EASY TERMS.

D. A. PINGREE, Admr.

January 25, 1901.

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ILLUSTRATED

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HANOVER, N. H.

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IT HAD NO SUPERIOR IF IT HAD AN EQUAL IN THE WORLD."

MID-WINTER 1901 NUMBER

H. L. NOTT, Iron and Brass Works.

One Steam Saw Mill, complete, consisting of a 35 H. P. Erie Engine, a good Lane Saw Mill with 22 in. Hoe Saw, an edger and cutting off saw, \$1,100

70 H. P. Horizontal Tubular Boiler,	200
6 H. P. Portable Engine,	125
35 H. P. Horizontal Tubular Boiler,	135
8 H. P. Excelsior Boiler,	60
Single Drum Hoisting Engine,	200
18 ft. Steam Launch,	250
Well Machine and Tools,	300
Steam Pump, 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 x 7,	45
No. 2 Rotary Pump,	10
No. 2 Garfield Injector,	6
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24 in. Burr Stone Feed Mill,	30
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100 1/2 x 1 Cast Ts, at	8c. each
100 1/2 Nipple, at	3c. each

RADIATORS.

18 Tube Walworth Radiator,	\$2.70
12 Tube Walworth Radiator,	1.70
40 sq. ft. Cast Iron Radiator,	4.00
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Portraits
That
Can
Be
Made."



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to see how
cheap, but how
GOOD they
can be made.

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THE PHOTOGRAPHER

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FINE CRAYONS,
FINE WATER COLORS,
FINE SEPIAS,
FINE VIEWS.

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In my store, which is one of the best stocked in this part of the State. I have the exclusive sale for this vicinity of the famous "Queen Quality" Shoe for women, all styles \$3.00; Oxfords, \$2.50. You may pay more money but you can't buy a better shoe. I have the celebrated "Quaker" Shoe for \$2.50.

Don't forget that Standard Fashions are the best and most up-to-date. Would like to quote you prices on some goods but stock is so large and varied that I can't, but send me your name and address and you will be put on my mailing list and receive Fashion Sheet every month.

Mail Orders promptly filled and given as close attention as though you were right here.

Large line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Fancy China at Right Prices.

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You perhaps say your "eyes are all right"—but are they as good as they were three or even one year ago? A few minutes of your time and an expert examination (given free) by M. G. W. WILKINS, my Refracting Optician will speedily determine the cause and remedy for any defect of vision you may have, and if you need medical treatment he will tell you so. If you want any information just write to him for his advice which will be gladly given. Out of town cases given special attention.

Watch, Clock, Jewelry and Optical Repairing Promptly attended to.

HENRY D. PIKE.

THESE COLD NIGHTS

Remind one that there's no place like home. Most homes can be made continually attractive, at small expense, by the judicious selection of a few pieces of up-to-date Furniture from our large stock.

We would especially call your attention to the following list of desiderables, and ask you to compare our prices with those of any other house in this section.

Upholstered Oak Rockers,

in great variety at \$2, 2.50, 4, 5.

Parent Swing Rockers,

very nice goods, at \$7, 8, 9.

Adjustable End Couches,

The latest thing out. We can furnish them with both ends adjustable, and with or without backs as may be desired. Must be seen to be appreciated.

Iron Beds.

We have just received a large consignment of new patterns and should be pleased to have you look them over. Prices \$1.75, 4.00, 4.25, 5.00 and upwards.

6 foot Fish Extension Tables,

really a bargain, \$5.00.

Baby Sleighs, Window Shades,

Curtain Poles, Portieres, etc.

7 piece Ash Chamber Suits,

dark finish, at \$10, 20.

If you are looking for something better in a Chamber Suit we have it in a high grade Michigan Ash. Nothing better ever shown in this section.

Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths.

In this department you will find much to interest you. We are offering an all-wool Ingrain Carpet, good quality, at 40c. per yard. A better one for 60c. and the highest grade at 80c.

Heavy weight Union Carpets at 45c.

Feigned Tapestry Rugs

at \$20, 25, 35, 50, 60, 75, 100.

For something better in Rugs we are showing a selected line of Mrs. quarter, Axminster, Brussels, and Velvet.

Five O'Clocks in 1 1/2, and 2 yard widths, extra heavy grade, 35c. per square yard.

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Inter-State Journal.



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CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

VOL. TWO—No. 4. WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., FEBRUARY, 1901.

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50 Cents a Year.



FARNSWORTH HALL

FULLER HALL

JONES HALL

Vermont Academy.

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PROSPEROUS FITTING SCHOOL AT SAXTON'S RIVER. AN APPROVED INSTITUTION FOR CHRISTIAN AND GENERAL EDUCATION. ENDOWMENT NEEDED. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER GIVES A LARGE AMOUNT. \$17,000 UNPLEDGED.

The recent gift of Mr. Rockefeller to Vermont Academy has called the attention of the public to this thriving institution. It is located at Saxton's River, Vermont, one of the typical villages of the State about four miles from Belows Falls, with which place it is connected by an electric railroad.

The Academy has had an interesting history. It originated in a conviction touching Christian education, on the part of the Vermont Baptist State Convention; its location was determined by the generosity and influence of Mr. Charles L. Jones, of Cambridge, Mass., who sought to bestow a permanent benefit upon his native village. In November, 1869 a committee was appointed by the Vermont Baptist State Convention to study into the matter of founding an institution of learning, and its vigorous work gained widespread favor for the new movement. In October,

1871, the committee made its final report and a Board of Trustees was chosen. On the roll of that first Board of Trustees appear the names of W. M. Pingry, T. H. Archibald, J. J. Estey, Charles Hibbard, Levi K. Fuller, Allanson Allen, W. N. Wilbur, Lawrence Barnes, H. C. Estes, L. J. Mattison, Ira D. Burwell, Monson A. Willcox and Edward Mills.

Mr. C. L. Jones donated \$20,000 and others \$30,000 for a school

at Saxton's River, and offered the results of their work to the consideration of the Baptist Convention. The school was finally located at that place. Rev. W. M. Wilbur began in 1872, the work of financial agent and his efforts, his fidelity to the cause, and his large success earned for him the title of "Father of Vermont Academy."

The real work of the school was begun in 1876 in a dwelling house in the village, and has continued to the present without



THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

interruption. From that small beginning the school plant has developed to its present proportions, comprising a group of nine buildings, and altogether constituting one of the finest school plants in New England.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACADEMY PLANT.

As one approaches the campus, a group of three commodious brick buildings is discovered. The one on the right is Jones Hall, the School home of the young ladies, who are in the efficient charge of Miss Flora E. Pope. Miss Pope is instructor in English and Pedagogy but gives the larger share of her time and attention to the girls entrusted to her care.

The building in the center is Fuller Hall, a well appointed school house and the building on the left is Farnsworth Hall, the boys' dormitory. The dormitories accommodate the instructors and between fifty and sixty students each.

Back of these three front buildings, as shown in the general view of the Academy plant, appear the library, a unique building of natural stone, and Proctor Hall, which contains the dining room and kitchens, together with a laundry and the apartments of the matron and helpers.

Behind the campus stands the Pamela A. Proctor Home, constructed and equipped for the care of the sick.

On the edge of the campus are located a small cottage and Sturtevant House, the home of the Principal.

Vermont Academy stands for the Christian education of boys and girls. Its work includes college preparation and general education, and its courses of study have the approval of the leading educators of the country. The faculty consists of ten instructors, all masters in their departments. Military drill for the boys and Physical Culture classes for the girls, both under competent supervision, are attractive features of the school.

Edward Ellery, the present head of the school, has been connected with the institution at different periods and in various capacities since 1891. He was graduated from Colgate college in 1890, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Heidelberg, Germany in 1896. He is now completing his fourth year as Principal.

Vermont Academy will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary next June. Prominent educators and religious workers, and

the leading state officials will be present to participate in the celebration. Such a school, with such a history and such equipment must not be allowed to suffer curtailment in any way. An effort is being made to raise \$75,000 and between \$57,000 and \$58,000 have already been pledged. An appeal is being made to all friends of Christian Education for aid in securing the remaining \$17,000, necessary to claim Mr. Rockefeller's additional \$15,000. When this work is completed, Vermont Academy will have an endowment of \$90,000, and will be able to progress to a foremost position among secondary schools.

Nothing can then hinder its larger growth into an institution of which Vermont may well be proud.



EDWARD ELLERY.

The Baker Boys' Hedgehog Scrape.

COPYRIGHTED 1901 BY THE AUTHOR.

BY JESSIE BRIGGS TINKHAM,

ROCHESTER, VERMONT.



"There! I'll reek the line fence now, even old Foggett can't find any fault with this new bar-place, and there aint a hole a runt pig could crawl through in the whole fence, nuther," and Ben Baker vigorously sharpened the end of the last pole for the said bar-place.

"The fence was always all right, anyway, if folks wasn't too shiftless about putting up the bar when they go through, but I'd like to see anything Deacon Foggett ever was suited with; he bosses half the Podunk hill people, and is always talking about the 'penalty of the law' as though he invented all the law that ever was made."

The last speaker was Asa, and the two boys were known all the country round as "the Baker twins."

"Well, it's done and I'm hungry, let's be getting home," said Ben; putting on his coat, as he spoke, and beginning to gather up dinner bucket and axe.

"Hold on a minute, there's just one thing more I want to see to," said Asa, producing a large piece of birch-bark he had laid aside earlier in the day, and fishing out the stump of a pencil from his pocket. In a few minutes he carefully nailed it to one of the bar-posts and Ben began to read aloud,

"Ye saints who dwell on Podunk hill
Whom the Deacon holds in awe,
Put up these poles, God bless your souls,
On penalty o' law."

With a shout of laughter Ben turned away. "Well, Ase, I should think you were running opposition to Jock, don't believe Ase could do any better than that."

The boys paused a moment to look at the scene spread before them; the sun just dipping behind the Adirondacks which were plainly visible at this height among the Vermont hills. Where the line of mist was beginning to rise, the boys knew, lay Lake Champlain; below and to the south, they could catch glimpses of Quechee river and the spire of the old white church at Woodstock was plainly visible, for the leaves were nearly all gone this late October day, and the Green Mountains, but lately so gorgeous with autumn coloring were beginning to take on the sober hues of approaching winter. The blue-jays screamed, and a chill in the air made their home-spun coats a comfort, for this was in the home-spun age, a hundred years ago.

"I jings! Ase, see that hedgehog," and Ben started to head off the animal, which was making for his hole in a ledge of rocks, just above. Asa was the livelier of the two boys, and started in quick pursuit, and, with his axe, soon despatched the beast. "Let's take him home and show him to Father, I never saw such a big one;" and some string was produced from the never failing pocket, the animal's feet tied together, and with their prickly burden swung on an axe handle, the boys again started down the hill. Stopping at the "cold spring" to get a drink, Asa exclaimed, "'Talk of the Devil and you'll see his shadow,'—there's old Jock now, and what-ever is he loaded with this time?"

Toiling slowly up the slope came a curious figure, a coon skin cap on his head, a bundle of strips from a black ash tree under one arm, a bag tied over one shoulder and under the opposite

arm, and tucked under one elbow was a large white gander which quacked indignantly at such an unaccustomed manner of travel.

"Jock Basketstuff," as he was called, was an odd character, who was often met, always with a bundle of splints for his basket-making, which any farmer around was willing to give him, from his trees. A welcome awaited him at every fireside, for he was learned in all wood lore, and Mother Nature had given him many of her secrets. He had a curious faculty, too, of telling a story or turning a rhyme to fit any occasion.

"Well boys, how be ye? I declare, ye've got bigger game than I have; biggest feller I ever seed,"—and Jock threw down the bundle of splints, shifted the burden over his shoulder, and keeping a careful hold on the gander, lay down upon the ground and drank a long draught from the spring.

"Where have you been, Jock, and whose gander you peddling round?" inquired Asa.

"Well, ye see, my stock wuz runnin' low and your father kinder promised me a little tree down on the creek and so I come over this mornin' and worked part on't up, and Tim Lace had agreed to swap ganders with Deacon Foggett, and he said if I'd jest carry this feller over to the Deacon's, as I went along home, he'd give me a peck of beans for doin' of the errand. So here's the basket-stuff and the gander'n the beans, and I must be goin' or I wont strike the Deacon's in time tur supper."

"Give us a rhyme before you go, do," said Ben. Jock adjusted his load and said,

"Old Shack, swung his pack
Over the hills to wander,
With beans enough, and basket-stuff
And Deacon Foggett's gander."

Away he started up the hill, and the boys, laughing and whistling, resumed their way down and homeward. All at once Asa began to laugh and slap his thighs in a very ecstasy of glee.

"What under the sun ails you now?" said Ben.

"Why I was just thinking how that old minister, from Mt. Hunger way prays, down to the revival meetin's at the school-house."

"Well, what's that got to do with you now?"

"Don't you remember how he always calls on the Holy Ghost to 'come right down amongst us,' and thumps the desk with his fist every time he says it? Well, I just thought, what if this hedgehog should come down the chimney and out through the fireplace just that minute. Oh! ho! ho!"

"Oh! I jings, Ase! but it couldn't be did, they'd be somebody out before a fellow could get off the roof."

"Yes, but couldn't it be fixed with a string somehow? Anyway, let's hide him till we have a chance to talk it over." And these mischievous but not thoroughly bad boys, having reached the barn, carried their prize into the granary, turned an empty barrel over him and went to the house.

It was now quite dark, and the bright blaze from the fireplace flickered over the beams overhead, the table and chairs, the big loom in the corner and the fair hair of their sister, Mercy, as she knelt on the hearth lighting some tallow candles with a coal.

"Just in time, boys," said the mother, coming from the pantry with a huge pumpkin pie, which she placed on the table, where it kept company with a large red earthen pan of milk, a pile of bowls and spoons, a steaming dish of hasty pudding and generous slices of home-made sage cheese.

"Tell you, mother, we're awful hungry," cried the boys, as, after a wash at the trough outside, they sat down and proved, by example, how much a boy, who has worked on a hilltop all day with only a "cold snack" for dinner, can dispose of in the way of eatables.

Supper-over, the wood brought in, the stock fed, eight o'clock found them in their bed, under the eaves of the open chamber; the one "finished off" bedroom up stairs being reserved for Mercy. They whispered long and giggled much, but finally sleep overtook them.

The religious element in the life of the people, of these days was a large one. Every little village had its Congregational "meeting-house," and, for a few years, a then, new sect called "Methodists" had begun to hold meetings and erect churches in various places throughout Vermont. Barnard had but just begun to know of the new sect, and that fall a minister had begun to hold meetings every night in the schoolhouse in the "Baker district." The little building would be crowded, and often much excitement manifested under the fiery words of the circuit preacher, and some one would "get the power," as they called it, and laugh and shout in a sort of religious frenzy. The boys had attended several of these meetings, and, while not meaning to be irreverent, could not help noting some of the peculiarities of the old minister, and, without really stopping to consider the consequences, planned the stupendous piece of mischief which followed.

"There's one thing," said Ben, "Jock's seen the hog and he may tell." "Not he," said Asa, "he never would get any one in a scrape if he could help it." What they had not counted on, however, was the fact that Deacon Foggett had come up to inspect the new bar-place about the time they sighted the hedgehog, and had watched the capture from behind the very post which held Asa's attempt at a rhyme.

How the feat was accomplished I know not, but when meeting opened, two nights later, a stout cord led from the chimney-top to a nail just outside the window, but the darkness hid all this.

Ben and Asa arrived with a company of young people, sister Mercy among them. The rude benches were filled, and the boys seated themselves on the window. Asa carefully choosing the right one. The huge fireplace was filled with hard maple logs, and as the room became crowded some one called for more air. Asa willingly opened the window behind him, and absent minded continued whittling the little pine twig in his hand.

The minister rose and gave out a familiar hymn, which was heartily sung. Just as he said, "Let us pray," the door opened and Sarah Taggart, the little tailoress, walked in chilled with her walk through the frosty air; she halted at the fireplace while the prayer went on, interspersed with amens from all over the room. As the minister grew more earnest he occasionally lifted his fist and smote the desk by which he knelt, and, as usual, he begged that "'the Spirit of the Holy Ghost' come right down amongst us." Just then Asa reached out his knife, cut the string, and down came the hedgehog, amid a cloud of soot and ashes, and striking on the burning logs,

bounded out upon the floor. Sarah Taggart gave an unearthly scream, as did all the women who saw the object. The men rushed, first to the fireplace and then outside to catch the culprit before he should leave the roof. Asa and Ben gravely examined the animal, and even looked up the chimney as though they thought the guilty parties were concealed therein. The meeting broke up in confusion and the incident was the subject of late discussion and much indignation in every home in the neighborhood that night.

The boys went out rather soberly. Some way the joke did not seem half so funny going home, as when coming to the school house, and Asa exclaimed, as soon as they were safely upstairs, "I declare if I'd thought I'd feel so sneakin' mean I'd never done it," but he could not help laughing, even then, at the way Sarah Taggart lifted her skirts and bounded to the top of the nearest desk.

The boys felt still meaner two days later, for Deacon Foggett heard of it, and, recalling the chase he had witnessed, and with the memory of Asa's rhyme rankling in his mind, he hastened to acquaint Mr. Baker with his suspicions, and the boys were called to account before the home tribunal and the Deacon. Full confession followed, and the grief and mortification of father and mother was terrible for the boys to witness, while Mercy tearfully exclaimed, she should never want to show her face in that schoolhouse again. The father's ultimatum was, that nothing short of a public confession and humble apology would satisfy him; but, after much pleading and a private appeal to mother, he modified it, in so far that the boys should confess to, and crave forgiveness of, the minister, and ask him to state their repentance before the congregation.

The facts leaked out, as such things will, and there was a prevailing feeling that something was to be done about it at the Saturday night meeting. When the hour for services came, the little building could scarcely hold the audience which had gathered. The Podunk hill neighborhood, the Baker neighborhood, and even some from Mt. Hunger, were present, but none of the Baker family were to be seen. The people nudged each other, as the minister chose for the scripture lesson, the parable of the prodigal son, but nothing in the sermon could be said to have any bearing on the affair of the preceding Wednesday evening. The sermon ended, an expectant hush fell upon the assembled people, as the white-haired old man came to the front of the platform and stated the facts as they stood, and told of the personal appeal for forgiveness he had received from the boys.

"Now," said he, "what shall we do with them? Let me hear the minds of those present."

After a moment of waiting, Deacon Foggett rose, and, clearing his throat, said, "It seems to me if we let sech things pass, and these boys get off scot clear it's a-settin' a pretty bad example to the risin' generation, and I move they be made to feel the penalty of the law, made and purvided for jest sech cases of disturbin' of the peace and interlerin' with a religious meetin'," and he sat down. No one else seemed to have courage to speak, but finally Sarah Taggart stood up. "I know St. Paul said 'Let your women keep silence in the churches,' but seein' as this is only the schoolhouse, I'm goin' to free my mind. You all know me, I've tailored round here goin' on twenty years, and there aint hardly a man or boy here but what's got some o' my work on his back, and I know you all too, and I know these Baker boys. I've made every suit of clothes

they've had since their first roundabouts; they're as full of mischief as an egg is of meat, but there aint a vicious hair on their heads. Now we wuz all young and foolish and thoughtless once, I don't believe there's a soul here but what's done something they're ashamed of some time. Why, I can remember when I went to school with Deacon Foggett way over in the Podunk hill schoolhouse, more years back than I care to count and there was a paper o' red pepper throwed on the fire there, one night, that broke up the spellin' school, and Dan Foggett never felt the penalty o' the law for it nuther, and I spose Eben Chamberlain went into his grave believin' his sugar place was bewitched the time he biled down ten barrels o' sap and only got twenty pounds of sugar. He never thought as it happened the very next week after he shot Foggett's dog. Now, neighbors and friends, let's forgive these boys, jest as we hope the good Lord'll forgive all our little thoughtlessness and foolishness," and she sat down after the first and only public speech of her life, and the good old minister, with shining face and misty eyes asked, "Shall we forgive them?" A loud and hearty "Aye" was the reply, even Deacon Foggett joining. Someone began to sing "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," and never was the good old hymn more heartily sung. The benediction followed, and as the people crowded through the door, Sarah Taggart, finding herself alongside the Deacon, said, "I hope you don't bear no ill will Deacon." The only reply vociferated her was, "You've got a master memory, Sarah Taggart," but his eyes twinkled when he said it.

FOURTH ANNUAL MUSIC FESTIVAL.

The Fourth Annual Music Festival of the White River Musical Association will be held at Gates Opera House, White River Junction, May 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31. This will be welcome news to the singers and music loving public of this section of the two states. The festivals of previous years have been of a high order. This year a change from the usual long drawn oratorio will be given, consisting of the works of St. Cecilia Mass in Latin and selections from the Opera "Lucia di Lammermoor." The services of Mr. Henri G. Blaisdell as conductor and Blaisdell's orchestra have been secured. The orchestra will be larger and better than ever. Mr. Blaisdell is a prime favorite with all the singers each year and the best kind of a success may be expected from his handling of the chorus. Mr. McKinley, who met with a flattering ovation last year has again been secured as tenor soloist. Arrangements are being made with one of the finest Soprano soloists on the concert stage and names of the other soloists will be announced later.

The management desire to have a larger and better chorus than ever before. The co-operation of the singers in adjoining towns is earnestly asked for to this end. Assistant Secretary H. R. Miller, Jr., at White River Junction will be pleased to hear from any and all singers who are interested in the work of the Festival and who are willing to help along the great and beneficial work which in the past three years has been so well begun.

The Committee in charge this year are E. J. Wallace, A. R. Brooks, Mrs. F. H. Babbitt, N. H. Burnham, G. W. Gilman, and H. R. Miller, Jr. The Music Committee are Dr. C. B. Drake, F. P. Campbell, F. G. Carter, and N. H. Burnham.

All success to the Music Festival of 1901.

HIRAM HITCHCOCK.

By PROF. J. K. LORD, HANOVER, N. H.

On the morning of Dec. 30, 1900 Mr. Hitchcock died at the Fifth Avenue hotel New York City. He had attended a dinner of the New England Society on the evening of the 22nd where he had contracted a severe cold. This developed rapidly into pneumonia from which he was unable to rally.

His home was in Hanover, N. H., but in the conduct of his business he spent the larger part of his time in New York. His activities were many and his interests large, bringing him into association with many people. To acquaintances and friends his death was unexpected and sorrowful, for those who were not bound to him by the ties of personal friendship felt the loss of a strong, earnest and sympathizing man.

Mr. Hitchcock was naturally an organizer and a leader, and nearly all his life was a man of affairs. He was associated with the beginning of many and important enterprises, financial and other, that looked more to the public good than to personal interest, and his leadership was both natural and willingly followed. He had the gifts of organization and of direction, and so frank and sympathetic was his nature that he commanded without giving offence. He had not only a native grace and graciousness of manner but a native gentleness of heart, exhibited in unflinching tact of deed and word. Under all circumstances and to all men he showed the qualities of a gentleman because they were the qualities of his mind. He was interested in all good things for himself and he desired them for others. His impulse was to do and give for those less favored than himself. No one ever came to him with an appeal for help who did not get a sympathetic hearing and, if deserving, all the aid that it was possible for him to give. There are many today who could testify to his bounty, and in the words of an old writer, "he transferred a large fortune from earth to heaven in acts of charity."

Mr. Hitchcock was born at Claremont, N. H., Aug. 27, 1832, but removed with his family in 1842 to Drewsville, N. H. a place for which he kept a strong interest to the end of his life. When he was sixteen years old he entered Black River Academy at Ludlow, Vt., then in charge of Austin Adams, afterward Chief Justice of Iowa, to fit for Dartmouth College. He did not, however, go to college, but on graduation from the Academy he entered its service as an instructor, a position which he held till he was twenty, when trouble with his eyes compelled him to give up teaching, and under the advice of an oculist he went south, and in 1853 entered the office of the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans. He thoroughly learned the business of hotel management, spending his summers at the Nahant House near Boston, and in 1859 he formed a partnership with Mr. A. B. Darling and Mr. Paron Stevens and opened the Fifth Avenue hotel at Fifth Avenue and 23rd street. It was then so far up town that many thought the undertaking hazardous, but he lived to see the tide of city life sweep far beyond him and leave his hotel almost in the heart of the mercantile district. The hotel has always been the favorite headquarters of the politicians of both parties, as formerly it was the meeting place of the Wall street bankers and speculators, and from its location at the intersection of Fifth Ave. and Broadway has always been well patronized by the public.



THE FAMOUS FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.



HIRAM HITCHCOCK.



DRIVEWAY TO RESIDENCE.



MR. HITCHCOCK'S FINE HANOVER RESIDENCE.

LIFE OF HIRAM HITCHCOCK, PROMINENT RESIDENT OF HANOVER, N. H.

In 1866 Mr. Hitchcock's health broke down and giving up active work he traveled abroad, going as far as Egypt and Cyprus, where he became especially interested in archaeological investigations, and on his return to America did much to make known by public addresses and an article in Harper's Magazine the discoveries of General di Cesnola in Cyprus, and in securing his collections for the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, in which he was greatly interested and of which he was the treasurer at his death. He was made at that time a member of the British Society of Biblical Archaeology.

In 1871 he came to Hanover to live and identified himself with the interests of the place. He became president of the local national and savings banks, and in 1897 represented the town in the legislature. Dartmouth gave him the degree of

M. A. in 1872. He was trustee of the New Hampshire Agricultural College from 1877 to 1888, and in 1878 was chosen trustee of Dartmouth College, resigning the position in 1892.

In 1879 with health greatly benefited Mr. Hitchcock resumed his business in the management of the Fifth Avenue hotel, and, as before, interested himself in other enterprises. He was one of the founders of the Garfield National Bank and the Garfield Savings Bank and was vice-president of both when he died. He was a prime mover in projecting and erecting the Madison Square Garden, and was president of the company during the construction of the building. Mr. Hitchcock came into still greater prominence as the president of the Maritime Canal Company, which originated the plan of the Nicaragua ship canal, and in which he invested largely.

Mr. Hitchcock was twice married. His first wife was Miss Mary Maynard of Drewsville, N. H., whom he married in October, 1858. Two children were born to them, both of whom died in early childhood. Mrs. Hitchcock died March 25, 1887. His second wife was Miss Emily H. Howe of Hanover, to whom he was married March 22, 1900, and who survives him.

Mr. Hitchcock was very fond of his home and came to Hanover as often as his business would allow. He was interested in the concerns of the village, and in 1889 he was by far the largest contributor to the enlargement and renovation of the college church, by which under plans made by Mr. White, of Mead, McKim & White of New York, the interior was made over into one of the most perfect and effective examples of old colonial architecture in New England.

But Mr. Hitchcock's greatest and crowning gift to Hanover and the communities about was the hospital he erected in memory of his first wife and named the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital. The building is beautifully situated on the northern edge of the village of Hanover, looking over a wide sweep of country to Cube and Moosilauk. It is probably too well known to readers of the JOURNAL to need particular description. It is a cottage hospital with a normal capacity of thirty-six beds, but capable of accommodating at its utmost capacity over fifty. A central administration building containing rooms for private patients is connected on either side by long sun corridors with pavilions containing the general wards and with wings having single rooms. In the rear of one of them is an operating room and amphitheatre, which is used for the clinics of the Medical College. The whole is heated by steam with indirect radiation, and ventilated in the most thorough manner.

Mr. Hitchcock intended that the hospital should be perfect of its kind. Its plans were carefully prepared by experts in hospital construction, with the utmost regard for architectural effect, and every detail was examined with minute care. No expense was spared in its erection to make it complete and when it was finished it had no superior, if it had an equal in the world. It was the pride of the giver that nothing that skill or experience could suggest should be wanting in its architecture, its construction, its sanitation, or its equipment. Three years were occupied in the building of the hospital, which was then completely furnished and made ready for occupancy in the spring of 1893. It was dedicated May 3rd, the services of dedication being held in the college church and the address given by the Hon. J. W. Patterson, who died the next day, and the hospital was immediately opened for use.

Since that time it has been a blessing to all this section of the country, both in the work it has done and in the lesson it has taught of the value and service of a hospital. The idea formerly prevalent that a hospital was only a place of last resort for the sick, to which they would go only to die, has given way to the assurance that it is a place for comfort, for tender care, and for all means for convalescence. It cannot save all who go to it; it does not remove the fact of mortality, but it gives all aid to the skill of the physician in appliances, in helpful and hygienic surroundings and in trained nursing. Of course its beginnings were small and it had to win its way, but up to January 1, 1901 the hospital had received 1,539 patients. Of these 150 were students of the College, to whom it has been an untold blessing. And not the least of its ser-

vices has been the training of nurses who after their experience in the hospital carry to the homes of the country about the knowledge of how to care for the sick.

It was the purpose of Mr. Hitchcock to make the hospital a gift to the general welfare. He therefore gave it, when it was completed, to a board of Trustees, independent of all other association, and they are charged with its administration. In the operation of this munificent charity he wished to interest others, and invited all to share with him the pleasure of giving to its support, especially in the endowment of beds. A gift of \$5,000 endows a free bed in perpetuity, named for the donor, of \$3,000 a free bed for the life of the donor and that of his children, and of \$300 for one year. Nine permanent beds have been endowed, and the money for three more depends only on the settlement of the estates of the donors.



THE MARY HITCHCOCK MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

The endowment of such beds constitutes the only funds of the hospital, and for such funds, as well as for contributions for current expenses, it makes an earnest appeal. While those who make use of its benefits are expected to pay its stated charges, no one is turned away on account of poverty, and it is constantly caring for those that make little or no money return for what they receive. For this reason and that its benefits may be more abundant and wide-spread it solicits the interest and help of all this section of New Hampshire and Vermont.

Mr. Hitchcock was a Christian, earnest in his belief, and commending his belief by his life. He rests in the village cemetery at Hanover, hard by the home which he loved, the church which he beautified, and the hospital which he built. His name is cut in granite above his grave, but his imperishable record is the ever widening effect of generous impulse transferred to generous act and made effective in loving service to his fellow men. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

EXCERPTS FROM SUBSCRIBERS' LETTERS.

A sample copy of the INTER-STATE JOURNAL was sent me by a friend and I enjoyed it so much that I enclose fifty cents for a year's subscription, beginning with the February issue.

DELLA C. HODGKINS, Holyoke, Mass.

I wish to thank you for the very satisfactory way in which you have gotten up my "ad." in the JOURNAL. Also allow me to say that I am very much pleased with the JOURNAL. Its appearance is gladly welcomed each month by old and young in my family, who find the contents interesting from beginning to end.

C. M. KEVES, Springfield, Vt.

The White River Valley Railroad.

by J. WESLEY MILLER, BETHEL, VT.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW ROAD WHICH CONNECTS ROCHESTER WITH BETHEL, ON THE CENTRAL VERMONT RAILWAY, COMPLETED DECEMBER 26, AND NOW IN RUNNING OPERATION.

The completion of a railroad invariably marks an era in the history of the region through which it runs. As a rule its beginning is long projected and long delayed; its construction beset with many hindrances and attended by many losses; and its completion regarded with divided sentiment, partly friendly and partly hostile.

In the nature of things time works in favor of the road. Early prejudices and later grievances are toned down by its silent processes. Friends and enemies of the original project, gainers and losers by its execution, are found side by side eventually as friends and patrons of the finished enterprise. So great are the local advantages of an adjacent railroad—the convenience of going and coming, the saving of time, the economy in freightage, the larger influx of dwellers and visitors, the opening up of new business, and many others—that the patriotic citizens of the affected towns may be depended upon to fall into line quite invariably; and the cases must be very rare of those who after a few years would be willing to return to the conditions which prevailed before trains began to run within easy access of their homes.

The building of a railroad down the White River valley from Rochester to connect with the C. V. R. at Bethel, has been a pleasant dream of the business men of the section for many years.

Twenty-five years ago, a very careful survey and map of the route were made by W. W. Hungerford, a competent civil engineer, and it was no uncommon error of the railroad maps of Vermont for years thereafter that they indicated a finished railroad between Rochester and Bethel.

After several projects had been born to die, public sentiment at length progressed so far as to sanction an organized effort and the legislature of 1896 granted a charter to the White River Valley Railroad Company, naming as corporate members, W. M. Huntington, C. H. Green, F. A. Kezer, J. R. Tupper, W. H. Campbell, E. H. Edgerton, of Rochester, and F. L. Brigham, of Pittsfield.

In 1897 the building of a road began to be agitated. The electric road between Stowe and Waterbury was then in process of construction and the projectors of the White River railroad turned their thoughts to it as an object lesson.



THE FIRST TRAIN READY TO LEAVE ROCHESTER.

In August of that year John R. Tupper, who was spending a day in Stowe, was first approached by H. W. Burgett, promoter and organizer, and a conversation followed which was not immediately followed by any action. The following January Mr. Burgett sent a despatch to Mr. Tupper asking if he would arrange for a conference with the business men the next day. Arrangements were made and the promoter made his proposals to a fair sized gathering one Saturday evening at the Rochester hotel.

As a result of this conference seventeen men interested in the movement went to Waterbury and were shown over the new electric road and regally entertained during their visit in Stowe. The impression conveyed to their minds by the successful operation of the railroad in a snowy section

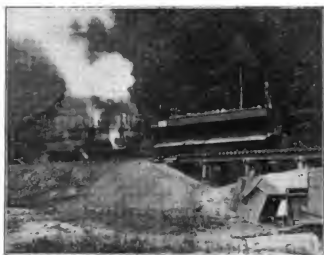
agreed at times with its management, and has deplored the losses with which its progress has been attended: his criticism has been sometimes resented by the officials; but they have known all the while and everyone else has known, that no truer friend of the road existed; and his primacy among the forces that have made for its advancement is everywhere undisputed.

From the beginning Rochester has been the town in which there has been most nearly a united sentiment in favor of the road. Other towns however came into line with more or less persuasion and when all had held special meetings to act upon the question of public aid in its construction the amount pledged fell short by only \$5,000 of the sum demanded by the promoter as a condition of its completion and equipment before Jan. 1, 1901.

at midwinter was quite favorable, and Mr. Tupper was the escort later of two other parties of different men, whom by the courtesy of the C. V. R. he was enabled to take over the round trip without expense to themselves. It may as well be said now as later that from start to finish John R. Tupper has been the consistent and disinterested friend of the White River Valley railroad. His attitude has all the while been that of the public spirited citizen, desiring the highest well being of his own and the adjoining towns, and so firmly believing in the railroad as a means to that end that he has made large sacrifices in its behalf. He has not been at any time connected with its administration; he has dis-



GRADING TWO MILES BELOW GAYSVILLE.



THE IMPROVED DUMPING-CAR.



ITALIAN QUARTERS, STOCKBRIDGE, SUMMER 1899.



BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION—MOUTH OF MAIN BRANCH
WHITE RIVER, BETHEL.



THE STEAM SHOVEL. MATERIAL NEAR AT HAND.



TRESTLE WORK ON DUNHAM MEADOW, BETHEL.



GRADING NEAR "THE COBBLE"—SAWYER RESIDENCE, GAYSVILLE.

Scenes During the Construction of the White River Valley Railroad.

The items are as follows: Rochester, \$35,000; Stockbridge, \$10,000; Pittsfield, \$3,000; Hancock, \$2,000. The remaining \$5,000 was subscribed privately.

Some time before promising any aid Stockbridge demanded an assurance that the road should be an electric road, and a special session of the legislature in May, 1898 amended its charter by inserting the word "electric" in the style of the Company. Other amendments were made, authorizing the extension of the road into Rutland county, and empowering towns in Addison county to aid in its construction. Of these two amendments the former made possible the building of a branch to Pittsfield, while the latter contemplated the action of Hancock and Granville. Regarding the chief amendment it is well known that notwithstanding the name of the company the road was built for a steam road and is being operated as such.

large majority of the help was Italian, though at one time 75 to 100 Americans were at work.

In October a strike occurred, caused by the failure of wages for several weeks, and some violence having been offered a foreman at Cobb bridge, several Italians were arrested and committed to the County Court which imposed sentences of imprisonment upon some of them. This strike marked the close of the first period of activity. Up to this time Bibber, White & Co., of Boston, had been in charge of the work as contractors. A large number of local business men undertook to continue the construction at this point, and through their trustee, J. R. Tupper, made a contract for this purpose with Ward & Douglass. Considerable work was actually done with American help under this arrangement, but the company having failed to secure land for a roadway, this attempt was soon

son-in-law, Frank E. Paige, be named joint receiver. This appointment was made, and very soon thereafter the White River valley was once more the temporary home of three hundred foreigners and the scene of extraordinary activity. The men employed during September, October and November were about as many as during the summer and fall of the previous year, many being discharged when the grading was completed, a much smaller force being necessary for the simple laying of rails.

At the beginning of the receivership the road was in running operation from Bethel to Gaysville, one-third of the entire distance; rails were laid but ballasting was not completed, from Gaysville to Cobb bridge, three miles farther and grading was done pretty well toward Stockbridge Common, leaving between seven and eight miles still ungraded. Many believed the task of placing the road in running order over its nearly 19 miles before 1901 an impracticable task, and few are found to deny the largeness of the achievement with only four months to work in; though all admit that the road was not and is not yet complete, and cannot be until the snow leaves and the frost comes out and many finishing touches are added, and probably many rails relaid.

Wednesday, December 26, 1900, was the eventful day, so long anticipated, of the first run over the whole length of the White River railroad. Starting from Rochester at 10:30 A. M. the whole run was made on schedule time. A party of twenty-six guests of the receiver from up the river arrived in Bethel about noon and had dinner at the Bascom House. These men had the distinction of making the first trip over the whole road, and were as follows:

G. E. Marsh, H. R. Perry, C. J. Stockwell, Hancock; W. H. Campbell, Q. M. Ford, H. F. Gifford, Geo. L. Greeley, Clarence Green, Isaac T. Hubbard, W. M. Huntington, W. D. Huntington, Millett Huntington, C. A. Martin, C. S. Martin, O. G. Martin, J. S. Nichols, L. J. Piper, J. O. Robinson, P. C. Tinkham, G. H. Trask, Rochester; W. E. Graham, South Royalton; Louis V. Green, O. J. Richardson, J. E. Safford, R. J. Whitcomb, M. L. Wyman, Jr., Stockbridge.

For the return to Rochester the start was made before 3 P. M., the passengers now including Samuel L. Williams and Frank E. Paige, of Boston, and James A. Stiles, of Gardner, Mass., who arrived on the Boston mail train a few minutes before.



ROCHESTER VILLAGE LOOKING NORTH UP THE WHITE RIVER VALLEY.

The company organized by the choice of these directors: Rufus H. Sawyer, Charles E. Bibber, H. W. Burgett, all of Boston; F. E. Steele, of Gaysville; W. H. Campbell, of Rochester, Geo. A. Chedel, of Pittsfield. Mr. Sawyer was elected president; Mr. Burgett, vice-president; Mr. Bibber, treasurer; and E. H. Edgerton, of Rochester, clerk.

Work upon the road-bed was begun June 12, 1899 at Gaysville, Dr. W. M. Huntington turning the first shovelful of dirt. From that time until October work was pushed vigorously, 150 men being employed the first month and an increasing number until September, when the maximum, about 400, was reached. A

abandoned. The company's failure and the administration by United States court introduced a new chapter in the construction, preceded by a long delay.

In February, 1900 Rufus H. Sawyer was appointed receiver, but notwithstanding his untiring efforts a resumption of work upon the road could not be brought about before the end of August. Meanwhile much planning was being done, including the securing of options upon the lands necessary for the road-bed over the whole upper part of the route.

At length satisfactory financial arrangements were made, Samuel L. Williams, a Boston capitalist promising money enough to finish the road, on condition that his

At the end of the trip the formal ceremony of driving four terminal silver spikes was performed. The persons officiating and the interests represented were as follows: R. H. Sawyer, the railroad; Samuel L. Williams, the capital; G. L. Chaffee, the selectmen; Dr. W. M. Huntington, the great mass of citizens, rejoicing in the fateful day. This initial journey was made with S. B. Livingstone, conductor; W. A. Blodgett, engineer; Charles Clark and Charles Abbott, firemen; and Ed Miller, brakeman.

shortest practicable course. It is practically that of the old stage route, running side by side with it as well as with the river many miles of the distance. Its general course is south-east from Rochester to Cobb Bridge, and north-east from Cobb bridge to Bethel, describing two sides of an equilateral triangle, of which the third is the air line between Rochester and Bethel. The difficulties of grading were considerable at some points. This was especially true at Vulture mountain, below Gaysville, where mountain and river meet,

4. Across the White River, one mile above Stockbridge, 100 feet.

5. Across the White River and raceway at Lower Rochester.

6. Across the West Rochester branch.

7. Across the White River back to the Rochester side.

These are all wooden structures. The first two are hollow truss bridges with stone piers. The other five are built on piles.

The financial chapter would better be very short. A reasonable estimate of the value of material and labor employed is \$300,000. The authorized capital was \$200,000. Of this \$30,000 was paid in, \$15,000 in cash. At the time of the bankruptcy \$65,000 in secured indebtedness was reported, for which the claimants held the bonds of the company. Instead of these they now hold receivers' certificates. Further liabilities of \$155,000 were admitted at the same time, for material, labor and land damages. These latter claims are well understood to be valueless. That the road has been built so largely by involuntary contributions of money, labor and material, undeniably detracts somewhat from the glory of the achievement.

The subsidies voted by the towns have not yet been paid. Stockbridge demurs on the particular ground that the road is not, despite its pledges and charter an electric road. It deserves to be mentioned in this connection that as a concession to the feeling of the town in favor of a road whose trains would stop often, the management has established four stations in Stockbridge. All the towns demur on the general ground of the incompleteness of the road. There is a good chance that a little later when the road has been put in better shape, Rochester will vote again to pay the subsidy. The same course is open to the other towns.

The early development of the immense lumber wealth and talc deposits of the valley seems very probable. It is only a question of time when these as well as granite and other products will come down over this road in enormous quantities. Then will the dwellers by the beautiful White River forget the annoyances of the foreign occupation and the unpaid mutilation of their farms, in the enthusiasm which material prosperity always awakens.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The illustrations of the First Train over the Road, Rochester Village and the scene of scenery. The Mill Pond, are from photographs by Arlet W. E. Graham of South Royalton, Vt. The seven pictures comprising one page are greatly reduced from magnificent 8 x 10 photographs taken by J. H. Edson, Photographer, at Bethel, Vt.



ROCHESTER MILL POND.

The regular service began December 27 and has continued daily, Sundays excepted, ever since. The time table as lately revised is as follows:

SPRING TIME TABLE.

A. M.		P. M.
7.10 Leave	ROCHESTER	Arrive 4.20
7.20	*LOWER ROCHESTER	4.10
7.25	*EMERSONS	4.05
7.55	STOCKBRIDGE	3.35
8.10	*COBB BRIDGE	3.20
8.25	GAYSVILLE	3.05
8.35	*LILLIVILLE	2.55
8.45 Arrive	BETHEL	Leave 2.45

Stations marked * are flag stations. Trains will not stop at these stations unless flagged or notice be given Conductor.

The 2.45 Train will leave Bethel after the arrival of the mail train on the Central Vermont Railway from the South.

The railroad pursues a winding course, following the river in its great southern bend between Rochester and Bethel. The distance between these villages by the nearest highway journey is only eleven miles, and in air line not over nine. The distance covered by the railroad is 18.86 miles and yet it undoubtedly follows the

grudging the highway its place. Here gravel and stone and sand had to be carried across in enormous quantities in wheelbarrows, and a place for the iron road was found on the river bank where nearly anyone would have declared it impossible that cars could ever run. The fortifying of this piece of road as well as its construction, perhaps an eighth of a mile, was a colossal task. Other places where grading difficulties were experienced are the ledge at Breakneck brook, the ledge between Cobb bridge and the Walker place, and the ledge near the Tupper farm in Rochester. Generally the problem of grading on the upper was more than on the lower part of the route.

Bridge building has been an important item in the construction of this road. There are seven considerable bridges, as follows:

1. Across the Randolph branch of the White River at Bethel.
2. Across the White River above Gaysville, 140 feet.
3. Across the Tweed river at Stockbridge.

Illustrated Inter-State Journal, monthly.

CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Journal Chat.

The most for the money. If we had a motto that would be the one. In quantity and quality the INTER-STATE JOURNAL is to excel. This number is the best we have presented. It isn't so by accident. It is a part of our plan for a great publication in the near future. Great for central New England—small as compared with its city relations, but just as good in its way and place.

The JOURNAL is adjusting itself to conditions. It is growing brighter and better. Every effort is being put forth to bring the JOURNAL into more homes in Vermont and New Hampshire. The start has been in the interests of communities nearest the office of publication, the publisher believing that a solid home backing is better for a new monthly than a scattered constituency.

The JOURNAL is a little philanthropic. At 50 cents a year anybody can afford it. Superior articles and illustrations are presented at a low price. The advertisements and a big circulation make it possible. As the publication grows and its sphere of influence is widened there is no limit to the good it can do. Many gifted writers are among our contributors. A high standard has been set and it will be maintained. We hope to double our list of subscribers before the entry of another year. We rely on our thousands of friends to broaden the JOURNAL's influence. Say a good word for the INTER-STATE JOURNAL whenever occasion offers.

This publication is not following in anybody's tracks. It is cutting a swath of its own. It is of a different character from any and from appearances it is what our home people have been waiting for. Some people say, "That's a mighty nice little paper." That sounds belittling. It hurts our feelings. They mean well and we thank them for it. But the JOURNAL is in its way quite as big as any of them. It is a 20th century production. In the 100 years before us newspapers are coming to a smaller size. The biggest dailies will be about half their present size, and with more pages. The beginning is already made. Col. Bryan's new weekly, The Commonwealth, is just two inches larger than the JOURNAL page. So friends, remember that the customs of the past are changing and that this "mighty nice little paper" is nearly the correct size for its kind, and that in its seeming littleness it already has distinguished company.

Some topics of the March issue: Maine Hunting Trip, by Mr. E. A. Norwood of Belknap Falls; Raising Oxen in Barnard, by Martha A. Eastman; Taking Summer Boarders, by Mrs. F. H. Powers of Woodstock; The Burning of Koyatton, a story found in an old desk, a graphic description as told by an eye witness, rewritten by Miss Alice E. Pitkin of Hartford; The Haunted House, a ghost story, with illustration showing the scene at the tearing down of the fine old residence, when the "spook" gave a last screech and was discovered by the carpenter and his terrified assistant, written by Effie Jay, of Claremont, N. H.; several pretty poems and a large number of other special features of greatest interest, now in hand, but which it is best should be kept as a surprise.

A few more stories after the order of "The Deerslayers," published in last month's number and "The Baker Boys' Hedgehog Scrape," in the present issue, will make a reputation for the JOURNAL as the story paper of central New England. The publisher has assurance of more

of these keen, enjoyable New England stories from our strongest writers, for issues to come.

The opening article in this issue, and other unheralded features, make it necessary to defer two pages of matter intended for this issue, until the March number.

Do you know of a better bargain than twelve visitations of the JOURNAL for 50 cents?

A VALUABLE ENTING

Gray what will you do
If I send to you
A message of love and of cheer?
For me you're forever
And deep have you torn
The strings of my heart, my dear.
But twist you and me
There ever will be
A love that is tender and true;
The' you are as kind
And fortune is kind
But 'twist 'tis a solace to you.

BY A. R. AED, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.



VICTORIA.

BY REV. HOMER WHITE, RANDOLPH, VT.

Around the earth where England's drumbeat sounds,
O'erling the globe with England's martial airs,
Will rise the cry of sorrow through earth's bounds
For her who felt a noble monarch's cares.

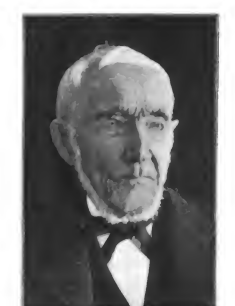
Her many million loyal subjects true,
Of every clime that lies beneath the sun,
Have different tongues and blood and face and hue,
But hearts alike, and are in sorrow one.

Mournd by the world as woman and as queen,
Victoria's grave, by tears of love bedew'd,
Proves virtue fair, with unstained honor seen,
More royal than a crown with gems bedew'd.

Like her, in all the weary march of time,
No queen has ruled with heart so pure and true.
Her hope and aim have been alike sublime—
The world's last good the chiefest good she knew.

For three score years and three she governed well,
Then dropped her scepter down and left the stage;
But future time will justly, proudly tell
Victoria's reign was England's golden age.

ALMOST A CENTENARIAN.



JOHN MARSHALL SHAW.

John Marshall Shaw, Bethel's oldest resident and the oldest voter in the state, the claims of Northfield and Lyndonville notwithstanding, is well past his 99th year. He held a reception at the residence of his son, O. P. Shaw of Bethel, recently and greeted his friends heartily.

Mr. Shaw was born in the adjoining town of Stockbridge Dec. 31, 1801. His parents were among the earliest settlers, making their way to their new home before any roads existed and having to make a part of their journey along the shallows of the river, the underbrush of the forests being too dense for the passage of a team. His parents moved to Bethel when he was seven years old and here lived until he was 21 when he went to Nashua, N. H., to work on the canal built to supply water power to the mills. Three years after his return to Bethel he went to Schroon, N. Y., where he engaged in lumbering. While here he married Cynthia Potter, and they lived a happy married life of 42 years. After twelve years absence he returned to Bethel where he has since lived most of the time, occupying the farm which he has owned for 50 years.

Of six children there are now living: Oscar P. Shaw, of Bethel, a former resident of White River Junction, an esteemed citizen and a popular traveling salesman for the Norfolk Oyster Co.; Dennis L., a farmer of Bethel, with whom Mr. Shaw has had his home for the past 32 years; and a daughter, Mrs. Nelson Chapman, who lives near the home farm. There are two grandsons and three great grandchildren to occasionally brighten the life of this well preserved centenarian.

Mr. Shaw cast his first vote in 1823 and has not missed an election since. He has voted the Republican ticket since the birth of the party.

He has enjoyed good health always. His hearing has failed a little but his eyesight is good and his mind as active as ever. Mr. Shaw remembers well many incidents of his boyhood, the names of his play-fellows at seven years of age, the war of 1812-15, the stirring political events of that period and many other entrancing memory pictures.

All honor to John Marshall Shaw.

One of the visitors on this rare reception day was "Aunt Sarah," Chapman, 98 years of age.

By the way, Bethel must be the healthiest town. It claims to have more residents of extreme age than any other town of its size in the state. The ages of 29 people in Bethel average 85 years and there is not a helpless one on the list. Let's all remove to Bethel.

"The Daughters of Vermont."

SOMETHING ABOUT A POPULAR BOSTON ORGANIZATION AND ITS OFFICERS.

That the old home ties are not entirely forgotten by some of the wanderers from the "Green Mountain State," is evidenced by the organization, one of the federated women's clubs, known as the "Daughters of Vermont." This organization was formed in 1894. A call for a meeting of ladies interested to be held at the Parker House, was placed in the *Transcript* by Mrs. Sallie Joy White and Mrs. Helen F. Winslow. In response to the call, sixty ladies who claimed Vermont as their former home responded, and the club was formed with Mrs. Oliver Crocker Stevens as president. Mrs. Stevens, now the honorary president of the club, is a daughter of one of Vermont's governors, the Hon. J. Gregory Smith.

The object of the association as set forth in their By-Laws, is "to promote acquaintance, good-fellowship, and mutual benefit among the 'Daughters of Vermont,' resident in or near Boston." The membership

object appertaining to the "Old Home" State. The first travelling library sent out by the Federation of Women's Clubs was sent into Vermont through the efforts of the "Daughters of Vermont." The club meets once each month, from November to April, on the third Thursday of each month, in one of the parlors of the Hotel Vendome. An annual evening reception is given in November of each year.

The second president of the association was Mrs. Helen F. Winslow, editor of the official organ of the general Federation of Women's Clubs, "The Club Woman." The present president is Mrs. Sallie Joy White, the well known literary woman, known to nearly all the readers of the *INTER-STATE JOURNAL*, no doubt, through her writing in *The Woman's Home Companion*, *The Boston Herald*, and many other publications. Looking for information in regard to the "Daughters of Vermont," for the benefit of the *INTER-STATE JOURNAL* readers, I called upon Mrs. White at her home in the little village of Ashcroft in the town of Dedham—the old Deerfield of Revolutionary days. Mrs. White lives in a quaint old house which was built, she tells me, in 1647. It has the immense chimneys and cheerful fire-places that we only find in the houses of long ago. Mrs. White expressed herself as being much pleased at the appointment of an "Old Home Week" for Vermont, and felt sure that the "Daughters of Vermont" both individually and collectively, would do everything that lay in their power to aid its success.

The Corresponding Secretary of the association is Miss Mabel E. Houghton of Brookline, a most charming lady, to whom I am indebted for much of the information contained in this letter.

Among the Honorary Members of this organization, we find Mrs. William M. Everts, widow of the late Senator, and Mrs. Redfield Proctor, wife of the Vermont Senator; Mrs. Horace Fairbanks, Mrs. Urban A. Woodbury, Mrs. Levi K. Fuller, Mrs. J. Gregory Smith, wives of former Vermont governors; Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr and Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the well known writers; Mrs. William Dean Howells, wife of the novelist, and Mrs. Theodore Thomas, wife of the orchestra leader.

AMOS WOODBURY RIDEOUT.



AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTER-STATE JOURNAL
BY IDA L. LEWIS, BEHEM, VT.

Desolation wraps its mantle

Round the spot where years ago

Happy faces used to gather

In the twilight's tender glow,

When the shades of night had deepened

And the mountain's form grown dim

Pleasant voices were uplifted

In the evening prayer and hymn.

Then the light of early morning

Shone upon a pleasant scene:

Fertile fields and ripening harvests,

Orchard fair, and meadow green,

Then was heard the whirr and clatter

Of the loom and spinning wheel,

Bright-eyed maidens gaily singing

To the whirling of the reel.

Now that home lies heaped in ruins

Time has passed with ruthless hand

Hushed the sound of song and labor

Swept away that household band.

Where the cornfields shook their tassels

In the sultry summer breeze

Cattle now at will go wandering

Under birch and willow trees.

But Monadnock, grim, unchanging,

Like a faithful sentry bold

Guards this scene of desolation

As it did the home of old,

Now as then the mountain traveller

Hears the plaintive forest hymn

As the wild winds still go wailing

Through the quiet woodlands dim.

There the catamount no longer

Gives at night its wailing scream

But the same soft moonbeams falling

On the granite boulders gleam.

Now as then the lake lies dreaming

'Neath the mountain's shadow gray

And the waxen lilies wailing

With the curling wavelets play.

But the hands that reared the buildings

Crumbling here in sun and rain

Long ago were calmly folded

Nevermore to toil again.

Here they lived and worked and suffered

Like their home they've passed away

But the same bright sun is shining

On their lonely graves today.



MRS. SALLIE JOY WHITE.

of the association is limited to two hundred and twenty-five regular and twenty-five associate members. Any woman born in or having been a resident of Vermont for three years, and of good moral character, is eligible for membership. Daughters of present or former residents of Vermont may become associate members.

While the club does not claim to be anything more than a social club, it aims to be helpful in any way that it can to any worthy

SKETCH OF ADNA BROWN.

By COL. W. W. BROWN, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

Can a son write dispassionately of his father? If there
be those who may, please God I am not one.

W. W. BROWN.



HON. ADNA BROWN.

On December 11, 1828, in the little town of Antrim, N. H., there was born to Isaac and Sarah Flagg Brown a pair of lusty boys, and the first arrival they christened Adna Brown. I believe this was the second time that the unexpected had occurred and it may interest the reader to know that a third pair of twins was born to this same couple and all six children lived to maturity.

Of the boyhood of Adna Brown, I know not much for he rarely talked of his early life, and the few simple stories he has told me would not be of interest here. Indeed there was not much to tell. Born among the rock ribbed hills of the Granite State, attending the winter term of the district school and doing almost a man's work on the farm gave little color to his youth. Farm work not being to his liking and receiving no encouragement from his father, he gathered his personal property into the proverbial bandana handkerchief and departed. Entering a woolen mill to learn the business he spent several years which later proved of great value to him as we shall see. The kind-hearted proprietors induced him to invest his wages in their business and then proceeded to fail, thus losing him his first thousand dollars, saved by dint of unceasing toil and the strictest economy. His friends told him this sharp spur had naught to do with the place that he won in life's race.

His love of mechanics and his inventive nature turned him toward machinery and apprenticing himself to a worthy machinist at Milford, N. H., he served two years. Coming from Milford to Springfield, Vermont, he began work in the machine shop of Davidson, Parks & Woolson on May 1, 1850. Here his ability and faithful service soon received recognition and he rose to be foreman and later superintendent.

And if there be those who long for the good old days I warrant they be not the laboring man of fifty years ago, for often has my father told how he began work before breakfast and then worked the present ten hour day and in again after supper, making a twelve or thirteen hour day and all for about one-half the wage received by the first-class journeyman machinists of today.

In 1874 this firm was incorporated under its present title, Parks & Woolson Machine Company and in 1879 Mr. Brown in company with Mr. C. E. Richardson, the present treasurer, bought the controlling interest and Mr. Brown became president and general manager, which office he held for more than twenty years and until his death. And now his mill practice served him in good stead and today the unrivalled leadership of the Parks & Woolson Machine Co. in their special lines of Cloth Finishing machinery is in large measure due to the energy and inventive genius of Adna Brown.

To his efforts was principally due the organization of the Springfield Electric Light Co., the Jones & Lamson Machine Co., the erection of one of the best Hotels in the State, named in his honor "The Adnabrown," and finally after an heroic fight, the completion of the Springfield Electric Railroad from Charlestown, N. H., to Springfield, Vt. Of the last two companies he was president as long as he lived.

Politically a Republican Adna Brown was a strong partisan and while never taking a very active part in the game he yet had honors thrust upon him. In 1882 he was elected Representative, and in 1890 the Windsor County Convention nominated him for the Senate.

In 1892 he was a delegate from Vermont to the National Republican Convention and had the honor of serving on the Committee which drafted the platform for that campaign. In 1893 Gov. Fuller appointed him World's Fair Commissioner. A firm believer in the protection of American Industries, he was an active member of the Home Market Club and of the American Protective League.

Descended from stern puritanical stock, Mr. Brown was pre-eminently religious. He has told me how in his earliest boyhood youthful comrades and himself built tiny houses of the great brakes that grew in the meadow and there these serious children held prayer meetings. But with his heritage of Puritan faith there came none of the Puritan intolerance. His natural love and confidence in his fellow men was unbounded. He was for many years a Deacon in the First Congregational Church of Springfield, but his religion was broader than any creed. The worthy poor whether Catholic, Protestant or nothing at all might come to him for help and the hand he extended was never empty.

He was a patron and trustee of the Kurn Hattin Homes for boys at Westminster, a splendidly managed, and most worthy charity.

One of the strongest traits in the character of Adna Brown was his intense love of home. By his own fireside he was most happy and here it was that all felt the warmth of his kindly nature. A loving husband and indulgent father, here was shown his truest worth, and while many mourn the loss of a noble friend, it is the home which stands in the darkest part of the shadow which fell on Springfield, January 14, 1901.

"And some we loved the loveliest and the best,
That from their vintage rolling Time hath pressed,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest."

A Day in a College Girl's Life.

BY MARY MILTON WOODMAN,
WINDBOR, V.T.



One who has not attended a women's college cannot realize the continual rush one is in from morning until night while hastening from one duty to another. The life of girls in the various colleges is very different in some respects, yet in certain things it doubtless has many similarities. The daily round of duties, such as chapel attendance, recitations, laboratory work and the pleasures such as daily recreation, close attention to each incoming mail, frequent conference with some particular friend, are among the acts which are the same throughout the college world. It is not the acts themselves which differ so much among the colleges as it is the manner of performance of those acts, and the spirit in which each is performed.

Shall we follow a girl in one of our New England Colleges throughout an ordinary day and see how she spends her time?

Probably the first thing of which she is conscious in the morning is the fact that, unless she hurries much more than she is accustomed to do at home, she will be late to breakfast. Nevertheless, she is among the last stragglers into the dining-room, and succeeds in reaching her place just as the teacher who is at the head of the dormitory is giving the signal for all to be seated. The conversation at table is a mixture of such subjects as the day's lessons, the popular book of the day, some grind on a poor unfortunate freshman, and so on. But it is with difficulty that "The Girl" is drawn into conversation because of her anxious thoughts of the essay in Political Economy which is due in three days, and is hardly begun as yet.

From the table "The Girl" hurries to her room to take a last glance at her Psychology lesson before chapel at 8:40. After chapel she hurries to her first recitation to "rush the Professor" or to "flunk dead," as the case may be.

Now it is time for the morning mail. It is with quick footsteps that "The Girl" leaves the recitation room and goes to the Post Office, there to push her way a little impatiently to her box in quest of a letter. O! the longing for a letter which fills the heart of a college girl. She may have been one of the few so fortunate as not to have been homesick when a freshman yet she is always happy at the prospect of a home letter. Finally she has succeeded in elbowing her way among others just as eager as she, and stretches out her hand over the heads of others to reach for her letter. If she has received one nothing can arouse her from the devouring of its contents, until the end is reached. As "The Girl" is going down the steps she meets a class-mate with whom she is intimate and they exchange cordial greetings and go with arms over each other's shoulders to the library. They succeed in finding the book they wish for and proceed to take notes. The work, however, is often interrupted by an interesting piece of news which one has to tell the other, by a joke, or by a new arrival who is much disappointed

that she was not in time to get the book which is in great demand this morning.

But now it is time for "The Girl's" next recitation. She and her friend start for class rather early, and so go leisurely. As they are waiting on the steps for the bell to ring, they watch those coming to classes. They see first a few coming slowly. Some of these seem to express no feeling of anxiety in regard to the recitations and appear to take things easily. Far the greater number of those entering the hall, however, bear looks which betoken a lesson hastily prepared, or too difficult to be understood. Now the number of students is increasing. They come from all directions, and are hurrying more and more. The bell has rung and another band of students is pouring forth from the recitation halls about the campus, and dispersing toward the various points from which the preceding company came.

The recitation over all go home with quickened step, for it is the dinner hour, and the college girl, as a rule, has a good appetite. After dinner the Post Office is again visited; but this time "The Girl" comes out with a disappointed expression, as she has received no mail.

And now it is with laggard steps that "The Girl" goes to the laboratory; for it is a pleasant fall day and she would much prefer to take a two-mile walk to the river and back—for she is a good pedestrian—than to shut herself in with bad smelling chemicals. However she is fond of the sciences, and when she once gets to work upon an interesting experiment she forgets all else, but watches for the results and awaits with anxiety for them to be successful. What a satisfied and elated feeling she has when, at the end of the two hours spent there, she goes forth with a word of commendation from her Professor. One more recitation and the work for the day will be over. She hurries—she lives in a world of hurry—to this one, tired but happy over the success of her experiment and at the thought that the day's work is nearly over.

The time between the end of the recitation and the supper hour is variously occupied in going on an errand to the neighboring country store, taking a short walk, visiting a friend, studying, and getting ready for the festivities of the evening.

This is the recreation evening and the following day will be the weekly holiday and no more studying will be done until the next evening, unless "The Girl" is what is known in students' speech as a "shark" and spends the greater part of her recreation time in studying.

At the supper table all are talking so fast and with so much animation that there is a perfect babel of voices. What can be the topic of universal interest? There is to be a concert at the college that evening given by the Glee Club of a men's college and the majority of the students are expecting to attend. Those who are so fortunate as to have a "cousin"—the proverbial college girl's "cousin"—living within a few miles have invited him to attend the concert. Those who belong to the class which invited the Glee Club will attend the reception after the concert. Of course the concert and reception are a success, and when, after the girls have departed to their rooms, they are attracted by the strains of college songs borne on the night air by male voices they are perfectly happy.

In after life "The Girl" will think over the days she has spent in college, the dear friends she had there, and the varied opportunities for pleasure and for intellectual development which she enjoyed, and with good reason will decide that "her college days are her happiest days."



Potato Salad. Chop fine one quart of potatoes boiled. Add one-half cup Chili sauce, a little salt and pour over it enough salad dressing to cover and set in the oven to heat through unless preferred cold.

Ida Loveland, Norwich, Vt.

Cream Salad Dressing. Put the yolks of two eggs in a bowl, add one-fourth teaspoon salt and mustard, one tablespoon sugar. Beat with a Dover beater, and add as much thick cream as you can. Put in to a double boiler and let it heat just enough to thicken and add two tablespoons vinegar and a grain of cayenne pepper.

Ida Loveland, Norwich, Vt.

Bean Soup. Use any good beef stock for the foundation. To four quarts of stock add one quart of cooked beans, colored ones preferred. When boiling thicken with one cup sifted corn meal. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve hot with toasted bread or crackers.

Mrs. G. E. Loveland, Norwich, Vt.

A Good Cake, without eggs, butter or cream. One cup sugar, one-half cup melted lard mixed well together, one cup sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour with a heaping tablespoon of cornstarch, two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, all sifted together, a little salt, flavor to taste. Beat well. Bake in a moderate oven one hour. This cake is good with tapioca cream.

Mrs. Hattie M. Hoisington, Bethel, Vt.

Suet Pudding. One cup suet, one of sour milk, one of molasses, one of raisins, four of flour, one teaspoon soda, and one of salt. Steam three hours, and serve with liquid sauce or sweetened cream.

Pudding Sauce. One coffee cup boiling milk, add one tablespoon flour wet with cold milk. When this has boiled two or three minutes add one cup sugar and one-half cup butter. Beat well together but do not boil. Flavor to taste.

Mrs. F. T. Williams, W. R. Jct., Vt.

Mystery Cake. Three-fourths cup sugar yolk of one egg, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-fourth cups flour. Bake in two round tins for layer cake. Use any flavor preferred and filling liked. Frost with white of one egg.

Mrs. Town.

Apple Tapioca. One quart apple cored, one-half cup tapioca soaked over night. Put apple in a deep pudding dish. Pour over the soaked tapioca, one-half cup sugar and enough water to stew. One-half cup jelly or a cup of any fruit juice improves the flavor. This served with cream and sugar makes an easy dessert.

Mrs. Annie B. Douglass.

Fruit Cake. One cup butter, two cups brown sugar, four eggs, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup sweet milk, four cups flour, one teaspoon soda, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one-half pound citron, all kinds of spice.

Mrs. L. Norton.

Date Pie. One pound dates, three eggs, four tablespoonsful sugar, milk for three pies. Boil and sift the dates through a colander to remove stones.

Mrs. J. P. Atwood, Springfield, Vt.

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A narrow path in a village street
 Ploughed out of the depth of snow,
 And grim, bare trees that are full of sweet,
 Tho' bitter the winds that blow.

A little house from the street aback
 With a side path up to the door,
 And greetings, aye, that never lack,
 What would ye, O mortals more?

A little home in a Vermont town,
 By virtue and valor won,
 Thou'rt worth far more than the richest crown
 That glisters under the sun!

C. MARCH.

WINTER SCENE IN BETHEL, VERMONT.

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A Maine Hunting Trip.

THE JOYS AND DISCOMFORTS OF A WEEK IN THE WILDERNESS AROUND JOE MARY LAKE, CANOEING AND HUNTING. A SPORTSMAN'S STORY.

By E. A. NORWOOD, BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

I reached Norcross, Maine, on the morning of Nov. 19, and found the prospects for hunting very poor, as no snow had fallen, and it was very windy. I was met at the station by my guide, Guy C. Haynes, who took me in his canoe, down North Twin Lake, to his camp, where we took dinner, which consisted of moose steak, boiled potatoes, fried eggs, hot biscuit and coffee. After this repast, the guide proposed an afternoon hunt. The proposal was no sooner made than accepted and ten minutes later found us in hunting rig and bound for the head of the lake, where we spent the afternoon. We found no deer, but partridges were plenty. We bagged a few and spent the remainder of the time in "cruising," reaching camp at dark.

Next morning at four o'clock we packed sleeping bags and other things necessary for a ten days' hunt, into a canoe and started for Joe Mary Mountain, thirty miles distant. About one and one-half inches of snow had fallen the previous night, which made prospects brighter for our work. Our journey was uneventful. We paddled the entire length of North Twin Lake, also of Pemadumcook Lake, into Joe Mary stream, which is swift water, and necessitates poling the canoe, instead of paddling. This brought us into Joe Mary Lake, which we crossed, and left the canoe and took the tote road to camp, ten miles further on, where we arrived at nearly dark. We found convenient quarters in the logging camp, with twenty workmen, a good cook and a sailor, George Greene by name, who furnished amusement for the crowd.

Wednesday morning found the snow gone and our hopes with it for finding moose. The three days following were

spent in "cruising" for moose, but with no success, although there were some signs, but the snow having melted made it very difficult to track them. Saturday we cut loose for deer, bringing in two bucks. The head of one, which I sent to A. L. Crosby & Co. of Bangor, Me., to be mounted,

then turned to rain. This froze and formed a crust, making it impossible to hunt, as there were at least thirty inches of snow underneath.

Sunday an amusing incident took place with the sailor, George Greene, as the central figure. George is no hunter, but his highest ambition in life was to kill a deer. So, "on the sly," we procured one that had been killed and frozen for several days. This we carefully set up in the woods about a quarter of a mile from camp. We set up small trees all about it and made the whole thing very realistic. At dusk I suggested to George that we



THE SPORTSMAN'S CAMP.

The Author, Mr. Norwood, stands on the piazza, rifle in hand. The deer shown were killed on the trip. The roof of this unique structure is of logs and bark and the outbuildings are the ice-house and cook room. The camp is located on Joe Mary Island, and overlooks Joe Mary Lake.

was one of the handsomest heads I ever saw and I doubt if a finer specimen will be sent out of Maine this year.

Sunday morning we found six inches of snow on the ground and still falling. This storm continued until Monday night,

go out to look for deer, as they came out at that time to feed. We started out, George well ahead, rifle on his shoulder, which was kindly loaned him by one of the party who was to follow up to see the sport. After circling him around until he

was nearly exhausted the guide, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "I think I can see a deer." George nervously exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard at camp, "Where, where!" and looked in every tree-top within sight or range.

After we had succeeded in quieting him, we directed his eagle eye toward the deer, which seemed to be quietly browsing. George began operations by firmly grasping his gun and firing a volley into the innocent creature, getting still nearer and more excited with each shot. About here someone in the rear, losing control of himself and nearly bursting with laughter, gave a shout. George nervously exclaimed, "What was that?"

The guide said, "Another deer, but we must get this one first," which gave him new courage, as he supposed we were fairly surrounded by them.

By this time he had emptied his rifle. I immediately came to the rescue, raising the sight of mine to one thousand yards. I handed it to him saying, "Now take good aim—don't get nervous." Looking back I saw the rest of the party rolling in the snow and shouting with laughter, but this did not disturb George.

Now he stepped into the road, where he had full view of the deer exclaiming, "Won't I have him now?" Opening fire again, he began cutting all the high limbs from the tall trees, owing to the raised sight. After shooting seven or eight times in the most excited manner he said, "Well he must be dead now," although the deer was still standing as before, head and tail up.

By this time he was near enough to rest his rifle across the deer's back and said with a small profane preface, "He ran between these two trees and died."

We told him he must bleed the deer and handed him a knife. George asked if he must cut the head off. We said, "yes," and he at once tried to do so, but met with no success, owing to the frozen condition of the animal. The guide, not being able to endure it any longer, kicked the props out from under the deer. It rolled over, and for the first time George saw his mistake, the deer having been previously dressed. His mortification was complete, but he put on a bold front and dragged the deer to camp, insisting upon it to his chums that he had killed the deer. This did not go down, as every one was on to the joke. They gave him a great jolly, which he took very good naturedly and said, "Everything in Maine is



AN UNUSUAL TEAM.

This mode of travel must indeed be exhilarating. The deer, for such they are, appear to be almost flying over the ice, drawing the sled so easily that only reins are required. The guide, the snow shoes, antlers, furs and other features of the load are from the camp shown on the other page. It is quite a sensational picture—but it is a fact. The deer were frozen stiff. The photograph was made by one of the party.

'wogin' except beans, and they are just beans."

Monday morning the guide and I started for Norcross, the snow being too deep for hunting. We put our game on tote team and started for Joe Mary Lake, where we had left the canoe. We found the canoe badly frozen in and the entrance to Joe Mary stream impassable. However, we crossed the lake, thinking we might find accommodations at the head of Pemadumcook, which was five miles distant. Arriving there, we found accommodations so poor that we saw we must find another camp or perish from cold, our clothing now being frozen to us. We succeeded in making a small fire in storm and snow and made some tea and ate our lunch and started back for the canoe, three miles distant, where we had also left our game. Not caring for game as much as for our own comfort, we again started, this time for Potter Jones' camp. It had already begun to get dark.

At this place we found everything in the way of hospitality that a sportsman could wish. We remained here until Wednesday morning, not daring to cross the lake before, owing to the high winds.

At four o'clock we were ready for a start, but the wind was still blowing a gale, so we waited until seven, then crossed Joe Mary to the tote road. We found the entrance to the cave frozen, so we ventured to walk to shore, dragging the canoe after us. Here we started to cross the three mile carry, the guide still dragging the canoe. This was not difficult, however, as it was a good tote road and the crust made it quite an easy task. One hour found us at the head of Pemad-

umcook, wind blowing much fiercer than on Joe Mary. The guide was for leaving the canoe so heavily, but I insisted on loading it in, saying, "It could be thrown overboard in case of an emergency." Each of us took a paddle and we started. The lake was very rough, but no great danger was encountered until we reached the foot of Pemadumcook, seven miles distant. Here we found a heavy sea and it was impossible to make shore, on account of so much ice and high waves, so there was but one thing to do and that was to get out again into the lake regardless of danger, then try another landing.

Had the guide not been an experienced canoeist, I doubt if we should have been able to eat Thanksgiving turkey the next day. This found us in North Twin Lake, of which we had to paddle the entire length. We had about one-half mile of ice to break at beginning, but after that found it very passable. We reached Norcross in time for dinner and also in time for me to take the 4:30 train for Boston.

HAS PLEASANT MEMORIES OF VERMONT.

Thanks for the two numbers of the INTER-STATE JOURNAL which you sent me. Enclosed I send you fifty cents in stamps for which please send me the JOURNAL for a year, commencing with Vol. 1, No. 1, if you have the back numbers, if not, as far back as you have them. I am always interested in old Vermont as my going back there so often proves. I was there last summer. With one of my brothers, I took a hurried trip with a team from Felchville, via Woodstock, Quebec, Hartford, Norwich, Lebanon, Plainfield, Meriden, Windsor and back to Felchville. We were four days on the trip and we had a grand ride. The roads were fine, weather delightful, and the scenery was beautiful. No such scenery in Iowa. In that four days we made thirty calls and visits on relatives and old friends, many of them our Iowa mates. F. T. TOWNSEND, Clay, Iowa.

Deacon Foggett's Mistake.

ANOTHER SPLENDID STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE BAKER BOYS' HEDGEHOG SCRAPE."

JESSIE BRIGGS TINKHAM, ROCHESTER, VT.

Deacon Foggett was in "a frame of mind," so Aunt Malviny, his wife, said, and she ought to know, for had she not lived with him and his various frames of mind for forty odd years?

On this cold November morning he was nervously plying the bellows to waken the sleepy coals in the kitchen fire-place, and muttering to himself as he did so, while Aunt Malviny, dressing herself hurriedly, in the little kitchen bedroom, looked worried and depressed.

The cause of the Deacon's present disturbance was the mysterious disappearance of the three-year-old heifer. It seemed to come as a sort of climax to minor troubles; his flax crop was a failure, one of the pigs had died, and only two nights before a "reglar gale" had raged, the big straw stack was blown over, against the barn, many loose shingles had taken wings and the old wooden rooster, which had done service as weather vane for more than thirty years, now hung forlornly, head down, from the gable of the barn.

But that three-year-old heifer, white as snow, the pride of the Deacon's heart, where was she? Safe in the barn yard at night, and gone in the morning. The gale, hard as it was, could scarcely have taken her; the fences were all right and the gates carefully fastened. "I know it's some pesky boys' work," fumed the Deacon, "be jest like them Baker twins, and I'm goin' over, this very day, and throw it up at 'em." "Oh, I wouldn't, Deacon," quavered Malviny. "Well, why not," snarled he, "they're alluz up to some monkey-shines and I know well enough 'twas them; they've let her out and got her hid up, or somethin'." "Oh do wait a little, she'll come or be found, or somethin'; don't go over there yit, I know them boys never teched her." Malviny, in her earnestness, clung to the lapel of his coat and would not let go. The Deacon was more than surprised, he was astounded; he had never before discovered, in all these forty years, there could be two sets of opinions under his roof.

"Malviny, I should jest like to know why you set up agin me about these Baker boys; haven't we knowed 'em ever since they wuz born? Aint they alluz into mischief?" "Yes, I know, Deacon—but—don't ye remember Betsy Baker wuz with me when *our* boy wuz born, and she seemed to realize jest how I felt when she laid that little dead baby in my arms; she cried as hard as I did, and Deacon, ye never knew how I'd git so hungry for my baby, and I'd go over there and Betsy'd lay one of the little fellers in my lap and he'd sort of comfort me, somehow;" and here poor Aunt Malviny broke down and sobbed aloud.

The Deacon was puzzled; after all these years he had almost forgotten there had ever been a baby, but mothers never forget.

"Well, well! I won't go today," and he strode out to the barn to do the chores and make farther search for cattle tracks, while Aunt Malviny, with flushed face and moist eyes, prepared the breakfast.

Three days passed by and still no Whitey, though the Deacon scoured the woods far and near. At last, one rainy day, saying nothing to his wife, he betook himself across the fields to neighbor Baker's. The boys were in the big kitchen repairing their musk-rat traps. The Deacon looked sharply at them as he said, "Seen anythin' of my little white heifer, boys?" His tone and look carried suspicion with them.

Asa's face flushed, while Ben answered, "No, sir, have you lost her?"

"Yes, I have, and she couldn't get away without hands, fur all the fences and gates are all right, and she's jest gone clean away between night and mornin'."

The boys expressed their concern and offered to assist in the search, when the Deacon, so sure was he, said, "Them as hides kin find, and I guess you'd better begin to hunt right away."

That was too much for Mother Baker; the loom treadles went up with a snap, the shuttle dropped to the floor; she whirled about, upon the bench, her black eyes flashing—"Deacon Foggett, do you mean to say you think my boys stole yer heifer?"

"Well, well! Mrs. Baker, p'raps not, but ye know they're mischievous, and I 'spicion they've hid her up somewheres."

"Boys, do you know anything about this?" demanded the little woman.

"No, mother, we don't," they both answered.

"Well, now, Deacon Foggett, I'll tell you jest one thing; my boys are mischiefs, but they're honest, too; they never told their mother a lie yet, and you can take your suspicions somewhere else."

Her manner included him as well as his suspicions, so he took his departure, silenced, but not altogether convinced.

Father Baker listened to the account that evening, and said, with a little smile, "the Deacon ought to have a family o' young folks 'round him to take the kinks out o' his natur."

December came, and winter with it; the Deacon carried forkful after forkful from the fallen straw stack to bed the creatures and make them comfortable. At last, one day, he made an unpleasant discovery, and the mystery of poor Whitey's fate was solved. She had taken refuge from the gale between the stack and the barn and was buried alive.

Aunt Malviny struggled between grief over her probable suffering and joy at the vindication of the Baker boys, and actually got up courage to tell her husband, "'Twas his Christian duty as a man and a Deacon to go over and apologize; and to his credit, be it said, he did it."

THE PATHWAY TO PARADISE.

BY O. S. DAVIS, PH. D., NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

"How shall I find it, and which way lies

The pathway leading to Paradise?"

For hard and long is the way I tread,

Its end is lost in the mist ahead.

I met a man with a heavy load

Toiling along the dusty road.

He answered my question in mild surprise,

"True work is the pathway to Paradise."

I met a woman and little child;

I asked my question; the mother smiled,

And looked down into her baby's eyes,

"Oh, love is the pathway to Paradise."

Sugaring Time in Vermont.

A SEASONABLE ARTICLE, INFUSED WITH THE WARMTH OF SPRING, DESCRIPTIVE OF SAP GATHERING AND BOILING AND THE MAKING OF GENUINE VERMONT MAPLE SUGAR.

BY LUCIA T. HARRINGTON, NORTH POMFRET, VT.

Day by day the sun shines down more warmly, and now in the sheltered spots the snow disappears from the banks and slopes and the bare earth and brown dry leaves seem fairly to laugh with the foretaste of spring, while pussy willows by the brook, with uncovered velvety heads, mark the renewing of active plant life.

Spring stirs in the blood as well as in the sap, and, born with a love for the woods and hills, I would fain be out of doors and away to the sugar place.

Ever work in the sugar place? That I have, many a time. One whole season I boiled sap nearly every day, when there was any to boil, and healthy, sticky, dirty work it was, too!

The sugarhouse stood just at the edge of the woods on a shoulder of the hill, as it were. From one door you might look eastward down the valley where the road followed the windings of the mill brook down to the river, while the other door opened on a south slope of the hill, at the foot of which, a little brook, fed by the melting snow that lay deep in the woods higher up, laughed and danced in the sunshine.

Truly a pleasant place to spend the early spring days. Even now, I seem to hear the hum and whirr of the boiling sap and the "pee-wee, pee-wit," of the old phoebe on the shed roof, who came yearly to build her nest under an old sap pan overhead in the sugarhouse.

Equipped with rubber boots and skirts much like those of the old woman who fell asleep on the king's highway, I have distributed tubs on the crust all the morning, the latter part of which the softening crust showed the wisdom of the costume.

The afternoon is spent in breaking roads and another day nearly finished the tapping, except for some trees that will not run until later in the season.

By the third morning it is necessary to begin to gather and boil. Enough is gathered from the nearby trees for a beginning; the evaporator is lowered to its place on the brick arch, by means of the pulleys that held it suspended overhead; sap is turned in to the depth of several

inches, the fire is kindled, and my day's work is fairly begun.

The team, with the gathering holder firmly fastened to the sled, starts out on the shortest trip, so as to get back before my supply is exhausted; after one holder full I shall have plenty, for that means something over three barrels. I watch them out of sight and then devote myself to tending fire.

It is really an art to keep a proper fire. The wood must be placed so that it will burn without smouldering and enough of it so that it need not be replenished too often, for opening the arch doors checks the boiling in the front of the pan.

The gathering holder is supplied with a tunnel, having a burlap strainer, and from this holder the sap runs through a hose and spout in at the gable of the sugarhouse to the storage tank; from this, it passes through a faucet into a heater of iron pipe, passing back and forth through the chimney, then along the side of the evaporator

to the opposite end, where it flows into the first compartment of the pan, warm, sometimes quite hot.

It was my ambition to keep this first compartment boiling. Then I was satisfied that I was driving the work as fast as possible. Much banter used to pass between my father and myself as to who could boil in the most sap in a day. He would admit that I could boil more than anyone but himself, but never would go to the extent of owning I could equal him. The matter is yet in debate.

Between keeping the fire up to the highest point, skimming the boiling sap and keeping watch of the fast diminishing supply in the storage tank, I am kept busy. The heat from the opened doors of the arch is intense, and even with heavy gloves on I am glad of the five-foot iron shod poker to help get the wood in place.

All at once the iron pipe begins to hiss and alternate jets of steam with the flow of sap. The storage tank is almost empty.

I seize a pail and make for the nearest hanging buckets—to find them empty! They were as handy for the first gatherer as for me, so I am obliged to go further, fortunately not "to fare worse." A pailful cools down the pipe, and before the hissing begins again, a jingle of harness and rattle of pails tells that a supply is at hand and it is soon pouring into the tank.

By noon the contents of the syrup com-



THE OLD WAY. FROM A PHOTO. BY F. CHAPMAN.

partments begin to look quite sweet. I fill the arch with large wood, gauge the flow of sap and go to dinner. By one o'clock I am back "firing up" again. So the work goes on through the afternoon. Five o'clock finds the syrup in the back pan thick enough to "apron," i. e., the drops on the rim of the dipper widen and cling to the edge, slow to fall. No more fire. We will shut down the gate between the two pans until our syrup is nearly drawn off—two big pails full; no light load to carry to the house.

When the syrup is nearly out the gate is raised again, the flow of sap shut off when the pan is about half full, and carefully sweeping up the chips and ashes in front of the doors and setting up a piece of sheet iron in front of the ash hole to ward off, if possible, the sparks or draft, one day's work is done.

On clear bright days the steam rises freely and sap boils in fast. Damp, snowy or rainy days it seems to fall back into the pan again and less is accomplished. The shorter the time between the tree and the can, the finer the quality of the syrup.

There is no denying that I have the easiest end of the work. The man who gathers sap all day, wading knee deep in the snow on the side hill and wet to the waist, will not be apt to see much of the picturesque side of sugaring; and when in coming down a bank where the ground is bare, and apparently dry and firm, the coating of leaves and dry earth slides easily off the frozen undercrust, and he comes to the ground with the contents of his pail mostly in his pockets and rubber boots, the beauties of nature are quite likely to be lost to him, for the time at least, and at night it will be hard to find a more tired man than he.

The syrup from the sugarhouse is put on again, heated to boiling, thoroughly skimmed, strained through flannel and returned to the pan to boil until it will weigh 11 pounds to the gallon and is ready for the can, or boiled until it will grain in a saucer for sugar.

During sugaring time everything one touches is likely to be sticky. Syrup pervades the premises. One small drop on the floor is good for almost an unlimited area.

There is a perversity, too, in the flow of sap. It may run moderately or perhaps not at all through the first part of the week, but on Saturday or even Friday it starts in to run as if possessed and keeps it up until Monday.

All things, however, have an end. For a week the robins have greeted me morning and night on the way to and from the sugar place. The south slope is green with fresh grass and the woods are carpeted with patches of adderstongue, and one evening the chorus from the swamp by the brook tells us that, at most, there will be only a "frog run." A few hot days and the buds begin to swell and the sap ceases to flow.

Sugaring time is over.

Taking Summer Boarders.

BY MRS. F. H. POWERS,
WOODSTOCK, VT.

In my early youth I'd heard folks say,
Taking summer boarders was sure to pay,
So I raced around and made all trim
To suit the most fastidious whim.

Of pork and beans I laid in a store,
Corned beef and greens a great lot more,
On Sunday dinner I resolved to shine,
And boiled an old, old hen of mine.

The hen, however, proved so tough
The wood-pile vanished ere boiled enough;
My people proved so very fine,
As to turn up their noses at this fare of mine.

They called for things they did not see
And passed the greens right scornfully,
They acted so haughty every day
That I wearily passed my time away.

One called, at dinner time each day,
For fillet of veal and consommé,
I was consumed if I knew what it meant,
So borrowed a cook book, and at it went.

It was only a stew with a new fangled name,
Resolved to make it and win great fame,
So I boiled up bones, and all else handy,
And made a soup fit for a dandy.

To please the palate and charm the eye,
I prepared an apple pie;
I might have made a blueberry,
A mince pie or a gooseberry,

Or even a pumpkin pie,
But in spite of all temptation
To use any other combination
I made none but apple pie.

My boarders most fastidious,
With a manner quite indignant,
Declined the rare treat,
And pie would not eat.

But ordered ices promiscuous,
Frozen punches, jellies new to us,
Till in desperation I hired a lad
And set him freezing all I had.

Oh, the things we froze in stacks!
Hasty puddings and slap-jacks,
Froze myself and did shiver and wince,
And have been a-sneezing ever since.

Washing dishes tired me most,
I pined away to the size of a ghost,
Dirty dishes were everywhere
In the sink, on the wash-bench, table, and chair.

I made such haste to get them done
That I broke the dishes one by one;
If to tell the truth I am able
There were not enough left to set the table.

When my boarders went away,
I sat down to review my algebra;
If $x + y - z$ = the profit on my trade,
What could equal the loss I made?

I have racked my brains and rack them still,
Can't make it out, hope you will.
I have a dollar anyway;
Did I earn it? Yea or nay?

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.

While spending a few vacation days in the town of Milford, N. H., I was shown the following inscription on a tombstone in an old burial ground there. I thought it might interest the readers of the JOURNAL and so I copied it. Evidently it is a relic of some old Church feud.

A. W. R.

CAROLINE H.

wife of

CALVIN CUTLER, M. D.

Murdered by the Baptist Ministry & Baptist Churches, as follows:—Sept. 28, 1838, *Æt.* 33 she was accused of Lying in Church Meeting, by the Rev. D. D. Pratt & Deac. Albert Adams—was condemned by the church unheeded. She was reduced to poverty by Deac. William Wallace. When an ex parte council was asked of the Milford Baptist Church, by the advice of their committee, George Raymond, Calvin Averill & Andrew Hutchinson, they 'voted not to receive any communication upon the subject.' The Rev. Mark Carpenter said he thought as the good old Deac. Pearson said "we have got Cutler down and it is best to keep him down." The intentional and malicious destruction of her character and happiness, as above described, destroyed her life. Her last words upon the subject were "tell the truth & the iniquity will come out."

Raising Oxen in Barnard.

AN INDUSTRY WHICH HAS BROUGHT GREAT LOCAL RENOWN TO OWEN L. COOTEY, YOKE OF TRAINED STEERS, AND A BARNARD BOY'S EXPERIENCE AS A CHARIOTEER.

BY MARTHA A. EASTMAN, BARNARD, VT.

About three miles from the village and a half mile from the main road, is situated a farm which stands second to none on raising *boys and girls and oxen*. The owner of this farm for over fifty years was Lawrence Cootey, and on this farm were raised thirteen boys and girls, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood, the youngest, at thirty-two years of age, having died at Manila in 1898.

Not only did Mr. Cootey raise the largest number of boys and girls, but he raised the greatest number of good oxen of any man in town.

Now, while much has been written of horses in this locality, very little has been said of the cattle industry. At the present time the world is going too fast to ride after an ox team, but I remember when members of this family boasted, when brought to school with oxen, that their team was worth more than was the horse teams, which carried the other children. And in point of fact they were right, for Mr. Cootey sold oxen for big money back in the sixties.

In 1862 he sold to a Mr. Burnett, of Bethel, a pair of four-years-old cattle, weighing 3400, for \$200. These are said to have been the first ones sold for this money. The only pair ever bringing \$300 was also sold by him in 1866 to a Mr. Hutchinson of Claremont, N. H. These cattle were five years old and weighed 3900; and in 1871 he disposed of a yoke of three-year-olds for \$230. These, also, went to parties in New Hampshire; perhaps some of the JOURNAL readers may remember to whom.

These were the palmy days of ox-raising in this old town, and while tallow candles and ox teams have been superseded until electric lights and fast express trains are the order of the generation, yet oxen have their place. On these hill farms they are slow, but sure; and so thinks Owen L. Cootey, who now is raising oxen, which are the admiration of all who still cling to the ox team.

A stranger looking for good oxen and steers is invariably directed to O. L. Cootey's. He has just sold a yoke of five-years-old cattle, weighing 4500 pounds, for which, together with premiums received at late fairs, he has pocketed the snug sum of \$276.50.

This is only a few of a score or more of like products from this farm.

He has at present a yoke of two-years-old trained steers which are admired, not only for their physical make up, but also for their mental development. They are twins and as near alike as two peas. They represent cultivated intelligence to a remarkable degree. The accompanying illustration is suggestive of its name, "Having our pictures taken."

Among other tricks their owner has taught them are, "The grand march;" "Taking a drink," and last, but not least, "How to do when you go sparking." Now a horse may learn many things at this juncture in his master's life, such as being



HAVING OUR PICTURES TAKEN.

driven with one hand, turning in abruptly at certain gates and getting accustomed to other certain *gaits*, which last is very exasperating to their drivers later on, and the former "gives him away," when the old folks happen to drive that animal, but, bless you, these steers put all this horse intelligence in the back number.

Several humorous articles have from time to time been written by our local talent with headings, "Colts versus steers," etc., and we venture to relate the experience of one of our townsmen while riding behind a yoke of Holstein steers.

He started out one morning with the steers, or may be the steers started out with him, the objective point being his wood lot, which was approached from the road then leading to Chateaugay. When arrived at the point of deflection the steers, after a brief consultation, decided not to draw wood that day, but take a little holiday. Albert demurred, the steers insisted, he gave them a strike, they *two* were on a strike, *too*, and they started straight for Bartlett's mills.

Arrived at this point, they were met by a professional trainer, and between the two in they stopped the two. This ended the first heat. They were soon faced about, he feeling a degree of satisfaction, thinking he could make the turn all right this time, it being up grade and the steers tired, thus enabling him to get his load of wood on the return-trip. But, alas, for the calculations of man. Albert soon found himself at the top of the hill, and realizing his helplessness as to the time they might make, thinking it his best hold, he again took a firm hold of the sled and braced himself for the second heat, which was accomplished in a little better than too 30.

Whether the third heat was trotted that day does not signify, for it was already proven that steers could develop speed as well as colts.

A SENTIMENT FROM A. L. H., PITTSFIELD, VT.

A lively young messenger sprang up one day,
Saying, now I will get out of W. R. J.
So he spread his white wings and flew far away,
To our home, where his welcome inclines him to stay.

A warm, sunny corner we gave to our guest,
And made him the softest and downiest nest,
As he folded his wings and settled to rest,
The name "I. S. J." appeared on his breast.

Inauguration Observations.

OUR BEAUTIFUL CAPITOL CITY AT ITS BEST—
PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT EVENT—THE
GLORY OF THE INAUGURATION BALL—THE
PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY IN ATTENDANCE.

BY GERTRUDE ELINOR HARRIS, WINDSOR, VT.

Washington the beautiful! The fair White City on the banks of the Potomac! So much has been written about it and yet we always read with interest that which tells of the City which we all may proudly claim in part as ours because it is the City our great country has chosen to call her own.

Washington is never more interesting than at Inauguration time, for it is then in its festive array and the whole world, as it were, comes in holiday garb to welcome the new President as he enters upon his duties. This year there was an added interest because of the stirring events of the last four years.

The few days before the Inauguration are very gay and very busy. A constant influx of guests is pouring into the city. The sound of hammers and workmen is on every side, while white palaces, sober business blocks, and private residences are taking on a gala look.

This year most of the decorating had to be finished Saturday as the day before the Inauguration was Sunday. The decorations were beautiful, too, for the committee had so arranged that instead of a conglomerate mass, as is usual in such affairs, the decorations, especially along Pennsylvania Avenue, formed an harmonious whole. This was especially so in the arrangement of stands and seats. In front of the White House was a "Court of Honor," formed by White Columns from the top of which blazed lights at night. At night also, the fronts of many of the buildings were all ablaze with electric lights in various designs made with long ropes of lights and thousands in masse.

Monday, March 4th, was, to everybody's disappointment, cloudy and rainy, but that made no difference in the arrangements made for the occasion. In the morning, throngs of people were hurrying through the streets in order to get good places from which to view the parade. We were early in our seats and had some hours in which to see the brilliant, constantly changing panorama on Pennsylvania Avenue. The Avenue is very wide, straight and clean. Cars and street traffic, excepting carriages of officials, were stopped early in the day. The sidewalks are thronged with all sorts and conditions of people, congressmen, soldiers, sight-seers, and quantities of picturesque negroes.

Out in the street battalions wheel into line.

"Forward, march! right face! halt!"

Marshals in gay uniforms are galloping about, bands are playing, flags are flying and it is all very bright and interesting.

Presently a shout arises farther up by the White House. This grows in volume as a carriage comes down the avenue. We know the cause for there sits the President, bowing and smiling his acknowledgments while Mark Hanna sits with immovable face by his side. They are on their way to the Capitol. About three o'clock the first of the parade appears and for over three hours passes in pauseless line from Capitol to

White House up the beautiful avenue where so many famous processions have passed, both gay and sad. It is a grand parade and reminds one of the old Roman pageants that welcomed conquering heroes. Here are gray haired veterans and trim, straight West Point and Annapolis cadets. Here are thousands of blue coated Pennsylvania troops and here are the Porto Ricans, swarthy and strange to look upon but significant at this point of our history. There are over a dozen of Governors whom we can tell because they wear civilian's dress and have to keep their hats off most of the time in spite of the rain. There are artillery, cavalry, infantry and marines all in proper uniform. After the military comes the civic division of the parade. This is not so spectacular but is most interesting. In this division are cadet companies from all the neighboring colleges and a fine set of young men they are, white, black, and Indians from the Carlisle School. Each regiment, company, or corps of all this huge parade is headed by a band thus giving a continual flow of music all along the line. The favorite piece seems to be, "Maryland, My Maryland."

When this vast number of men, enough to make fifteen or twenty towns the size of Windsor, has passed, we make our way through the crowd to the hotel where we have just time to dine and dress for the ball.

The ball seemed like a bit of fairyland. It was held in the Pension building. The vast ball-room is supported by eight onyx pillars, each large enough for twenty people to stand about in a circle. These pillars were not decorated, but the smaller pillars, of which there are over a hundred, all the way around the hall and balconies, were wound with green vines in which were woven strings of electric lights like ropes of fire or brilliant jewels. Everywhere these lights were twined until the room was radiant with light. There were thousands and thousands of flowers too, roses, violets, and potted plants, but so arranged that they did not seem crowded nor did they interfere in any way with the views of the entire hall from any part.

At one end were galleries for the musicians, the United States Marine Band of about two hundred and an orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five pieces. At the other end was the Presidential gallery.

Such a galaxy of beauty, fame and wealth it seems can never before have been gathered as graced the Inaugural Ball that night. millionaires, society leaders, diplomats, ambassadors, celebrities of every sort. And it was a democratic gathering too, for mingling with these, the highest in the land, were representatives of the masses as must have been where ten-thousand were gathered under one roof. There were no dividing lines either, the unknown country school-teacher touched elbows with those whose fame rings through all nations. With equal rights as the belle of New York's four-hundred she trod the stately hall and probably enjoyed it all ten times more than either.

It was such a brilliant crowd! Such beautiful gowns! Such a flash of diamonds! Such a glitter of gold braid! Most of the men were in uniform and dressmakers of Paris and New York have been busy for weeks past trying to outdo themselves in the construction of gowns for the occasion. Then there were members of the Chinese embassy, stiff in rich satins embroidered with jewels and other less quaint foreigners in their resplendent court dress. No wonder it was so gay, so beautiful, so fascinating!

The chief event of the evening of course, was the arrival of the Presidential party. As they came into their box the whole assembly seemed to turn toward them and a generous applause welcomed them. Mr. McKinley looked just as strong and self possessed as he always does. You would mark him anywhere as a perfect gentleman and a manly man. Mrs. McKinley looked very sweet but so feeble. The Roosevelts seemed very happy as well they might for our new Vice-President was one of the heroes of the Inauguration. Gen. Miles was another hero of the hour and indeed he looked the ideal hero with his straight, handsome form, and soldierly bearing. There was a bevy of pretty girls in the box, too, and distinguished looking men and women whom one could not tell apart unless very familiar with their faces.

A little while longer of the brightness and whirl of it, then out into the falling rain where crowds of people stood in the darkness listening to the music within and catching a glimpse as people passed in and out.

Inauguration day was over. The preparations of months had been consummated in one glorious day.

Mose Barnaby is Afflicted.

FIFTH STORY OF THE GRANITE STATE FOLKS SERIES—MOSE READS A PATENT MEDICINE CIRCULAR AND IS CONVINCED OF FAILING HEALTH—THE COLLOQUY AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOP SETTLES IT—HIS ILLUSIONS RUDELY DISPELLED.

By FRED FERDINAND MOORE.

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Mose Barnaby was occupying his usual seat in the store, surrounded by clouds of smoke which he had coaxed from a black clay pipe, after getting out of patience and matches. The pipe going to his satisfaction, he picked up an advertising pamphlet, printed in different colored inks and telling of the virtues of "Cale's Consolidated Cure," in large type and convincing testimonials.

Elias was distributing the morning mail and furtively watching Mose to see if he disregarded his admonitions about covering the stove with tobacco-juice, that he might have an excuse for sending him home before Mistress Barnaby came for him with a broom.

"I d'n know but what that ought t' be pretty good stuff," said Mose, when he had read intently for several minutes.

"What's that?"

"Why, that med' cine. I've got heart disease an' got it bad, if what the book says is right."

Elias said nothing, but went on with his work. Mose lapsed into silence again, and then coughed, rather a hollow, forced cough.

"Got cold, Mose?"

"No. I've suspected my lungs was in bad shape for some time, but I guess they're worse'n what I cal'lated."

"You aint got consumption, have you?"

"I'm 'traid I have," said Mose, coughing again, "I had pains in my shoulders all last winter."

"Cider run out?" inquired Elias, with a smile.

"No, holdin' out pretty fair, but my heart's been botherin me for some time, an' I got pains in my lungs; my back aches like sixty, too."

"You don't like to saw wood, either, do you?"

Mose looked up sheepishly. "It aint the wood-sawin'. I'd saw wood an' take pleasure in it if I was well, but I aint feelin' eggsactly right this mornin'; b'en poorly for some time," and he coughed again.

"Well you're gettin' old, Mose; you've been through a lot during your life."

"Yes," said Mose, straightening out his lame leg and rubbing it tenderly, "I have, but rheumatiz is enough for any ordinary man to put up with. I feel myself givin' all out; don't expect to haug' round here much longer, 'Lias."

Bill Skinner came in the store to get some groceries and a bag of meal.

"Heard 'bout Samantha Stone?"

"No," replied Mose, "Is she wuss?"

"She's nigh gone with the consumption; Doctor Storm says she can't last over two weeks."

"I want t' know! I tell ye, Bill, consumption is a bad thing to rattle with," said Mose, trying to cough.

"Yes, an' 'Lijah Dollins is havin' bad spells with his heart; hard on 'em right in plantin' time, aint it?"

"Should say 'twas. My heart's b'en pesterin' for some time, an' if '—Elias and Bill went out to get the meal. Mose felt of his pulse and rapped his vest. "I've got consumption an' heart disease sure as shootin'. Lor', what'll I do?" He reached for his cane and limped up the road toward home, feeling of his pulse every few steps.

"I've got it sure," he said to himself, "I'm liable to drop dead 'fore I git home; that's what the book says, you may drop right down anywhere."

He went toward the blacksmith shop, where Stubbs was mending a wagon, and swearing at his apprentice, and the fire, and poorly heated iron, John Stack's oxen, and anything cantankerous.

"What's the matter with Barnaby?" he inquired, without apparently seeing Mose.

"Nothin' much, only my leg's at it again. That's Eb's wagon, aint it?"

"Yes sir, that's Eb's wagon; you got any speech to make about it?" Stubbs went on tightening bolts without looking up.

"No, I guess not," said Mose, observing that the worker in metals was out of temper, "Jeewhiskerfat! How that pain shoots up through my knee!"

"Why don't ye kick the bucket and be done with it? Sparks, fetch me that big wrench. S'pose we're going to have rain if your leg has got the jumps—the big wrench, blast ye!"

"I've got the jumps all over; never had such a feelin' in my bones as I've had sence I got up this mornin'."

"You do look out of kilter," said Stubbs, pausing for an instant, "Darn me, if you look as though you'd live 'till night! Why don't you see Doctor Storm if you're aillin', or git Mis' Barnaby to hammer you out and straighten the kinks? In my mind, Barnaby, you need a devilish good drawin' out," and the blacksmith resumed his sulphurous opinions on people who made poor bolts, and where they should go when they died.

"Sparks, fetch me another nut, before I throw this wrench clear through your worthless pelt. Barnaby, you look sicker than a shot mule; there'll be a new grave dug before long in Edgeville, dum dum di diddy dum—a three-quarter nut, blast ye—dum di diddy dee—yes, there's Barnaby gone; went quick, too; right here yesterday talkin' with me, and now he's dead as a pair of rusty hinges, dum diddy dum di dee."

Mose tried to appear unconcerned in the face of this clinching evidence of his rapid decline in health, and concealed his agitation by taking a deep interest in Stubbs' method of work.

"What seems to be the trouble, Barnaby? Liver out of j'int?"

"Yes, an' my heart's failin', now that my lungs are gettin' weak; don't eggssactly know whar the trouble is, but I feel petered out all over. B'en under the weather some time, but I hated t' say so; you think I look sickish?"

"Blow the fire, Sparks. Look sick! You better telegraph for your relations—if you stick it out two days I'll be dogone surprised—dum diddy di dum—you ain't looked right to me for a fortnight, and Stack said yesterday we'd lose you any day now—dum di—blow the fire, you pimp o' misery—dum di diddy dee. I don't spose it would do any good, but why don't you see Doctor Storm and have him tinker you up, if he can; no use I'm afraid—dum diddy di dum, di dee."

"P'r'aps I will," said Mose, forgetting in his excitement to cough, as he had intended to do a minute before. He hobbled away, fearing that Stubbs would notice more symptoms of his fatal diseases, and he wished to consult the advertising pamphlet which he had in his pocket.

"Lor!" he gasped, when he was out of sight of the shop, "What will Sairey say if she wakes up some mornin' an' finds me dead with a blood-wessel? I've got liver trouble, too," and he sat down on a stone and adjusted his glasses to read of the miraculous life-saving powers of "Cale's Consolidated Cure."

"That's good stuff an' I know it. I'll coax the old lady, an' like as not she'll let me have half a dollar, seein' the hens have layed rippin' good all winter."

He thrust the book into his pocket, resolved to hurry home and put the case before Mrs. Barnaby, although he was in doubt as to how she would receive the news of his sickly condition. She had summered and wintered him for thirty years, and had a noisy manner of making up her mind, and Mose knew there was no limit to her vocabulary. He lamented that the tin-man sold heavy-handed brooms, and Mrs. Barnaby could use both ends with equal dexterity. Mose had a bald spot on the back of his head.

He found her preparing to go out; she never was in an amiable mood when contemplating a visit.

"I'm goin' up to Mis' Stack's to get her log cabin quilt pattern. No wood sawed here for three days, Mister Barnaby; you git out an' saw."

"My back is all-powerful lame," said Mose, seeing that affairs were rather cloudy. By exerting himself he managed to cough.

"You saw that wood, lame or no lame."

"You aint got nothin' good for a bad liver, have ye, Sairey?" Mose had a dislike for conversations on wood-sawing.

"Who's got a bad liver?" asked Mrs. Barnaby, turning abruptly from the mirror, where she was tying her bonnet.

"I aint felt well for some time, Sairey; 'Lias said I looked sick an' Stubbs said I looked sick, an', by Time, I am sick. I ought t' have a pultis on my side, or some arb tea, anyway."

"I'll arb tea you if you don't saw that wood. 'Lias sent you home, I know he did; I told him to. What you'll git is a broom'n' if you don't stop your foolin' an' stir your lazy bones."

"I'm goin' to die, an' I know it," said Mose.

"You will," said Mrs. Barnaby, in a significant tone, "you'll die—you'll get killed, and when Constable Rawson comes to see how it happened he'll find hair on the broom-handle."

"I've got consumption, Sairey."

"Yes you have—you've got a record for consumption—consumption of cider; you dranked up three barrels this winter, and now you're on pins and needles 'cause it's gone. You'll be livin' up to Bartlett's by next week."

"I'm all petered out, dum'd if I aint, an' if I"—Mose was taken with an uncontrollable fit of coughing.

"I'll give you one minute to git yourself out that back door! Gather up quick!"

"Sairey, you got fifty cents?" Mose opened the door, ready to flee if his hostile spouse made further war-like demonstrations.

"What do you want with fifty cents? Go up to Bartlett's and hold a pow-wow in his cider-cellar? I know one thing, Mose Barnaby, and that aint two; you're going to do more 'round this camp, or somebody won't know what fifty cents looks like. If you think I married you to slave, you better think again, and what wood you ever sawed wouldn't bu't the b'iler on a saw-mill injine. If you aint got that wood sawed when I git back, some o' the stovecooks and flat iron'll move lively 'round here, so you git right out and saw!"

Mrs. Barnaby, having delivered herself of her opinions to her satisfaction and the discomfiture of Mose, took a bottle of preserves from the table and shut the door behind her none too gently. Mose knew she was in earnest, and came in to fire up his pipe and think the matter over, besides, he always indulged in a period of meditation before going to work. Tom, the cat, came out from under the stove and stretched himself.

"What do you think of *Aer*, Tom?" said Mose, between puffs.

"Aint she a durn good imitation of a house afire, or four streaks o' chain light'nin' in a fit?"

Tom was apparently undecided; he blinked and licked his fur.

"How would you like to have her march at ye with a bed-slat in one hand an' a mop in t'other? You know what I'd do? There aint no knowin' what I'd do; like as not I'd cut her thrut with my four-bladed knife. She's b'n at it some time, an' if she gits me riled an' riz up she'll wish she'd kept her trap shut tighter 'n if 'twas nailed with railroad spikes!"

Tom yawned and went back under the stove. Mose felt of his pulse, coughed weakly and dragged himself to the wood-pile with a groan of despair. He sawed half way through a stick, and then assumed an attitude of contemplation.

"Fifty cents is what that stuff costs, an' if I don't have a bottle of it I'll die sure as shootin'. If I can find her egg-money I'll resk it."

He deserted the saw and returned to the house, where he began a thorough search for the "egg-money." He examined

the bureau, the shelves in the kitchen, the clock, and every nook and corner where he knew it was the custom of Mrs. Barnaby to conceal valuables.

With a chair he explored the top of the cupboard and found a tea-cup filled with small change.

"Jever see the beat o' her? Aint she a reg'lar Jewish? Durned if I don't take half on it now, t' pay her back for keepin' me waitin' for putises an' fixin's all this spring! I'm goin' to clean out—"

The cup fell from his hurried fingers, and scattered the coins and its own luckless fragments over the floor. Mose was about to climb down from his position on the chair, when, to his horror, Mrs. Barnaby opened the door and entered.

"Jeewhiskerfat! I'm done for sartin!" he whispered, making a feeble effort to gain the floor, while his wife was still standing in speechless amazement.

"Mose Barnaby!" she shrieked, as she reached for the broom. "Mose Barnaby, you'd steal the dollar and twenty cents I've been scrimpin' all winter to git your plantin' seed with, would ye?"

"I was lookin' for the screw-driver," said Mose, edging toward the back door, "an, the ornery thing got mixed up with my vest button an'—". The broom interrupted him, and he sought safety in the barn, where he climbed the ladder to the hay-loft with amazing alacrity and pulled it up after him. The enemy besieged, and stormed and threatened but he rubbed his head and back and refused to come down.

When the shadows were beginning to gather in the corners, he heard his wife singing and knew it was safe to ask for supper, yet he realized that Mrs. Barnaby would have not a few personal remarks with which to flavor the meal.

The leaves on the maple tree were brown before Mose dared to tell anybody he believed he was, "a trifle ketched up with the rheumatiz." He never again mentioned consumption.

PASSING OF EVARTS AND HARRISON.

By J. ELIZABETH SHELTON, WINDSOR, VT.

Alas, our great and noble men are passing on,
With all their wisdom, energy and skill,
Those honored places they have held so long,
Others will strive their uttermost to fill.

The recompense for labors they now leave behind
For friends to rightly use for their own good,
But scholarship and intellect of each great mind
They cannot give to others if they would.

On history's page their names shall be,
And rising aspirants their skill shall praise
While those in humbler walks in unison agree
To hold the standard that they helped to raise.

He is a hero who can say "I made a mistake."—FISKE.

When by reading or discourse we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it in question. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the conviction which they once produced.—ADDISON.

DRIFTING.

By EMMA F. C. KNOWLTON, GAYSVILLE, VT.

My heart and I went sailing out together,

Adown the bay,

The lightsome breeze in the white sails was drifting
Us far away.

Into strange waters we went sailing, sailing;

My heart and I,

No threatening cloud appeared to mar the brightness
Athwart the sky.

Into my heart I looked with fear and trembling:

—the waves ran high.

A warning voice had come from out the silence;

My heart and I

Were sore afraid, and questioned with each other
Of truth and right.

Against the tide we turned, and with the stars shone out
The dear home light.

CORN TO SELL.

In the bar-room of Carpenter's Union Hotel at Bridge-water, Vt., late in the autumn of 1859, a young man formerly of the locality but more recently of Albany, N. Y., and other large and important towns, was airing his high financial standing and great speculative ability, in a windy and long continued conversation, before quite a number of astonished and awe-stricken natives.

Being at length timidously asked what his present "deal" was he replied that he was then out "buying corn" and would be most happy to take and pay cash for all the town could spare.

Among the persons present was Stanley Whiting, Esq., one of the principal sojourners of the town and enjoying the distinction of being nearly, if not quite, the most gifted, efficient, standard and reliable "prevaricator" of the surrounding country. And Mr. Whiting was a man who disliked very much to be beaten off-hand in his specialty, in this easy manner by a traveling upstart. He therefore felt impelled to speak at this critical juncture and said:

"I've got five thousand bushels of corn to sell you."

Quickly rising from his chair in the excitement of the moment our friend the speculator excitedly asked,

"Where is it?"

"You see that small white house across the road?"

"Yes."

"Well, the corn is over in that house, upstairs in the attic, in an old churn."

This remark instantly closed all transactions in corn for the day, business became stagnant, and silence quite oppressive.

C. M. C.



THE POSSIBILITIES OF A MUSTACHE.

Found in an Old Desk.

AN INTENSELY INTERESTING STORY OF ONE OF OUR LOCAL TRADITIONS, THE BURNING OF ROYALTON, VT., WHICH TOOK PLACE IN 1780, OR 120 YEARS AGO.

BY ALICE E. PITKIN, HARTFORD, VT.

"I am an old man now, four score years and ten, and much sorrow and much gladness have been in my life, and I for one say the world is growing better, and the new ways are good ways, even if I am in daily fear that the new light called a lamp, and likely to explode at any moment, will ruin the eyes of all my grandchildren.

But of the past I will talk this morning, for my little granddaughter, Bess, has asked me to tell the story of how I was rescued from the British and Indians by a brave woman the day of the burning of Royalton, and she will write it down as I talk, to tell it to *her* grandchildren, she says.

I must begin the day before, the Sabbath, October 15th, 1780. I remember the morning was a frosty one with bright sunshine on the red and gold of the leaves on the trees above us and under our feet, and the log meeting-house was cold, and John Loveland and I swung our feet from the wooden bench where we sat, to try to make them warmer, and then we looked at one another and started to laugh, when we caught the eye of the tithing-man, who made a step forward as if to give us a rap with his badge of office, so we turned our attention to Parson Matthews, who had got to thirty-eightieth of his discourse.

After the service, Madam Loveland, (and whenever the yellow and pink rose bushes are in bloom in your mother's garden, child, I think of Madam Loveland with her pink cheeks, and yellow hair shining in the sun, for she was an English maiden, whose father came to this country when her mother died), as I was saying, she came straight to my father in the doorway, and asked if I might not go to her home for a visit, and go to school with John that week.

Father frowned, for he did not believe in Sunday visiting, but no one could resist Madam Loveland, as she said she knew I would "be a good child and study the scriptures with John, and I will take care of him for his mother's sake, sir," she said, with a catch in her voice, for she and my dead mother had been dearest friends, and so my father could but relent, and I went home with John to memorize three psalms for our Sabbath lesson with a joyful heart.

In the good old days children did not sit up till the unseemly hours of the present generation, but went to bed in the loft at an early hour, and that bright October day came to a close all too soon, and John and I betook ourselves to bed betimes, where we dreamt of napping on the Sabbath day, of the tithing-man who looked at us sternly with rod in hand, and of Indians, which dream seemed a terrible reality, for we awakened to see our room lighted by a terrible red glare, and the air was full of the hideous shouts of the red men.

Too frightened to stay in bed where we were, John and I hurried into our garments, and clutching at one another crept to the window, looking out of which we saw over a hundred Indians, mad with fury and thirst for blood, piling on more

kindling to the already burning house of neighbor Matthews and turning every now and then to torment someone in what seemed like a band of prisoners.

Too frightened to stay alone any longer, we stumbled down the stairs into the living room, where we found Madam Loveland dressing little Ruth with trembling fingers. As the father caught sight of us he said, "wife, take the children and go to friend Farwell's house—it is so far from the road the Indians will not be likely to go there, and if they do us no harm, for we have many friends among the red men, I will let you know when it is safe for you to return. But if they show signs of attacking our home I will go to the woods for safety."

The mother could not trust herself to speak, but, wrapping up little Ruth warmly, she stood up to receive a silent embrace from her husband, and for him to kiss the children, and then, still in perfect silence, left the house by a back way.

We had lost sight of the house and John and I, as is the way of children when danger is out of sight, were just beginning to breathe freely, when, from the direction in which we were going, the same horrible din was heard approaching. Flight was impossible, for truly "an enemy encompassed us about." Madam Loveland, meeting this awful catastrophe with the bearing of a queen, went forward, with her three trembling children, to meet them. It was the band under La Mott, who so villainously helped plunder the settlers in revenge, who was in command.

He saluted the lady before him, and gracefully intimated that she must give up her boys, and before the agonized woman could protest, with another graceful salute gave the order to go forward, and John and I, huddled with other prisoners no older than ourselves, passed her.

John, poor lad, was so blinded with tears that he could not look up, but I turned for one last look at my best friend and saw her change from the look of despair to one of determination as she put Ruth on the ground and went forward as for a purpose, and my boyish heart took courage.

Too frightened to ask a question, even, of our fellow-prisoners, and too proud to be seen crying like a girl, we were marched on to the river, whose strong current we were obliged to ford to the other side, where La Mott and his band of Indians joined his commander, Lieut. Horton and his company, and there we poor children waited, shivering in the keen October air, with terrible stories of Indian outrages running through our heads.

Suddenly, on the opposite bank, a woman's form appeared, and my heart gave a great leap, for it looked like the cloak of Lincoln green, which Madam Loveland had brought from the old home across the sea, and the child in her arms had on a cloak of red, like little Ruth's. I turned to speak to John and saw he was watching, with the same thought. On she came down the bank, and started to ford the stream, when she met an Indian, whom I remembered having seen eating in her kitchen a few weeks before. He offered, by signs, to carry her across on his back but she, we could see, refused, but let him take little Ruth. But the poor little maid, who had made no sound before, began to scream with fright, and the mother had to stop to reassure her before they could go on. In the middle of the stream the current was so strong that the Indian entreated her, by signs, to wait on a rock while he carried the child over and returned for her. Faint from grief, fatigue, and fasting, she had to submit.

I cannot tell you—you will have to imagine, how John and I felt when we saw that delicate woman and little child put down in that hostile camp. Young as we were, we realized enough of their danger so we could scarcely breathe.

Stopping only to thank the friendly Indian, she asked to be shown to Lieutenant Horton. He had just been consulting with La Mott, and stood a few paces in front of the prisoners. He greeted her with ready courtesy, asking wherein he could serve so fair a lady, but at the mother's cry of, "Where is my son?" the cold English face hardened, and in measured tones she was told, "He will not be harmed, but trained as a soldier with others, that Her Gracious Majesty might have more faithful servants in the next generation than the vile colonists of this age had shown themselves."

The mother love was stronger than the indignation at the injustice done her adopted home, and with words as persuasive as were Eve's of old, John's freedom was won and he was in her arms before I could realize he had left my side.

Then, when the mist in my eyes had cleared away, for I had no one to rescue me, I looked again and saw John whisper in her ear. As she looked upon me and the seven other lads of my own age or thereabouts, and all the children of neighbors and playfellows of John and I, then the emotion in her face gave way to pure resolve, as she turned again to the commander and pleaded for the children of her friends.

Horton was on the point of yielding, when an old Indian brave stepped forward and said they had "had enough of the pale-face squaw talking, we have shown ourselves but women in giving up her son," and with a stride forward tore John forcibly from his mother's embrace. Then, lads though we were, we saw what we never had seen, nor ever should see again, a woman throw English pride and the reserve of Puritan training to the winds, and her tongue seemed verily inspired as she pleaded for her son, and the sons of her friends, till, utterly unable to refute her arguments, touched and abashed before her, Horton gave the order and the six white men under him escorted us to the water's edge.

There was no place for fatigue or faintness now in the brave woman's heart, as she bade us wait while she took Ruth and little Roger Kidder, who was only seven, across the swiftly flowing stream in her arms, and then coming back she showed us how to put our arms about one another and so be strong enough to breast the current which had been too much for her alone when coming over the first time, and so "we reached the Promised Land in safety."

The old man fell silent, dreaming of the past, when little Bess touched him softly, asking, "Grandfather, dear, what became of John and little Ruth when you grew up?"

"Little Ruth, my dear, grew to be like her mother, and John became your grand uncle and Ruth your grandmother when you came into this world," and again he fell into a dream of the old days of hardships and trials, but of true affection.

Please find enclosed fifty cents to renew our subscription for the JOURNAL for 1901. Being so far from our old New England Home we appreciate it very much. A. M. HALL, Spokane, Washington.

We like the Journal very much and don't want to lose a single number. H. E. DOLLE, Rutland, Vt.

You have reproduced some artistic photographic work and I wish you success. Miss EVELYN DARLING, Normal School, Johnson, Vt.

WARREN C. FRENCH.

A SKETCH OF THE WELL-KNOWN WOODSTOCK, VT. LAWYER WHO DIED FEBRUARY 10.

ILLUSTRATION BY COURTESY OF THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE, WOODSTOCK.

Warren Converse French was born in Randolph, Vt., July 8, 1819, son of Joseph Wales and Polly (Converse) French. He was educated in the common schools and in the Orange County Grammar School at Randolph. His father was the oldest son of General John French, one of the early settlers of Randolph, who was Brigadier-General of the State militia at the time of the last war with England and who marched with his brigade to Burlington at the time of the British invasion in 1814. Jacob Collamer, then a young lawyer at Randolph, being one of his Aides-de-Camp.

The subject of this sketch studied law with Tracy & Converse at Woodstock and was admitted to the Bar of Windsor county at the May term of Court in 1844. He began practice at Sharon, where he remained until 1857. Upon the



election of Hon. James Barrett to the bench, Mr. French was invited by his uncle, Mr. Converse; to remove to Woodstock and succeed Judge Barrett in the firm of Barrett and Converse, which offer was accepted. Mr. French remained in this firm as a partner until July 1, 1865, when Mr. Converse retired from the profession and was succeeded by Mr. William E. Johnson. This partnership continued until July, 1868, after which Mr. French continued the practice of his profession alone.

In July, 1879, he formed a partnership with his son-in-law, Frederick C. Southgate. At the close of this partnership a few years ago, Mr. French's active practice at law was virtually ended.

Mr. French had full and active practice, mostly in Windsor and Orange counties, and was engaged in many important civil and criminal trials. In politics Mr. French was a Whig until the organization of the Republican party, of which he was a constant and ardent adherent. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1850; he was the first State's Attorney for Windsor county elected by the people under the amended constitution in 1850; he was State Senator in 1858 and 1859, and in 1876 he represented the town of Woodstock in the Legislature. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1876 which nominated Rutherford B. Hayes for President. In religious belief Mr. French was a Congregationalist, and he was superintendent of the Sunday-School for many years.

On September 19, 1849, he married Sarah A., daughter of Hon. Wm. Steele of Sharon and they had six children.

The Largest Wagons in the World.

BIG SWING TRUCKS OWNED BY A BOSTON FIRM WILL CARRY THIRTY TONS AND ARE SOMETIMES DRAWN BY SIXTEEN HORSES. A VERY SIMPLE ARRANGEMENT MAKES HANDLING OF THE HEAVIEST LOADS EASY.

BY AMOS W. RIDEOUT, SPECIAL BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

What are perhaps the largest wagons in the world, have been seen for some time past on the streets of Boston, being used for transporting the heavy iron girders used in the construction of the Elevated Railroad. There are three of these wagons, and they are owned by the firm of Robert S. Brine & Company, who make a specialty of heavy trucking. These three wagons—or swing trucks, as they are called—together with three large drays, all built expressly for this work, cost the firm of Brine & Co. \$10,000.

The swing trucks are four-wheeled affairs, the rear wheels being 7 feet in diameter, while the forward wheels are much smaller. The body of the truck consists simply of two immense timbers, 12 x 14 inches, 50 feet long and placed some 2 feet apart, being elevated about 8 feet from the ground. The rear axle is 6 inches in diameter, is made of steel and weighs nearly 2,500 pounds. The entire weight of one truck is about 8 tons. The forward gear

is arranged in such a manner that if it is necessary to back the truck, the pole can be swung completely around with the horses attached, and as they walk forward the truck moves backward. Ordinarily there are six or eight horses to a truck; but occasionally more are used, according to the load and the condition of the roads, sometimes as many as sixteen. The loads carried, vary, the largest running from 24 to 30 tons. The load, as you will see by the picture, is not carried on the truck, but is suspended by chains beneath the axle. The arrangement for loading and unloading is very simple. It consists of a heavy ratchet and shaft, about the ends of which are wound steel chains, which support the load. The vehicle is first backed over the load, which consists, perhaps, of two large girders weighing about 25 tons. The chain is then placed around the girders and attached to the shaft, and by means of the ratchet the load is swung from the ground beneath the axles, and is ready to start.

Arriving at its destination, it is lowered to the ground in the same manner. The rapidity with which these immense weights are loaded and unloaded, is marvelous. What would have been with any other form of truck the work of hours, is, by this arrangement, made only a matter of minutes. The danger of springing the girders by a sudden drop, is also done away with.

There are three men in the employ of the firm who are capable of handling these ponderous teams. Driver Edward Morse is usually in charge. Mr. Morse is especially skillful at this sort of thing. He is 34 years of age, and has been with the firm for seven years. One of his most recent feats was that of driving a team of 24 horses from Spot Pond to Stoneham—the new headquarters of the Metropolitan Water Works—with a bed-plate for the pumping engine, weighing 50 tons. Seven miles of the journey was made through woods, but though the task was a big one, he performed it without a mishap.

A sample copy of the JOURNAL was sent me by a friend and I enjoyed it so much that I enclose 50 cents for a year's subscription.

HENRY T. RAYMOND, Stowe, Vt.

I have just received the January and February issue of the JOURNAL, and I like the paper very much. To show my appreciation and good wishes for its success, I send you today a new subscriber.

MRS. LUCY A. BROWN, Barnard, Vt.



DRAWING IRON FOR CONSTRUCTION OF BOSTON ELEVATED RAILROAD.

Illustrated Inter-State Journal, MONTHLY.

CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Editorial.

The Postmaster will accept your subscription or renewal or you can send direct to this office.

This number is rich in verse and story and incident. And artistically—isn't it handsome? It is printed from new, glistering type, selected after an exhaustive study of many different faces. This lettering is far more easily read than most. It has a clean, open, wholesome appearance, and every character is perfectly designed, which cannot be said of many styles of Roman type. This type is of the same face as that used by the Ladies' Home Journal, but is a larger size. It is the same face as used in the INTER-STATE JOURNAL in past issues, but being new has a cleaner appearance. The original font was purchased by the late Royal Cummings when it was first brought out. The wisdom and foresight of his choice is apparent, when, twenty years later, after hair-splitting comparisons, it is again selected. There are many type faces of Roman letter, each class adaptable to certain uses, but for the JOURNAL, the type which graces these pages, suits the Publisher the best.

With the failing eyesight of the American people, there comes a call for more readable type. Some of the magazines, are, in consequence, using a large, tall face to meet this demand. The type in question, is, however, suited only to pages of their size. More easily read types must be had, and large sizes must be used. A bill before the New York legislature recently, would, if it had passed, have forbidden the use of the smaller faces of type, in which all the city papers are now printed. Professors of our leading colleges are behind the movement, and although the bill failed to pass at its first presentation, it will surely be heard from in due time, and more favorably, for as the promoter of the bill said, "The eyesight of the nation is more precious than silver or gold."

A good many type faces are made up of very thick and very thin lines, and as the thin ones are practically invisible to many readers, the result is most annoying.

This type is large and plain with no quirks or peculiarities to confuse or detract the mind from a full comprehension of the subject. It has another advantage. Many people have acquired the habit of scanning a page. They see at a sweeping glance the meaning of each paragraph. This practice is to be encouraged. It is the shorthand method of reading. When fully acquired, the scanning reader can tell as much about an article as anyone. The practice has the approval of many authorities. In these busy days the method of

scanning comes naturally to a very busy reader and he gets the gist of many columns in the time of reading one. To such this type is invaluable. By its makeup one is enabled to comprehend the meaning of many lines at a glance. It almost speaks to the reader. It is easily before you, a word picture.

We welcome to our circle of contributors Dr. Ozora S. Davis, formerly of White River Junction and of Springfield, Vt., now pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Newtonville, Mass. In the letter accompanying his contribution to this number, Dr. Davis states that his first verses were published by the Publisher's father, many years ago.

Vermont should send to the Pan-American Exposition a few photographs of portable steam saw-mills, eating their way through our magnificent forests, leaving a trail of desolation for thirty years to come. Don't let our representation at Buffalo be one-sided.

Now that Aguinaldo is finally and surely captured the Philippines will cause us less trouble, although the tremendous expense to this country will continue for years. The insurrection will not disappear in a night, for it has other, but less popular, leaders. Aguinaldo is 29 years of age, but easily stands first among the Filipinos. His capture is considered a highly important piece of news.

When certain Boston papers serve up a far-away Vermont suicide case day after day in two and four columns on the front page, garnished with space filling pictures, a matter to which the Vermont press gives only half a column, it shows that sensationalism is with them the order of the day. It leads one to think how much real merit there may be in some of the other matters they so vividly present.

With this double number the JOURNAL enters upon its second year. Its tone will be pure and true. The opportunity for proving your devotion to the periodical by subscription is still open.

The Vermont State Fair has gone to Rutland. Here's hoping it will be handled in a manner to win the confidence of the people.

It is good news to church goers that William R. Moody, son of the late Dwight L. Moody, bids fair to take his father's place. He has developed surprisingly since the responsibility was thrown upon him. It is a glad thought that the work of the Moody schools at Northfield is to be upheld.

The newspapers of Vermont and New Hampshire are becoming a little more outspoken in their views, a contemporary says. Isn't it about time? In these changing times the people demand fearless representatives.

It is said the churches of our land are to acquire new strength and greater prosperity in the coming century. It is well. Perhaps all this talk about our churches deteriorating and church attendance falling off has pricked the conscience of the nation. There are unmistakable signs of an awakening, in all parts of the country. When all this effort is knit together what a united force for good we will have. Mrs. Nation's hatchet crusade against the saloons of Kansas is considered by many a wild effort to right a great wrong. She says she resorted to it when all else had failed. She has shown what a determined woman can do and she has aroused the mothers of the land, who will accomplish the same results with less war-like methods. In our own home villages the laws are being better enforced, and soon the community which has not felt in some measure the reform wave started by Mrs. Nation will be rare indeed.

In New York, our greatest and wickedest city, wholesale measures are being undertaken for the suppression of vice. Three parties are actively engaged in an effort to better conditions: Tammany, the police; and the People. Tammany is named first, because it is surprising that they should assist at all. Richard Croker, the head of the organization, before his departure for Europe, last November, gave orders to a committee of the faithful to clean out the dives of the city. And they are doing it impartially. One of their greatest leaders was rounded up at a poker club, where 75 men were gathered in, recently, and Tammany complained bitterly because no tip was given him of what was coming. This Tammany assistance is doubtless intended to create favor which at the next election will help the Tammany tiger to win.

Then there are the police. They are uncommonly alert at present. They make many raids but they are generally ineffective. Representatives of the gamblers are kept along every street and in every courtroom. The police are charged with protecting vice. The news of an intended raid generally precedes the sheriff. Occasionally the efforts of the other committees spur them to successful action. The wide-open resorts of New York have been closed tight and vigilance is manifest all along the line.

But the Committee of Fifteen is the glory of every honest citizen of the country. This is the People's Committee. An appeal to the police for justice may pass unheeded, but with the Committee of Fifteen, never. The poorest working-man, seeking to find and recover his

danger from the haunts of vice, has a powerful friend in the Fifteen. Every day they unearth and bring to light and to the Courts many new cases of vice and corruption. The search-light is being turned on New York. The results will slowly be felt. The reform can not take place in a year. Some think so much agitation and scouring will not be lasting, but the Committee of Fifteen announce that they will never let go. And the people are with them. 15,000 women at one gathering recently showed their warm support in this house-cleaning movement. Verily there is an awakening.

Good-bye to the greater part of the war-tax nuisance, July 1. Perhaps it is just as well we have become accustomed to it. We will undoubtedly have occasion to renew its acquaintance in time to come.

Many are the incidents of railway service. A recent accident, in which a brakeman was injured by the overturning of a car upon which he was standing in the local railway yard, served to show a strong brotherly spirit among railroad men, at least. A few hours after the accident and just as the express came in, a passer-by saw a little group of railroad men bending over a white-covered cot, across the tracks from the station, near the side of a "buggy," the temporary home to which the injured man had been taken. The train hands on the station platform, brakemen, conductors, and passers-by stood silently, reverently, the engineer and fireman of the Boston train just ready to start looking on from the passage-way of their great charge with pathetic interest, as the cot with its quiet room was raised to the shoulders of those in waiting and borne slowly and silently across the tracks and platform to the baggage car, where tender care would be given the unfortunate man during the long ride to his home in Springfield, Mass. It was touching to witness the attitude of the men. Here was a brother, helpless. Every man who could possibly be needed lent a hand, or stood in silent sympathy while the little scene was enacted. Men in natty uniforms, and those in overalls, begrimed, stood on the same level at the side of their injured brother, a stranger to many. The realization came to each, for the instant, that theirs was a life of danger, it might be their turn next.

A war correspondent, lately returned from service in China in the interests of Collier's Weekly, asked a member of the diplomatic corps in Washington his opinion of the situation in China. "Barbarians don't interest me," was the reply. He voiced the sentiment of millions of people.

But who are the barbarians? The soldiers of the allied forces, Japan, Great Britain, the United States, Russia, Germany and France forced their way to the

relief of the legations. They have remained in the country, pursuing the boxers and looting cities and towns. Shops and houses have been broken open, the property of princes appropriated, precious unreplaceable antiques removed or destroyed. The apartments of the Emperor and Empress have been kept intact by the American commander. All else has been laid open to the eyes of the world. The devastation by the soldiery of civilized nations has never been equalled. Non-combatants have been killed by thousands. It has been a war of injured. China has received a terrible blow. The work of our missionaries is a hundred times undone. The hatred of foreigners is bitterly increased. The government of China is barely recognized. The ruin is complete. Far from the scene of disaster we have heard little of it. The retribution upon China makes one of the blackest pages in history. The allied forces have proved themselves the equal of barbarians.

At one year old the JOURNAL promises well. The cordial reception given the latest numbers has been most gratifying. We thank our friends for their manifest interest in its welfare. There are many obstacles to be overcome in starting a publication of this class and we return thanks for the kind consideration of our subscribers. We ask your indulgence for this issue. Too much business and too few printers compel us, reluctantly, to combine the March and April numbers. We hope during the year to establish the JOURNAL in quarters of its own. However, we think this number worth waiting for.

We are proud of the quality of the articles in this issue and of those for the May number. There is as much wholesome literary talent in this part of New England as anywhere in the world. Indeed, it seems as if there was more of it. The most enjoyable reading is by our home writers, and the JOURNAL is the only proper medium for the expression of these articles. There are many more good writers in our field and we propose to find them. Every article up to the standard of those already printed is acceptable.

The wash-drawing cover design, the frontispiece, and the line sketches in this issue are all by local artists. Finer work is rarely seen.

Topics of the May number: Complete description of the new Library and Memorial building at Enfield, N. H., with illustrations; A pretty legend of Manito and the Mayflower, as told by an old Indian; A Romance of the Forest, a tale of a trip to a Vermont mountain wilderness in winter, a short stay at the boarding house of a logging camp, a country dance and the romantic incidents leading up to a mid-night

elopement, making a very interesting story of country life and hearty hospitality, written by Mary L. Hutchins, Pittsfield, Vt. Popleigh's Failures is the story of a would-be author whose efforts met with success in an unusual way—a story of interest to ambitious writers—written for the JOURNAL by Harle O. Cummins, of Montpelier, Vt., a prize story writer. How a large Egg Farm at No. Springfield is conducted will be told by Mrs. B. D. Bowen, of Springfield. A large refrigerator building on this farm successfully preserves 40,000 dozen eggs by cold storage. There are illustrations. Several leading articles which for competitive reasons we are not at liberty to name will appear in the May number and there will be many poems, and other features of general interest.

"Teddy" Roosevelt is a model for any young man. He has climbed to the office of Vice-President of this great country. He is the popular idol of the nation and deservedly so. It has always been his plan to face every issue squarely. When a delicate boy he imposed a system of training which has made him a vigorous, clear-headed American. He is a good example of the "Strenuous Life," the title of a book he has written. He has always taken upon himself the hardest tasks that came in his way. When a boy, if he had a chance to ride, he walked. If he could cross a stream in a sailboat, he rowed. He fitted himself by hard training to overcome all obstacles. That is what develops manhood. And the reward is certain.

The JOURNAL is highly valued by former residents of the sister states. One way you can assist the publisher: Send on a postal the names of friends you would like to have see a sample copy.

A new feature in the programme for the Music Festival week at White River Junction is to be a Promenade Concert on Wednesday evening, May 29, the third day of the Festival. Blaisdell's Orchestra, assisted by Mr. Grillee, and local talent will furnish the programme.

The Festival this year promises to be a distinct success. Mr. Henri G. Blaisdell, of Concord, is the conductor and his large orchestra will be in attendance throughout the week. An eminent lady soloist is considering an engagement and the other eminent talent already secured is as follows: Mr. J. H. McKinley, of New York, Tenor; Mr. Frederick Martin, soloist in Harvard church, Boston, Bass; Miss Marguerite Gorham, St. Johnsbury, Accompanist; Mr. Chas. T. Grillee, of Boston, Reader and Impersonator. Other artists will be announced next month.

Gounod's "St. Cecilia" Mass in Latin and selections from Donizetti's "Lucia de Lammermoor" will be given.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY EFFIE JAY, CLAREMONT, N. H.

Ouh-o-o-o! a long drawn wail of human suffering, but of greater volume, as if coming through a megaphone, its ghostly semblance was enough to make a man of iron nerve turn his collar up, put his hands in his pocket and hurry away out of its penetrating reach.

It was a new item of interest in a little New Hampshire hamlet. Often in the grocery store and postoffice the topic was nervously discussed by the frequenters of the place.

What was it? What caused it? Those were the queries of all and a solution of the sound seemed to be impossible.

The cause was a dismal wail often heard issuing from an old fashioned residence which, only a short time previous, had been vacated by its owner for his city quarters.

The building was an antique affair, surrounded by both fruit and shade trees, and a very pretty lawn extended to the street, which was enclosed by a granite curbing.

The ghostly sounds had but recently been heard; children and nervous people made a practice of crossing to the opposite side of the street when passing the place. Even men shuddered as they passed by on a dark night, for many had heard the distressing moans and cries. The place received the title, "The Haunted House." The noise increased in volume as the winter months advanced. At last the owner was notified. He secured a party, who, for a generous compensation, volunteered to live in the house and try to locate the sound.

He entered upon his duties with an "I don't care" feeling, but, after staying a few nights, threw up the job in fear and disgust. He had tried to locate the sound, attributing it to a loose clapboard, shingle or a scraping limb of a tree, but failed to make any of these solutions bear fruit. He notified the owner of his failure, suggesting removal of the structure.

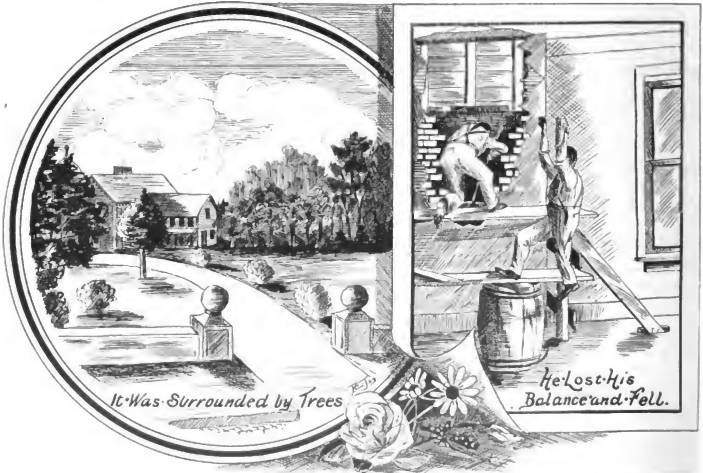
Not feeling thoroughly convinced, he decided to try it him self. He occupied the house but one night, seeking quarter;

at the inn for the remainder of his stay. When questioned as to the sounds, he said, "I noticed they were fully as plain in the day time as at night, but to locate them is beyond my power..."

In this instance, as in many of its kind, exaggerated stories and theories were spread. People began to complain, suggesting the removal of the structure. The owner finally decided to have it done. He employed carpenters to go to work at once. A Mr. Ryan, a local mason, agreed to remove the chimney for a small amount and the old brick.

One afternoon the mason, assisted by a tender, commenced work removing the chimney to the ceiling of the second story. The following morning, while the tender was standing on the staging and the mason vigorously tearing down the chimney, a frightful screech was heard issuing from the flue. The tender, in his haste to put distance between himself and the unearthly noise, lost his balance and fell from the staging, luckily receiving no serious injury. The mason, a little more daring or possessing less superstition, began to knock the bricks right and left to get at the origin of the sound. After he had lowered the chimney several feet more, the screech was again heard, but with less vigor, as its owner was losing strength. This put new life into the mason and he worked the faster, when, behold, he gazed upon the ghastly sight, owner of the wailing voice, turned black with age and smoke from the chimney, who, in youth, had probably served a purpose well, and in some strong wind had been wrested from its place and blown into the chimney.

It was a shingle! It had lodged by two of its corners in the joints between the brick. When there was a strong draft the current of air caused the shingle to turn with such rapidity that it sent forth its nerve-racking moans or cries. The work of tearing down was suspended and the owner notified. The mystery was explained. What at one time was to be a startling revelation, turned out a sort of a joke. The place was repaired, and the neighbors and townspeople were never more troubled by any ghostly disturbances.





Cream Tartar Biscuit. One cup sour cream, one cup sweet milk, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, a little salt. Mix very soft.

Fritters. One egg, one cup thick sour milk, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt. Stir thick with flour and dip with a spoon into the hot lard.

Cream Pie. One cup sweet cream, one teaspoon flour or one egg, one small half-cup sugar, a little salt. This makes one pie. Two crusts.

Mrs. G. H. Pattrell, Union Village, Vt.

Spin Balls. One egg, one cup white sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup sweet milk, one cup chopped raisins, teaspoon of cloves and cinnamon, a grated nutmeg, one and one-half teaspoons soda, one teaspoon salt; mix with enough flour to roll out. Cut with a biscuit cutter, then roll in a ball. Do not let them touch together in the pan, and do not bake too hard. Make frosting of two eggs. These are delicious.

Maple Sugar Frosting. One and one-fourth cups dry maple sugar. Add enough water to nearly cover and boil till it hardens in cold water. Stir into it the beaten white of one egg, a little at a time, beating fast; when all is in beat fast till it begins to harden. Spread quickly upon cake which should be cold.

Maple Creams. Two cups maple sugar, one cup sweet cream. Stir constantly till it grains. Pour in buttered dish; when cold cut in squares.

Mrs. G. L. C., Springfield, Vt.

Wafers. Break one egg in a coffee cup. Put in heaping teaspoon of sugar and a pinch of salt. Stir in pastry flour until hard enough to mix, and mix rather hard. Roll out thin as a knife blade; cut out with a biscuit cutter. Have your lard quite hot and drop them in; turn directly over and take them out almost immediately. Being so thin, great care must be taken to not let them stay in hot fat too long. Will make quite a number and are nice for tea or where light refreshments are served, as they are dainty and nice. Keep in a dry place and they will remain crisp.

Mrs. H. A. Blodgett, Northfield, Vt.

Apple Fritters. Beat two eggs very light, one cup sweet milk, a pinch of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three cups of flour. Mix well, then stir in two cupfuls of chopped apples. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling fat, and fry a rich brown. Serve with maple syrup.

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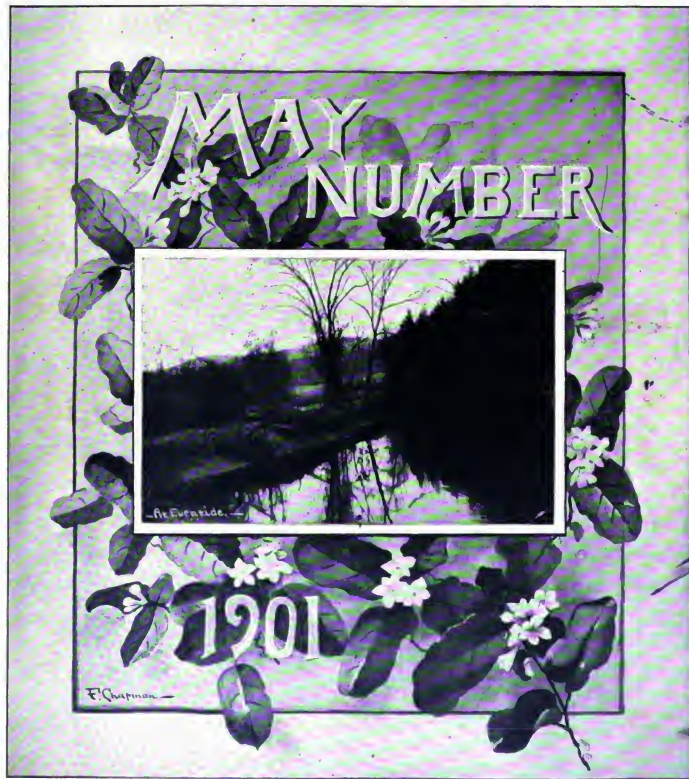
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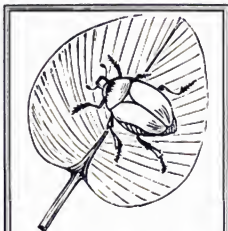
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Heavy weight Union Carpets at 48c. Fringed Tapestry Rugs at \$30, 65, 85, \$1.00.

For something better in Rugs we are showing a selected line of Moquette, Axminster, Brussels, and Velvets.

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VOL. THREE—No. 2.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., MAY, 1901.

10 Cents a Copy.
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On a Green Mountain Trout Brook.

A STORY OF KEEN INTEREST TO THOSE OF US WHO HOPED TO GO FISHING WHEN THE SEASON OPENED BUT "COULD N'T GET AWAY."
—AN EARLY START.—APPETIZING DINNER BY THE BROOK.—THE CAPTURE OF A "BIG FELLOW."—A FINE DESCRIPTION OF THE DAY.

BY REV. WILMOND WARNER, BETHEL, VT.

Illustrations by F. N. Chapman.

If you want to get very close to the heart of dear old Mother Nature, to catch the breath of spring violets, the sweet perfume of the trailing arbutus, and the fragrance of the wild blossoms, and meanwhile to forget for one brief happy day the sordid things of this life, your latest dunning letter and the shiny spots on your best spring overcoat, just go out in the month of May, when the mountain slopes have changed their dreary snows for the glory of the evergreens, and the early spring foliage, and follow up a Green Mountain trout brook.

Up such a brook my friend F. and myself took our way a few days since. We left the old farm house at daybreak, walked across the long meadow, climbed the stony slopes of the hill pasture, plunged into the forest and after a two hours' tramp, found ourselves at the banks of the brook. We were in a little hollow among the mountains, and so far as the outlook was concerned we might have been in the heart of the Adirondacks. The brook came tumbling down from among the crags and cliffs that walled the little valley, with an hundred miniature cataracts and cascades, singing and dancing on its way like a happy boy just escaped from school.

F. was a little in advance and I saw him glance (with a quick motion for silence) down the stream. Turning my head in that direction I saw two deer. One was drinking from the brook, the other looking straight at us with great soft enquiring eyes. They did not seem to be much afraid and lingered for several minutes, then trotted off, stopping now, and then, to take another look at the intruders who had invaded their haunts at so early an hour in

exultant thrill experienced by the true sportsman when after a long snowy Vermont winter, he looks into the crystal waters of a mountain brook and sees his first trout of the season.

Meanwhile F. has baited up and stepping carefully to my side he drops the hook into the water at the lower end of the little pool, drawing it slowly up to the foot of the little fall, and letting it float



"BUT ALWAYS FISHING WITH VARYING SUCCESS."

the day. They were beauties and I saw F. raise his rod and sight along it, evidently wishing it was a rifle and that it was open season for deer. But we were after trout and creeping up beside a stunted hemlock that bent over a pool at the foot of a little rapid, I caught the glimpse of the tinted sides of a brook trout swimming round and round, as though looking for a breakfast. Talk about the joy of a traveler when he looks for the first time upon the glories of some famed temple of art, I do not believe it is to be compared to the

down again with the current.

There is a swift flash, a tightening of the line, a quick short turn of the pole, and a trout, the first one of the season, lies on the ground at our feet, flopping about right in a bed of wild spring beauties. He is a fine one, nine inches long, fit to be exhibited not only to sympathizing friends at home, but also to be proudly shown to any impertinent warden we may chance to encounter with perfect confidence that it will divert his attention from any undersized ones concealed in our boot legs or hats.

By this time I had gotten my tackle ready and we slowly made our way up stream, sometimes treading upon beds of forest moss, soft as a velvet carpet, sometimes forced by over-hanging branches and projecting boulders into the middle of the stream to wade in water nearly to the tops of our hip boots, then scrambling along the sides of rocks, but always fishing with varying success, until a growing sense of emptiness in the inner man admonishes us that while we have been fortifying our systems with pure air and exercise, we have also been getting up an appetite. F. looks at his watch (a nickle plated Waterbury of which he is exceedingly proud) and to our surprise finds it is half past eleven. We ate our breakfast at four and concluded to stop at once and have our dinner.

Ah! that dinner—long live the memory of it. We had brought with us a small sheet iron frying pan and a tin basin. F. produced a small package of tea from one pocket and a piece of salt pork from another. For my part I had brought bread and also (tell it not in Gath) a half dozen raw potatoes. We took thin flat stones from the brook, built an arch against the side of a rock, put the potatoes to boil in the basin, dressed some trout and put them with slices of pork to fry in the pan. When the trout were done we laid them on clean plates made of birch bark which F. peeled from a neighboring tree, then the potatoes with them, rinsing out the basin and using it next to steep the tea. It is given to a man to eat but few dinners in a life-time with such keen enjoyment. "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness" forever if each meal eaten there will taste like this. There is many an unstrung invalid whose quickest antidote would be found in a few days' camping by a Green Mountain trout brook.

Dinner over we fie for an hour at full length on the smooth surface of a flat rock warmed by the sun that shines so brightly upon us. Then thoroughly rested we continue on up the brook.

We had planned to go up as far as the "Meadow" a name we had given to a little spot half swamp, half valley, high up among the mountains and not far from the source of the brook. It is a noticeable fact that many of the brooks among the mountains have such valleys quite near their source and that there may be found still, deep pools in which lurk here and there a veteran trout fit to gladden the heart of the sportsman who is willing to climb so far to find him. Last year when



"AH! THAT DINNER."

F. and I visited the "Meadow" we had seen such a trout, in fact F. had hooked him but had lost him and he would not bite again. We had talked about him many times during the long winter and wondered if some brother sportsman more fortunate than we had captured him or if the big trout were still swimming about "monarch of all he surveyed" in the deep, still pool in the little valley way up in the mountains.

We approached the spot with that eager sense of excitement which comes once in a while to us as a reminder that men are only boys grown older. A grand old hemlock with great towering green-black foliage that tossed about in the breeze like the plumes of some giant sable, clad knight of the crusades, stretched its gnarled and twisted roots out and down to be moistened and nourished by the living waters of the mountain brook. On the other side a fringe of alders grew close to the water and spread a perfect tangle of roots and rootlets and fibers, some at the bottom, some midway and some of the largest fairly over the surface of the pool. To hook a half pound trout in such a tangle and to land him safely requires a degree of skill and patience known best to him who has tried it.

We crept up on our hands and knees and peered cautiously into the water. Ah there he was and he certainly had grown since last year. He lay perfectly at ease moving his fins gently as a lady might languidly use a fan. I confess that while I

do certainly crave the distinction of catching big trout and have even been accused (falsely) of putting pebbles down the throats of some to make them weigh more, that I have neither the skill or patience necessary for taking a trout of that size from such waters and so declined the privilege of "trying him one" which F. so generously proffered.

I crept back to where I could command a good view of the pool and prepared to watch my friend fish for the big trout. F. put fresh bait on the hook, tried his pole to see that it was firmly jointed together, reeled the line a little shorter, then cautiously, so as scarcely to make a ripple on the water, he dropped the bait within a foot of the old trout's nose. The big fellow rose a little higher in the water, swam around the hook once or twice—lacked off and lay quietly as before. I could hear my heart beat with the excitement known only to the man who has tramped all day and longs for one big trout to complete the catch.

Will he bite or not?

F. slowly lifted the bait and moved it away from the trout. Ah, good!—the old fellow follows it up!—he wants it! With a quick swift motion he moves up to the bait and deliberately swallows it. Will he get away? Can F. land him from that tangle of roots? There is a quick short snap a turn of the wrist, a pole bent almost double and the trout is lifted carefully and deliberately out and laid on the grass at my feet.

THE STREAMS.

By REV. HOMER WHITE, RANDOLPH, VT.

Flow on, ye streams, and fill the air
With softly murmur'ing sound ;
Go bless the spreading meadows fair
Where blossoms sweet abound ;
O joyous flow as on ye go
To scatter beauties round.

Ye glad the hills from whence ye come ;
Ye make the fair, green vale,
And many a dear and happy home
On grassy hill and dale,
Then onward sweep to ocean deep
Where white-winged vessels sail.

Ye are the veins of this bright earth ;
Your waters, flowing free,
The life-blood giving health and mirth
Where'er their waves may be.
Through ev'ry creek your currents seek
Earth's heart, the throbbing sea.

Ye gentle streams ! ye lovely streams !
With green and shady shore,
I love to hear, in murmur'ing dreams,
The songs ye sang of yore—
To hear again your soft refrain,
And be a child once more.

Ye streams of life ! ye streams of joy !
That lulled my early youth
When, on your banks a dreaming boy,
My heart was full of truth ;
Still do I hear, through many a year,
Sweet tones naught can destroy.

I love you and the willows green
That bend so softly o'er
To lend to music that has been
So oft my joy of yore.
Would I again could see, as then,
Your waves roll by our door.

The Crowning of Our Brave.

By EVA MAUDE PEMBER,
RANDOLPH CENTER, VT.

This is the month of buds and of blossoms,
When the soft zephyrs blow sweet o'er
the lea,
And we gladly, with reverence remember,
That this, our blest country, forever is
free.

Bravely they fought, those true heroes
before us,
Fought for their country, their homes
and their friends ;
And now we are glad their cause was
victorious,
Tho' their blood with the sod of the
battle-field blends.

Ah, yes, we know that their hardships
were many ;
Dark o'er their brows hung the clouds
of despair,
But onward, unflinching, with ceaseless
endeavor,
They won for their people the crown we
now wear.

Bring the old flag to the warmth of the
sunlight ;
Note the dark stains and the rents deep
and wide ;
Honored were they, who, in battles drear
conflict,
Bravely went down by the dear banner's
side.



Bring the sweet flowers from garden and
wayside,
Twine them in Garlands and place on
the grave
Where, resting from turmoil and strife of
the battle,
They repose who died their country to
save.

Bring the fair buds of the snow-drop's pure
whiteness,
Violets reflecting the blue of the skies,
Trillium in garments of beauty and bright-
ness ;
Place these on the grave where your
dear hero lies.

Carefully place them over his resting-place ;
Let them remain on the grave where he
lies ;
Him, who before us fought bravely the
battle,
Thus will we crown 'neath the azure
May skies.

Think of the valor, the glory of victory ;
Kneel on the sod and offer a prayer,
Turn from the grave with a heart blest in
knowing
That God in his mercy will care for them
there.



It could not have been done once in a
hundred times. I must confess that when
I saw how easily that trout had allowed
himself to be taken I wished that I had
fished for him myself. We christened him
then and there a Vermont Beauty and F.
announced his intention of photographing
him on arrival at home. The lengthening
shadows reminded us that the day was
passing. F. consulted his Waterbury and
we concluded it was time to go home.
While returning we saw where a bear had
been digging for a woodchuck but don't
think he got him.

We hope to spend one more day this
summer along our favorite trout brook,
meanwhile we have had one outing " whose
fond remembrance 'mid the press of con-
stant daily care " will give us cheer and
happiness.



OLD HOME WEEK.

The suggestion of a Vermont Old Home
Week, first made in this magazine less than
a year ago, was followed up by the introduc-
tion into the legislature of a bill giving State
recognition to the idea, by Senator Walker
of Woodstock. Politicians on the western
side of the state caught on to the idea with
alacrity, and loaded it down with the incu-
bus of themselves until it seemed doomed
to die. But it is a good thing and the pub-
lic spirited citizens of every town should
see to it that it is carried out according to
the original intent.

Let everybody form themselves into a
committee of correspondence and see to it
that every one whose family traditions hark
back to Vermont shall be invited to his native
haunts, to renew his old recollections, and
to come again to realize what a fine old state
we have to live in as well as emigrate from.

The INTER-STATE JOURNAL intends to
prepare stationery shortly suitable for cor-
respondence upon matters of this sort that
will be reminiscent of the natural scenes of
each of the neighboring villages, and will be
sold at a nominal advance above stationery of
the same grade elsewhere. Look out for it.

A Romance of the Forest.

BY MARY L. HUTCHINS, PITTSFIELD, VT.

City people who only visit the country in summer perhaps may think that country life in winter must be a dismal existence, relieved only by the knowledge that summer will come again in due time. Such was my idea of it until last winter my husband was unexpectedly called to take a trip into the mountainous region of Vermont. He came home one day with a rueful face, saying, "Well, little wife, I must leave you for a few days. Our firm ship an engine to a lumber camp in the far away woods of Vermont, and I must go and see it properly set up." I had never been in Vermont but I thought of all the bears and wolves and every other wild animal I had heard of in the days of my childhood, and I exclaimed "Well, if you must go I shall go with you to take care of you."

After much argument it was decided that I should go. We left L. in the early morning and arrived at the R. R. Station nearest the lumber camp late in the afternoon. Stayed all night at a little hotel called the Coffee House, and when I drank my cup of fragrant Java at breakfast time, I thought the house was rightly named. There had been a light snow during the night and everything was loaded with its fleecy whiteness. The sun shone its brightest as we started out into the great unknown. We sped away across the country, every turn in the road giving us new glimpses of beauty.

One of the highest peaks in the Green Mountain range towered above us on one hand, and a long stretch of level country on the other. I fell to musing on the possibilities for growth and greenness that were lying dormant and frozen all around us, and I thought truly,

"Underneath the winter's snow the invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blossoming."

My poetic reverie was suddenly brought to a close by coming upon a man driving an old white horse drawing a sled loaded with a small variety of household goods. The man saluted us with "Say, you had better drive by if you can. My horse is rather notoriety, and won't turn out into the snow." We had the good luck to have a horse that wasn't "notoriety," so we drove by him and went our way rejoicing.

Towards noon we came in sight of the lumber camp and the scene changed. The forest silence was broken by the ring of the woodman's axe, and huge piles of logs adorned the wayside.

As we drew near the mill a dozen or more men came out to meet us. The boss shook hands with us both as though he was glad to see us. My husband introduced us, calling him Mr. Bradley, and explained to him that I came to take care of him, and the laugh he rolled out made the woods ring.

"Well, well," he said, "Drive along to the boarding house and my wife will take care of both of you."

As he ushered me into the house he called out with a lusty voice, "Here Abby, take care of this woman; she has come to keep the bears away from her husband while he sets up the new engine." Mrs. Bradley appeared in the doorway leading to a long narrow room where she was setting the table for dinner. She helped me take off my wraps and gave me a seat by a roaring fire at one end of the room, and while she flew here and there preparing for dinner, I had opportunity to observe my surroundings.

Order and neatness reigned supreme. Two birds in pretty cages hung in a sunny window, some rare and beautiful plants blossomed in another. On a table near me were books, papers and magazines, and some embroidery and crochet work in a gaily painted Indian basket. As I observed these things I wondered if Mrs. Bradley was the only woman in the house, and as if to answer my query I heard a sweet young voice say, "Here is the butter, Aunt Abby, and Mrs. Fuller says you can have more next week." Then arose Mrs. Bradley's voice, sharp and distinct, like an order from a military commander, "Put some on the table for dinner." Then a girl whom I should judge to be seventeen or eighteen years old passed through the room. She was a blonde, tall and graceful with an unmistakably happy look on her lovely face, and soon I heard her singing in the room beyond. At the dinner table I learned that her name was Grace—which was one of my favorite names—and this increased my interest in her. She helped her Aunt about the work and then retreated to her room and I could hear her singing low and sweet.

Mrs. Bradley came and sat with me and her fingers flew and the thread disappeared from the spool and the piece of lace she was making grew long, and her tongue kept time to her flying fingers. She told me they only lived here winters. As soon as the snow was gone the mill suspended operations, and they went to live in a little cottage on the coast of Maine, where Mr. Bradley sold fish and game at the summer hotels, and she did fine washing and ironing for the boarders. She told me they had a son away at school, and they hoped to be able to send him to college. She said Grace had been with them but a short time, her father having sent her to them hoping in this way to break up a love affair of which he disapproved. That Grace had appeared utterly disconsolate at first, but within a day or two had brightened up and seemed so cheerful they were beginning to think she would become reconciled to her father's wishes, but said from what she knew of the parties she thought Grace was as competent to choose for herself as her father was to choose for her, as his judgment was liable to be warped by the will of his second wife, who wished Grace to marry her son by a former husband.

After supper she took me to the room where I was to sleep, and as it was a bright moonlight night, I turned down my light and sat by the window looking out at the winter landscape. Soon I heard a low whistle under my window and immediately a door at that end of the house opened softly and Grace came out and disappeared among the trees. In a short time she came back into the house and I heard her singing softly in her room which was directly under mine.

All the next day she went about the house with a light step and a smiling face. I watched her furtively remembering what I had seen the night before.

The second evening of our stay we were startled by hearing a great commotion outside. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley went to the door and welcomed a crowd of people who had come to give them a surprise. Old and young and middle aged, all bent upon a good time. After getting warm and exchanging the news of the day one of the young men produced a violin, and the long table was rolled back against the wall, and eight couples stood up to dance. I had seen dancing before but never with such hearty enjoyment as they manifested.

While they were dancing and Mr. Mrs. Bradley were busy cracking butternuts and popping corn of which they all par-

took with evident relish, after which some of the older ones gathered around the table to play cards, and some of the other ones played games.

So the hours flew by until nearly midnight when they drove away to their homes, some of them three or four miles away, and we could hear their happy voices singing a merry song long after they were out of sight.

Grace entered into the spirit of the evening and was the gayest of the gay, but about nine o'clock I missed her from the room and, remembering what I had seen the night before, I stole up to my room to watch, and was not surprised to see her walking back and forth under my window arm in arm with a gentleman. In a few moments he gave her a parting kiss, and she came into the house. When I went down into the dining room she was there chatting gaily with the young people.

After retiring that night I thought it all over and wondered if I ought to tell Mrs. Bradley what I had seen, but concluded I would wait for further developments. I did not tell my husband either for I knew he would only laugh at me and call it a piece of my imagination. There was just romance enough about it to please my fancy, and I thought who would expect to find an adventure like this in the back woods of Vermont, and who could Grace's evening visitor be? Was it her lover who had followed her? I went to sleep thinking of them and if the truth must be told they had my sympathy.

The next day passed uneventfully, we all retired early and slept soundly to make up for the dissipation of the night before. The next morning I had a slight headache and did not go down stairs until very late. As I sat by the fire Mrs. Bradley came in from the kitchen and informed me that Grace had disappeared during the night. Mr. Bradley had been to Mr. Fuller's, their nearest neighbor, and found that they too had lost a member of their household. Mr. Fuller said that a young man giving his name as Stockwell had been staying with them the past few days, saying he had business in the neighborhood. The evening before he informed them that he had brought his business to a successful completion and went away.

We all concluded that his business was to find Grace, and that he had taken her away with him.

We missed her bright and cheerful presence and the music of her voice, and I wished I could know that she went away with her lover, I did not like the uncertainty of it.

The day was clear and cold and I took a long walk with only Mrs. Bradley's dog for company, and very good company he was too.

The engine was now set up and in running order. The great circular saw went tearing through the logs with a noise that must have frightened the bears if there were any in that region.

The next morning we started on our homeward way. I parted from Mr. and Mrs. Bradley with regret, he was so hearty and whole-souled and she so energetic and efficient and both so kind to us.

While we were waiting at the R. R. Station a boy came along selling a paper printed in a town near by. I bought one just to patronize the boy, and as I glanced carelessly at it I saw the heading, "A Midnight Wedding." This was surely a romantic affair, and I read.

"Our good Parson was startled from his slumbers last night by a violent ringing of the doorbell, and on going to the door he found a young man and woman standing there. The young man said they wished to be married, so the Parson invited

them in, called up his wife for a witness, married them, gave them a certificate of the same, and they got into a sleigh they had left standing at the door and drove away towards the south. They gave their names as Albert Stockwell and Grace Bradley."

So now my heart was set at rest concerning Grace when I knew that like the heroine of a novel she was safely married.

Long after I returned home the memory of those winter days in the lumber camp haunted me like a pleasant dream.

Poem by Unknown Author.

The following lines on the coming of the rugged pioneer to the State of his choice are worthy of preservation. They were found on the fly leaf of an old history of the United States, published in 1827 and now in the possession of Hon. Henry Ballard of Burlington, Vt.

VERMONT.

The dawn of freedom's day had scarcely broke
Upon the wild and bleak New England shore
When restlessly the pioneer awoke
And stood uncovered in his cabin door.

Far out he looked, the whole horizon 'round
In search of soil where liberty could thrive;
He tracked the pathless woods for higher ground
Where thought unshackled ever would survive.

He saw the star of empire in the West
Undimmed in brightness by the orb of day;
It hovered o'er the Verdant Mountain's crest
Directing him in his entangled way.

He came, he saw, he conquered Nature's hold
By virtue of his bare and brawny arm;
With perseverance born of courage bold
He built a mountain wall about his farm.

Protected thus, and trusting in his God,
His strong foundation stock took root and grew
Sustained by products of the Virgin sod,
And inspiration of the mountain dew.

For here beneath Mount Mansfield's lofty dome
He found the essence of his heart's desire;
Set up an altar in his cabin home
And ever kept alive the sacred fire.

From homes like this, full statured men have sprung,
Endowed with strength of body, soul and mind;
Though many lived unknown, their praise unsung,
Yet blessed is the influence left behind.

Whenever called to serve the Nation's need,
Vermont has noble men, and means to spare;
With star-like constancy she ever leads
In arts of peace or war with equal care.

Lead ever on, thou kindly guiding light,
Lead on the constellation of the States;
Thy trailing gleam portrays a pathway bright
To that exalted plane where glory waits.



DANIEL W. HAZELTON.

LIFE SKETCH OF EMINENT WINDSOR COUNTY PHYSICIAN.—A CAREFUL, CONSCIENTIOUS MAN, MASTER OF HIS PROFESSION.

BY HON. GILBERT A. DAVIS, WINDSOR, VT.

On the 31st day of January, 1901, at the home of his son, Dr. Wm. Hazelton in Bellows Falls, Vt., Daniel W. Hazelton, "crossed the river," at the age of 76 years. He was born in Hebron, N. H., May 11, 1824, and after receiving a common school and Academic education, mainly at Thetford Academy under Hiram Orcutt, he entered as a student at the Vermont Medical College, in Woodstock, Vt., and was graduated in June, 1848. The Medical College was then at the zenith of its work, with a faculty of eminent specialists, and gave to its students a thorough training in the most advanced principles of medicine and surgery as then understood. Its graduates have attained high rank in the profession in all parts of the United States. This College has closed its doors long ago and the college building is now Taylor's "College Hill House." Dr. Hazelton was a careful, conscientious and appreciative student and became the master of his profession.

After a brief service in one of the Boston City Hospitals, he entered upon the practice of medicine and surgery at Antrim, N. H., where he remained about two years. His health being somewhat impaired, he took an ocean-voyage of several months, spending much of his time off the coast of Labrador. He then practiced a short time at Stoddard, N. H.

He located in Cavendish, Vt., in 1857, and soon acquired the confidence and esteem of the people and with his acknowledged skill and mastery of his profession, and affable manners, he soon had an extensive and lucrative practice in Cavendish and adjoining towns.

His standard of professional etiquette was high and this led many of his professional brethren to call him in consultation.

He was a careful student of the current literature of medical science and research and with his keen perception and solid preliminary training easily kept abreast with the times and took into his practice the latest discoveries in this the most progressive of all professions. His loyalty to his patients was unbounded. He did his best for each and all, rich and poor alike often without hope of pecuniary reward. His office hours were regularly observed so that people knew when to find him there. He was a promoter of peace and concord, a welcome friend in the hour of sickness as well as in the hour of mirth and pleasure.

The writer of this article, for many years was brought into contact with Dr. Hazelton as a citizen and physician, and had frequent opportunities to observe his skill, faithfulness and patience, as well as his remarkable faculty in diagnosis. He knew the right thing to be done and how to do it, and was never disturbed by any unforeseen complications. The writer feels it a duty he owes to the memory of this eminent practitioner to place upon record this tribute to his work and worth. The life of a wife and a new-born son seemed to rest in the skillful hands of this noble man and faithfully and heroically he discharged the trust. His resources in the crucial hour were marvelous.

The eminent honesty, learning and fairness of Dr. Hazelton caused him to be often called into court or consulted as medical expert, and these qualities gave to his testimony or advice, great weight with the court and jury, or with the party seeking information. He was absolutely non-partisan upon the witness stand, and could not be swerved from the statement of the truth and the whole truth upon the subject under consideration.

Dr. Hazelton was one of the founders of the Connecticut Valley Medical Society, and in this important enterprise was associated with Prof. Edward E. Phelps, of Windsor. This society was organized at the "Gassett Tavern" in Chester—that being neutral ground for the medical practitioners of Ludlow, Cavendish, Chester, Springfield, Weathersfield, Windsor, Reading and other towns. The records of this Society during the earlier part of its existence have been accidentally burned. Dr. Hazelton took an active part in the work and discussion at its meetings. Some of the essays prepared and read by him are in existence and indicate a wide range of study and research, a careful analysis of the principles discussed and a literary style of much merit. These meetings regulated professional etiquette and kept the members not only in touch with each other but with the discoveries in medicine and surgery that have alleviated human suffering under the surgeon's knife and prolonged the average duration of human life.

During the Rebellion and at the time that there was so much sickness among the Vermont troops in Virginia, he was commissioned by the Governor of Vermont to go to the Army of the Potomac, and assist in the care of the sick and wounded. He accepted the appointment and faithfully discharged its duties.

In 1877 he sold out his practice in Cavendish and removed to Bristol, N. H., and subsequently settled in Springfield, Vt., and in the latter place had a successful practice for many years.

In religious matters he was a Baptist, having united with that church on profession of faith at Cavendish, and he with his wife, was a member of that church until his death. He was firm but not ostentatious in maintaining his religious principles.

He was a charter member of Lafayette Lodge, No. 53, F. & A. M., located at Cavendish, and retained his membership therein to his death, and was buried with Masonic honors.

His married life was uniformly pleasant and his home a model. His wife was Laurette Hammond, a native of Thetford, Vt., and their marriage took place in 1850. She was possessed of a lovable disposition and scattered sunshine wherever she went. Two sons were the result of their union, one of whom died in early life and one survives, Dr. Wm. F. Hazelton, of Bellows Falls.

In political matters, he was a Republican. He never held local offices to any great extent, being too busy to enter into the petty scheming necessary to obtain insignificant town offices, and pursued the even tenor of his literary, professional, social and religious duties without ostentation and without being turned therefrom by political ambitions.

He was elected to the legislature of Vermont as Representative of Cavendish, in 1876, and was a member of the Committee on Banks. Although not a public speaker, he was a clear thinker and earnest worker for any legislation deemed proper, and became an influential member of that body.

Popleigh's Failures.

BY HARLE OREN CUMMINS, BROOKLINE, MASS.

Popleigh's best friends called him a genius, his enemies declared he was a fool, and everybody admitted that he was "queer." But whatever you might say of the man no one could deny that he was ambitious and energetic, and when he started out to do a thing, he either succeeded or knew the reason why. Now there's more to that than may at first strike you. Lots of people I know haven't the least idea why it is that they aren't howling successes.

Popleigh's the man who, when he made up his mind it was time for him to get married, wrote out a list of all the desirable girls he could think of and proposed to fifteen different ones the first week. The present Mrs. Popleigh, No. 16, wasn't a third way down the list, so he told me the day after the wedding.

Well, one night the inspiration came to Popleigh, after he had gone to bed, that he was intended for a literary genius. He tossed and perspired half the night in the throes of composition, like a true author, and, as a result, the next morning he wrote off four poems, two stories, and a farce. These he promptly mailed to the seven best magazines he could think of, and on the same day he dashed off six more poems, a biography of Oom Paul, and two dozen jokes for *Fudge*; but the next day was when he really got down to work. I won't tell you how many literary ventures he sent forth that day for you wouldn't believe me and I shouldn't blame you if you didn't, but when the postman stopped with the evening mail that night, and saw the pile of letters waiting for him to collect, he promptly went to the corner and rang up an express wagon.

On the fourth day, satisfied with his efforts, Popleigh rested on his oars, and awaited results, fully expecting to hear himself named before the week was up as poet laureate of the United States and worthy to draw a pension from the government. The next day were returned to him thirteen of the children of his brain, accompanied by thirteen beautifully colored and elegantly worded refusal slips. The next few

days' mail did not diminish in volume and on Saturday night he was in possession of thirty-six literary abortions, and as many refusal blanks.

Now comes the genius, foolishness, or whatever you choose to call it of Popleigh. Another man would have been disappointed but not so our friend. He determined to make a collection of refusal slips, and with the three dozen as a nest egg, he sent the thirty-six original contributions to as many more different magazines and papers. At the end of six weeks Popleigh had slips from all the standard periodicals of the country, and his collection was really becoming a curiosity.

He next determined to include weekly and semi-weekly papers, and finally added the great dailies. His list now contained papers of every kind of religions and political faith, police court journals, and agricultural and farming periodicals. His stamp bill was something enormous, but Popleigh felt that he was repaid, for he had the finest collection of refusal slips in the country, and that's saying a good deal as those know who have tried it.

At last he had returns from practically all the issues in the United States, except a small country magazine, *The Farmers' Weekly*; a sectarian magazine of Baptist persuasion, *The Religious Era*; and a sporting paper called the *Pugilists' Review*.

"This is a cinch," thought Popleigh, and immediately sent a brief on "How to Shell Peas" to the paper devoted to agricultural pursuits, a tame description of a recent wrestling match to the *Pugilists' Review*, and a sermon on "Salvation Without Water" to the Baptist magazine.

Now comes the funny part of it all. Imagine Popleigh's surprise at the end of the week to receive a letter of acceptance, with accompanying check, from each of three publications. Disgusted but not disheartened, he at once wrote three more papers, and sent them to the same three papers. He purposely made them as dry and uninteresting as possible, and wrote on brown wrapping paper with his left hand to try and prejudice the men who had to look them over. Fate, however, was still against him; again he received three checks, and the editor of the religious magazine wanted him to become a staff writer and contribute a sermon weekly.

Highly indignant, Popleigh determined to end this foolishness at once. He sent a sermon on "Brotherly Love" to the *Pugilists' Review*; another on "Immortal Life" to the *Farmers' Weekly*, and an account of a brutal prize fight to *The Religious Era*. You wouldn't believe it, but every one of the three articles was accepted, and the editor of the religious magazine made Popleigh a personal visit to again urge him to join its editorial force. *The Pugilists' Review* sent him a copy of the paper with his sermon blue penciled; they had printed it as a joke in the column "Wit and Humor."

Popleigh was a failure, a double distilled failure, so he told himself bitterly. He had tried to become an author and get things accepted, and had been sent numberless refusal slips; he had tried to get refusal slips and the editors insisted in accepting everything he wrote, and trying to make an author of him. Popleigh was mad. He consigned his immense collection to a back-yard bonfire, returned all the checks to the publishers, and registered an oath never again to have anything to do with literature.

And this is the reason, if you are a subscriber of the *Religious Era*, *The Farmers' Weekly*, or the *Pugilists' Review* you have seen nothing of late from the pen of Popleigh.

Daughter of the Revolution.

MRS. SARAH TILDEN HAZEN IS REGENT OF ST. JOHN DE CREVECEUR CHAPTER ST. JOHNSBURY.
—HOME WAS IN HARTFORD FOR MANY YEARS.
—FATHER WAS A MINUTE MAN AND GAVE THE ALARM AT BURNING OF ROYALTON.

Mrs. Sarah Tilden Hazen was born in the town of Hartford, Windsor county, Vt., January 22, 1826. She is the youngest child (of a family of sixteen children) of Josiah Tilden, who was born in Lebanon, Conn., April 19, 1760, and died January 31, 1849. Mr. Tilden's father, Stephen Tilden, removed from Lebanon, Conn., to Hartford, Vt., in 1767. This was the home of Josiah Tilden in later years. He married Elizabeth Tracy, January 14, 1790. She died June 2, 1800. His second marriage was in 1801 to Susannah Clark, daughter of John Clark and Deborah Mosley. She died December 2, 1844.

Josiah Tilden was a private of the Vermont militia and served faithfully in the war of the Revolution. He was one of the minute men and gave the alarm of the burning of Royalton. He marched to Royalton the day of the burning and



later his Company followed the Indians a short distance. Mrs. Hazen often heard her father mention a corn-barn which the Indians attempted to burn, but which had been recently erected of green lumber, and it was practically uninjured. Quite recently a gavel made of wood from

this same building was presented to St. John de Creveceur Chapter of the D. A. R. at St. Johnsbury. Her father was well versed in the history of the Revolutionary War and Mrs. Hazen has heard him tell many stories in relation to that war. He served under Capt. Chase and Col. Marsh, and was ordered out for the battle of Bennington, but the battle was fought before they reached the town.

Mrs. Hazen's home was in Hartford many years and there she married Edward Hazen of that place, August 29, 1844. After his death, January 12, 1886, she removed to St. Johnsbury, where her three children reside—Mrs. A. B. French, George Edward Hazen and Perley Fuller Hazen. She is vice president of the "Seventy Club," and takes much interest in church and social life. She is a member of the St. John de Creveceur Chapter of St. Johnsbury, and attends

the meetings of the year and often entertains all present with items of interest drawn from her retentive memory, and the chapter is proud to number on its list of members this "real daughter."

Manito and the Mayflower.

LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS AS RELATED BY AN OLD INDIAN OF BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.

There are many beautiful legends which the Indians from ancient times have handed down to their children, and they all relate to something in nature, either the seasons, the flowers, birds, trees, fish or the elements. One which is very pretty is presented by the New York Tribune. It tells of the passing of the winter and the coming of spring and how the trailing arbutus which is often locally called the "Mayflower," originated.

Many moons ago there lived an old man alone in his lodge beside a frozen stream in the forest. His locks and beard were long and white with age. He was heavily clad in furs, for snow and ice were everywhere. The winds blew wildly through the forest, and the old man went about searching in the deep snow for pieces of wood to keep up the fire in his lodge. In despair he returned to the lodge and, sitting down by the last few dying coals, he cried to Mannaboosho that he might not perish.

And the wind blew aside the door and there came in a beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were red, and made of wild roses; her eyes were large and her hair touched the ground as she walked. Her hands were covered with willow buds, and her clothing was of sweet grasses and ferns. Her moccasins were of white lilies and when she breathed the air of the lodge became warm. The old man said "My daughter, I am glad to see you. My lodge is cold and cheerless but it will shield you from the tempests. Tell me who you are. I am Manito. I blow my breath and the waters of the rivers stand still." The maiden said "I breathe and the flowers spring up in all the plains." The old man said "When I walk about, the leaves fall from the trees at my command, the animals hide in their holes in the ground and the birds fly away."

The maiden said "When I walk about, the plants lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with leaves, the birds come back, and all who see me sing." Thus they talked, and the air became warm in the lodge. The old man's head dropped upon his breast and he slept.

Then the sun came out, and a bluebird came to the top of the lodge and called, "Say-ee, say-ee! I am thirsty!" And the river called back, "I am free, come and drink."

And as the old man slept, the maiden passed her hands above his head and he began to grow small. Streams of water ran out of his mouth, and soon he was a small mass upon the ground. His clothes turned to green leaves, and the maiden, kneeling upon the ground, took from her bosom the most precious flowers and hid them all about under the leaves. Then she breathed upon them and said, "I give all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick these must do so on bended knee." Then the maiden moved away through the woods and over the plains. All the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows the arbutus.

CHARLES JONES.

TRIBUTE TO AN ESTEEMED RESIDENT OF
BRADFORD, VT.

BY JOHN B. CHASE.

"I have known him, perhaps, for a longer period than many, it being from boyhood. He was an honest man, true and loyal to his friends always." Thus writes one long acquainted with the late Charles Jones of Bradford, Vt., and who well knew his worth, as did all those who knew him best. It is a splendid tribute, a true one, and many similar have been received from those who mourn the loss of a true friend.

Charles Jones passed away at his home in Bradford Sunday evening, April 14, at 7:45 o'clock. The end came quietly, peacefully, consciousness being retained to the very last. At his bedside was the grief-stricken family and to each he said a tender farewell, bidding them, also, to "take good care of the sweet baby," his infant granddaughter, of whom he was very fond. "Tell all my friends good-bye," were almost his last words.

Sickness had very seldom troubled Mr. Jones until last Christmas, when an attack of the grip left him quite feeble, weakening his heart and finally bringing about the end. Up to the last few days he was dressed and about the house, receiving occasional visits from friends with whom he was glad to exchange a joke and chat in his genial way.

In Tunbridge, Vt., July 18, 1837, a son, Charles, was born to Reuben F. and Eliza (Sanford) Jones. The boyhood days were passed and early education received in his native town. At the age of 14 the young man went to Chelsea, attended the

Academy there and then served eight years in the general store of Aaron Davis of that place. In this service he acquired his early business education and a knowledge of human nature very useful to him in later years. Leaving the store the summer of 1862 was passed as recruiting officer with J. C. Stearns for the 9th and Judge Baldwin for the 10th regiments. Then he was on the road for seven years selling Yankee notions for H. W. Carter of Lebanon, N. H. He traveled with a four horse



CHARLES JONES.

team up and down the Connecticut valley between Lebanon and St. Johnsbury. The writer has frequently heard Mr. Jones talk of these seven years on the road, incidents that happened and the interest always created by the arrival of his team in a community. The wagon was gaily painted and, as he was a splendid judge of horse flesh and a good driver, it can be easily imagined his team was one to attract attention.

Mr. Jones came to Bradford in 1869, forming with Col. John C. Stearns a partnership in the insurance business that existed 32 years, to the day of his death, in perfect harmony. Mr. Stearns is a staunch Republican and Mr. Jones was equally as staunch a Democrat, and political disputes would occasionally wax warm in the office but always in a good natured way. In the 32 years not a ripple disturbed the harmony of their business relation. The firm acquired an enviable reputation, serving both the companies it represented and patrons faithfully. Letters have been received from leading officers of the companies the firm represented expressing sincere regret for the death of the junior member and speaking in high terms of their regard for him as a business man and friend.

Shortly after coming to Bradford Mr. Jones became interested in a White Mountain stage route and for 18 consecutive summers was in some way connected with the Profile House. While staging lasted he was one of the owners of the stage route from the Profile House to Littleton, N. H. He was considered one of the best drivers in the business. After the railroad took the place of the stage, he was retained as general ticket agent at the Profile House and part of the time had charge of the livery. He was a lover of fine horses, seeing their good points instantly and taking great pleasure in fitting up a closely matched pair. A nice gentleman's driver especially suited his taste. Many horses sold by him brought high prices.

Mr. Jones married Calista Robinson of Chelsea Sept. 8, 1864, and a daughter, Mary Ellen, was born to them, now the wife of David S. Conant, Esq., of Bradford, all of whom survive.

President of the village corporation, water commissioner, school trustee, director and treasurer of the Bradford Electric Lighting Company were among the public positions Mr. Jones filled.

In his death Bradford has lost a citizen whose place will be filled with difficulty. He was public spirited, wise in his counsel and an earnest advocate of all the improvements that have so materially aided in making Bradford an almost model village. He was honest, upright, square in business transactions, and all duties that fell to his lot, public or private, were well done. He loved his home, his town and the beautiful scenery surrounding it, often speaking of it as "God's own country." A practical, common sense man, striving at all times to do the thing his judgment told him was right, he leaves behind many who mourn the loss of a true friend and a town that deeply feels the loss of a useful citizen.

A quotation or two from the many beautiful letters received, expressing sympathy and regret, will not be out of place here. A letter from the assistant secretary of the Phoenix Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., has this short sentence, but it expresses much, "I met him on the road, I met him in the office, and I always found him staunch and true." The next is from one whose boyhood days were passed in Bradford and in the thought that young people digest and remember more than their elders give them credit for he says: "Back of a pile of flour bags in my father's store or without the group of men at the hotel and other resorts, I have listened by the hour to the men—and comprehended. I can recall many things which afterwards or at the time caused me to respect less the teller of it. But in the case of Charles Jones,

the best narrator of them all, there was not one thing which did not seem then or has ever since seemed other than pure and noble, or out of harmony with the character of a true gentleman in which I clothed him, and such my memory of him will always be."

The writer's acquaintance with Mr. Jones was not long, but sufficient to know and admire the sterling qualities of the man. It was a pleasure to talk with him and he was always ready with a suggestion or information from his long experience that would be of help to a young man. He was a friend one felt safe in tying to, or going to for advice. To express it all in a few words, as many have in letters, he was a true man, loyal to his friends.

The funeral was held from his late home at 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, April 17, Rev. H. J. Kilbourn of the Congregational Church officiating. Many were present from out of town and a profusion of beautiful flowers were the tributes of many sorrowing friends. The interment was in the Bradford cemetery.

A Railroad Episode.

BY MRS. JEROME W. PIERCE, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

THE GIRL WHO RAN AWAY TO GET MARRIED IS GOING HOME TO SEE "PAP."—THE CONVERSATION IN THE WAITING-ROOM INTERESTS ALL LISTENERS.

We were waiting in the depot of the Lake Shore R. R. at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, for the eastern bound train, which was an hour behind time. An employee of the station had just replenished the coal fire in the ladies' waiting room, slammed the stove door to, and whisked out, leaving the door wide open to better accommodate a belated traveller. We had not long to wait for that person who is always late; she was soon struggling in the doorway with numerous bundles. An autediluvian hand-box appeared to be the source of her greatest trouble, and was a touching reminder of what Gail Hamilton would call, "The perversity of inanimate things." The offending baggage was finally jammed down in the corner of an unoccupied settee, while its owner furtively surveyed our little party. Taking courage either from our silence, or from some look of sympathy detected in my face, she ventured to remark:

"I hope I ain't too late for the train to Huron, for if I am 't will near about kill me. You see, I have n't seen Pap for nigh fourteen years, and I have just set my heart on seeing him tonight. He will be down there to the platform to meet his little gal, (we looked in dismay at her tall form) 'cause I sent him word I'd be hum today, sure. You see I ran away from hum when I was only thirteen years old to get married;—are you quite sure, ma'am, the next train that comes along is the right one for me to take? I shall go throw myself in the lake if I miss seeing Pap after coming all the way from Toledo to tell him I'm awful sorry I cut up such a mean caper, as to run away from a good hum, if it was for the best man livin'."

By this time the woman had the attention of every one in

the waiting room. A lady, apparently "bookish," and looking for items, drew near her unsuspecting victim. In an incidental, innocent sort of manner, she put a few adroit questions to her, with a view to gaining some knowledge of her early history. I will confess that my curiosity got the better of my discretion, causing me to inwardly forgive the literary lady for being such an atrocious libel on the delicacy of her sex.

"Did I understand you to say, Madam, that your home is in Toledo?" remarked the literary lady.

"Yes, ma'am, me and my man have lived there fourteen years, and raised nine children. The oldest gal, she staid to hum so'st I could slip down here and see Pap; couldn't ever come before, 'cause the young on's s'er w'n't big enough to leave alone; then Jed, that's my man, can't bear me out'n his sight—guess he would miss some of my cooking, but 'law sakes,' Mary Ann can beat her Ma 'all holler' making pancakes, so reckon Jed'll get along a few days. Mary Ann is a powerful smart gal for a thirteen-year-old;—had to be you see."

"You look very young, Madam, to be the mother of nine children," remarked the literary lady.

A rosy flush mounted the sun-burnt cheeks of this girl mother, as she replied to this covert flattery; "I suppose I be rather youngish, for I was only goin' on thirteen when Jed and I slipped off one moonlight night, an' came to Sandusky to the Squire's office to get spliced. Jed was crite enough to drop a ten-spot into the Squire's fist, and the word was 'mum,' not license. We went on to Toledo, and there we've been ever since. Isn't the train coming?—sure I heard the whistle,—dear old Pap, won't he be glad to see his little gal!"

"Wind her up again," whispered the small boy at my elbow.

"Your daughter must be an exception to the common run of girls. I am sorry to see that the average American girl has very few practical ideas, at that tender age, especially about housekeeping."

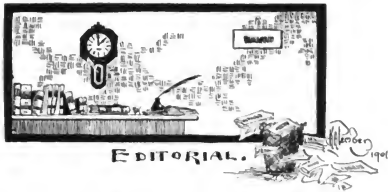
"Don't know as I rightly take in that soaring kind of talk. Ma'am, but my Mary Ann can *do* things, and can't be beat by any of 'em. Jed runs a river boat most of the time, and Sis, she has been off and on 'em as well as her dad. She is mighty quick at seeing things, and will learn more in a minute paddling around alone, than your city gals will ever learn with all their books and fol-de-rols."

"Floating around in an old scow after water-lilies, dipping an oar with the best of them, while the men draw in the fish nets, that is Sis' play spell after helping me about the house; and I do think there was never a harmsomer gal alive; perhaps she don't know enough about cities and things to be anything but happy;—I am just sure I heard the cars,—yes that hand-box is in the way, but Mary Ann allowed I ought to fetch my best bunnit,—reckon Dad'll be glad to see it."

The cars were soon snorting and blowing alongside the depot. In the general melee we lost sight of our loquacious friend.

The short distance between the two towns was soon run. When we again came to a stand-still, I made an attempt to get another glimpse of our interesting fellow traveler, and was rewarded just as our train was pulling out of Huron station. Happening to glance out of the window, I espied far down an avenue of maple trees, the owner of the hand-box and a little old man, who was undoubtedly "Pap."

We turned away, thanking God for family ties, and the love that defies all changes.



Be sure to attend the Music Festival. Fine artists, orchestra and chorus. Your presence will help the work of another year.

The Vt. Fish and Game League will entertain Vice-President Roosevelt at a special meeting in September and they are already pluming their feathers in anticipation. By its large membership the League has a beneficent influence on legislation, for the protection of game. It is up to the League, as a representative organization, to exert its influence with the next Legislature to stop the cutting away of our forests, or there will soon be less game to protect.

The postal authorities have a new rule under consideration, which provides that publishers are not to offer premiums of whatever character, for subscriptions. If this rule goes through what will publishers offer stoves, Pan-American trips and the like, do? Legitimate publications, holding subscribers on merit, are not afraid of the issue.

The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. favors a national half-holiday on Saturday as a means to bring back people to the Church. The plan is an excellent one and should be widely considered. In the cities many firms close on Saturday afternoons in summer. Why not extend this practice to all kinds of employment the year round? There's too much work and not enough time for rest for the bread-earners of the present day. Things are going too fast in many places and fewer working hours are needed. The Saturday half-holiday will give people a chance to rest up. In England, where it is in effect, the church services are largely attended. Dr. Hillis says: "Nowadays the young man wakes up on Sunday morning after a hard week's work and wants a day of rest. In the morning he jumps on his wheel and spends the forenoon in the country. The afternoon he spends in reading. The old men who have been working hard all the week spend all Sunday reading and resting up for the coming week. A Saturday half-holiday, such as they have in England, would give the young and old a chance to rest and then they would go to church on Sunday."

Things are getting down fine these days. In New York City they arrest a person who spits in a car, ferry-boat or other public place. This is to check the spread of disease germs. But when are we to hear of a move against the disseminators of vile reading, certain well-known daily papers? It has got to come. Rival papers which circulate entirely in New England seem to vie in printing the dirtiest report of the latest scandal which for the public good should never have been aired outside the police court. The solid dailies which are not dependent on sensationalism are above this sort of thing. It will take more than one protest to stop it but it will be done. It is known that the mosquito carries yellow fever in Cuba but the amount of poisonous influence conveyed by these purveyors of "news" is going to be better understood when the growing problem of immorality is grappled with in the future.

The observance of Memorial Day is full of meaning this year. In one town at least it came perilously near oblivion a few years ago and only the fervent, touching appeal of a gray-haired veteran in town-meeting secured a continuation of the appropriation. The memory of the sailors of the Maine, the battles and the ills of our soldier-boys following the flag in Cuba, the Philippines, or in China, or the fever-stricken camps of Chickamauga and Montauk, have renewed the interest in Memorial Day. Many a hero who died as did the men of '61, fighting for the freedom of another race, now lies in an unmarked grave thousands of miles from the home where his memory is held dear. The youngest of our time understands the spirit of the coming national holiday. America honors her heroes.

As many articles are received during the month following each issue it is difficult to state the contents of the next number with exactness. These articles will soon appear: Description of Library building at Enfield, N. H.; Norman Williams Library, Woodstock, Vt.; Boston Elevated Railway; Egg Farm at No. Springfield, Vt.; Woodstock as a summer resort; a splendid story: Repairing the Snowsville Church; Life of Rev. E. H. Byington, D. D., pastor of Windsor, Vt. Cong. Church for many years; and numerous short stories and poems.

Old Home Week in Vermont is from August 11 to 17, and in New Hampshire the following week, from August 18 to 24. Ask your friends to come.

COUNTRY SCENES FROM THE TRAIN.

Travelers say our White River Valley would be considered one of the prettiest in the world if it wasn't cut up by the railroad. It is a pretty valley. Pass through it some promising day on the morning train. The dew sparkles and cobwebs are on the grass of the meadows. The mist is slowly rising, driven by the sun. The river is almost continually in sight, limpid, white water, Cascadnae, the Indians called it. What an ever-changing panorama! — pebbly white beaches, stretches of clean sand on ever-bending shore and islet, shoals and rapids, swirling eddies and bays, rock-pointed promontories, and miniature falls in succession. . . . Glimpes of mountain and valley, wooded hill-sides where the birches stand straight up among the maples and evergreens; and always a fringe of shrubbery between meadow and river. . . . Here the farmer is tilling the soil with patient, well-fed horses; there are little clustered villages, with white spires imploring divine protection. . . . Bird life is all about: the bob-o-link hovers over the meadows, the hawk circles high over farm-yard, the crow rises awkwardly from the field or is in full retreat toward the pine grove on the hill-top, pursued and pounced upon in mid-air by a dozen of the smaller feathered tribe; the phebe balances daintily upon the mullein stalk and swallows skin the wavelets of the river. . . . The woodchuck started from the clover patch scurries for his burrow on the hill-side. . . . Pretty little brooks come down from the hills in tumbling cascades with deep pools, or wind their way across the fields. . . . A freckled-faced, barefoot boy trudges along the dusty road with a handsome string of trout impaled on a forked twig. . . . Huge patches of forget-me-nots and violets whiten the fields and apple and cherry trees are all abloom. . . . The farmer's wife or daughters wave a welcome with apron and sun-bonnet from the back porch, lined with shining milk-pans. . . . Men rest on their hoes as the train goes by, the dinner pails hidden under the stump fence; the scare-crows stand stiffly and strings are stretched across the field. . . . The farmer jogs to town behind old "Dolly," the shepherd dog under the wagon never varying an inch from his position, fast or slow, except to answer the challenge of some other house-guardian. . . . The mill with its great saw, huge logs strewn about and piles of freshly-sawn lumber in the yard and along the roadside, the picturesque dam, the pond with ruffled surface, the boat "neath the willow on the opposite bank, the ponderous ox-team with quiet a-foot, the gaping crowd at the quiver country stations, the teams drawn up before the store and post-office—all these speak of the charm of life in the White River Valley. But how would most of us ever see it if it wasn't for the railroad?

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30 and 31.



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Thursday Evening, May 30,
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Friday Evening, May 31,
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Thursday Afternoon, 4 o'clock,
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Friday Afternoon, 4 o'clock,
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MISS NEVA L. FENNO, New York City.
Soprano Soloist.



Prof. HENRI G. BLAISDELL, Concord.
Conductor.

CARLYLE W. BLAISDELL.
Violin and Viola.

ARTHUR F. NEVERS.
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A. B. STOCKBRIDGE.
Cello Soloist.

CHARLES E. TOZIER.
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Strawberry Moose. One pint cream, one pint strawberry juice, one-half box gelatine. Mould and freeze.

Strawberry Shortcake. One pint flour, measured before sifting, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-fourth teaspoon salt, two tablespoons of sugar, four tablespoons of butter, one tea cup milk. Mix the other dry ingredients with the flour and rub through a sieve. Rub the butter into the mixture and add the milk. Butter two tin pie plates, spread the mixture in them and bake in a quick oven. Wash one quart of berries with three-fourths cup sugar. When the cakes are taken from the oven spread with butter and put berries between.

Dressing for Shortcake. Cream one cup sugar with one-half cup butter, (scant;) add beaten white of one egg, and one cup mashed strawberries.

Meat Loaf. Chop fine whatever cold meat you may have, fat and lean; add pepper, salt, one finely chopped onion, two slices of bread, which have been soaked in milk, and one egg. Mix well together and bake in a dish. This makes a nice tea or breakfast dish.

Cabbage Salad. Three eggs well beaten, three tablespoons melted butter, two tablespoons sugar, one tablespoon mustard, two teaspoons of salt, six tablespoons of cream or milk, one cup vinegar last. Stir till thick as boiled custard. Set in water to cool before pouring on chopped cabbage. One-half or one-third of it is enough for a small family.

Mrs. H. A. B., Northfield, Vt.

Croches. One-quarter pound pulverized liquorice, two ounces gum arabic, one ounce cubebs, 1 pound sugar.

Carl Crust. One cup lard, white of one egg, three tablespoons ice water, one of white sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon cream tartar, one-eighth teaspoon soda, three cups pastry flour. Beat white of egg and sugar together. Add ice water, salt, cream tartar and soda, work lard quickly as possible in flour. Add wetting and mix slightly. All depends on having everything cool and working but little. Roll one-fourth of an inch thick. Will keep months and improve by freezing.

Roumyss. One-quarter yeast cake, luke warm milk, two large tablespoons sugar. Dissolve the sugar and yeast in luke warm water. Put this in a quart bottle and fill with the milk; secure air tight, then shake, let remain where it is warm about 6 hours, then keep in a cool place. This may be used after the second day. If the milk is very rich remove the cream before using.

Mrs. E. B. Cook.

Date Pie. One pound dates, soak two hours in one pint warm water, then crush through a colander, and mix with enough milk to fill two pies. Two eggs, two tablespoonsfuls sugar, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon ginger.

Cheese Crackers. Butter either soda or common crackers. Grate a little cheese over each, and brown in the oven.

Mrs. K. M. Cone, Hartford, Vt.

Price. 10 Cents.

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INTER-STATE JOURNAL

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.



ROCHESTER, VT., ON THE WHITE RIVER. LOOKING SOUTH FROM HOWARD'S BRIDGE.

PHOTO. BY FRANK H. CHIPMAN, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.

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EDSON & CHADWICK.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE.

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Is a Coffee that is so well known and so thoroughly appreciated by the lovers of good Coffee that any praise we may bestow upon it seems unnecessary.

Don't you have cheap Coffee? some one will inquire. All prices.

7 POUNDS FOR \$1.00.

We guarantee it a good one for the money.

THOMAS WOOD & CO.'S UNCLE SAM BLEND OF COFFEE

Seems to be gaining in the esteem of lovers of good Coffee.

35 Cents per pound.

BEST BULK STARCH, none better, 4 lbs. for 25c.

B. B. SARDINES, 1-4 lb. 15c.

Many people consider them as good as the imported ones.

BLOOD RED SALMON, large and handsome, 10c.

MACKEREL, one pound, per pound, 12c.

DRY PRUNES, 5 lb. cans, 45c.

These Prunes are first quality, and are the proper thing for a pie or a nice dish of sauce.

INDIAN ROOT BEER, 1 package makes to gallons, 10c.

It is prepared by the Baker Extract Co. which is a guarantee of its good quality.

FRUIT JARS.

Smalley's Royal Fruit Jar, square, clear flint glass, galvanized wire fastenings like the Lightning

Pints, \$1.00 per dozen. Quarts, \$1.25 per dozen.

PETROLATUM---Vaseline.

Full 1-2 pint Jar. Guaranteed Chemically Pure, 15c.

CANDO.

The best Silver Polish. It saves labor and does the best work of any Silver Polish on the market. Price, 25 Cents.

MALT VINEGAR.

Let every housekeeper bear this Vinegar in mind, when the pickling season opens. We guarantee ladies using this vinegar, properly, will have no trouble in keeping pickles. It is also a very fine Table Vinegar.



Inter-State Journal.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

VOL. THREE—No. 3.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., JUNE, 1901.

10 Cents a Copy,
50 Cents a Year.

Woodstock as a Summer Resort.

NATURALNESS OF ITS LIFE AND BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS ANNUALLY
DRAW MANY VISITORS.—IDEAL PLACE OF RESIDENCE.—WALKS AND
DRIVES THE FINEST.—FIFTEEN MILES OF MAGNIFICENT ROADWAY
ON MT. TOM.—THE FAMED WOODSTOCK INN AND THE RAILROAD.

BY CHARLES R. CUMMINGS.

Woodstock is at its prettiest once more. If the village seems indifferent to the stranger in mid-winter it is because nature slumbers, for in the genial months everything out of doors is in warm sympathy with nature. It is small wonder Woodstock is a recognized summer resort. The naturalness of its life is as alluring as the roll of the ocean waves or the call of the mountain peaks. It stands unsurpassed as a type of prosperous, charming country village. It is a large place for the country, but its business life is quiet, yet not without activity. The shriek of whistle, the smoke-clouds and dirt of the cinder-burned cities and towns at the railroad centres are memories to sojourners in Woodstock and one is loth to return to the past.

The station at the terminus of the railroad is almost out of town. The coaches which await one there are a pleasing mode of transition to the life of the place. They are neatly painted and move unobtrusively along the streets. The service is excellent. Passengers are left or called for in any part of the village. The leaving of the mail-bags at the post-office seems to perpetuate the customs of a century past when four and six-horse tally-ho coaches came in over the turn-pike from Montpelier or Rutland, or Windsor and Boston, left their bags of mail, and soon with a change of horses went merrily on.

The spirit of the village life today is almost as then but the village itself is modernized. Even the old Churchhill house, which has stood for over 100 years opposite the easterly entrance of the Park, has been recently taken down to make room for a new bank structure. There are many large residences of modern design or remodelled

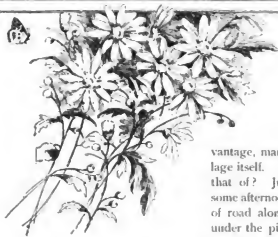
interiors. The gardens are neatly kept and vegetation flourishes everywhere. The streets are very broad and shaded by great maples and elms which are the special care of every resident. The Park, extending for a considerable distance before the Inn, Library and Court House is the center of the "Green" of other days, and who has

not heard of "Woodstock Green?" It has tall, well trimmed trees, green sward, settees and band-stand, cross-walks and a broad path from end to end. The magnificent roadway passes it on either side and here the farmers find unlimited hitching room along the iron fence when they come

to meeting or to market. The Library and the Inn near by are handsome buildings, the fine new Town Hall and Opera House is near the western end and every residence in sight seems fitted to its location.

The drives about Woodstock are unsurpassed. Cyclists are favored, as all roads for a radius of many miles are free from sand or stones. It is a wheelman's Paradise. There are many very beautiful scenes along these drives, by shaded river banks or following the winding mountain brooks, or over the hill country, and when seen from positions of

vantage, many beautiful spots in the village itself. How many towns can you say that of? Just take a walk about town some afternoon. See the delightful stretch of road along the river by the wall and under the pines of the Daniels residence on River Street, and as you come to the bend of the road look back at it. Visit the cemetery near by, where the stately monuments of the Billings and Mackenzie families stand guard over all, and as you go from the cemetery into the roadway at the northerly end you will see a curving roadway ascending the hill on a stone wall under the shadow of a great willow. It is



INTER-STATE JOURNAL

a pretty scene. The Riverside cemetery, to the west of the village is also worth a visit.

The high rock-walled bank of the Ottaquechee at the bridge by the Billings estate is attractive from either side, on the bridge or under it. The water swirls and rushes between the rocks and it would puzzle an expert canoeist to choose a spot in advance through which he could make passage in safety. Then below the bridge the river flows in a pretty scene. As you come up Elm street, well named, and turn down

the scene and a fine driveway encircles this miniature lake. The large green-houses and the grounds of the Billings estate, comprising 1,500 acres, are open to visitors on week-days and are always worth a visit. The grounds of the Golf Club are prettily laid out on the side of Mt. Peg, a short distance from the Inn, and will find favor with devotees of the sport. Mt. Garvin, a few miles to the south and Luce's Lookout in Barnard, where the beauties of the country lie for miles beneath your gaze, and Quechee Gulf, a deep, tree-

send, being the largest and most completely equipped. Every style of vehicle can be obtained, from a mountain buck-board to a stylish four-horse brake for a dozen persons or a six-horse picnic barge for a score. Many fine horses, privately owned, daily show their best clips along the level roads.

A description of the Norman Williams Public Library, a magnificent structure, would make, — as Kipling says, — another story, and it will be the subject of a leading article by Mr. E. T. Emmons, in the July issue. Guests of the Inn have free use of books by card from the office.

The stamp which progress (?) has unmistakably placed upon some villages in the addition of huge factory plants, from which hundreds of pale, worn beings stream in and out at the command of a chorus of hoarse whistles, has no part in this Eden of present day life. Scarce a wheel turns in any manufacturing industry other than the carpenter shop. Manufacturing projects are ever and anon presented but do not meet with favor. Most towns welcome an addition of industry. Woodstock wisely does not. The town is not exclusive but simply maintains and strengthens its original character. The summer visitor is catered to in every possible way.

To lessen the nuisance of ball-playing in the village streets a large play-ground,



Pleasant street you come upon the Standish dam on the branch, a pretty fall of water, passing swiftly on under an artistic foot-bridge, high in air, and seen through a leafy screen. Then there are the willows of the branch, higher up. At the upper end of the village a pretty view up the river is had, across the placid waters of the pond, where the heavy growth of trees on the left bank comes to the water's edge and the willows on the right bend over in graceful sweeps, 'neath whose sheltering foliage the boys delight to plunge and swim after the heat of the summer day, and where they fasten on their skates for a glide on the smooth ice in winter. Many other equally pleasant scenes fascinate the visitor on every hand in the village proper.

Mt. Tom, hardly more than a stone's throw from the village, is the property of the Billings estate. Here 15 miles of the finest roadway, in stately grandeur, leads to and about the summit, where a pond, once known as Pogue Hole, is ensconced like a gem in a setting of heavy, ancient woods. Ducks and geese swim about and fish leap playfully in its forbidden waters. A rustic boat-house adds to the beauty of

lined gorge, where the Ottaquechee flows between perpendicular cliffs, surmounted by the highest railway bridge in New England, are spots worth visiting without the village, and all along the country roads are evidences of thrift and happiness.

The finest hotel in all this part of New England is the Woodstock Inn, and to the faith and pride of the citizens in this famous hostelry is due much of the public spirit which without organization makes Woodstock a model village. The Inn has all modern conveniences, including passenger elevator, and each season finds the house filled with guests from all parts of the country. Mr. A. B. Wilder is manager. The College Hill House and the New Park are hotels of less magnitude.

As might be expected in a large village at the end of a railway, near the foot-hills of the Green Mountains, with superb roads radiating in every direction, there are a number of public stables, the Inn stable, by A. H. Town-



PARTIAL VIEW OF WOODSTOCK INN.

called the Vail Field, has been purchased and put in order for base-ball and other sports. It has a grand stand and is a short distance south of the Park. Thus does

public spirit foster the athletic inclinations of the rising generation. There is an even chance that these boys will remain at home or if called to larger fields there will always remain within them a spark of loyalty for dear old Woodstock.



THE INN, SOUTH-EAST EXPOSURE.

In the autumn the Windsor County Fair holds forth upon admirable grounds near the village and is a shining example of how to do it, as becomes its environment.

The Woodstock Railway is a complete, independent system, with modern trains and equipment. It is fourteen miles in length and has the distinction of having the steepest grade of any regular road in this part of the country and of passing over the highest bridge as well. In summer eight trains a day are run to properly accommodate the increased traffic. Leaving White River Junction the train ascends over 400 feet in four miles, and frequently the spectacle of a seeming race with a passenger train on the Central Vermont, far below,



QUECHEE GULF.

is afforded. The train turns away from the hill crests overlooking the White River Valley and is soon ascending Shallows hill, where the average grade is 135 feet to the mile for a distance of 2,000 feet each side of the summit. The highest elevation, 775 feet above sea level and nearly 100 feet higher than Woodstock is soon reached and on the instant the descent of the other

side begins, and it is distinctly down hill. At Deweys Mills the Ottaquechee river is crossed on the famous bridge, 163 feet above the stream. The station here is 610 feet above the ocean. The next stop is at Quechee, a prosperous factory village, and then the train follows the valley of the Ottaquechee on through Taftsville, a quiet hamlet with picturesque dam and mill, to the County seat, Woodstock. The trip is a pleasant one at any season of the year. The running time of the various trains is



THE POGUE.

from 35 to 50 minutes. The passenger cars are models of neatness, free from dust and grit, in which respect the Woodstock Railroad is refreshingly unique. Mr. J. G. Porter has been superintendent of the Road since its inception in 1875 and the service has reached a high standard of efficiency. No accident of any kind has ever occurred. The employees are obliging and popular. Conductor C. H. Leonard has been in the company's employ for 12 years and engineer Elmer E. Brown for nearly 23 years. Station agents Cooper of the Junction and Clapp of Woodstock have held their positions 25 and 20 years respectively. In September Mr. Cooper will have completed 18 years without loss of time.



ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

At eventide the social life of the town is at its height. The streets are well lighted by electricity. The Church societies enjoy many gatherings, the guests at the Inn have a social hop in the ball-room to the music of a fine orchestra, the shops attract many purchasers, bicycles flit here and there, little parties arrive at the Inn from a drive, the library invites the studious, or the well kept walks tempt the pedestrian. Boisterous singing, reckless driving or drunken revels are happily unknown.

In Woodstock refreshing sleep is assured. One does not know when the night train comes in and the repeated calls of a freight engine for a switch half a mile distant are lost to the sleeper. These things are for the sojourner in the railroad village.



THE STATION.

The early mornings in Woodstock are like those of the open country. The music of the birds or the murmur of the waters in their ceaseless fall over the dam or along the stony bed of the Ottaquechee, which takes its course through the length of the village, or the lowing of cows driven to pasture, are the soothing accompaniments of the waking hours.

Woodstock is a favored community and her many visitors return again and again, and bring their friends with them.

THE LOVER.

BY MRS. J. W. PIERCE, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

Whistle, whistle, whistle, did you see,
Swinging on that thistle by the tree,
My little mate so dainty and sweet,
Dressed in her best brown silk so neat?

I can see from this bough far above,
How lightly swings my wee bonny Love;
The touch of her wing can scarce bend low
The downy tip of a thistle blow.

Do you see, see how pretty is she?
The best of songs shall she hear from me,
E're I take my bath, shake up my bed,
And taste the breakfast before me spread.

Events of the Month in Vermont.

Washington county is reported to carry the banner in the matter of Old Home Week celebrations, ten towns and cities having organized local associations, Barre city and town, Cabot, Marshfield, Montpelier, Northfield, Waitsfield, Warren, Waterbury and Woodbury. Associations have been organized in over 100 towns. Some counties have a county celebration and some join in general observance of the day. Stowe has a programme which runs through the whole week, including Sunday, Picnics, social gatherings and speaking are interspersed through the week.

Mount Killington, the second highest mountain in Vermont, has been sold to Marcellus E. Wheeler, of Rutland. The property comprises 325 acres of timbered land and a hotel on the top of the peak. Mr. Wheeler will add it to his immense game preserve which adjoins.

Ex. Gov. Hendee has sold the Lamoille Valley fair grounds to a syndicate of Morrisville and Stowe gentlemen. The new management will make extensive repairs and improvements on the grounds, and are making plans for a big fair Sept. 10, 11 and 12.

The White River Junction National Bank building is to be enlarged. Illustration and particulars will appear in an early issue. The State treasury is in good hands.

Isaac T. Pratt, veteran trapper of Bennington, recently caught his 79th bear. It weighed about 325 pounds and was in fine condition. This is the third one he has captured within a few days in that section.

Mail-carrier contracts on stage routes centering at Woodstock have been awarded. The Felchville route goes to George W. Hawks of South Woodstock, at \$400 a year. Daniel D. Howe gets the Bethel route at \$597.49 per year, and the route to Bridgewater is awarded to Jenness N. Madden of West Bridgewater, who agrees to go over the six miles twice each way, daily, for four years, for the sum of one cent. The contracts go into effect July 1, and mail-carriers are to deliver and collect mail at private houses along their routes, if mail boxes are placed so that the driver can deliver and collect from them without alighting from his stage-coach.

Miss Minnie Parker of Sharon is taking orders in adjoining towns for a Life of Queen Victoria, a book of 500 pages, with 64 half-tone illustrations. Miss Parker will also receive subscriptions for the INTER-STATE JOURNAL.

Corporal Thomas Godsill, Joseph Carhino, John Godsill and Harry James returned to Woodstock recently after 18 months' service in the Philippines.

The entire plant of the Bradford Paper Company at Bradford was destroyed by fire at one o'clock the morning of the 19th, and a loss of \$15,000 resulted. The property was insured for \$5,500. The mill was built in 1820 but was recently refitted, modern machinery installed and other improvements made. The origin of the fire is unknown. It started near the roof and spread with frightful rapidity. The stock building, 50 feet away was ablaze almost at the same time as the mill. It was filled with tissue paper, rags, rope and other combustible materials. In the mill was a large quantity of stock in process of manufacture as well as several tons of finished product. The building was a large one and one of the village landmarks. The flames made bright the country for miles around and many people viewed the ruins the following day. A new factory of some kind will be erected on the site as there is good water power. Mr. Horace S. Homer, the president and treasurer of the Paper Co., offers to rebuild if the business men of Bradford will give him substantial encouragement. This ought to be forthcoming. The paper business was never more prosperous than at the present time.

Commencement at Norwich University, the military school at Northfield opened Sunday afternoon, June 23, with the baccalaureate sermon at St. Mary's church. President Brown's subject was "Visions and Duties." The other events of the week were the annual prize speaking, class day exercises, alumni reunion, banquets of the societies, the graduation exercises, Commencement dinner, review of the Corps by Gov. Stickney and staff, and the drills. This was followed by the annual concert and hop in the new Armory. The Montpelier Military Band and an orchestra furnished music. Military drill is attractive to most young men and is most beneficial as well. With the clash-

ing of world interests ahead Norwich University is likely to become a popular and prosperous school.

The Livingstone-Page case didn't come to trial at the Bennington County Court early this month. Livingstone, who is a publisher, claimed Carroll S. Page, of Hyde Park fame, had agreed to pay him a large sum for support given in political matters, and brought suit to get it. At the opening of the case Mr. Page produced correspondence from Livingstone asking for the loan of \$100, for which he would and did give a note. The producing of this evidence floored the attorney for the prosecution for the time, he not having been informed of this phase of the case by his client. Mr. Page insisted that the case be tried but the other side was equally determined that the case be continued. So a grand opening up of the inner workings of Vermont newspaperdom is deferred until December next and the opportunity of placing Mr. Page in the promised embarrassing position seems hazy. Thus far it is comedy instead of tragedy.

The Vergennes bank robbery by Lewis, with the later developments of complicity by Allen and Ketchum is a stain on Vermont's fair name. After a few more cases of this kind, and this is the third in two years, well-to-do people will be at their wit's end to know what to do with their money. Strong vaults and time locks are no protection against unscrupulous officials. If this thing continues it may open a new era. Andrew Carnegie says it is a crime to die rich, and has set about giving away his money at the rate of twelve millions a year. He is setting a good example for those who may be afraid to put their money in banks. Let them give it to charity, to help the deserving poor, to lessen the sufferings of the destitute; let them build co-operative factories to shorten hours and brighten the life of the laboring man. The poor man sees a thousand opportunities for bettering the world. The rich man usually thinks only of raising a monument to his own greatness. Oh, for the spread of a higher purpose among mankind than the greed for riches.

Mussey, the Rutland bank cashier has been pardoned by President McKinley. He had served only a year of his seven years' sentence in the house of correction for mispaying \$100,000 of the bank's funds. This looks like defeating the ends of justice. Next.

Jottings of interest in New Hampshire.

The Webster centennial celebration, which is to take place at Hanover, September 24 and 25, is to be the event of the college year. Great preparations are being made for it. Alumni or Webster Hall is to have its corner stone laid with impressive ceremonies. The college commons called College Hall will then be completed and will furnish a place for banqueting and various reunions. The faculty, the alumni and the four classes will be distinguished on that occasion by their dress. Torchlight processions, choral music, speechifying and everything possible will be done to make the occasion great and memorable.

The Dartmouth Interscholastic Meet took place Wednesday, June 5. It was one of the most successful ever held at Hanover. Besides the usual schools which took part Pinkerton, Derry and Dummer Academies and Manchester, Nashua and Fitchburg high schools were represented. New and valuable prizes were given to point winners. Dummer Academy won first place with Concord High, second.

Dexter Richards Hall, Meriden's hotel, opens for summer business Monday, July 8. The house is in charge of Mr. J. F. Cann, an experienced manager, who has had the house in former seasons.

Enterprising Lebanon has put in an early bid for the Fourth of July patronage in its vicinity. A number of star attractions are billed and the occasion promises to be an unusual one.

Plainfield has been a loyal town for Old Home week. With the first suggestion of Governor Rollins the inhabitants entered upon the work. Two years ago the exercises were a success and last year the day was observed at Plainfield Plain and over 1,000 persons were furnished a free dinner. There is still more enthusiasm for the approaching Old Home week which will be celebrated at Meriden on Thursday, Aug. 22. Gov. Jordan and staff have accepted an invitation to be present, and it is particularly appropriate that the Governor should be present, as he graduated from Kimball Union Academy in the class of 1866 and his father was a native of Plainfield. Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., of Philadelphia, a native of the town and a splendid speaker will be the orator of the day. Another address will be given

by Winslow T. Perkins, superintendent of the eastern division of the Boston and Maine railroad, who is known as the Chauncey M. Depew of New England, for the reason of the striking resemblance to the New York senator and his abilities as an orator. The Meriden Cornet band will furnish music and there will be fireworks in the evening. It is expected that a large number of sons and daughters will return to celebrate the day; and the attractions will bring together the largest conclave of people ever seen in Meriden.

Harry Wells of North Walpole holds the season's record for big fish. He caught a pike in the Connecticut which weighed 10½ pounds.

Referee Edgar J. Luehr, who was appointed by the supreme court of New York to pass upon the accounts of James O. Lyford, who was selected as the committee of the estate of the late Charles H. Hoyt, the playwright of Charlestown, shortly before his death, has filed his report in the supreme court. He finds that the estate was worth \$162,352, from which there is due to the committee \$5000 together with other expenses. After deducting these sums he finds that the value of the property is now \$132,106, which will be transferred to Frank McKee and Thomas E. Clarke, who are the executors under Mr. Hoyt's will, which was recently admitted to probate. A compromise has been enacted in the settlement of the estate, the terms of which have not been made public. There are claimants to a share in Mr. Hoyt's estate, Mary Green and Clara Hale of Concord and Joseph Hoyt of Nashua. During a conference held at Nashua, counsel for the executors agreed to compromise the matter, and make a settlement with the claimants.

The annual log drive of the Van Dyke Company passed down the river the last of this month and unless something unusual happens the time made to Turner's Falls will be the quickest on record. Fifty-five million feet comprised their run this year. The Connecticut River Lumber Co. owns the land and sells the logs and the Connecticut River Manufacturing Co. drives them. The drive starts at the uppermost waters of the river, in the vicinity of the Connecticut Lakes and along the border between New Hampshire and Canada and extends as far down as Stewartstown, a

little above the White Mountains. Several hundred men start the drive but 140 men and about 40 horses handled the logs on the river this year. This is a very small crew as compared with former years and was made possible by the good water, even in height. At 15 mile Falls, near Waterford, a slight rise of the river occurred and the drive went through easily instead of being delayed a month as sometimes happens. A large part of the logs are stored in a lagoon at Mt. Tom, where some are used by a mill, and the rest of the drive is let down to Holyoke as needed. The entire length of the run is about 200 miles. The Ammonoosuc River drive of the International Paper Co. went to Bellows Falls earlier in the season and the White River drive will follow later. In the last year or so some of the romance of camp life on these trips has been removed. The men sleep in tents on shore as usual but the cooking is done in a house on a scow or raft, which floats down the river and is made in sections, to be transported around the rapids and falls. Those who have often visited the camps in the neighborhood of the villages, and tasted the appetizing baked beans, cooked in a hole in the ground or have been favored with doughnuts hot from the kettle of the "cookee" will regret the change of his dominions to the raft.

Graduation at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H., is just over. There were 24 in the class this year. The school is in a flourishing condition. The plan of taking students and furnishing them board, tuition and room for \$100 a year is very popular. C. E. Woodbury, of Maine, has been principal for the past year and is very well liked. The July JOURNAL will contain an illustrated article on K. U. A., comprising interesting contributions from Rev. F. E. Clark, President of Christian Endeavor Societies and Rev. E. T. Farrill of Lebanon.

Commencement at Dartmouth College came off the last week of the month and a large class was graduated. The exercises of the week were well attended, Gov. Chester B. Jordan and family being among the distinguished visitors. Representatives from the alumni of fifty years were present and the college made them royally welcome. At the promenade concert the grounds were brilliantly lighted and many people from nearby towns attended. Several honorary degrees were awarded at the alumni dinner.

New Library and Memorial Building.

ORGANIZED EFFORT BY CITIZENS OF ENFIELD, N. H., BUILDS HANDSOME PUBLIC LIBRARY AT COST OF \$6,400.—AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHER TOWNS.—HOW THE MONEY WAS RAISED.—DESCRIPTION AND PLANS.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



LIBRARY AND MEMORIAL BUILDING.

The closing year of the nineteenth century is to be remembered in Enfield as a year of progress and prosperity. Besides the rebuilding of the Baltic Mills, other important additions to the wealth and beauty of the village have been made, but the crowning achievement is the Library and Memorial building recently finished.

The work of the architect and builder has been surrendered to literature and the drama, to be stared at by the almost incredulous old inhabitant and enjoyed by the present and future generations.

ITS ORIGIN AND COMPLETION.

Two years ago, Mr. Henry Cumings proposed to give to the town of Enfield, for the erection of a small library building, the sum of \$1000, under the conditions that they should pay to him interest at 4 per cent. on that amount during the life of himself and wife, he to donate the building lot, and after his death to become the property of the town, the latter to furnish foundation and grading.

His idea was to erect a building which

would be large enough for the village library, and if used for nothing else would be of ample size. The offer was not accepted, but during the next year the amount was raised to \$1,200 and in the meantime the people had begun to realize that a new public hall was needed, together with offices for the selectmen.

Post 52 of the Grand Army of the Republic, in conjunction with the Women's Relief Corps, agreed to raise \$1,000, to add rooms for their societies, one of the rooms to be used for a Memorial hall and the other to be given to the town as soon as the organization ceased to exist.

At the Town meeting it was voted to accept the offer of Mr. Cumings, and a Building Committee was elected: Mr. Geo. E. Whitney, Mr. L. D. Dunbar, and Mr. Henry Cumings.

Mr. Whitney generously subscribed \$1,000 without any conditions, which was accepted by a special town meeting. He has since contributed nearly \$500 more. A lot was bought on North Main street, near the present site of the Advocate Block,

but it was resold and a new lot purchased of Mr. E. A. Clough, situated but a short distance from the first proposed location, and facing the residence of Stephen D. Smith on North Main street.

The sum of \$1,000 was raised by popular subscription, and ground was broken in August, 1900, C. W. Flanders & Co. having contracted to build above the stone work for \$4,900. The foundation, which is of brick and granite, with the grading amounted to \$1,500.

A DESCRIPTION.

The building is conveniently located being about the same distance from Depot Square and Dodge's Corner, giving from the rear windows a view of the Mill pond with the Baltic Mills in the background.

The front of the foundation contains a granite block, bearing the raised inscription: "LIBRARY AND MEMORIAL BUILDING, 1900."

The G. A. R. Memorial window occupies the center, on the right is an artistically colored memorial window inscribed, "WHITNEY," and on the left a beautiful window decorated with the Torch of Literature, reading: "PATTEE." Below the G. A. R. window, is one with the inscription "CUMINGS," and over the porch another reading: "ELIJAH GOVE BERNHAM."

The G. A. R. window shows the lettering on the outside, while the others read from the interior, the Cumings window being on the first floor in the reception room, and the others on the second floor opposite the entrance of the main hall.

On the first floor is the reception or reading room, the Library, the Grand Army Hall, the Women's Relief Corps room, the Selectmen's offices and the Town's steel vault.

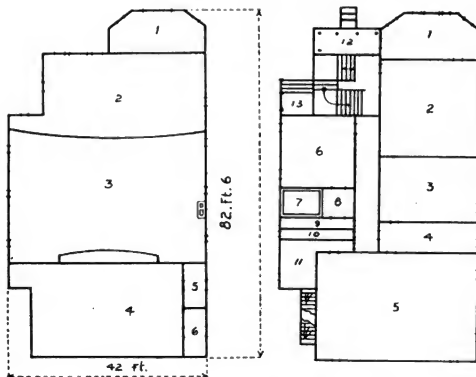
The second floor contains the ladies' waiting room, ticket office, and the spacious main hall, seating, with the gallery, five hundred people.

The stage and dressing rooms are large, and the former is fitted with elaborate fixtures and scenery.

The basement contains the kitchen, steam heating apparatus, etc., and a brick parlor designed for the accommodation of people who become too hilarious.

The building is fitted with modern conveniences, electric lights, etc.

The structure follows no special style of architecture and is handsome from any point of view. Mr. C. W. Flanders was the architect.



PLANS OF LIBRARY AND MEMORIAL BUILDING.

SECOND FLOOR.

1. Ladies' Waiting Room. 2. Balcony. 3. Main Hall. 4. Stage. 5. Ladies' Dressing Room. 6. Gents' Dressing Room.

FIRST FLOOR.

1. Reading Room. 2. Library. 3. G. A. R. Hall. 4. G. A. R. Ante-room. 5. W. B. C. Hall. 6. Soldiers' Room. 7. Vault. 8. Closet. 9. Gents' Lavatory. 10. Ladies' Lavatory. 11. W. R. C. Ante-room. 12. Porch, Main Entrance. 13. Porch, Selectmen's Entrance.

It was opened to the public on April 2, with a four act drama, entitled: "Imogene, or, the Witches' Secret," given by the Village Improvement Society.

May those who have contributed so

generously and builded so wisely, live long to enjoy the monument of their magnanimity!

Congratulations are due the village by the Mascoma.

VACATION TIME.

This is the month when the greater part of the American people look about for a place in which to spend a well-earned vacation of a few weeks or months. The dwellers of the city hie themselves to the country or to the shore. The country people want a change of a few weeks but the question is, where? The hand-books issued by the great railroad systems settle it all. They can be had for the asking. Every possible bit of information about the portions of New England reached by these lines is presented in attractive form, with numerous illustrations. You can learn more about the points of interest and the historic past of the locality you intend to visit than you would be apt to hear during all your stay there. It is worth everything to be posted in advance, to have the lay of the land mapped out in your mind. The Boston & Maine Railroad has at least

a dozen booklets of uniform size: Resorts and Tours, The Monadnock Region, Lake Sunapee, Valley of the Connecticut and Northern Vermont, Among the Mountains, South-east New Hampshire, South-west New Hampshire, Lakes and Streams, Fishing and Hunting, Lake Memphremagog and About There, Central Massachusetts, Merrimack Valley, All Along Shore, — one for every section of the country reached by its many lines. These handsome books have large maps, and with story and picture tell fascinatingly of the greater and lesser resorts and of the general country by mountain, lake and shore. If you are undecided, send for these books and if you don't have the vacation fever it will be a wonder. You will be surprised at the number of places where you can spend a pleasant vacation, and you will know New England better after reading them. When you get ready for the trip you will know all the

more important things you wish to see and just what to count on for expenses. Each book is mailed on receipt of 2 cents. Address, Passenger Department, B. & M. R. R., Boston.

The Central Vermont Railway has issued its large "Summer Homes" book for this season and it will be sent on receipt of 4 cents in stamps, on application to S. W. Cummings, General Passenger agent, St. Albans. The picturesque villages along the line are described and the mountains, lakes, ponds and streams, and other natural attractions receive the attention they merit. The great length of Lake Champlain offers camping opportunity with solitude enough for any enthusiast and hotels and boarding houses are plenty. One can board almost if not quite as cheaply at Vermont pleasure resorts as at home. Everyone should take a vacation at whatever cost. One is a thousand times benefitted by the change and returns to the cares of everyday life with new vigor, with fond recollections and favorable anticipation to enlighten the tasks until vacation time comes again. The villages of the White River Valley or those amidst the grand old Green Mountains are favored with the purest air, the clearest water, and abundant table supplies fresh from the soil. A cordial welcome awaits every visitor and many who come in early summer remain until the frosts of autumn to see the wonderful coloring of our autumn foliage.

The "Summer Homes" book will tell you where to go for an outing in Vermont, where to stay and what the cost will be. Send for a copy.

SUMMER SCENES.

BY JOEL BENSON, WILDER, VT.

These are the days when the summer winds

Blow gently over the land,
When the waters wash with rippling lines
Along the shore of sand.

When the arrows of light at early dawn
Shoot up through mist in the east,
And silver the foam at rise of the sun
With light that is ever increas'd.

While from harbor and cove each sail
takes breeze
And passes away out of sight,
Over the line where the skies meet the seas,
Till the sun sinks into the night.

While far in the west the sunset fires
Are glancing o'er the waves grown still,
And three golden bars, as the sun retires
Send o'er the scene a soft, sad light.

Repairing the Snowsville Church.

BY MISS GEORGIA WHITE, BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

The Ladies' Society of Snowsville had just been having one of its fortnightly bean suppers, and afterwards while the young people helped "good digestion to wait on appetite" by such hilarious games as "Bean lag" and "Boston," their elders passed in serious review the various affairs of the church and neighborhood.

Mr. Rainsford, the pastor, had chosen this as a fitting time to urge once more upon the prominent members of his congregation the necessity of repairing the church building, a rickety old structure that threatened to tumble about the ears of the worshippers every windy Sunday. The dust of ages lurked in the faded pulpit cushions, which Deacon Sayles was wont to allege as the fault of the pastor, more vigorous preaching, in his opinion, having a tendency to keep the pulpit cushions clear at any rate. About reshingling he had not had much to say since a certain Sunday following a rainy Saturday night when, visibly embarrassed, he tip-toed out of church during morning service after resting for a short space of time on a water-soaked cushion.

Only the Sunday before the supper a large area of plastering had fallen during the long prayer with a thud that made even the minister open his eyes, and brought a fervent "Bless my soul" from a pious member of the congregation whose bald head was hit by one of the scattering fragments.

Fortunately there were no serious injuries, for that particular piece had long been hanging in the balance and no one ventured to sit directly under it, but it was an uncomfortable meeting; there was a feeling of unrest in the air, as not a person intended to be caught napping if another piece should happen to fall during the sermon.

"Surely," Mr. Rainsford had said to his wife, "they will repair now," but she had felt far from sanguine about it, and in the oppressive silence that followed her husband's remarks at the social, her care-worn face wore a nervous, deprecating smile, while the rigidity of her attitude suggested a piece of machinery wound up so tightly that another turn of the screw would send it flying into atoms.

Deacon Sayles, in the silence, scrutinized his thumb-nail as though that were the first time it had ever come under his observation, and Uncle Enoch Kendall, the next wealthiest man in the congregation, gazed pensively out of the window, but neither spoke.

It was the widow Edwards who broke the spell with her stereotyped remark, "But we are all so poor, Mr. Rainsford, and there are so few of us to do anything."

"We might all do a little," was the patient rejoinder, and the poor man made a brief mental calculation as to the number of times the widow and he had rehearsed that little dialogue.

"If the church was only out of debt," ventured timid Mrs. Sayles.

"But it isn't," her husband interrupted quickly, "and isn't likely to be right away."

"Not unless we have more additions in membership than we have had lately," said Uncle Enoch, dryly. "With butter down to fifteen cents and taxes at 198 cents on a dollar, I'm in no situation to rebuild Solomon's Temple."

"Well, people who have nothing but a poll tax to trouble them are certainly fortunate," was Mr. Rainsford's pleasant reply. "You should invest more heavily in church property, Brother Kendall, that isn't subject to taxation, you know."

There was a general smile at this, for Uncle Enoch had the reputation of being a most artful dodger of taxes, though accounted in all other respects a strictly honest man.

"I suppose we shall have to patch the roof a little before snow flies," acknowledged Deacon Sayles reluctantly, "though where the money is to come from is more than I know. Can't you ladies do something?"

"We can," came with significant emphasis from Miss Jane Spear, president of the Ladies' Aid, "and we've proved it scores of times. I for one should like to see if you men could do as much as patch the roof alone and unaided," and she sniffed a trifle disdainfully.

"So should I," chimed in another sister. "I don't know what this church would do without the Ladies' Aid."

"And if it wasn't for our bean suppers," said a third, "it couldn't stand a year."

"It couldn't, no mistake," agreed the deacon soothingly. "This church certainly derives its main sustenance from beans. I often think in planting time how I am indirectly helping to propagate the gospel, and I believe I raise more beans than I otherwise should for that reason."

"A fairly good crop, all things considered," observed Uncle Enoch, "is worth from \$1.50 to \$2. a bushel, ain't they, deacon?"

But his question was lost in the hubbub that arose when all the ladies began to talk at once, rehearsing what they had done in the past, the present demands upon them, and the utter impossibility of their undertaking anything more in the near future.

As the confusion of tongues seemed likely to increase rather than diminish, Deacon Sayles and Uncle Enoch quietly escaped from the room, one of them asking as he beat a retreat, "What's a church without a Ladies' Aid?" To which the other solemnly replied, "The idea calling themselves the Ladies' Aid when they're the whole thing."

Mr. Rainsford, seeing that nothing was to be gained by further discussion, also took his departure homeward, with his wife, in a state of mind directly traceable to the dyspeptic influences of the bean supper.

But the matter was not allowed to drop during the week. The ladies visiting back and forth in each other's kitchens or sitting rooms, according to the hour in which a call happened to be made, canvassed the subject of repairs in a most thorough manner and, as might be expected, took more and more kindly to the idea of "fixing up" in spite of the discouraging attitude of the male members of the congregation.

Miss Jane Spear, who, besides being president of the Ladies' Aid, was also the leading milliner of the place, went to Boston for a week every spring and fall in search of the latest styles; for the Snowsville ladies, while not neck to neck in the race with city fashionables, still prided themselves on keeping the prevailing modes of dress at least in sight. On her last trip to the city she had heard about the marvelous sums that were being made at "Runnige sales," and how the city churches were fairly driving the "old do'men" out of business. It had never occurred to Miss Spear before that the peddler who once or twice a year gave her a tin cooking spoon for a huge bag of paper-rags was in danger of becoming through his enormous pro-

fits, so wealthy as to disturb students of sociology by his million-dollar gifts, but she began now to regard him with suspicion and determined to demand a quart basin with the spoon for the next bag of rags.

To every woman who dropped into the shop for a few minutes "chat," she explained the theory and practical working of the "Rummage" sale, showing how the theory was to benefit the poor and the church at the same time by giving the former an opportunity to buy, for something less than they could procure brand new things at the store, second hand articles which would ordinarily be given them to the injury of their pride instead of their pocket books; how the money thus obtained benefited the church; while congested attics and closets were relieved of much useless lumber, and the contributors of the stuff enabled to avoid what would otherwise be the necessity of making a cash donation to the object for which the "Rummage" sale was conducted.

So enthusiastically did her auditors take to the scheme that Miss Spear was emboldened to don her latest Boston pattern hat and call at the parsonage to expound the idea there in connection with repairing the church.

"A most excellent plan," commented Mr. Rainsford when Miss Spear paused, "and one that ought to work in Snowsville as well as in larger places."

"We haven't any very poor people," ventured his wife.

"Very true," assented the pastor, "and that makes it all the more certain they will be better pleased to have a chance to buy what they may want at a reasonable price than to have the things given them."

"For the matter of that we are none of us so wealthy as to despise a bargain," vouchsafed Miss Spear, "and I expect that Deacon Sayles and Uncle Enoch will be the first ones at the sale. According to their own tell they are both poverty-stricken and liable to become town charges any day."

Armed with the pastor's approval Miss Spear lost no time in calling a meeting of the Ladies' Aid and, the sale being promptly voted, offered her shop for the reception of articles. It was a heterogeneous collection she soon had on hand, ranging in variety from a horse-collar to a jew's-harp, and embracing all values from that of a broken nosed earthen pitcher, to that of a well-preserved old warming-pan. The garrets of Deacon Sayles and Uncle Enoch Kendall, Miss Spear had personally assisted in ransacking, choosing an hour when the gentlemen were not likely to be at home, and the amount of truck she prevailed upon Mrs. Sayles and Mrs. Kendall to allow her to have carried away would have filled a metropolitan Solomon Levi with anaze.

Not content with this triumph, she inveigled one of the poor old men into the sale and felt only the most serene satisfaction when she succeeded in selling Deacon Sayles a pair of his own socks which Mrs. Sayles had mended and laid away to give to some deserving tramp.

"Well, women folks are wasteful," commented the deluded deacon as his gaze travelled over veteran chairs which had lost a leg, or two or three rounds in some engagement, cardboard mottoes worked in colored wools, garments in all stages of delapidation, and finally rested on a second-hand wooden tooth-pick that might have been carelessly dropped by some one with no intention of its being offered for sale. "I suppose they were just throwing all this stuff away with no idea of its value."

"That's about it," assented Miss Spear, "but we are doing real well with it. We've taken in over \$50 already. If you happen to run across Uncle Enoch, tell him to come in here. I've got a pair of Mr. Rainsford's shoes that I think will just suit him."

"I don't believe Uncle Enoch wants to be in the minister's shoes, I know I don't, but I'll tell him."

For several days the sale went merrily on. Streams of people passed in and out and took such advantage of the rare bargains to be found that it began to be a difficult matter to keep the stock replenished. Carried away with their success, the ladies carted everything which could possibly be spared from their homes to the sale, and Deacon Sayles was heard to declare that even the dog had taken to carrying his bones down there to bury. Miss Jane Spear, who lived over her shop, couldn't sleep nights on account of the large sum of money, which was the proceeds of the sale and which she secreted in a new place every night, expecting to wake up in the morning to find herself murdered and the money gone.

In the midst of the excitement, Uncle Enoch, who had paid no attention to the "Rummage" sale in spite of Miss Spear's message, was walking down street one morning when he met Deacon Sayles.

"Well, I snum," exclaimed that worthy, fixing his eyes on Uncle Enoch's head, "where did you get that hat and no slang intended?"

"Why," said Uncle Enoch, taking it off and looking at it, "it's one Mrs. Kendall said she bought at the 'Rummage' sale for me."

"Is that so? Well that hat's mine."

"No, it aint; it's mine now. But I can tell you what it is, Deacon, those overalls you are strutting around in belong to me."

"Well, well," chuckled the deacon, "if you can wear my old clothes, I can yours; so you may keep the hat and I'll keep the overalls. Have you been to that sale yet?"

"No," acknowledged Uncle Enoch. "I haven't. I've been away for a week, and I hadn't thought of it, to tell the truth, till I missed those overalls you're wearing this morning."

"If that's all you've missed, you're lucky. There aint a thing left up to our house more than a year old, except the livestock, and it wouldn't surprise me none to see that led off. There's Miss Spear calling you now. You better go in and see if you can fill the parson's shoes."

Uncle Enoch slowly crossed the street and had hardly entered the shop before his eyes fell on an old stuffed rocking-chair, whose cover was faded and worn past further use, and which was crippled by the loss of an arm. At the sight of this old rocker, his clin dropped and he fairly staggered against the counter.

"Land sakes! Uncle Enoch," screamed Miss Spear, "are you sick?"

"No, no," he answered hurriedly, pulling himself together. "Did that chair come from our house?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kendall sent it down this morning. It was the only thing she had left that she thought you wouldn't miss."

"Why didn't she send down the parlor furniture?" he inquired sarcastically, passing his hand over the cushioned seat of the old chair as though feeling for something, a movement which did not escape Miss Spear's observation.

"Is there anything very valuable about it?" she inquired with evident curiosity.

Boston Elevated Railroad.

NEW MODE OF RAPID TRANSIT BY WHICH NEW ENGLAND'S REPRESENTATIVE CITY KEEPS PACE WITH THE WORLD.—BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE ROUTE, LOCATION OF STATIONS AND EQUIPMENT.

BY AMOS W. RIDEOUT, SPECIAL BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

"Well, not to most folks, but I set considerable store by it, and I guess I'll buy it back if you will set a price on it."

Only the day before Uncle Enoch, who had been away to sell a piece of property, had placed \$3,000 in a wallet and tucked the wallet between the springs deep in the seat of the old chair in the attic until he should make up his mind what to do with it. He had refrained from mentioning the matter to his wife lest she should deem the possession of so much ready money sufficient excuse for some fresh extravagance in ribbons. The "Rummage" sale had not entered his mind. Now his one idea was to get immediate possession of that chair. He was close-mouthed as well as close-fisted, and the idea of explaining his predicament to Miss Spear and having his rather miserly habit of secreting money in curious places gossiped about all over the village, was abhorrent to him.

Miss Spear came around to the chair, and with a cold chill Uncle Enoch saw her pass her hand over its seat, pressing down on the broken springs; then with a queer look she said, "The chair is worth more than I thought it was, and I shall have to raise the price to \$5, which will bring what we have on hand up to just a nice sum to repair the church."

"Five dollars!" almost shrieked Uncle Enoch. "The chair is mine anyway, and isn't worth five cents for kindling wood."

"Oh, I don't know," remarked Miss Spear indifferently. "I haven't examined it thoroughly yet. Let me rip off the cover and look at the springs. I have an idea that it could be fixed up into a pretty good chair," and she calmly reached for the scissors.

Uncle Enoch dropped hastily into the chair and fumbling at his wallet drew out a five-dollar bill. "Here," he said nervously, "as long as it is for the church I'll contribute that much and take the chair away." And not daring to leave her alone with it for a minute, he shouldered his antiquated piece of property and marched off home, watched out of sight by Miss Jane Spear, who only regretted that she hadn't doubled the price.

For a day or two longer the "Rummage" sale continued and then was closed, sufficient money having been raised to make all the repairs necessary, thanks, as Miss Jane Spear took pains to remark, to the Ladies' Aid.

But Uncle Enoch confided to Deacon Sayles that if they ever had another "Rummage" sale, he'd leave the church.



MAIN ST., SPRINGFIELD, VT. PHOTO BY G. L. 1906.

By the time this article reaches the eyes of the readers of the INTER-STATE JOURNAL, Boston people will be travelling on that modern broomstick train, the elevated road. A brief description may be in order to those of you who have not watched its process of construction as we have for the last two years. The system consists of seven miles of double track, extending from Dudley Street in Roxbury, to Sullivan Square in Charlestown, the approximate cost of which, completed will be something like \$10,000,000. It may be said that the elevated structure represents a fair sized iron mine, and a pine forest, for there has gone into it about 25,000 tons of steel, and 53,000 hard pine ties.

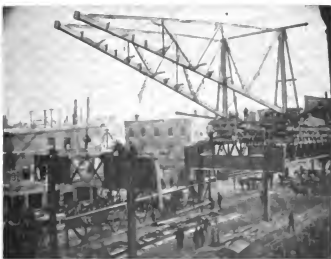
If you come in from Dorchester or Roxbury on the electric, the car runs up the incline to the station, where you are given a free transfer to the elevated train. Passing down Washington street the first station is Northampton street, the next Dover street. At Castle Street, if you have taken a train for the South Station and Atlantic Avenue, you turn off to the right and go via, Harrison Avenue, Beach street and Atlantic Avenue, with stations at corner of Beach street and Harrison Ave., South station, Revere Beach station and Rowe's wharf, foot of State street and foot of Hanover street, (the ferries). If you are bound for "down town," North Station, or Charlestown, your train will turn to the left at Castle street, crossing the railroad, and then plunging down into the subway. Stops are made here at the usual stations, which have been remodelled slightly for the better accommodation of boarding the elevated trains. At Causeway street you go into the air again with a station directly opposite the railway station. Going on over the new Charlestown Bridge the next station is City Square, then Thompson square, and then the immense terminal and transfer station at Sullivan Square. Here you are again given free transfers and may go on to Somerville, Everett, Malden, Medford, etc. It takes nineteen minutes to go from Dudley street to Sullivan Square, which is about one half the time consumed by the surface road. The cars of the elevated road have very much the appearance of an ordinary railway coach, but they have an extra door at the middle of the car for the better handling of large crowds. The seats run along the sides of the car, which has a seating capacity of forty-eight people. Cars are run in trains of from two to five, the usual number, however, being three cars. Cars are operated by the electric third rail system. A car weighs from twenty-eight to thirty tons, which ought to be a very good assurance that they will not jump the track; but as a further precaution against such a thing happening, an extra rail outside the regular rail is put around all the curves. To prevent one train running into another, a set of signals has been adopted by which a signal is set automatically at danger as soon as the train passes; when the train passes the next signal that one is set at "danger" and the first one is released, and



CITY SQUARE, CHARLESTOWN; SHOWING STATION AND TRAIN.



CAUSEWAY STREET STATION, OPPOSITE NORTH UNION RAILROAD STATION, SHOWING INCLINE INTO SUBWAY.



BUILDING THE ELEVATED ROAD ON ATLANTIC AVENUE, SHOWING THE IMMENSE TRAVELLING CRANE USED, ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF BOSTON ELEVATED RAILWAY CO.

this continues all along the route, only one train being allowed when any two signals at one time, and if, by any possibility the motorman should run by the danger signal, the train is stopped automatically by an arrangement under the car. Trains will leave the terminal stations about every two minutes. Passengers deposit their tickets upon entering the stations, no tickets or fares being taken by the "guards" on the train. That you are inside the gate is evidence that you have paid your nickel, and you may ride as far as the train and free transfers will take you. The longest ride, by the way, that you may get for a nickel (the fare on the Boston Elevated Railway is always a nickel; they have no line where, as on some suburban roads, a second or third fare is collected) on the surface cars of this road is from Arlington Heights to Milton Lower Mills, a distance of about sixteen miles.

TO F. W. H.

BY FLORENCE GROW PROCTOR, FITCHBURG, MASS.

For years I've met you in the land of dreams,
O playmate of my childhood's days so long ago!
And often through the winding avenue of years,
You come to wander with me to and fro.

'Tis thirty years since we together played
Beside the old stone bridge that spanned a hillside brook,
Yet in my dreams last night, we met again and
Questioning wandered through that little nook.

We talked of all the past so sad and strange
And pointed out again the old familiar ways,
The jolly coasting place, the old sweet apple tree,
The spring that quenched our thirst in those old days.

The spot where yellow violets first bloomed,
Where first the fragrant spearmint poised its tiny lace,
The willow-shaded pool upon whose glassy face,
We watched with childish envy the "skippers" dance.

And hand in hand, forgetful of our years,
And all the ties that bind us here on earth today,
We climbed the hill and underneath the glowing stars
We kissed each other and you went away.

Just as you did that night so long ago,
Ere you or I had ever known a single care,
When you had said, "I'm going, going far away,"
And all the world, to us, looked bright and fair.

O friend, the years have brought us cross and crown,
And life's high tides have ebbed in woe or flowed in bliss,
Yet loyal, Time hath kept the memory, unchanged
And sweet, of that confiding youthful kiss.

The JOURNAL is the best printed publication in this part of New England. Every number is up to the same standard in appearance and in quality of contents. We don't use all our best material about the first of January and run all out afterwards. Every number throughout the year is of strong interest. Our stories and descriptive articles are admittedly ahead of those of some publications selling for twice the money, and we have the finest and largest pictures. For its readers there is to be nothing better than the JOURNAL.

A Glimpse at the Pan-American.

TEN MILLION VISITORS A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE.—BUFFALO IS ENTITLED TO ALL THE CREDIT FOR THE GREAT FAIR.—PLENTY OF HOTELS.—MIDWAY SHOWS ALONE COVER FORTY ACRES.—WONDERFUL ELECTRICAL EFFECTS.—THOUSANDS OF BIG EXHIBITS.

The Pan-American Exposition is well under way and the movement toward Buffalo has commenced. It is the one spot in America toward which all ways converge this year and every railroad is making arrangements to handle the Exposition crowds. The Pan-American organizers, sanguine though they were, are beholding with amazement the realization of their hopes. The most conservative are counting on ten million paid admissions at half a dollar each, and what that means to Buffalo goes beyond calculation. The great Exposition has been most thoroughly advertised by every known means and the amount of money invested in doing it shows not only that the directors have had unlimited money at their disposal but also that they have confidence in the drawing power of the Exposition.

The Pan-American Exposition is not remarkable for what it shows of South American life or industries but there is representation from Brazil, and the Amazon Valley, the Argentine Republic, Peru, Chili, and Ecuador. Nor does the Exposition stand for North America in any large sense. More than half the States make exhibits and some ten of them as well as Canada and Mexico have separate buildings but the resources and the contributions and the enterprise of Buffalo has done this fine big thing all by itself as one might say, and deserves all the credit. Buffalo raised the money, made the plans and carried them out, and when the millions of Americans see what Buffalo has done they may well feel proud that a single city of her rank could do so much.

As to accommodations there are hotels galore. But the statement that there are rooms in Buffalo for a dollar a day, and meals in proportion should be taken with a grain of salt. No doubt there are such cheap rates to be had, but they must be in private families, and certainly can not be found at regular hotels. Prices in hotels and boarding houses are on a crush basis, and a good way to get low rates for hotel accommodation is by taking advantage of the offers of the Railway companies in connection with their excursions, or to get low rates and know in advance where you are going, write the Pan-American Bureau of Information, an excellent institution, and indicate your needs.

There will be a great multitude and although Buffalo can accommodate 150,000 visitors this capacity is not counted sufficient, and huge wooden structures have been erected near the Exposition, one of them large enough to hold 5,000 people, and tents will hold thousands more.

At some hotels, \$2. a day, European plan, nearly all the rooms are continuously engaged between now and September.

No less than 400 conventions will be held in Buffalo during the Exposition.

One entrance to the grounds is by the Elmwood Gate, through a stretch of park and lake, where groups of statuary and a profusion of flower beds delights the eye, and from here the triumphal bridge is crossed and the esplanade is reached where the full majesty of the Exposition is seen. The Midway is at the western entrance, the noisy, frivolous Midway, which cares not a farthing about the beautiful or majestic, but has a fascination for the popular mind. The amusement palaces, set close together, cover a space of more than forty acres. The Midway is one of the features, as great an attraction as Niagara and the beautiful lighting effects at night. There are two long arms to the Midway. All the world has been drawn upon for interest and novelty. Here is "Darkest Africa," a Japanese Village, dancing girls from Egypt and Hawaii and Gingalese women, palaces of illusion, and a house that is upside down and full of deceiving mirrors. There are many picture shows worth seeing. The battle of Missionary Ridge, described by a veteran who went through it, and Jerusalem on Crucifixion Day and history shown in wax figures and the Johnstown Flood and endless moving pictures. There are Tyrolese women who yodel while you have luncheon, and a fine German band in "Alt Narnburg." Six Indian nations will show life as lived by their ancestors 400 years ago. There will be horsemanship and accurate shooting and other feats by forty tribes in paint and feathers. Hostock's collection of wild beasts, which perform in a great circular cage in the center of the amphitheatre, is another huge attraction. In one act seventeen lions come and go at the crack of the trainer's whip. These are but a few of the attractions. The admission to each is from 10 to 25 cents.

Another attraction of the Midway is "Venice in America" and it is a most charming feature. There is a show but the gondola service on the canals and lakes real gondolas brought from Italy, manned by dusky gondoliers, with mandolin and guitar music strummed in the bow for you by a couple of Neapolitans—well, it that is not worth the small fare they ask, there is nothing of value at the Pan-American.

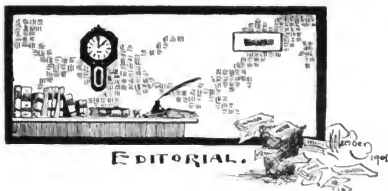
The great dome of the Government building, colored a robin's egg blue, rises high above a cluster of gilt domes about it. A happy use of blue has been made, a little here and there, among the reds and

grays, and always effective. There are many colonades pleasantly shaded, and over these the long red roofs of the Spanish Renaissance, and turrets and balconies. There are numerous restaurants along these promenades and in some of the towers. The builders of the Exposition planned to make it comfortable.

The Electric Tower, rising four hundred feet above the Grand Basin and its spouting waters, is seen from every point. The Esplanade is a great space half-way between Tower and Bridge. There was nothing at the World's Fair to equal its majesty. It is twice as large as Chicago's Court of Honor and would comfortably contain the whole vast army England now has in South Africa—two hundred and fifty thousand men. At night when the cascades are playing and all the lights are turned on, it is a wonderful place to see. Great attention has been given to producing the finest effects and in the courts alone over 200,000 incandescent lamps are employed. The fountains are transformed into flowing fire at night by hundreds of colored lights beneath them. Electricity plays an important part at Buffalo, 5,000 horse power being conveyed from Niagara Falls, twenty miles away, for the uses of the Exposition. A thirty-inch searchlight at the top of the Tower signals to another at the Falls. The changing colors in the fountain at the base of the Tower are produced by ninety-six powerful searchlights, that cast their beams upward through the waters with what changes the operator will. He, the operator, is down in the fountain depths, beneath glass windows, busily shifting his projector screens—red, green, violet, blue,—while the cascades dance like kaleidoscopes. And the splendor of the color dances may be judged from this, that a million and a half gallons of water pass through these Tower fountains every hour.

Another big feature is the Stadium or race-course, with seats for twelve thousand people. Here will be seen all manner of sports and contests and it will be as lively as any place on the grounds.

Of the many railroads the Central Vermont and Grand Trunk lines will undoubtedly be patronized by many from Vermont and New Hampshire as this route takes one to Buffalo by way of Montreal, and skirting the grand St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario for many miles, and by Niagara Falls. On the return trip one can travel by steamer by the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence River, the most interesting trip in America. The steamers pass down the great rapids, nine miles in length and alter an interesting trip past many towns and noted summer resorts pass under the great Victoria Jubilee Bridge to the dock at Montreal. This trip is well styled the Scenic Route. Get a Pan-American folder at your ticket office and get posted. The Central Vermont is running numerous excursions to Buffalo, and their offer of the trip with hotel accommodations thrown in will make a heavy traffic through Vermont this summer.



The most provoking story, "Repairing the Snowsville Church," in this issue, was written for the JOURNAL by Miss Georgia White of Bellows Falls. It depicts a phase of life with which all are familiar and is worth more than one reading. Stories of this class have given the JOURNAL high rank among the periodicals of Northern New England. Miss White is the daughter of Rev. Homer White of Randolph, an esteemed contributor to these columns. It is evident Mr. White will soon have occasion to look to his laurels.

Again Boston is eulogized. A man who travels is enthusiastic over the appearance of the new elevated railway. He says it is built for business and is far ahead of the New York elevated. And then he falls to comparing the service by the employees of the two cities. In Boston the street railway men are neatly uniformed and as a rule courteous. In New York the men's uniforms are often shabby and their personal appearance unkempt. In civility they are entirely lacking. The man who has the temerity to ask information of them may get cursed for his trouble. So again Boston is endeared to New Englanders.

The polite employee is rare enough to cause comment. Some of them seem to derive satisfaction from seeing how ill they can use an inquirer, and the curt, uncivil answers drawn out of these persons would at times give the impression that America is becoming a nation of hogs. The courteous official receives the gratitude of thousands.

COME BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

Come back to the old home, the scene of your boyhood and renew the memory of those happy days. The hills, the valleys and the streams will commune with you and though some changes have taken place many hallowed spots have been unmoleted. Spend the middle of August in Vermont or New Hampshire and happiness, not unmixed with sorrow, will be yours.

There is the old beech tree by the spring in the woods, where with boyhood, now gone on before, initials and private mark were cut in the smooth, moist bark. There is the wooded valley where with stealth we hunted the partridge, and the rocky hill, crowned with oaks, where many a "grayer" after a run through the

tree-tops or dodging around the tree-trunk or lying flat on the top of a great branch, was at last brought down by a lucky shot.

There is the grassy plot along the river, scarce a foot above the water level in summer, under which the musk-rat had his run. No outward sign was visible: except to the enthusiastic student of animal life, the boy trapper of those days. The lore of wood and field was far more interesting than books. He saw the rounded path through the grass, the sandy or loamy bottom before the water-rat's door worn smooth in passing, the little bits of weed and grass and, peering through the still, clear water located the entrance. A light steel trap was placed in the entrance way, and then very early next morning the line of traps was inspected. This particular one was approached with beating heart. The long, wet grass and the whip ends of the willow and dogwood bushes did their best to hold back the intruder. The heavy mud clung to his stout boots but to no avail. The chain was twisted around the stake and there sat the musk-rat, his shiny brown fur standing straight out in the cold October air. He showed defiance at sight of his captor, and was despatched by a blow with a stick on the end of his nose. Before school his hide was stretched upon a tapering shingle, inside out, well rubbed with salt, and hung up in the shed with other trophies to await a lump sale to the local fur buyer, and the sum of a dollar and seventy cents so earned was treasured, for to that boy its buying power was greater than \$25 would be in later life.

Then there is the deep swimming hole, and the point of rocks outside it, from whose swiftly running current many a gamey bass was inveigled by a skillful manipulation of cricket, or grass-hopper, or "dobson" or even a squirming worm. How he would fight and turn, how the line cut the water, and his sides gleamed, and with what exultation he was landed, flopping about the rocks, his stiff, prickly fins a menace to bare feet, until he was drawn into a safe hollow.

Just across is the sandy island, where, as boys, we heard the "tweet" of the jaunty "tip-up," haunting the waters edge, and oft-times found the night-hawks eggs, in a sandy hollow under a tiny willow bush, or among the stones of the beach.

Near by is the half-deep swimming pool where we took our first lessons in swim-

ming, learning "dog-paddle" first, and from the muddy bottom we have snared many an unsuspecting sucker. With what delight the coil of light copper wire was worked, oh, so carefully, down by his head lest it touch him and he escape. Then when it was past his gills he would start—there was a twitch—and Mr. Sucker left his abode for a swinging flight through the air landing in the high grass on the bank.

Perhaps we wander to what we called the cold spring brook, where, not far from its source, one or more turtles usually rewarded the searcher. They were in the grass a little back from the bank or sunning next the water, and a clever handling of brush or sticks was necessary for capture or he would go lunging down stream and under the bank in a cloud of mud.

And it was in the blackberry bushes at the edge of the thicket on the little hill overlooking this spot that the foxes had their burrow and from a hiding-place in the woods across we used to see the little ones come out and play about an afternoon. Oh, those days! Will we ever see their like again? Do the boys of today enjoy themselves as did the boys of even fifteen years ago?

There are pleasant reminiscences and many pretty scenes to be enjoyed. The trout stream takes its familiar course below the road and is occasionally seen through the fringe of trees. The wood road is inviting with branches touching overhead, and the white blossoms of the strawberry or blackberry and dainty flowering plants and ferns are in rich profusion all about. The colts are looking over the fence by the farm, the geese view your approach with inquiring, uplifted heads, spreading their wings handsomely, and twisting their long necks as you pass by, then gabbling their views of you, waddle under the fence to search the pasture beyond. The barn and outbuildings shelter two sides of the farmyard and a big flock of hens is on the short-cropped grassy slope. The house is one of those broad story and a half buildings erected years ago and suggests cool comfort in summer and warmth in winter. A porch extends the whole length of the side next the road and there are chairs and a hammock. The house is a little back from the road amid tall trees, and a well-trimmed grove of pines and maples gives added shade on the east side. Vines run up over the back porch and near the kitchen and by the well there is a platform and a rough bench, where the men can wash. The doves sail down from the cupola of the great barn, breast the north wind for an instant and alight in the roadway and on the top of the barn doors. A path leads through the cool woods to the pond near by, and there you have another beautiful vista. There is no lack of scene and coloring in the country in summer time, and there are thousands of homes in Vermont and New Hampshire where the larch string is always out. A hearty welcome awaits the returning throng in August.

Maple Hill, North Springfield, Vt.

EGG FARM OF J. C. BOWEN IS CONDUCTED ON LARGE SCALE.—COLD STORAGE REFRIGERATOR HAS CAPACITY OF 40,000 DOZEN EGGS

BY MRS. B. D. BOWEN, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

The consumption of the hen's egg has increased quite rapidly in the last twenty years, and although the number of producers has also increased, yet the demand for new-laid eggs is not met.

In 1881, J. C. Bowen built a small experiment egg refrigerator at North Springfield. It was twelve feet square and would hold 2,000 dozen eggs. Two years later Mr. Bowen located on the farm, at "Maple Hill," which was almost entirely given up to grass and produced about six tons of rather poor hay.

With characteristic energy a new refrigerator was built, the capacity of which is 40,000 dozen, and here eggs are successfully preserved by a method of dry packing and cold storage without freezing.

Besides gathering many eggs, for miles around, for the cold storage, Mr. Bowen

produces on an average 62,000 eggs every year from 700 fowls.

Twenty-seven separate buildings are now upon the farm, nearly all for the accommodation of hens and chickens.

The largest hen-house is 16 x 120 feet and has wintered 300 hens all in one flock with good results. Houses for wintering hens are built with solid masonry on the north-west side, banked to the eaves on the masonry side. Some of these walls are nine feet high; consequently the colder the weather, the more profitable the hens are, as every one knows that then the price of eggs steadily rises.

Summer houses for chickens are built rather tall with south-east side nearly all wide netting. Great pains are taken to have the fowls all provided with clean food and pure water, there being on the farm

five separate systems of water works.

Mr. Bowen operates three incubators every spring, having hatched 1152 chickens in 1900 and succeeded in raising a good per cent. of them.

"Maple Hill" farm is not entirely devoted to fowls. Quantities of hay, ensilage, corn, potatoes, buck-wheat, rye, apples, vegetables, strawberries, etc., are produced every year.

A LEGAL PROPOSAL.

BY R. W. SELKIRK, BANGOR, ME.

Believe me Bless when I declare,

A title deed's my heart,

And you a party of the first,

And I the second part.

That I have an attachment true

Is useless, quite, to mention,

In vain I seek to serve you to

Arrest your sweet attention.

You know you owned some love for me

When we the question mooted

But now it seems to me you act

As if you were non-suited.

My case is one in equity,

I've pleaded with precision;

You know the points, Why will you then

So long reserve decision?

I make no dilatory plea,

I'm driven to distraction;

Unless I soon obtain relief,

I'm sure I shall take action.

At first a civil suit I'll bring

At Cupid's special session

And there a plaintiff lover ask

A judgment by confession.

Now don't demur when this you read,

But own you feel compunction

For I my suit will prosecute

In spite of your injunction.

And if my judgment is despite,

You will not bear me still,

I'll get an order from the Court

T' administer your will.

I trust you'll file an answer brief

To this my declaration,

Or else I shall proceed to make

A cross examination.

Being formerly from Windsor County we look upon the JOURNAL as a household necessity. There are many scenes and faces in each issue that are familiar from childhood and the old historic Windsor County is considered in the minds of everyone fortunate enough to owe their birth to it as the spot selected for "God's Acre." E. S. WHITTAKER, Rutland, Vt.



Boulder near summit of "Maple Hill."

Refrigerator and Packing House.

Hendhouse 16 x 120 feet.

Summer House for half grown chickens.

J. C. Bowen.

PHOTOS BY C. DOWNS, BRISTOL, CONN.

Price, 10 Cents.

50 Cents a Year.

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1901.



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An unusually good number, packed full from cover to cover and handsomely illustrated.

EDSON & CHADWICK.

WEST LEBANON, .
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

TWO STORES.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION,
VERMONT.

A First-Class Market at Each Store.

RUMFORD BAKING POWDER is a strictly PURE phosphate powder and superior to all other baking preparations. It restores the phosphates, so essential to health, which are removed from flour in bolting, and on this account is recommended by physicians. 30c. lb. can with a biscuit cutter free while this lot lasts.

At all times we aim to carry an assortment of

THE CHOICEST MEATS.

and our long experience in buying, and selecting them is a safe-guard that you will get only first class, and wholesome Meats. No one sells as good quality for less money. Nothing but the best is offered you from our markets, or from our carts.

We would at this time call your attention to a **Cooked and Pressed Corned Beef** that we are making. It is a clean, delicious, healthy, cold meat. Made from the choicest selections of Corned Beef, and seasoned to please the taste of an epicure. Price per lb., 16c.

GRAPE JELLY, in Mason pint jars. Price, 25c.

As a healthful summer drink it is very refreshing.

Place two or three spoonful of the Jelly in a glass and fill with water. Stir briskly.

DOUBLE CREAM CHEESE, best cheese in town. Price, 16c.

SCHMIDT'S CONDENSED SOUP, per can, 10c.

MAPLE SYRUP.

NICE MAPLE SYRUP, per gal., \$1.10

PICKLES.

Quality wins. This true saying is proved beyond a doubt by our steadily increasing sales of Pickles.

Sweet Mixed, qt., 20c.

Sour Mixed, qt., 15c.

Sweet Plain, qt., 25c.

Sweet Midgets, qt., 30c.

Malt Plain, qt., 15c.

Unseen Sizes, qt., 10c.; 3 qts., 25c.

MALT VINEGAR. The best table and pickling Vinegar that can be produced. We recommend it because we know that there is none better. Buy a small quantity, or if you do not care to do that, bring a small bottle and we will gladly give you a sample. The prudent housewife will use no other vinegar for her pickles.

WITCH HAZEL, full pint bottles, 20c.

INDIAN ROOT BEER EXTRACT, an article put up by Baker Extract Co. which is a guarantee of the quality. 10c.

AMMONIA, full pint bottles, 10c.; 3 bottles, 25c.

INTERSTATE BLUING, 10c.; 3 bottles, 25c.

CANDO, the best silver polish, 25c.

BUG DEATH.

Sure death to potato, squash and cucumber bugs, currant, tomato worms, etc. We notice that the farmers who used it beside Paris Green last year, and noted the extra yield and the better quality of their potatoes, where they used *Bug Death*, are buying it for this season.

SOAPS.

SWIFT'S WASHING POWDER, full one pound package, 5c.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP, 7 cakes, 25c.

ARK SOAP, 12 cakes, 25c.

DANDY SOAP, 13 cakes, 25c.

BISCUITS AND CRACKERS.

ARLINGTON GRAHAMS, one pound package, 15c.

SALTINE BISCUIT, one pound package, 15c.

LAKEVIEW SODA, one pound package, 10c.

WORCESTER LUNCH, one pound package, 10c.

GINGER SNAPS, three pounds, 25c.

TEA BISCUIT, three pounds, 25c.

WORCESTER CRACKERS, put up in full weight cartons, 25c.

SMALLEY'S NEW ROYAL FRUIT JAR.—Made square with round corners, glass cover and galvanized wire trimmings, fastened like the Lightning Jar. We recommend these jars. They are made of best white flint glass, and are much nicer to handle on account of their shape.

BURNHAM'S HASTY JELLYCON, makes a delicious dessert for five or six people. Price, 10c.

HEINZ'S KEYSTONE KETCHUP, full pints, 25c.

You see the price is no higher than many of the cheap ones that the market is flooded with.

FLOUR.

We tried keeping about every kind our customers called for, but for several years we have carried in stock three kinds that we know are the best. They are as follows:

WISE KING, the leader of all bread flours; **EDSON & CHADWICK'S BEST**, the best all round flour on earth; **SPOTLESS**, the acknowledged leader in Pastry Flour.

Every barrel of each of these flours is warranted to have no superior and but few equals. The price is often as low as the inferior grades.

CANNED BAKED BEANS, picnic size, plain, 7c., with tomato sauce, 8c. Family sizes from 10 to 18c. per can.

We can sell you a canned Baked Bean that will please you as well as the kind you bake at home. Think of the work saved by the cook who is obliged to stay so many hours in the hot kitchen to do the work that can't be avoided.

CODFISH, 3 lb. box, 25c.; a better one for 35c., and the best there is on the market for 50c.

One pound boxes for 10 and 15c.

We will give you Good Values and Prompt Service and in return we will expect Prompt Payment.



Inter-State Journal.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

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Kimball Union Academy.

GRAND OLD FITTING SCHOOL AT MERIDEN, N. H.
HONORED FOR NEARLY THREE GENERATIONS.—
HUNDREDS OF PROMINENT MEN HER GRADU-
ATES.—TRIBUTES BY REV. F. E. CLARK, FATHER
OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, AND OTHERS.

TO K. U. A.

BY ETHEL A. FARRILL, LEBANON, N. H., CLASS OF 1904.

Kimball Union, gracious mother,
To thine outstretched arms we haste,
Come from homes we fondly cherish
Here of knowledge's tree to taste.

Teach us to improve each moment.
Priceless as these moments are;
Keep from careless thought and harmful
That our lives so often mar.

Here to noble plan and action
Wilt thou not our lives inspire;
Lift us from the baser motive
Up to purpose purer, higher.

Thus we'll fill the years so fleeting,
With bright deeds—a goodly store,
That shall in our lives' fair temples
Shine like stars forever more.



A FAMOUS SCHOOL AMONG THE HILLS.

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES. CLASS OF 1889.

When will the poet or novelist arise who will do justice to the old New England academy? Who will be the Mary Wilkins or the Sarah Orne Jewett of the old school on the hilltop with its customs and its traditions, its atmosphere and its student lore? It is a subject worthy of the most skillful and practised pen. I wish briefly to tell the story of one of these old schools.

Nearly ninety years ago a council of New England churches was convened at Windsor, Vt., for the purpose of founding an academy whose object should be "to assist in the education of young men for the gospel ministry." How persistently this purpose comes to the front in the establishment of

New England's schools and colleges! Who can say that this godly purpose which prompted the sacrifice necessary to their establishment has not been the chief factor in the marvellous success of these old schools? "For Christ and the church," is the motto of Harvard College; "*Vox clamantis in deserto*," is the legend on the college bell of Dartmouth, whose clamorous tongue for more than sixscore years and ten has unceasingly called generation after generation of students to the chapel service. This same godly purpose to advance the kingdom of Christ, and to educate young men to preach the gospel of Christ, has furnished the motive power for the establishment of hundreds of schools for higher education.



THE ACADEMY BUILDING.

But to return to our own academy among the New Hampshire hills. In the course of the years the dreams of its founders were all realized. The academy reared its place in the town of Meriden in sturdy brick and mortar. From the name of its earliest and most generous patron it took the name "Kimball," and the students began to flock to it about the time when the daughter country had settled her second "little unpleasantness" with the mother across the seas, who just then, in 1812-15, was acting the cruel stepmother's part.

At once this academy took its place among the important fitting-schools of the country, not by reason of great endowments, not because it was near the centre of population and had great cities to draw upon. In fact, it had no outside advantages to rely upon, but has had to depend for success upon the high tone of its scholarship, upon its able and devoted teachers, and upon the spirit of loyalty to Christ which it inculcates in all its students. Class after class Kimball Union Academy has sent out into the world. Hundreds and thousands of young men and women have come to call her their beloved mother. Among them are men distinguished in every walk in life,—jurists, congressmen, college presidents and professors, doctors and lawyers, a multitude of teachers of all grades, and, above all, a great number of clergymen and foreign missionaries, of whom more than four hundred have gone out from her halls.

But hard times came for this old school, as for almost all of the country academies of New England. High schools arose in all large towns, which were capable of fitting the boys and girls for college. Parents no longer found it necessary, as in earlier days, to send their children away in order that they might receive a good education; and a dozen years ago it seemed as if the days of the academy were numbered, and as if a decent burial and an eloquent eulogy were all that remained for her.

The productions of its epitaph-writers, however, were altogether "too-previous," for a new spirit came to the old school; the breath of God vivified the dry bones. A dozen years ago a plan was started whereby a certain number of students could in part pay for their schooling by work. Once more the young men and women began to flock to Meriden Hill, and the later years have been among the most prosperous in all its history. The smart high schools, with their modern equipments, have not driven it out of business, and more and more parents are coming to see that there is something that the old school upon the hill gives to their children which dollars cannot buy and books cannot teach.

I am writing this article not to eulogize the academy, but to try to describe the secret of its later success; for I believe it teaches a lesson which parents and teachers and all who work for youth should take to heart.

First of all, this old school is regaining its early prosperity because through thick and thin, in evil report and in good report, while adopting new methods and maintaining a high order of scholarship, it has stuck to its old principles.

It still believes that men and women have souls as well as minds and bodies. It still believes that the education of the spirit is quite as necessary as the development of the biceps or the gray matter of the brain. The Bible is still taught in this school, and when taught it is not sneered at or explained away, or considered merely as a collection of good, bad, and indifferent literature. It is regarded as the Word of God, and not merely as the folk-lore of the Jews. The cry, "Back to Christ," on Meriden Hill does not mean, "Away from Paul," as somebody has pitifully put it. Morning prayers are still considered a means of grace. Compulsory church attendance is not supposed to be a relic of the Dark Ages, and the prayer meeting of the Academy Christian Endeavor society is a live and vital gathering that influences and moulds the lives of scores of students. Let the instructors and trustees of more fashionable schools take heed and learn a lesson.

The religious sentiment in America is not dead. Parents still desire that the souls of their children should be educated. The school that neglects this part of its curriculum makes a stupendous blunder, a mistake which sooner or later will be fatal to its prosperity and influence.

A little to the south of Meriden, Mount Ascutney, one of the most beautiful hills in all New England, rears its head. All the surroundings of the place conspire to educate the soul, and to impress the loftiest emotions upon susceptible minds. Eight miles from a railway, a hundred miles from any large city, the students are, more than is usual, shut in with God and their scholastic studies. This is well illustrated by the following school-boy idyl, which has been given me by one of the best friends that the Academy ever had, Rev. E. T. Farnill, of Lebanon.

"A few years ago," he writes, "one moonlight night in February, two young men, one eighteen years of age, the other twenty, stood in silent contemplation of the grand old mountain, as it lifted its head majestically against the cloudless midnight sky. The older boy said to the younger one: 'That mountain yonder has been one of my most valued teachers during the two years and a half that I have been here at school, and tonight it has given me the deepest impression of its solemnity, the responsibility and the joy of living. It has just lifted my soul to God in a final decision as to my life's future. I have decided that God wants me to be as steadfast for Him and as immovable in truth and goodness, as that mountain. I believe He has all these many years been coming by the way of this noble mountain to breathe His spirit over this school, and to keep it true to the hopes of the fathers. By that old mountain He has spoken to me repeatedly and distinctly, and I here and now make answer that I will live steadily, strongly for others, seeking to honor God by lifting hearts to Him. Won't you join with me in this resolve?'"

"The companion replied: 'I have had my experience with Ascutney. Every night I watched for a star just at the summit of the mountain, and it seemed just like the light shining in the home I had left; and, when the moonlight evenings come, the gentle, prayerful spirit of my mother comes from over the mountain, sealing into all my life. Day by day I have looked to the mountain to find God and strength and courage. Yes, I will join you. Let us clasp hands and ask God to help us to be what he wants us to be.'"

"There in the silent evening hour, with the moonlight flooding the earth with glory, causing the newly fallen snow to gleam and sparkle with gems celestial, the two student friends, with hands clasped and heads bowed, consecrated their fresh young lives to God, as so many before them, in years gone by had done."

A simple incident this, but it tells the spirit of the school better than volumes of eulogy could do. An academy where such consecration of youthful energy and purpose is still possible will not be allowed of God to die, or of parents and guardians of youth to languish for lack of patronage.

Another reason for the success of this old academy, even when brought into competition with its many wealthier rivals of the present day, is that it cultivates a spirit of independence and self-help. For one hundred dollars a year it is possible for a student to obtain board, room-rent, and tuition if he is willing to work for one hour each day with his hands. This practically puts a first-class academic education within the reach of every young man in the country, though of course if all who desired an education on those terms should flock to Meriden, it might not be possible to give them all enough work to supplement the hundred dollar fee.

However, as it is, work has been found for nearly one hundred at a time who have entered the school on this basis, and we are told that some of the best students that Kimball Union Academy has ever had have been of this class. The work is of various kinds, but all connected with the institution. There is housework of various kinds, care of the buildings, of the



DEXTER RICHARDS HALL.

lights, and of the dining-rooms, kitchen work and all duties connected with housekeeping. There is also some work in the garden and farm, though this is limited. By this plan one hour a day is invested in manual labor by the "hundred-dollar students," and twenty three hours are left for study, sleep, meals and recreation. Surely this is not an extravagant demand in behalf of manual labor when such labor opens the magic door of a higher education.

One other characteristic which has given this old school its success is its high grade of scholarship. It has proved to all the world that high scholarship is not inconsistent with the highest spiritual attainments, and it has also proved that those who work with their hands for an education can work just as vigorously with their brains in the higher regions of scholarship. Scholarly, self-denying teachers have always been at the head of this school. An old pupil, speaking of Dr. Cyrus Richards, for thirty years the honored principal, says: "What a teacher he was! How he drilled us in Greek and Latin! How perfectly at home he was among the gods and goddesses of mythological antiquity! Just as much at home with Paul and Peter and John and Jesus. Who ever came out of Number 5 (the Greek room), stupid? How many of us wished we had taken a dose of pickled razors before we went in! That was his own prescription. Does he not live, and will he not live in the life and love of every pupil?"

Fitted at this school, over six hundred have graduated from Dartmouth College alone, and hundreds from other colleges and professional schools. When we remember that such college presidents as Tucker and Smith of Dartmouth, and Labaree of Middlebury, such scholars as the late lamented Chief-Justice Field of Massachusetts, one of the most marvelous scholars whom America has ever produced, and a long roster of men eminent in every walk of life, have graduated at this school, we realize that the standard of scholarship has never been lowered, and that such scholarship is not inconsistent with earnestly seeking the best things. But scholarship is not the chief end even of a scholar. Manliness and womanliness are

always at a premium at Kimball Union Academy. The poorest student who works his own way through the Academy is as much respected as the richest; the democratic spirit which happily has always characterized our American colleges is regnant in this school among the hills. A well-rounded, symmetrical development is sought, rather than the making of mathematical machines or Latin or Greek prodigies.

When we remember these things, we are not surprised at the splendid success and growing prosperity of this school among the remote New Hampshire hills, where wholesome living and high thinking are the order of the day.

A DAY AT KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY.

BY REV. EDGAR T. FARRILL, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.



The morning call rings out from the Academy belfry at half past six each morning of the school year. To the growing youth on slumber bent, in slumber's grasp held closely it is anything but a welcome sound. To the pupil with neglected studies it is a sound of evil omen. To the student well prepared for the day's tasks and duties it is an inspiring summons he springs up to gladly obey.

At seven o'clock the breakfast call is rung, and from the dormitories and from the homes of Meriden where students have rooms a happy throng hastens to the two large dining halls, one in Dexter Richards Hall, and the other in Bryant Hall, to take the morning repast. Teachers are assigned to the different tables and eat with the young men and women and help to make the meal-time profitable socially and intellectually. There is a French table and there is to be a German table, presided over by teachers in these respective languages and where these languages are used in the intercourse of the meal. The food at K. U. A. is wholesome, carefully prepared, well cooked and of good variety, and the price of board is very reasonable. The morning meal disposed of, all rise and the young ladies pass out, then the young gentlemen, in most circumspect and orderly manner.

The first recitation call is at eight o'clock, followed by chapel call at eight, forty-five. Parents, friends and strangers, present now and then at the morning chapel have found the exercises impressive in a marked degree. One pleasing feature is the enthusiastic singing of the many young voices. Preparations are being made to have the singing led by a trained chorus of the students accompanied by a student orchestra, if that can be formed, the coming year. Not infrequently at chapel time speakers from different parts of the county address the student body.

The second recitation call is rung out at nine fifteen o'clock, although these hours are all different somewhat in winter and in summer. The utmost decorum is preserved in every classroom at Kimball Union Academy; and this is due not to strict rules but to honor's response as it is appealed to in the life of each young man and woman, and to the fact that only such persons are employed as teachers as have themselves had the best of mental training and discipline, and as are amply qualified to win success in personal dealing with and instructing young people. As a rule only college graduates are engaged to fill the chairs of the Academy's faculty, and every teacher must be an earnest, active Christian.

The various recitation periods follow one another closely until the hour of noon. At twelve twenty the dinner call finds prompt and ready answer as once more the students throng the dining halls, and hungry sit down to thoroughly enjoy the mid-day repast. After a little inter-mission the first recitation call of the afternoon gathers different classes to the different recitation rooms, according to the study in question. The recitation calls ring through the afternoon until three forty-five o'clock. Four o'clock sees these rooms empty and until six o'clock students and teachers pass the time in recreation of various kinds, for K. U. A. believes in physical as well as intellectual and religious culture.

At seven in the winter, and seven, thirty in the summer study hours begin, and during this time no student is allowed outside his or her own room except by special permission from the proper authority. The retiring bell at ten o'clock is generally more longed for than the rising bell of the morning. Promptly books are laid aside, lights are extinguished and soon Morpheus holds silent sway over Meriden hill.

This glimpse of a day in the life of a K. U. A. student does not give the reader any idea of the happy social events that from time to time mark the passing of the term. It does not picture the class work in the laboratories nor the stirring scenes in the gymnasium or the tennis courts, the gridiron or the diamond. It cannot give any details of the benefits coming into the student life from the fine course of lectures and concerts extending through the year. As we multiply one such day as a K. U. A. pupil enjoys by the sum of those making up an academic year, it is no wonder that "Graduation Week" presents in its musical, its oratorical contest, in its class day and graduation exercises, such strong attractions, and sends to the college and into business career such strong characters, it is no wonder that the graduates of K. U. A. are found fitted for large successes in daily life.

True to the spirit of the founders, true to the highest demands of the age the old school by up to date methods, by best text-books, by ablest teachers and by emphasizing practical Christian spirit and culture, bids fair for many years to come to stand in the foremost rank of our best fitting schools, of our best training schools for the youth who come to it from all over the land. Heaven blest and prospered in the past and in remarkable degree under present existing conditions, this Academy of almost three generations calls forth the prayer of many an alumnus, patron and interested friend that Heaven's prospering blessing may attend her through many years to come.

THE LIFE OF A TEACHER AT K. U. A.

BY SARA B. MATTHEWS, A. M., INSTRUCTOR IN GREEK AND HISTORY.

One does not soon forget the feeling of isolation that is bound to creep over one as he approaches Meriden for the first time. The little village seems so removed from the rush and confusion of the world, and the quietness is so absolute. But in the thought of a teacher coming here for the first time there is mingled with this feeling of isolation, one of restfulness and quiet, an assurance that here, if no where else, is a place where nothing from without, at least, can interfere with the pursuit of study. The rare beauty of hill, valley and forest is

ever restful to the eye, and the clear, pure air is ever invigorating to the body. So strong is the influence of these external surroundings at Kimball Union Academy, that the teacher takes up the work of the year with courage, hopefulness and determination.



The daily routine of class work that falls to the lot of a K. U. A. teacher is much like that of other teachers in similar institutions. The students do all their studying in their own rooms and go to the class rooms for recitations only; so the teacher has no pupils in her class room except those in that particular recitation. This enables the teacher to give her entire attention to her class, a privilege that all teachers have learned to value. Many of the classes are not very large, and with such the work may be made much more individual, and the student may get more from his recitation than would be the case in larger classes. Furthermore, since the students are boarding at the school, the teacher has opportunity to give individual help outside of the class room, where this would not be possible in schools of a different character.

Aside from the work in the class room, and that spent in preparation for classes, the teacher at K. U. A. has no small weight of responsibility in the hall where she may chance to be placed with thirty or forty of the students. Every day in the week, every hour in the day, from seven o'clock in the morn-

OLD HOME WEEK.

BY ELIZABETH M. F. CHANDLER, STAFFORD, VT.

"There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, over all the world beside;
O, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!"



ing until ten at night, the teacher must be ready to answer one request or another from the students. Sometimes the demand is for only a moment of time, but often an hour is given in helping some boy or girl to decide some perplexing question, not infrequently one which may change the whole course of the young life. It is in this close touch with the students, especially in an academy like Kimball Union, that the influence of a teacher is most potent. These boys and girls, many of them not more than sixteen years of age, are away from their homes and all home influences; and while they make close friendships among the students, they seem to turn to the teachers with every thing that troubles them. Well may a teacher in such a position long for a wealth of wisdom and a depth of sympathy that shall enable her to meet every such demand with the truest helpfulness.

The social privileges of the teacher at K. U. A. seem at first rather limited. But there are, nevertheless, outside the Academy, a few delightful souls whose warm interest in the school, and cordial welcome to the stranger, whether student or teacher, make a sort of home atmosphere which is very helpful. The school itself, however, with its corps of eight teachers and its one hundred fifty to one hundred seventy-five students, makes a little world of its own, and indeed a busy one, with its social side as well as its intellectual.

The Monday holiday gives the needed breathing space in the busy week, and then there is time for a long walk in the woods, or a drive among the hills over the quiet country roads. In the winter the teacher often takes a part of the day for skating, coasting or snowshoeing with a party of the students; and no one who does not understand the delights of these outdoor sports, can easily appreciate the rest and diversion they bring to the teacher.

The Sunday at K. U. A. brings something of rest, yet the teaching of the Bible classes which include all the students, takes a part of the time before the church service. At the close of the evening service in the chapel, the students have their own short prayer meetings, and the teachers attend these and help in such ways as they can. Aside from attending these Sunday services, the students support a very wide-awake Christian Endeavor Society, and in this they are encouraged and helped in its various lines of work by the teachers.



THE ACADEMY CHURCH.

With the constant pressure of school duties, the teachers find comparatively little time for reading. They have access, however, to the town library, in addition to the library and well supplied reading room of the Academy.

Of course there are perplexities and difficulties in the life of a teacher at K. U. A., as there must be in the life of a teacher anywhere; but after all, the months spent each year on the old hill, months full of hard work to be sure, have yet been full of real pleasure and satisfaction.

WEALTH of song and story is clustered about this word "home" and many an author has made immortal the fame of some otherwise inconspicuous place because it was his birthplace and the theme of his tenderest lays. Let us pity the French that with all the beauty and poetry and flexibility of their language they have no word for "home" but may only say "Venez-vous chez moi—chez nous."

Implanted in the breast of all mankind and also in those beings lower in the creative scale is the instinctive love of locality. The cat, for example, transported for miles in blind discontent, returns, as the bee flies, to its home; the horse after years of absence, plainly shows its recognition of once familiar things. Only man, to whom the element of choice is given, willingly remains

away from home. There is sadness in the thought that brothers rocked in the same cradle, reared by the same kind care, companions in all the joys and sorrows of their early years, may become, when the duties of maturer years devolve upon them, virtually strangers; each absorbed in his own affairs.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

You have been so busy all these years that the memory of your youth has grown dim, but think now of those past days. The softening touch of Time has wiped away all harsh lines; the vexations and disappointments, so grievous then, seem to mature wisdom but as fleeting shadows across the sunny field of youth. Life is not long at best and as a race we are not taking time to truly live the years allotted to us. God bless the originator of this scheme of "Old Home Week!"

Put aside for this short space of time the pressing cares and stress of life and come home. Come once more to the humble spot where first you saw the light of day; where eager, beckoning hands are stretched out in welcome. Go over the well-remembered paths and fields and gather the berries that grow in the self-same spots that you remember from your earliest years; brush aside the fallen pine needles until you find again the sweet twin blossoms of the partridge-vine; sleep in the old room and dream you are a child again; listen to the rustling of the leaves and the tender voices of father and mother saying to each other "The children are all at home tonight." You will feel a lump in your throat and tears will fill your eyes but there will be a smile on your lips and a deep joy in your heart. Yes, there will be a drop of sadness in it all, for "every sweet with sour is tempered still," but it would be almost Heaven without. Some faces you will miss for man is mortal but Mother Nature will in the main appear unchanged. The mountain, field and stream enthral you as of old. True, earnest and without a thought of self interest will appear the friends of other days who hasten to greet you. They may have changed somewhat, but you will see their early looks reflected in the youthful faces about them. Perchance before another year has flown trembling hands may be folded, some loving voices stilled and the homecoming filled with sadness and a sense of loss; then heed the longing in your heart to see once more your native place.

"Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thought his like holiest incense rises
Where cherished Memory rears her altars shrine,
Brother, come home."

The Doings at Oxford Corners.

BY GERTRUDE ELINOR HARRIS, WINDSOR, VT.

"Goin' to have big doin's up to the corners Old Home Week, I expect," said Hosea Griggs with a grin as he pushed his hat further back on his head and leaned up against the outside wall of his store.

"Bout's big as usual, I reckon," answered Farmer Mayrick with an answering grin, for Oxford Corners was proverbially slow.

"M hm," chuckled Mr. Griggs, settling back for a chat now his customer's wants were supplied. "Have you heard about Si Deane's brother?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Mayrick, "Too bad, aint it? Good day," and climbing into his wagon he chirruped to his horse and started off for he was right in the midst of haying and found it necessary to cut good Mr. Griggs' sociabilities short much to that cheerful man's disappointment.

"Not a blamed soul will stop long enough to say boo!" he remarked to the cat as the Mayrick wagon disappeared.

Nevertheless, unawares to him, Mr. Griggs had sent a wedge home and he it was who that July day, really started the doings at Oxford Corners.

Rilla Mayrick had flushed angrily at the careless words of the two men. She was very tired of her native village being made a laughing-stock for its dullness.

Some very energetic thinking went on under her straw hat for a few minutes.

"Pa," she said at last as they jogged over the brown road, "Why can't we have a celebration at the Corners Old Home Week?"

"I dunno, I'm sure," said the farmer reflectively. "Could, I s'pose if any one had the gumption to start it."

"Pa," after ten minutes' silence, "Do you suppose the men and women would take hold and help if we young folks started one?"

"Sho, now, Rilla, still thinkin' of them doin's," said the farmer.

"Yes. Would they, pa?"

"I dunno but what they would. Yes, I presume likely they'd take right hold and help now when layin's through. Come, g'lang Roxie!"

All enthusiastic and determined the next day Rilla called a meeting of her especial friends among the few young people of the village, and broached the subject.

It met with immediate approval and it was decided without further ceremony that Oxford Corners must and would have an Old Home Week celebration.

"We can't celebrate the whole week," said Rilla, "But we can have a special day to celebrate and invite them for the week including that day. The rest of the week they can have for visiting their folks, picnics, climbing the mountain and so forth." By "they" Rilla meant the sons, daughters, ex-residents, and relatives of residents of Oxford Corners, all of whom were to be included in the invitation.

"Now for the day itself," said methodical Patty Dndley, who had found notebook and pencil and prepared to write.

"Parade, of course," said Rilla.

"Speeches," said Lucy Stone.

"Fireworks," put in her brother Jerry.

"Dinner!" shouted Tom Norcross excitedly.

"Pieces by the children. I know Miss Jeffery would be willing to drill them," said Patty.

"And a grand jamboree in the evening, hooray!" shouted Tom, jumping up and executing an Indian war dance around the room.

"Be quiet, Tom," said Rilla, "or we'll never get things arranged. In the morning we'll have the parade."

"Of what?" asked Jerry sarcastically.

"I know a fellow that plays in the Millville band. We can get them over," said Tom.

"The children will march," said Rilla, "and perhaps the men will, and all wear tall white hats like the minstrel men over to the Center and have a placard saying, 'The solid men of Oxford Corners' or something like that."

"Straw hats would look more suitable," said Lucy, "and why couldn't —"

"Gee, Tom!" interrupted Jerry, seized with a sudden inspiration, "We boys can form a military company and drill. Dad's got an old manual."

"Sure!" answered Tom.

"I was about to say," said Lucy with a reproving glance at her brother, "that we might fix up some floats such as they had over to Millville the Fourth. Why couldn't we be trimming up some hay carts or express wagons?"

"That would be lovely!" cried Rilla.

"Now I'd like to know where the parade is going," remarked Tom.

"It will start at the Church, of course, and march up the street and round the Common and —"

"Where?" laughing.

"Don't you think it would be nice to march up to the old Devon homestead? It's the oldest and most famous one in town, you know, and as it is deserted we could use the piazza for the children to speak their pieces on," said Patty.

"Good idea!" "Tisn't very far but it would draw the crowd away and give the ladies a chance to get the tables ready for dinner on the Church lawn, when they got back," cried Rilla.

"In the afternoon," said Lucy, "we could have some speeches and music on the Common, then the folks could rest a while and we could have a reception in the hotel hall in the evening."

"With dancing," suggested Rilla.

"And lemonade," added Tom.

"Winding up with fireworks on the Common," finished Lucy.

These plans were adopted and without delay the young people set to work.

An association was formed including almost everybody in the little village.

Committees were appointed, funds raised, ways and means discussed, and invitations sent.

The dormant zeal of the village was aroused. No such excitement had existed in Oxford Corners for half a century.

"O, girls!" cried Rilla Mayrick, bursting one day like a whirlwind upon a flock of girls who were engaged in cutting and draping bunting on pretty Cordelia Davis for one of the floats. "Just guess who I've got a letter from?" in total disregard of grammar.

"Never could."

"The Rev. William Fairfax — just listen!"

New York, July 25.

Miss Rilla Mayrick,

Sec. Old Home Week Association,
Oxford Corners, Vt.

My dear Madam: —

Having by chance seen in a paper your gracious invitation to all ex-residents of Oxford Corners to be present at your Old Home Week celebration in August I write to tell you that I am most pleased to accept your invitation and will make arrangements to revisit the home of my early boyhood, Oxford Corners, upon that date. It has been over forty years since I was in Oxford Corners and I presume both the village and myself have changed much since then. Doubtless among those who lived there then I have been long forgotten but I assure you Oxford Corners is still as fresh in my memory as it was when I had not yet in my teens I felt it nestling in that green little valley.

If either my good wife or myself can help you in any way in your celebration do not hesitate to call upon us.

Cordially yours,

WILLIAM FAIRFAX, D. D.

Rilla finished in a tone of triumph and joy that cannot be expressed for the Rev. William Fairfax was perhaps the farthest known and best loved preacher in the American pulpit. Cultured, widely travelled, deeply read, magnetic, generous and noble hearted he had won a place in the hearts of the people second to none. In Oxford Corners his fame had reached as did that of Prince or Potentate, as too far off, too high up to ever come nearer them than through newspapers and magazines.

"Think of him, that great, good man, Rev. William Fairfax himself, coming to Oxford Corners and we really seeing him," said Patty in a hushed voice as she touched the little note almost reverently.

"Girls, do you know what I'm going to do?" asked Rilla impressively.

"O, what?" in breathless excitement.

"You see he says," reading the last line of the letter, "'If either my good wife or myself can help you in any way in your celebration do not hesitate to call upon us,' and I'm just going to write and ask him to make a speech in the afternoon."

"Rilla Mayrick, would you dare?"

"Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely?"

"The afternoon program is rather slim,"

So the letter was sent and in due time came the answer that Mr. Fairfax would be delighted to address the people of Oxford Corners on that day.

Enthusiasm and excitement were redoubled. Oxford Corners suspended all work it was possible to suspend and combined its efforts to make this the most memorable day in the history of the village.

The children could be seen going about muttering their "pieces" or questioning everybody in a search for information for their compositions. The village choir "howled implacable," as roguish Tom said and maids and matrons planned and stitched on gowns suitable for the great occasion.

The few days before the great day saw the village a regular hive of busy bees. Men were hammering at the platform on the little common and on tables for the big dinner. Women were baking, and stewing, and freezing ice cream. Young men were bringing evergreens and daisies in abundance for the girls' busy fingers to twine into yards and yards of evergreen ropes and daisy chains with which to decorate the "public buildings."

At last the August sun rose fair and bright over Oxford Center on the day of the celebration.

The Rev. William Fairfax raised the curtain and threw back the shutters of his window at the little old "hotel" and drew in great breaths of the fresh, perfume-laden air while his eyes roamed over the scene before him.

"This is beautiful!" he said to his wife.

It was a pretty sight for he could look down upon practically the whole of the little village in its gala dress.

A wide, straggling street led from the church at one end straight through the village to the schoolhouse at the other end. It was divided into two parts by a long, narrow common where a platform had been erected and swathed with bunting and evergreen. A sort of Court of Honor and triumphal arch covered with daisies led from the street to the platform. The store, schoolhouse, hotel and every dwelling house on the street were gay with flags and flowers.

On the Church lawn and about the Common were hung Japanese lanterns but the Church itself was left of all undecorated, standing pure in its simple whiteness against the green trees. From its steeple, however, a joyful peal of the bell sent abroad the tidings that the day had dawned at last.

The parade was fine, so everybody said, and everybody ought to know. The band played most melodiously, the children looked pretty and happy in their best frocks and coats, while the good farmers of Oxford Corners made a goodly appearance if they did not march with the precision of the youthful soldiers. The floats were beautiful considering the difficulties their

makers labored under. There was "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Maud Muller," "Faith, Hope and Charity" and a pretty scene of a home coming that received an ovation all along the line.

There was a large and appreciative crowd at the old Devcon homestead about a quarter of a mile from the village. The children did credit to their excellent teacher, Miss Jeffrey. The dinner afterwards on the Church lawn was pronounced a success.

After an hour or two of rest the crowd once more gathered and filled to overflowing the seats in front of the platform on the Common. All was ready for the great event of the day. There was a wait. Squire Boutwell, Master of Ceremonies, tiptoed to the edge of the platform to confer with Mr. Mayrick, first assistant.

"They're waitin' fur some old women the Overseer is bringin' down from the poor farm to hear you. Little Patty Dudley invited 'em," explained Mr. Boutwell apologetically to Mr. Fairfax in a stage whisper.

Presently the old women were seated in an obscure corner almost behind the platform, and then the speech began.

It was a wonderful speech, the first really good speech Oxford Corners had ever known.

Mr. Fairfax's voice was natural and sympathetic and he talked so simply that all could understand, but there was sometimes a pathos so eloquent that it set the tears a-flowing and again it was so irresistibly witty that they all were laughing merrily. It was a magic hour they sat under the spell of his wonderful voice.

When it was over they reluctantly broke up to get ready for the evening.

A great many still lingered in groups watching the fine straight form of Mr. Fairfax as he moved here and there or watching his mobile face as he talked interestedly with various ones. And many eyes were on his charming wife, too. Truly the natives of Oxford Corners had never seen two such people for even the great world of which they caught but distant echoes acknowledged these two as among its great and beautiful ones.

Down behind the platform sat the poor old women and several mischievous boys were talking with them—guying them, I am sorry to say. One queer old creature known as "Old Nance" was the especial object of their ill-timed sport.

"Now, Old Nance," said one, "Don't you want to make a speech?"

"Reely, young man, I dunno's I could," quavered and simpered Old Nance.

"Aw, come off! Course you can!" cried another, seizing her and lifting her to the platform. "Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "This lady will now favor us with a few remarks," with a grandiose bow he considered very witty.

All turned to look and a general titter arose, for although she was pitiable to see she surely was grotesque in a short ragged petticoat, old plaid shawl and unkempt gray hair, topped by a peculiar green bonnet. Her toothless old mouth was smirking and her faded eyes were winking very fast as they roved over the scattered groups. As her eyes rested on the distinguished visitor he had turned to see the cause of the general merriment. One hand brushed back a lock of thick gray hair. The gesture told. The old woman's bony arms were outstretched and her wrinkled face transformed.

"Billy!" she cried, "My little Billy!"

Consternation at her impudence struck the crowd dumb as she leaned forward, her eyes fixed on the man in front of her.

He looked at her in strange perplexity for a minute, then a look of unspeakable surprise joy came over his face and he rushed forward regardless of all crying, "Mother!" Gaining the platform he clasped the withered old body in his arms and rained tears and kisses upon the wrinkled face.

Presently becoming aware of the curious astonishment of the people he stepped forward with one arm about Old Nance's

waist still and said in the magnetic voice that had charmed them that afternoon, "My friends, this is my mother, long lost and mourned as dead. This is indeed a happy day to me because of all who helped me to be what I am," humbly, "I owe most to her, to my mother," and raising his hat reverently from his head he led her down and toward his wife. As the beautiful woman embraced the poor, trembling creature a shout went up that it seemed would rend the sky as the crowd gave three cheers for the mother of William Fairfax.

It was strange but explainable because Nancy Fairfax had moved from Oxford Corners in her prime and in later years becoming demented she had wandered back to the old familiar village. Not being able to tell her name or anything about herself except that she was Nancy she had been sent to the poor farm and become known as Old Nance. Her son had sought her in vain and the body of a woman found in a neighboring river had been supposed to be that of his mother.

The evening found old Mrs. Fairfax, as all were particular to say now, installed in a seat of honor at the reception. Dressed in a simple but perfectly made black dress of her son's wife's and with her gray hair smoothly combed under a soft lace cap she looked indeed not the same person as the poor Old Nance they had known and the presence of her son seemed in some way to partially restore her scattered wits or perhaps it were better to say to partially raise the veil that had clouded her brain.

The Rev. Mr. Fairfax and his wife, it seemed could not do enough to honor her nor treat her too tenderly.

It seemed somehow to Rilla Mayrick as she sat on the hotel steps with Tom to watch the fireworks after the last waltz that this was a fitting climax to this day of days for Oxford Corners.



A CHARMING VIEW IN SOUTH ROYALTOWN, VT.

PHOTO, BY W. E. GRAMM.

This is one of those modest views daily seen in our country villages, but whose beauty perhaps passes almost unnoticed, until at the very hour when the scene is at its best, some artist from a carefully selected position gets a photograph which reveals more beauty than we suspected the locality possessed. The quiet simplicity of the view is noticeable. The spot is a stone's throw above the bridge over the White River in the very outskirts of the village. The residence of R. B. Galusha is shown at the right. The old, water-worn log on the rocks lends added finish to the picture.

A COMPARISON OF VERMONT AND CALIFORNIA CLIMATES.

A California subscriber says: "Vermont has no charms of climate to live in permanently. Too hot when hot and too cold in winter, with rain and mud and snow. We have no snow at all where we live but there is plenty on the mountains for a short time during the year. Not very much rain but what comes is in the winter. Our summers are not hot and sultry, but an ocean breeze tempers the air by day, the mountain air by night. One can sleep comfortably at night with one good puff over them in summer and two in part of the winter. We did not build a fire over six times during all last winter to keep warm by, and then it was raining and the girls were damp coming home from school."

JUST AS THE SHIP WENT DOWN.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE DEEP SEA.

BY FRED FERDINAND MOORE, ENFIELD, N. H.

A few years ago, while returning from Europe on a transatlantic liner, an incident took place, which, though small in itself, I will always remember.

We were nearing our journey's end, and the next day expected to sight the American shores. The weather was very rough, as indeed, it had been during the most of the voyage.

There was an English boy aboard, who was helping the stewards. He was very patriotic, and I had been teasing him for several days, regarding the slow methods and old-fashioned ways in England. Although it was good-natured bantering, the chief steward warned me that the lad would retaliate for my poor opinions of his native land.

I locked my stateroom door and strapped myself to the upper berth, as was necessary, owing to the violent rolling and pitching of the ship. We were "shipping seas" forward and occasionally a quantity of sea-water would drop into the funnels so badly were we rolling. I could hear the pots and kettles in the galley, or kitchen, banging about on the floor, mingled with the oaths of the third cook, who could handle wicked words in a manner that would pale the cheek of a pirate. My companion, a newspaper artist, was sleeping soundly in the berth below me, and despite the rough weather I managed to fall asleep. The last thing I remember was hearing eight bells (midnight) struck forward, and the long drawn cry of the lookout calling: "A-a-ls well."

When I awoke, the engines were stopped, and by the sloping of the deck and the peculiar motion of the vessel, I knew we were ho to, or facing the wind. To be accustomed to the close proximity of powerful engines for several days, and awake suddenly and hear them stopped, causes a creepy sensation, especially when you are at sea and the weather is rough. I reached for the electric button and turned on the lights. P—thrust his head from between the curtains of his berth, and, half awake, exclaimed, "Whazermazz?"

Before I could reply, someone kicked our stateroom door and let flow a volley of curses. "The ship's going down!"

The women in the adjoining staterooms screamed in terror. We could hear above the tumult of wind and waves, the officers bawling to the seamen and the tramp of hurrying feet. I threw on my rain coat and my friend, now thoroughly awake, attempted to open the door. To our dismay it held tight. We were horror-stricken. Cold shivers ran up my back as I realized that the ocean would be my grave and the tiny stateroom my coffin!

Our combined efforts opened the door, and we stumbled out into the rain and wind. I caught a glimpse of a familiar figure descending the stairs. It was that rascally English boy.

Off our starboard quarter was a red light, rising and falling on the waves, now hidden in the trough of the sea, now above us on the crest of a mighty wave. It was the pilot boat. Slowly and silently it crept around our stern and a dory put off. A ladder was dropped over the ship's side, and the pilot clambered aboard. The engines throbbed again, the chief officer thundered a command, the ship was put about and the voyage resumed.

I went down to the saloon to get a look at the latest American papers. As I entered, someone, in a hoarse whisper, said: "Bunker Hill is avenged!"

The little rascal had laughed last and best. I held my peace, thankful that I should again see my home and friends.

Everyone interested in the welfare of the Connecticut Valley can assist in bringing its institutions, natural attractions, its highest thought and a reflection of its daily life, to the knowledge of all through the pages of the JOURNAL. It is devoted to this work. Show your copies to friends. Every subscription strengthens the cause.

The Growth of a Library.

THE NORMAN WILLIAMS PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING AT WOODSTOCK, VT., RECENTLY REMODELED, HAS CAPACITY OF 28,000 VOLUMES.— ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE STATE. — ERECTED BY DR. EDWARD HIGGINSON WILLIAMS OF PHILADELPHIA IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

BY E. T. EMMONS, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.



IF THERE is any one thing in a community more than another that can work a vast deal of benefit to that community in a thousand different ways, it is a public library, either large or small. Reading is

education and education is the making of man. Through it we are evolved from the narrow sphere of the life of beasts and transformed to beings endowed with that mysterious acquisition, the higher intellect. Persons of all classes find in a well-stocked library something which they enjoy reading, those who at first show no taste for the better sort soon acquiring the liking and capacity for it, thus laying the corner stone for that broadening of views, that deeper understanding which always comes of reading, in its true sense.

A library permits one to become acquainted with all the heavy thinkers which the world has known; and questions which otherwise might for a long time puzzle us are solved in a few moments by "what some one else says." Here, if anywhere, can we find the varieties of literature that are to be tasted, chewed, and thoroughly digested, and, on the whole, one can conceive of nothing which is of so great advantage in bringing up a young man or woman to a true sense of the world in which they dwell as free access to the best literature of the present and past.

It is very probable that when in the year 1878 a few of the ladies of Woodstock banded themselves together under the name of the "Woodstock Library Association" in an effort to establish a public library in their village, none of them once thought that the culmination of their efforts would ever be in such a grand and noble institution as is the Norman Williams Library of today.

After a great deal of hard labor in the line of socials, lawn parties, etc., this little band at length succeeded in obtaining funds for the purchase of about five hundred volumes and opened their library to the public in a small room on the second floor of the block now owned by the National Bank. Here they remained for some time; contributions of money and more books were constantly flowing in and finally the association was compelled to move the library room to the middle of the Savings Bank block and opened a reading room in connection with the other.

After the association had been carrying on its work for a period of about six years, at the end of which time its number of books had reached about 1500, it was, for the best of all concerned, merged with the Norman Williams Library, which was about to be opened, and the librarian of the association was given charge of the whole collection in the new building.

This building, which stands on the site of the old Norman Williams homestead, was erected by Dr. Edward Higginson Williams of Philadelphia, in memory of his father and mother, and named in their honor, "The Norman Williams Public Library," which would stand for all time as an enduring monument. The work of erection was begun in 1883 and in the winter of 1884-5 was completed and has since stood as one of the most commodious and beautiful library buildings in the state.



NORMAN WILLIAMS PUBLIC LIBRARY, WOODSTOCK, VT.

For fifteen years the building stood without any extensive remodeling, beautiful in its perfect, but simple architectural plan, and of sufficient size to accommodate its books. But for some little time previous to the year 1900 the demand for more room had been evident, as the full capacity of the building was for but 15,000 volumes, while the number had already reached 12,000, and was constantly increasing. Before his death, Dr. Williams had made plans for the erection of an additional building which would be sufficient for the demands of the library for all time and had appropriated a sum of money which would cover all expense, and it was therefore decided to have the work done at this time.

Early in the autumn of 1900 the foundation was laid at the rear of the original stack-room for an addition of 30 x 50 feet, and in a comparatively short time the work of construction was finished, the estimated expense being \$20,000. The material and finish of the new part is the same as in the original building and adds to it in an architectural way, making an enlargement of more than one-third.



MRS. OLIVIA BRIGGS JAQUITH,
Librarian.

The plan of the interior, which at the same time underwent many changes, is very simple, consisting of a spacious entrance hall with a reading room opening at the right and a store room and a cataloging room on the left. In front of the entrance hall and extending back nearly 70 feet is the long, vaulted book room, well lighted and beautifully finished, with the librarian's desk in the immediate front. This was the original *library proper*, which now connects with the new structure, raising the total book capacity to 28,000 volumes. The present need, however, demands that book-stacks in the new part be placed only around the sides, while the center forms another large and isolated reading room.

The front of the building presents a central gable, surmounting an arcade of three beautifully moulded arches, supported by two columns of polished gray granite, the whole enclosing a porch communicating with the main entrance hall. The reading room on the right, and the cataloging room on the left form wings to this central gable and complete a frontage of 67½ feet.



INTERIOR VIEW, NORMAN WILLIAMS PUBLIC LIBRARY.



CATALOGING ROOM AT LEFT OF ENTRANCE HALL.



READING ROOM AT RIGHT OF ENTRANCE HALL.

The building as it was before remodeling, extended back 76 ft., 3 inches. The material used in construction was Burlington undressed pink limestone, with trimmings of gray Isle La Motte stone, resting on a base of Barre granite. On the interior the stack-rooms are set forth with a deep moulding of polished Vermont marbles, while the other rooms are wainscoted in beautifully grained wood to the height of five feet. The contractor was Geo. H. Guernsey of Burlington and the cost of the original building was \$33,000. Another feature of the structure is the fine roof of sheet copper which in the summer of 1899 replaced the old slate roof. The cost of this was approximately \$3,000.

Among other improvements, both in the way of convenience and beauty, steel book stacks have been installed throughout. These are finished with marble trimmings and present a very tidy appearance, lending to the whole a modern air which the old wooden stacks could not give.

In the library collection one can find almost any book desired, and certainly every book in common use. It is also well to the front in up-to-date literature and its line of reference books would be hard to equal. The reading rooms are well supplied with all the best periodicals of the day, including both English and American magazines, embracing science, art, agriculture, etc.

The entire collection has been thoroughly overhauled and the library is again open to the public with its books carefully and neatly arranged under the new card catalogue system and systematically classified. This collection is under the care of Mrs. Olivia Briggs Jaquith who, with an assistant, attends to the work of distributing books to the 3,500 patrons of the institution. She was also the librarian of the Woodstock Library Association, and by long years of faithful service to the public has proven herself eminently efficient.

* * *

Built as a monument; and an enduring one. We know that in our town stands a beautiful structure known as the Norman Williams Public Library, and daily we enjoy its benefits; but do we, and will we ever fully appreciate it?



Leading Features in the Journal.

These leading articles will soon appear: "How it Happened," a true love story with a double wedding finish, by M. L. Hutchins, Pittsfield, Vt.; "Little New York," the summer colony at Cornish, N. H., by Gertrude Elinor Harris, of Windsor, Vt., with photographs, by permission, of interior and exterior views of the fine homes of Augustus St. Gaudens, the famous sculptor, Winston Churchill, the well-known author, and Maxfield Parrish, the artist; "The Society of Shakers," at Enfield, N. H., by Fred F. Moore, with illustrations; "A Pedestrian Trip across the Presidential Range of the White Mountains," by Rev. P. P. Womer, of West Lebanon, N. H., will interestingly tell how a number of young men enjoyed a part of their vacation this summer; A story of "One Summer on the Farm" tells how a girl planted and cared for the crops when the failing health of her father compelled him to give up and go away for the season, by Florence Grow Proctor, Fitchburg, Mass. Illustrated; "Vermont Schools of the Twentieth Century," by Prof. Frank K. Graves, South Royalton, Vt. Illustrated; "Norwich University," the military school of Vt., by the commandant, Allan D. Brown, L. L. D., Illustrated; and other articles of timely interest.



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S TENT AND PICKERS AT WORK.

Strawberry Industry at Bradford, Vt.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—DEVELOPMENT OF STRAWBERRY CULTURE GIVES EMPLOYMENT TO MANY WORKERS DURING THE SEASON.—HOW BERRIES ARE RAISED AND SHIPPED.

BY MRS. L. D. CLEMENT, BRADFORD, VT.

In the spring of 1875, Mr. W. Smalley set out one-fourth acre of strawberries on his farm near the banks of the Connecticut River, an experiment which later proved

so successful that he increased his bed the following year. In 1882 he, with a partner, having bought several acres of land near his original farm, set out ten acres of

the best varieties and from that time has continued in the business. In 1880 (or about that time) Mr. Wm. Gove and several other farmers began to raise small fruit and the industry has continued to increase until this year when there has been shipped from Bradford and Piermont Station, the two depots in the town, between three and four thousand bushels, Monday, June 24, being the largest shipment. That day the express books show that from the two stations there was shipped three hundred bushels, beside probably twenty-five to fifty bushels sold in and about town.



TRAIN TIME AT PIERMONT STATION. CRATES OF STRAWBERRIES READY FOR SHIPMENT.

1,000 BUSHELS FROM ONE FIELD.

In the year 1884 Mr. Smalley picked from his field one thousand bushels, two hundred and fifty-three bushels being one day's work and in three days he shipped six hundred bushels. At this time there was no express office at Piermont, all business being done at Bradford, three miles distant. Mr. Smalley and Mr. Gove built small depots near their grounds and the trains took the berries at these places during the busy season.

The season usually lasts from June 18 to July 12. This year has not been as successful as usual on account of the extreme hot weather and lack of rain.

Most of these fields are situated within a radius of two miles from Piermont station, which is shown in the accompanying illustration. The small pictures were taken on Mr. Clement's farm.

Employment is given a great many young people as the berries are picked and crated in the fields. The usual price paid is two cents a basket. Some of the pickers have earned three or four dollars a day but the average picker will bring in seventy-five to one hundred quarts per day. Shanties or tents are put up on the grounds and the work of packing is done in these by the Superintendent.

MORE THAN A SCORE OF FRUIT GROWERS.

There were at least twenty-five farmers engaged in the business this year in fields ranging from one-fourth of an acre to three acres or more. Messrs. Smalley, Gove, Shumway, Jenkins, McDuffee, Albree, Young, Renfrew and Gaffield having the largest fields, while Heath, Stearns, Martin, Clement, Prescott and Rowell have shipped from forty to one hundred bushels each from their beds.

Bradford berries rank among the first in the market, most of them being sold along the line of the B. & M. R. R. in Vermont and New Hampshire.

Of the varieties used I think the Warfield, Bissel, Brandywine, Bartons, Eclipse and Fountain take the lead as they are considered the best for shipping long distances. The soil is varied in this locality which makes the conditions favorable to some of the fields in a wet season when the soil is sandy, while on the clay ground not so much water is needed.

The hot weather this season has been injurious to all, as the outlook in the spring was very favorable.

Most of the beds are plowed under as soon as the season closes, new ones having been set for the next year as it is almost impossible to clean out an old bed where the rows are thickly set.

Several of the growers have increased the size of their beds for another year. Quite a number of the farmers fill orders for plants in the spring, thus giving hardly plants for this northern climate.

Of course strawberry culture has its failures like every other business, but, taking one year with another, it has proved successful in Bradford.

A MINK THAT CLIMBED
A TREE.

AN OLD TRAPPER TELLS AN INCIDENT OF HAYING TIME.

BY ANNA HOSLEY WHITE, BARNARD, VT.

It is my good fortune to number among my acquaintances an old farmer who was in former years one of our most successful hunters and trappers and who thoroughly understands the habits of game. His zeal is no less keen now but advancing years and failing eyesight have obliged him to partially abandon these pursuits.

I refer to Mr. H. A. Putnam of Barnard, known to old and young as "Uncle Gustus." He is nearly seventy-eight years of age and has lived in Barnard most of his life, except twenty years in Rochester. Mr. and Mrs. Putnam celebrated their golden wedding a few years ago. They have raised ten children to manhood and womanhood and the passing of the good wife and mother to the higher life a few months ago was the first break in the family circle. A daughter and her family now reside with Mr. Putnam to care for him in his declining years.



MR. H. A. PUTNAM.

"Uncle Gustus" tells very entertaining stories of his adventures. The circumstances of the narration which follows occurred while he lived in Rochester. I will try to give you his words but part of the charm is lacking because I cannot reproduce his gestures or his facial expression while telling the story.

"Sometime ago I saw the question asked in a farmer's paper: 'Can a mink climb a tree?' I haven't seen the question answered, but have often thought I would like to tell that paper a little experience of my own. My neighbor, Mr. Wylie, had some hay out and a shower was coming up, so I thought I would help him get it up to save it's getting wet. I wasn't feeling very well, but didn't want to see the hay spoiled so I didn't mind anything about that. I started along on foot, he following with the team. All at once, just by a low board fence, I noticed a peculiar wiggle in the grass. I stopped to investigate; it was a mink. Now, thinks I,

there's a chance for some fun. I forgot that I was sixty years old; I forgot I wasn't feeling well; I over that fence like a boy. When I went over, the mink went under, and came out on the other side. Over I went back again, and under the mink went again. I can't tell how many times we shifted, I over the fence and the mink under, but at last, when he was tired of it, he made one jump, and landed on the trunk of a maple tree. He climbed about twenty feet and then went out on a limb. I tried to climb, but couldn't keep up with the mink. When I was part way up the mink let go and dropped into the grass; I could see his tail wiggle while he fell. (You should see the old gentleman's finger indicate the motion.) Down I dropped after him; he must have been bewildered by this time, for it was an easy matter for me to make a grab and pick him up. I grabbed well up towards his head so he shouldn't be able to turn around and bite me, but that neck stretched out like so much india-rubber, and he turned his head and fastened his teeth in my finger just here. I could n't make him let go. Just then Mr. Wylie came along with the team. He jumped down and put the point of the pitch-fork in Mr. Mink's mouth and gave it a twist which made him let go. I did not have time to dispose of him then, so I carried him home and put him in a barrel, and covered him up and left him, while I went to help Mr. Wylie with his hay. That is the only time I ever knew a mink to climb a tree."

Just here I thought the story was done, and turned to speak to his daughter, but he resumed: "Hold on! I have n't told the whole story yet. Just about this time my Charlie came in from fishing, and after he cleaned his fish he thought he would feed the refuse to the mink. (By the way, this same Charlie was the greatest rogue in all the ten.) Mother told him he better not go near the mink, but he thought 'it could do no harm just to feed him a little,' so he raised the cover very cautiously and dropped in a little of his feed. But Mr. Mink was slyer than Charlie. Mother saw him jump out of the barrel and run off down the feeding spout into the hog-pen and then off under the barn. Charlie didn't see him go. He gazed in the barrel and he gazed at mother and again in the barrel; — at last he said, 'Where did he go to, Mother?'"

AN ARITHMETIC PUZZLE.

Take any number that you choose,
And then multiply by two;
To this amount then add twenty,
And then divide by two.
When you have completed this,
And are sure it's right, why, then,
Subtract from this your first number,
And your answer will be ten.

THE REASON.

BY ELTA M. LEWIS, BETHEL, VT.

Bobolink, Bobolink,

Down in the meadow,
Surely you're music-mad,
What makes your heart so glad
When human-kind is sad,
Under a shadow?

Up with the breezy morn,
Blithe little rover,
Never an hour forlorn,
Laughing grim fear to scorn,
Singing from branch and thorn
Over and over.

Woosing here, woosing there,
(Gay little sinner.)
Sowing in fields of air
Song-jewels ever rare,
Breakfast yours only care—
Till time for dinner.

Bobolink, ah, I think
I know the reason
You are so glad and gay,
Like a long holiday,
You have no bills to pay
Through the whole season.

Bobolink, Bobolink,
Little you show it,
Though somewhat stain'd with ink,
At what fam'd spring you drink,
New is your coat I think,
Fortunate poet!

Pan-American Notes.

VERMONT DAY AT BUFFALO.

The observance of Vermont day at the Pan-American Exposition Thursday, August 8, promises to call together at Buffalo a large number of present and former residents of the Green Mountain state. The visiting Vermonters will be joined by the Vermont society of Buffalo in the celebration. The state party will consist of Governor Stickney and staff, the state officers, the Vermont delegation in congress, the officers and committeemen of the Vermont Association of the Pan-American Exposition and all other Vermonters who may join the party. No invitations will be issued and everyone will be welcome. Vermont headquarters for the week will be established at the Genesee house. The Alcazar hotel opposite the Exposition grounds will also furnish accommodations at reduced rates for the Vermont party. The exercises of Vermont day will take place at the Temple of Music, which has been tendered for this purpose by the Exposition managers. Director-General Buchanan has offered one of the best Exposition bands for the musical part of

the program. Addresses of welcome will be made by Director-General Buchanan and the mayor of Buffalo, which will be responded to by Governor Stickney. The principal address of the day will be made by Senator William P. Dillingham. Other addresses will be made by Senator Redfield Proctor, Hon. Henry W. Hill of Buffalo and others. The Vermont party has been tendered the use of the New England states building August 8. A reception to all visiting and resident Vermonters will be given in the building on the afternoon of Vermont day by Governor and Mrs. Stickney. The Central Vermont Railway have made arrangements for excursions from Vermont points August 5 and 6, tickets being good for eight days. Extra sleeping cars and first-class coaches will be attached to regular trains. The rates are extremely low, and all who possibly can should plan to go.

The Central Vermont Railway also have excursions for round trip and entertainment at Alcazar Hotel at a very low rate.

If people do not go to Buffalo to see this wonderful Exposition it will not be because the Central Vermont and its agents are not doing all that can be expected to furnish the opportunity.

Applications for railroad tickets and sleeping car accommodations should be made to S. W. Cummings, G. P. A., Central Vermont Railway, St. Albans, Vt.

HOTEL ALCAZAR.

Hotel Alcazar, where most Vermonters seem to have decided to make their home while seeing the Exposition, is admirably located for the purpose.

It is near the grounds, just across the street from the West Amherst, or principal entrance, and at the terminus of the electric cars. The proprietor is W. H. Johnson, a native of Bradford, and the announcement that a new arrival is from the Green Mountain State always brings a smile of welcome to his face and warrants the visitor the best the house affords. The hotel has accommodations for 800, and the roof garden, the use of which is given the guests free of charge, affords the finest view, outside the grounds, of the illumination at night.

NEW MANAGEMENT AT THE GATES BLOCK RESTAURANT

I have purchased the Talbert Restaurant and will serve you a good Breakfast, Dinner or Supper at a moderate price. Everything neat and clean.

• Hot Lunches at any time. •

ICE CREAM AND CAKE every day and furnished in quantity.

F. C. BREWSTER, MGR.,

Good Line of Cigars. Next Door to Bogie Bros.

White River Paper Co.
WHOLESALE STATIONERS,
White River Junction, - - Vermont.

Arrival and Departure of Trains AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.

CORRECTED TO JUNE 22, 1901.

B. & M., PASSUMPSIC DIVISION.

Arrive from North.	Leave for North.
Night Mail, 12:35 A.M.	Night Mail, 12:55 A.M.
Norwich Local, 8:55 A.M.	Norwich Local, 9:25 A.M.
Day Mail, 11:30 A.M.	Accommodation, 8:10 A.M.
W. Mt. Exp., 11:40 A.M.	Day Mail, 1:45 P.M.
Lyndle Local, 2:30 P.M.	W. Mt. Exp., 4:32 P.M.
Accommodation, 8:40 P.M.	Quebec Exp., 5:37 P.M.

† Daily.

B. & M., CONCORD DIVISION.

Arrive from North.	Leave for North.
Night Exp., 12:35 A.M.	Quebec Train, 8:00 A.M.
Mail, 11:30 A.M.	Montreal Exp., 9:30 A.M.
Express, 1:15 P.M.	Accommodation, 7:15 A.M.
Chicago Exp., 4:00 P.M.	Mail, 11:45 A.M.
Quebec Exp., 5:37 P.M.	Montreal Exp., 2:45 P.M.
Accommodation, 9:40 P.M.	Accommodation, 4:25 P.M.
Paper Train, 7:30 A.M.	Accommodation, 1:40 P.M.

† Daily. * Sundays only.

CENTRAL VT., NORTHERN DIV.

Arrive.	Leave.
Night Exp., 11:10 A.M.	Night Exp., 12:40 A.M.
Local, Windsor, 9:00 A.M.	Local, 1:45 P.M.
Chicago Exp., 2:30 P.M.	Express & Mail, 1:40 P.M.
Local, 4:15 P.M.	Chicago Exp., 4:37 P.M.
	Paper Train, 7:30 A.M.

† Daily. * Sundays only.

CENTRAL VT., SOUTHERN DIV.

Arrive.	Leave.
Night Exp., 12:35 A.M.	Night Exp., 8:25 A.M.
Local, Windsor, 9:00 A.M.	Local, 1:45 P.M.
Mixed, 9:45 A.M.	W. Mt. Exp., 11:45 A.M.
Day Mail, 1:30 P.M.	Express, 11:55 A.M.
New York Ex., 4:17 P.M.	New York Ex., 2:40 P.M.
Mail, 4:15 P.M.	Mixed, 4:17 P.M.
	Windsor Local, 9:45 P.M.

† Daily.

WOODSTOCK RAILWAY.

Arrive.	Leave.
Accommodation, 6:30 A.M.	Accommodation, 7:10 A.M.
Mail, 11:20 A.M.	Accommodation, 1:40 P.M.
Accommodation, 1:25 P.M.	Mail, 1:40 P.M.
Accommodation, 4:30 P.M.	Accommodation, 4:25 P.M.

BIGNESS should not be the greatest factor in determining the selection of a college, but—

the character of the instruction, whether by lectures or in small classes with personal daily supervision by professors, the kind of discipline maintained, and the sort of men who are graduated.

—**SHOULD.**

TRIED BY THESE TESTS,

NORWICH UNIVERSITY

THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF
THE STATE OF VERMONT...

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INTER-STATE JOURNAL

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.



HON. HENRY W. WALKER.

To whom Vermonters are indebted for promoting in the Legislature our grandest festival, Old Home Week.

To Hon. Henry W. Walker of South Woodstock is due the credit for evolving the idea of Old Home Week for Vermont and for introducing the resolution before the Legislature of 1900 so that it became an established ordinance of the state. Mr. Walker may well take great pleasure in the general acceptance and successful outcome of his measure this first year.

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Vacation at Lake Sunapee,

By REV. O. O. SARGENT, Claremont, N. H.

A Tramp across the Presidential Range,

By ONE OF THE TRAMPERS.

REVIEW OF OLD HOME WEEK.

*"Home of our childhood! how affection clings
And hovers 'round thee with her scrapp wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown."*

Soldiers' Reunion at Barnard,

By MARTHA A. EASTMAN, Barnard, Vt.

People you know contributed to the Success of this Number.

EDSON & CHADWICK.

WEST LEBANON,
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

TWO STORES.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION,
VERMONT.

A First-Class Market at Each Store.

RUMFORD BAKING POWDER is a strictly PURE phosphate powder and superior to all other baking preparations. It restores the phosphates, so essential to health, which are removed from flour in bolting, and on this account is recommended by physicians. 30c. lb. can with a biscuit cutter free while this lot lasts.

At all times we aim to carry an assortment of

THE CHOICEST MEATS,

and our long experience in buying, and selecting them is a safe-guard that you will get only first class, and wholesome Meats. No one sells as good quality for less money. Nothing but the best is offered you from our markets, or from our carts.

We would at this time call your attention to a **Cooked and Pressed Corned Beef** that we are making. It is a clean, delicious, healthy, cold meat. Made from the choicest selections of Corned Beef, and seasoned to please the taste of an epicure. Price per lb., 16c.

GRAPE JELLY, in Mason pint jars. Price, 25c.

As a healthful summer drink it is very refreshing. Place two or three spoonfuls of the jelly in a glass and fill with water. Stir briskly.

DOUBLE CREAM CHEESE, best cheese in town. Price, 16c.

SCHMIDT'S CONDENSED SOUP, per can, 16c.

MAPLE SYRUP.

NICE MAPLE SYRUP, per gal., \$1.10

PICKLES.

Quality wins. This true saying is proved beyond a doubt by our steadily increasing sales of Pickles.

Sweet Mixed, qt., 20c.

Sour Mixed, qt., 15c.

Sweet Plain, qt., 25c.

Sweet Midgets, qt., 30c.

Malt Plain, qt., 15c.

Unseen Sizes, qt., 10c.; 3 qts., 25c.

MALT VINEGAR. The best table and pickling Vinegar that can be produced. We recommend it because we know that there is none better. Buy a small quantity, or if you do not care to do that, bring a small bottle and we will gladly give you a sample. The prudent housewife will use no other vinegar for her pickles.

WITCH HAZEL, full pint bottles, 20c.

INDIAN ROOT BEER EXTRACT, an article put up by Baker Extract Co. which is a guarantee of the quality, 10c.

AMMONIA, full pint bottles, 10c.; 3 bottles, 25c.

INTERSTATE BLUING, 10c.; 3 bottles, 25c.

CANDO, the best silver polish, 25c.

BUG DEATH.

Sure death to potato, squash and cucumber bugs, currant, tomato worms, etc. We notice that the farmers who used it beside Paris Green last year, and noted the extra yield and the better quality of their potatoes, where they used *Bug Death*, are buying it for this season.

SOAPS.

SWIFT'S WASHING POWDER, full one pound package, 5c.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP, 7 cakes, 25c.

ARK SOAP, 12 cakes, 25c.

DANDY SOAP, 13 cakes, 25c.

BISCUITS AND CRACKERS.

ARLINGTON GRAHAMS, one pound package, 15c.

SALTINE BISCUIT, one pound package, 15c.

LAKE SIDE SODA, one pound package, 10c.

WORCESTER LUNCH, one pound package, 10c.

GINGER SNAPS, three pounds, 25c.

TEA BISCUIT, three pounds, 25c.

WORCESTER CRACKERS, put up in full weight cartons, 25c.

SMALLEY'S NEW ROYAL FRUIT JAR.—Made square with round corners, glass cover and galvanized wire trimmings. fastened like the Lightning Jar. We recommend these jars. They are made of best white flint glass, and are much nicer to handle on account of their shape.

BURNHAM'S HASTY JELLYCON, makes a delicious dessert for five or six people. Price, 10c.

HEINZ'S KEYSTONE KETCHUP, full pints, 25c.

You see the price is no higher than many of the cheap ones that the market is flooded with.

FLOUR.

We tried keeping about every kind our customers called for, but for several years we have carried in stock three kinds that we know are the best. They are as follows:

WISSE KING, the leader of all bread Flours; **EDSON & CHADWICK'S BEST**, the best all round Flour on earth; **SPOTLESS**, the acknowledged leader in Pastry Flour.

Every barrel of each of these Flours is warranted to have no superior and but few equals. The price is often as low as the inferior grades.

CANNED BAKED BEANS, picnic size, plain, 7c., with tomato sauce, 8c. Family sizes from 10c. to 18c. per can.

We can sell you a canned Baked Bean that will please you as well as the kind you take at home. Think of the work saved by the cook who is obliged to stay so many hours in the hot kitchen to do the work that can't be avoided.

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Inter-State Journal.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

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Vacation at Lake Sunapee.

BY REV. O. C. SARGENT, CLAREMONT, N. H.

"Granite-throned Queen, deep-bosomed Sunapee !

"Thou isls of our Northland, lift thy voice

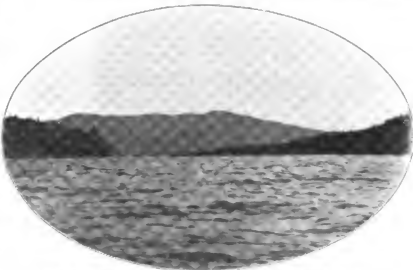
"And ope thy beauty !"

AFTER a year's hard work where shall a tired denizen go to get the most for soul and body in the least time possible? This question is like our shadow, clear or indistinct as the light of vacation approaches or recedes. Our family, pleasantly enlarged, made its annual pilgrimage to this celebrated spot. The time was July 15th. The company were from greater New York, New Jersey and our own state. In our names there was color, heat, cold, and more of orderliness. As to callings these were left in the valleys of our every day life. The whole was a process of leveling up. For you must know, first of all, that Lake Sunapee is some 1,200 feet above the sea; 613 feet above our larger rival, Winnepiscogee, and 473 feet nearer the sky than our northern rival Memphremagog. From whichever way you come, you must come up in order to see, or in order to get the good. And like Jerusalem of old, it is mountain-circled too.

At Lake Sunapee station on the Boston and Maine railroad you purchase steamer tickets and begin the ride through the veritable "Loch Lomond of New England." On the South is Mount Sunapee lending a dark green tinge to the water from its almost overhanging fir and pine. On the North Mount Bartlett backed up by grand old Kearsage; while to the West the Blue ridge of Croydon and the stately Asecutney cutting the horizon.

But the lake upon whose bosom you are floating compels

your attention. The blue of the heavens are in its depths. Mirrored on its surface are the fleecy clouds and the everlasting hills; while over all and around you is the very peace and quiet of the Eternal. Oh, it is worth while to get away from the fuss and worry of this over-charged American life! Pine Cliff is the first station, and you discover the reason of the name in the rock and trees. This was one of the first settlements, nearest Concord and mostly filled with her people. As the steamer



LAKE SUNAPEE, THE "LOCH LOMOND OF NEW ENGLAND."

swings out you catch beautiful vistas of the Fells and the villa of our Secretary Hay. Bay Point is right ahead, with Montclare and the long stretch of welcoming homes. Lifting the eye but a little Burkehaven beckons you on. Then turning to the North you pass between Great and Little Islands and secure your first large view of the lake, with its clear cut shore line, its bays and points; and from every point of view are evidences of the summer habitations of man. Yet in his incursion into this heart of nature he has left it as undisturbed as possible. Sunapee Harbor is entirely hid by the "Hedgehog" range. Dr. Neilson's, Prof. Dunning's, George's Mills and Lakeside are nestling behind similar ridges with less selfish names. But each have a new panorama of pleasure for the eye as you round the concealing headland.

But about the enjoyments, what are the ones in store for the new comer? Why, fishing of course. I regret that our photographer did not have the privilege of "snapping" our catch. Just step into the office of my friend in Norwich, N. Y. Here is the skin, neatly stuffed, of the salmon that so long held the record of the lake, 15 lbs! Note the expression in his eye, as Hon. Jothan P. Alds, lawyer and statesman, at home and among men, tells you of the delightful afternoon with the latest novel and a good Havana; he waited four hours, and then the fun of one hour and twenty minutes! Talk about the delights of civilized life! They don't count.

Boating, too, comes in for a large place in one's outing. The four large steamers are the arteries; while the smaller craft of every sort are the nerves and veins of the life on the lake. What a place to dream and to do nothing in! What a place to row and paddle about in! At all hours of the day the scene



ONE OF THE FOUR LARGE STEAMERS.

A Tramp Across the Presidential Range.

BY ONE OF THE TRAMPERS.

is changing. I do not know where you will find still life! But what hour is it best to go aboating in? At the close of day. Of course you want company. Paddle out into one of the larger bays. Your craft is not the only one that holds hearts that are "beating as one." Listen to the sounds that come over the telephonic waters! The mother's crouching, the wild whoop of youth, the jingle of college songs, the nasal twang of the phonograph, the wild peal of rollicking laughter, these and many more, blend with the call of the loon, the whip-poor-will, and softer sounds of nature. But the ear is not alone ministered to. There is beauty everywhere. The setting sun gives you some of its finest work in the art of mixing colors. And as if unwilling to be outdone the moon appears and, with the dark shadows of the mountains as background, she sets up her kaleidoscope and changes, indeed, but does not lessen the pleasures of the day.



A COTTAGE AT LAKE SUNAPEE.

The circle of joys is not complete. The life in a cottage, or camp has much in store for the novice. It is getting back to first principles, near to our mother's heart. Of course the variety in foods is different, but this is more than made up in the keenness of appetite. You rise at the—end of your sleep, take a plunge into the water and then sit down ready for smoking coffee, hot rolls, and a slice of bacon! Tell me not of Delmonico's.

But if you want an hour or so of water pleasure go over to the sands, where the shallow water has been heated and take the whole family along. There is nothing exclusive in life at the lake.



"WATER PLEASURE ON THE SANDS."

TWO weeks or a month at any one of the delightful hotels which are scattered through the White Mountains, with an occasional tally-ho excursion to the Profile, and the Flume, or through the Notch, and a trip by rail to the Summit House is certainly a pleasant experience and one that will long be remembered. But it does not enable one to see the mountains in their true majesty and grandeur. For this it is necessary to resort to the good old methods of travel that were used by the fathers, before railroads or tally-hoes had been invented, and even before horses had been domesticated.

It was with a keen appreciation of the advantages of this method, and with glowing visions of the ravines which were to be explored, the peaks which were to be surmounted, and the splendid views which were to be obtained, that our party of five took the train at White River Junction on the morning of July 22, en route to the White Mountains for the purpose of a tramp across the Presidential Range.

For the sake of the future enlightenment of the reader it will not be out of place to remark that one of the members of the party was a civil engineer conspicuous for his height, which is surpassed only by the "Old Man of the Mountains," another was a business man distinguished for his naivety, another was a postoffice clerk distinguished for his jollity, another was a parson distinguished by his gravity, and the other was a student of law remarkable for his capacity.

The ascent of the range began at Appalachia, which commands the Northern view of Mt. Madison and Mt. Adams. After a refreshing dinner at the Ravine House, and an hour's pleasant conversation with the guests, from whom we received advice in great abundance and variety, packs were arranged and shouldered, a parting cheer was given, and we turned our faces toward the mountains.

Our object the first afternoon was to reach "the hut," which has been provided in the interests of tourists by the courtesy of the Appalachia Club, and is located in a ravine between Mt. Madison and Mt. Adams. The distance of the hut from Appalachia station, so we were informed at the Ravine House, is four miles. Only an insignificant jaunt is the first thought of the over-confident pedestrian; but he has yet to learn that there is a vast difference between an ordinary mile, and a mountain mile.

For a time the trail led us up a gentle slope, and through a thick belt of timber, in which many well known varieties of fern, conspicuously the brake, the evergreen wood and the Christmas fern, grew in great profusion and beauty. But gradually, as we ascended, the trail grew steeper, and more difficult, the trees became dwarfed, and closely matted until they formed a dense thicket, which was infested by clouds of starving mosquitoes, and the grasses and ferns disappeared. After two hours hard climbing, when the eighteen-pound packs which we carried began to feel as if they weighed a ton, and we were fondly hoping that we had almost reached our destination, imagine our chagrin when we discovered from a guide-board that we had scarcely covered half the distance.

There was nothing to do for it except to rest and to press onward. And this we did for more than two hours longer, when suddenly we emerged from the heavy brush, and from the mosquitoes, which had been constantly growing more annoying, and found ourselves standing upon the edge of King's Ravine.

The superb and thrilling view that was here obtained was doubtless greatly enhanced by the fact that we had come upon it unexpectedly, and were taken completely by

surprise. For a time we were lost in the splendor of the scene. We stood in silence and gazed about us. The trance, however, was of short duration. From it we were rudely awakened, by the fierce Northern blasts that swooped down upon us from the summit of Mt. Madison. The coats which had long since been laid aside were hastily called into requisition, the journey was resumed, and in the course of another half hour we had reached the hut, and were engaged in preparing supper.

We found the hut provided with an excellent cooking stove and sundry articles of kitchen and dining furniture. A fire was kindled, packs unstrapped, and almost in less time than it takes to recount the circumstance, we found ourselves sitting around an appetizing repast, the quality of which was lessened not a whit by the fact that the coffee that had been manufactured by the civil engineer and the parson could scarcely be called orthodox, and the freshly baked bread which in the early afternoon had been strapped in the packs was found to be quashed into the condition of slap-jack. But in spite of these drawbacks we did ample justice to the meal, and felt ourselves sufficiently strengthened by it to scale the rocky peak of Mt. Madison. The view from this height was by all odds the most impressive which we anywhere obtained. The fading sunset in the West, the gathering shadows in the East, the mountains of rock beneath and all about us, in the crevices of which the darkness had already deepened, cast a weirdness over the scene, which filled the mind with awe, and stirred the soul with a sense of the Infinite.

Almost in silence we sat until the vision faded, and we were forced at last by the lateness of the hour to descend to the "hut." The night that was here spent is one that will long be remembered by the members of our party. The conundrums of the lawyer, the serious remarks of the business man, the jests of the postoffice clerk, and the stories of Western life related by the civil engineer, interspersed with college songs, were sufficient to make the evening pass pleasantly. And notwithstanding any impression to the contrary, neither our pleasure nor our sense of security was a mite lessened by occasional thoughts of the unknown bogies which might infest this solitary region. But a little later when a large dark animal was discovered by the postoffice clerk skulking about the premises, and the quick eye of the parson detected at the window a terrible, gleaming eye, it must be acknowledged that the small Mexican gun possessed by the civil engineer was quickly gotten into order and held in readiness. It is very true that the veracity of the parson's statement about the single gleaming eye was called into question by certain impious members of the party. The lawyer declared that the vision could easily be explained by the quantity of strong tea and lemon which had been consumed by the parson earlier in the evening. But this was a base slander on the parson, and all fair minded people will be glad to learn that, before the tour was ended, for this and similar offences, the parson called his calumniator to a sharp account, and even visited him with a physical chastisement. But so great is the lawyer's depravity that even until this day he claims to have chastised the parson. But there are many competent witnesses who will testify that the parson put him to ignominious flight, and that he ran as if he had been overtaken by the day of judgment.

At an early hour on Tuesday morning the packs were shouldered and the tramp was resumed. It was a stiff journey that we had before us. The roughness of the trail can scarcely be imagined. During the forenoon we skirted Mt. Adams, scaled Mt. Sam Adams, and precisely at twelve o'clock sat down to rest and to enjoy our lunch on the summit of Mt. Jefferson. The only mishap of the morning was when we wandered from the trail at the base of Mt. Jefferson. In our efforts to find it the party became divided, and three of the members wandered from the way a considerable distance. But fortunately we all made for the highest peak which was then in sight and on reaching this we found ourselves reunited.

From the top of Mt. Jefferson we had a splendid view of Mt. Washington. The house on its summit appeared to be but a speck in the distance, and the train slowly ascending its majestic slope assumed the proportions and the appearance of a great creeping serpent.

For an hour we sat and enjoyed the view and then the packs were re-shouldered and the journey continued, because our hearts were fixed on covering that day the rugged stretch that separated us from Washington's coveted summit. Of the tedious descent from Mt. Jefferson, and the toilsome tramp along the crest of Mt. Clay and the seemingly endless climb which led us up the side of Mt. Washington it will not be necessary to speak in detail. It was indeed a difficult undertaking inasmuch as we were not inured to such tramping. But we felt amply rewarded for our effort. The wonderful scenery and the pure air we found a better stimulant than wine and our spirits arose fully to the occasion. We forgot our sins and chatted and laughed and felt happy. And who will say that in this frame of mind we were not better. But even joy intensifies its shadow. Of this we were reminded by the embarrassment of the parson when on this great height which seemed so near heaven, a group of "table girls" were heard to sing jestingly, "The Red, White and Blue," in obvious reference to his sweater.

Our second night was passed in a little hut which has recently been erected on the famous "bridle-path," about a mile from the summit, and in the immediate vicinity of the mound erected in memory of Curtis who, only a few years ago, lost his life in one of the great storms which are not infrequent in this region.

This hut is not designed as a lodging place, but merely as a refuge in case of distress. But we were able, nevertheless, by gathering a good supply of balsam twigs, and by a judicious use of the blankets which we found there, and those we carried with us, to make our condition tolerable. Our chief discomfort was in the absence of means to prepare properly our supper and breakfast. Ourarder had also become considerably diminished. To make up this deficiency the lawyer determined to go fishing. He improvised his tackle, so it was said, out of his walking stick, a shoe-string, and a piece of suspender buckle, which he baited with salt pork, and for a full hour dipped it patiently into a shallow pond of stagnant water. But notwithstanding his heroic efforts we were compelled to content ourselves with cold ham and slap-jack, and the coffee, which was boiled on a stove contrived by the brilliant genius of the civil engineer.

It was with stiffened joints, that early the next morning, we strapped the packs for the last time and took the trail for the Crawford House, nine miles distant, where we arrived at high noon, as grisly a looking company as could well be imagined, and with appetites as ravenous as that of an anaconda. Of the feats which were performed that day in the dining-room of this renowned hotel the humble pen cannot speak adequately. Here the lawyer was in his element, and most brilliantly did he display his ability. It is not an exaggeration to say that he outdid himself and all his companions. He proved himself the hero of the occasion.

But here I must pause and bid adieu to the patient reader. The tramp across the range is finished. Henceforth it is only a memory, but long will it be cherished by those who made up our party. Other incidents and adventures there certainly were before this expedition was completed, but for these the public is referred to the business man, who was the star of the party and whose dignity and reserve on more than one occasion saved its reputation. His initials are J. P. K. and he is said to be connected with the White River Paper Co.

THE REASON for the lateness of this issue of the JOURNAL is that it was desirable to present a very complete account of the manner in which Old Home Week was celebrated. It takes time to secure and arrange copy and illustrations.

A Review of Old Home Week.

VERMONT,

August 11 to 17.

1901

NEW HAMPSHIRE,

August 18 to 24.



VERMONT observed her first Old Home Week with a success which leaves no doubt about further observance of the event. About fifty towns and cities in the State held public celebrations.

The third annual celebration in New Hampshire occurred the following week and was a marked success.

In every village of the sister states a warm welcome awaited returning residents. The love of home has been rekindled and in years to come Old Home Week will stand first among our festal days.

The story of the Week as celebrated in the majority of the towns where the Journal is largely read is told in this issue by a number of able writers.



SPECIAL TRAIN OF BOSTON VERMONTERS ENTERING STATE.

Vermont Association Arrives.

THE event which was the opening wedge of the Old Home Week celebration in Vermont was the arrival of 174 members of the Vermont Associations of Boston, on Tuesday, August 13. At half past twelve o'clock a party of representative Vermonters came down the Central Vermont Railway in a special train of two cars, drawn by the engine St. Lawrence, to meet the visitors on the state line at White River Junction. Lunch was enjoyed by the party at Babbitt's renowned depot cafe, which seemed more perfect in appointment than usual, if such were possible. Mr. Babbitt personally superintended a corps of neatly attired waitresses. There was a tasteful profusion of floral decoration, and the subtle music of a harp and violin added charm to the occasion.

The incoming special was half an hour late and the delegation gathered in little groups and engaged in conversation. It was plainly evident that politics did not dominate on this occasion. There was happy contentment on every face as they waited for the visitors.

It is seldom that so many of "our finest" are gathered at one time in this part of the State. There were present Adjutant General Gilmore, representing Gov. W. W. Stickney; a reception committee of about thirty, among whom were United States Senator W. P. Dillingham, U. S. District Attorney James L. Martin of Brattleboro, Lieut. Gov. M. F. Allen of Ferrisburgh, Collector of Port Olin Merrill of Enosburgh Falls, Z. M. Mansur of Island Pond, Hon. B. F. Fifield of Montpelier, Congressman D. J. Foster of Burlington, Major J. G. Brown of Montpelier, Maj. D. G. Hawley of Burlington,

Hon. Elias Lyman of Burlington, Col. Thad Chapman of Middlebury, Col. C. S. Emery of Chelsea, R. S. Logan of the Central Vermont Railway, Secretary of State J. A. DeBoer of Montpelier and others.

The special arrived at about two o'clock. As the train first came upon the soil of the old State many faces were seen within in quiet, happy expectancy. But few of the well-to-do Vermonters of the Hub appeared on the car platforms, as the train stopped only long enough for the two cars of the Vermont reception committee to be attached to the rear. The Vermont reception committee went aboard their own cars immediately upon the arrival and as the train pulled out began passing forward to pay their respects to the returning guests. Each member of the Boston party wore a large green tinted button, while the reception committee had badges of white satin with the State in silhouette and lettering in gold upon them.

The party reached Montpelier at four o'clock, and after lunch at the Pavilion, all marched to the State House, where Gov. and Mrs. Stickney were waiting at the executive chamber.

Later in the day the party took the train for Burlington. Next morning they were given a carriage ride around the city. A trip on the steamer Reindeer through the portions of Lake Champlain which are of historical interest was the feature of the outing Wednesday. Dinner was served in the grove at Cooper's Point. On the return trip addresses were delivered on the boat by Congressman-elect Foster and others.

Wednesday evening a committee of representative citizens, headed by Mayor Hawley, welcomed the Bostonians at Billings library.

On Thursday the visitors dispersed to various parts of the State to attend the local Old Home Week celebrations.

HARTLAND, VT.

BY E. H. PERKINS, HARTLAND, VT.

"OLD Home Day" was most fittingly recognized by the "Town Folk" of Hartland, Vt., their uncles, cousins and aunts, other relatives and guests—in fact most everybody—Wednesday, Aug. 14, at the Methodist church. The program by J. O. Wright, Daniel Webster and John Rogers as committee, was planned and executed in a most happy manner, the Grange being the leading element. The Band music imported from Meriden, N. H., was good.

Jerome Eastman, in his able manner as chairman, at 10 A. M., called the assembly to order. Address of Welcome by Rev. Levi Wild followed by Howard Flower and Lawyer Enright.

Then came not a lunch, but a feast. The hungry were fed. (Not 5,000, but about the same thing.) At least 500 and a chance for other hundreds. After which followed a generous repast of mental pabulum, consisting of addresses by Rev. F. H. Roberts, Rev. E. H. Alden, Tunbridge, Vt., Miss Nancy Darling and Prof. J. H. Dunbar. Mr. J. B. Miller told a very mirth provoking story.

The singing, with W. R. Sturtevant as director, was second to none. Especially gratifying was the trio for ladies' voices, by Mr. Sturtevant's daughters, Florence, Alice and Helen. Adjourned until one year.

WOODSTOCK, VT.

FEATURES OF OLD HOME WEEK: THE PAGEANT, A STAGE PRODUCTION—AN AFTERNOON IN THE PARK WITH SPEECHES AND MUSIC.—A BALL GAME AND AN UNPARALLELED ILLUMINATION.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

THE shire town of Windsor County observed Old Home Week with more spirit than had been expected. Not until the last moment were the handful of enthusiasts who made the preparations aware that they had full support. The reason is that in Woodstock they have Old Home Week all the time and the presence of numerous visitors is no novelty. It is not an ordinary village. In public matters there is no sensational awakening, no clamorous, undecided effort, no flash-light effect. But when things get started Woodstock can put up a big show, get the crowd, have what is advertised and always pay the bills. It was somewhat that way with Old Home Week. The number of returning residents was not as large as in some other towns, for the reason before given, but the public turned out and very plainly enjoyed the occasion.

THREE NIGHTS OF THE PAGEANT.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings a big spectacular performance called the Pageant was produced at the Opera House under the direction of Prof. Wales, and under the auspices of the Universalist Society. About 150 children took part, many of whom were from other churches. The programs were long and delighted large audiences. Dressed in quaint garments as goblins of the wood the children darted about in the faint light before the break of day, or danced as myriads of insect life, or in natty uniforms of policemen, sailors or cadets went through pleasing drills and songs, or in grotesque attire appeared as Chinamen, coming women, Irish biddies or colored artists, or tripped the mazes of evolutions. It was all highly satisfactory. The preparatory drills and the three evenings of stage appearance will do much to give each child precision, grace and assurance.

The Universalist Society received \$162. after paying all expenses. The ladies most to be complimented for the success of this part of the week (it is usually the ladies who energize such an affair,) are Mrs. Earl M. Slack, Miss Bertha Knapp and Miss Cora Frazier. Miss Roma Carpenter of Bridgewater and Miss Josephine Dow of Strafford assisted in solo work. The fine stage arrangements, scenery and the colored lighting gave rare beauty to many of the scenes and the special music was pleasing.



Dr. Henry Boynton, Col. Albert E. Clarke and Hon. Henry W. Walker leaving the Inn.

OLD HOME DAY EXERCISES IN THE PARK.

Friday was the day of the public celebration. The weather was of the made to order kind, not hot, not cool enough to be noticeable. As early as ten o'clock teams began to start from outlying villages and all roads led to Woodstock "Green." At two o'clock the band came marching up the street, some twenty members strong, resplendent in new uniforms. A large crowd had gathered in the Park and seats were occupied early.



THE PARK, WOODSTOCK, VT., DURING OLD HOME DAY EXERCISES.

Hon. Henry Walker and Dr. Henry Boynton escorted Col. Albert Clarke of Boston, the principal speaker of the afternoon to the platform, where other speakers and representative citizens were gathered. President Walker of the Old Home Association, the same who brought the Old Home idea before the Legislature, opened the exercises with a few words relative to this special season of return. Hon. Wm. E. Johnson of Woodstock extended a warm welcome to all guests. Mr. Hiram U. King of Stamford, Conn., responded in behalf of the visiting throng and made a reminiscent address. Secretary J. Read Pember read a letter of regret, representative of those received from old residents unable to attend. Col. Albert Clarke, Secretary of the Home Market Club of Boston, and a former resident of Windsor County, was next introduced. He reviewed the early history of the town, told of those who had found fame abroad, and spoke of Woodstock's good name in a speech of three-quarters of an hour.

The Band, under the leadership of the veteran band-master, Chas. M. Cobb, gave other selections after the exercises were finished and as the crowd was in a happy mood hand-shaking and "visiting" became general. For a social occasion the next half-hour was hard to beat.

BALL GAME ON VAIL FIELD AND LUNCH IN TOWN HALL.

A ball game on the athletic grounds near by soon drew an interested crowd and the managers could have filled extra grandstand sections if they'd had them. Those who could not be accommodated with seats stood around the diamond and dodged "fouls" and applauded with the "rooters" alternately. Woodstock wrested victory from the White River Junction team with a score of seventeen to six. This was the Woodstock's eleventh game this season and the team has lost but once, to South Royalton.

Between five and seven o'clock lunch was served in the Town Hall for out of town people and some four hundred took advantage of the offer.



THE SPEAKERS' PLATFORM.

Secretary Pember reading letter from Herman Snow, Cambridge, Mass.

THE BIGGEST OF MANY ILLUMINATIONS.

The committee on illumination worked actively the entire afternoon getting ready for the crowning event of the celebration. And as they had been in matters of this kind before wonders were accomplished. One gentleman, whose veracity is undoubted, says he personally put up 1,400 lanterns. That's more than you might find in some whole counties. The assistants and residents fell to with a will and soon the place was

rope-tied and stick-planted. If you want pointers on preparations for lighting see it done in Woodstock.

As dusk came on the light breeze of the afternoon had vanished and the conditions were perfect. The candles were all lighted without delay and in a few moments the village was transformed. The Band struck up and as one approached the center of the village Buffalo and its wonderful electric display was brought to mind. There was a blaze of light from St. James Church past the Park, through the Square, and down Main street to Tribou Park and on toward the depot. The illumination was the most successful of the many events the village has successfully handled within a few years. A special from White River Junction brought a big load from that terminal and villages on the line and people seemingly from all parts of the county were seen in the gay throng of residents and visitors. About two thousand people promenaded in and about the Park in streams of right and left or upon Elm and Pleasant streets admiring the handsome effects. A number of private residences were especially worthy of notice above the general excellence of the illumination.

There is probably no town where a greater number of lanterns are owned. The sight was wonderful and praise was on every lip. Thousands of lanterns hung in long lines from tree to tree on both sides of the walks, from house corner to corner, from house to tree and back again, grouped on shrubs and evergreens like Christmas decorations, massed in clumps high in air, arched over the wires of the street, suspended from the fountain in the Square, high up in festoons, garlands and in lines from upper-most windows, crossed in strings upon the front of business blocks, in graceful sagging lines across the street, and often a lantern high up on the highest peak of a house front lending wonder as to how it was ever placed there and what a job they would have to get it down. Every shape and size lantern was employed from the ordinary long ones, globes and odd shapes, up to monstrous ones almost as big as a barrel. Bunting, flags and big ropes of colored, fuzzy paper were draped and twisted around piazza columns with artistic effect. It was a scene of fairyland.

The occasional visitor in Woodstock had hard work to keep his bearings when on the streets bordering the Park. All land-marks had disappeared or were unrecognized. From right to left across an immense area the electric lights were paled by the suffused radiance of the lanterns and the candles which blazed from every window of many residences. The lights of the band-stand looked like the white flashes of a setting of precious stones, amid the colored display. Red and blue and white fire burned incessantly in the Park, on the edge of the roadway, and on the lawns, showing up with lurid glare the big loads of people in teams about the Park or slowly moving through the streets. Those who stood or sat upon the seats before the speakers' platform in the Park noticed that the thick foliage of the trees overhead had the flat, light green color of stage scenery. The band played, rockets went up, and the oft repeated cry of "Look out for your horses" was the signal for the showery flight of a bomb which exploded in mid-air with a terrific report. Roman candles fizzed and shot out their limit, small boys carrying colored fire torches chased about like fire-flies, the reverberating boom of some tremendous explosive came at intervals from without the pleasure area while the hum and chatter of many voices gave evidence of the thoroughly good time Woodstock was enjoying in her first Old Home Week.

Hon. Henry W. Walker of South Woodstock was present and many were the congratulations he received for the success of the Old Home Week plan.

The Woodstock celebration, although apparently regarded with indifference until the very week of its occurrence, turned out to be a magnificent success and its recurrence in years to come will be looked forward to with pleasure.

ROCHESTER, VT.

BIG CROWD.—NEW RAILROAD A CAUSE FOR REJOICING.
VILLAGE TASTEFULLY DECORATED.—RAIN INTERFERES WITH COMPLETE ROUNDING OF PROGRAM.

BY FRANK H. CHIPMAN, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

WHILE the celebration of Old Home Week in Vermont in 1901 was not as general throughout the State as had been hoped, yet many of the towns, and notably the smaller ones, put forth their best endeavors to make the first Old Home Week in the State a success, and how well they succeeded, those who attended their celebrations can testify.

Notable among the many celebrations was the Old Home Day at Rochester, Thursday, the 15th.

The crowd in attendance was something far beyond the expectations of the people of the town, yet everything moved as smoothly as if the people of Rochester were accustomed to have such a crowd of guests with them every day, and one could not but feel that he was a guest, as all seemed to vie with each other in making the day pleasant for their visitors.

One of the many causes of rejoicing for the inhabitants of the town and their friends was the fact that the town was now, through the untiring and unselfish efforts of its enterprising citizens, connected with the outside world by rail, and how much this meant could be seen by the crowds which came into the town by the several special trains which were run that day.

The town was beautifully and profusely decorated, all the places of business and most of the residences being covered with bunting tastily arranged, while a beautiful arch had been erected over the main street, bearing the words, "Old Home Day." "Welcome."

The exercises of the day opened with the ringing of bells and firing of a salute in the early morning. At 10:30 a. m. a very interesting list of athletic sports commenced, which lasted until the adjournment for dinner at 1 p. m.

The exercises at the stand which had been erected on the Common were opened at 2 p. m. by the President of the Day, Dr. W. D. Huntington, who introduced Hon. Alpha Messer, whose address of welcome was listened to by a large audience. Following this the Rev. Mr. Yerkes read a poem written for the occasion by Miss Georgianna Hodgkins of Ames, Iowa. Following the poem came the principal address of the day by Col. Albert Clarke of the Home Market Club of Boston.

Col. Clarke's address was an able and interesting one and we regret that want of space prevents us from giving the same in full, but one portion, that in reference to the record of the town during the war of the Rebellion, was especially noteworthy as illustrating one of the main characteristics of the people of the town, their readiness to do more than their share in anything which is for the public welfare. The speaker stated at the beginning of the war the population of the town was 1509 and the number of men liable for military duty was 144, yet before the war of the Rebellion closed the town had furnished 197 men, 8 more than their whole quota. The town erected in 1868 a monument to the memory of the sons of Rochester who lost their lives in the defense of their country, and engraved on this monument are the names of three commissioned officers, three non-commissioned officers and forty privates. Rochester's record in this war was the best in proportion to the size of the town of any in the United States.

Following Col. Clark, Mr. W. W. Campbell of Napoleon, Ohio made a short address.

Rain commenced falling late in the afternoon and the ball game, which promised to be the most interesting game ever played in the town, was abandoned. The rain also caused a change in the remainder of the programme of the day, as the Montpelier Band which was to give a concert on the Common in the evening were obliged to play in the G. A. R. Hall. The bonfire and torchlight parade was abandoned, and the

beautiful electrical display on the Common which had been arranged with considerable expense and large amount of labor could not be shown.

Taken as a whole the celebration was a great success and the people of Rochester have reason to congratulate themselves on their first Old Home Day.

READING, VT.

RED-LETTER DAY IN THE CALENDAR.—SPEECHES AND MUSIC.—BANQUET TO SEVEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.

BY HON. GILBERT A. DAVIS, WINDSOR, VT.

READING did herself honor on Old Home Day, August 14th and this day will ever be marked as a red-letter day in her calendar. The weather was delightful, and Felchville, that gem among the hills, was in its best array with flowers, evergreens, flags and bunting. The Windsor Cornet Band was in attendance and discoursed sweet music throughout the day. The former residents came from thirteen different states and from twenty towns in Vermont, to visit the old homes and greet the friends of former years. Reading had a cordial welcome for each and all of the eight hundred or more who attended. A fine banquet was served at Newton's hall to some seven hundred.

The more formal exercises took place in front of the school house, where a platform and seats had been provided.

It is not practicable within the limits of this article, to give a synopsis of the several speeches, poems and songs. Suffice it to say, that they were interesting, pithy, appropriate and witty and held the attention of the audience from commencement to close. Geo. D. Burnham presided, and B. M. Newton welcomed the home comers. Speeches were then made in the following order by the gentlemen named: Gilbert A. Davis of Windsor, Aden C. Estabrook of Lunenburg, Mass.; Rev. M. B. Paroutagian of Pittsfield, Dr. Aurelius C. Sherwin of Boston, Dr. O. W. Sherwin of Woodstock, Frank H. Clark and Rev. W. E. Douglass of Windsor, Rev. Edson Reinsdorf of Danvers, Mass., Chas. M. Keyes of Springfield, Edward R. Buck, Levi W. Carlton of Woodstock and Thomas Curley of Waltham, Mass. Songs were given by O. S. Holden, Miss H. Gertrude Roscoe, and by a quartette choir, and an original poem by Rev. Horace White was read by his niece, Miss Ida White. Rev. Chas. H. Wells of Bethel, and Rev. Ira Carter of North Dakota acted as Chaplains.

D. E. Washburn, Secretary, has worked hard to make this gathering the success it was.

The "GILBERT A. DAVIS LIBRARY BUILDING" was tastefully decorated and three hundred and six visitors registered there during the day.

All the standing committees worked unitedly and with a will, and as a result every thing was done in excellent manner. The enthusiasm was unabated from morning to night, and the day's exercises have anchored the former residents to the old town. Among the subjects prominently discussed was the duty of all to add to the volumes now upon the shelves of the public library, to help beautify the cemeteries in the town, and to erect some permanent tablets bearing the name, company and regiment of every native and resident of the town who was in the Union army, and to add to those the names of those who were in the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the other wars in which the United States have been engaged. It is earnestly hoped that patriotic and liberally minded people will take up these matters and see to it that practical results are reached. Another matter discussed was the completion of the history of the town. Mr. Davis' history, published in 1874, presented all materials available at that time, but much has been gathered since that should be preserved and a second volume is in contemplation.

In the afternoon a well fought game of base ball was given on A. E. Lock's meadow—Amsden v. Brownsville—resulting in favor of Amsden with a score of 13 to 5.



GOVERNOR STICKNEY WITH TWO OF HIS AIDES-DE-CAMP AND ESCORT, AT SPRINGFIELD.

R. W. Whitney,
Springfield.

Geo. F. Leland,
Springfield.

Col. Homer Dudley,
So. Londonderry.

His Excellency,
Gov. William W. Stickney,
Ludlow.

Col. John C. Coolidge,
Plymouth.

W. D. Woolson,
Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, VT.

WEEK OPENED WITH UNION SUNDAY SERVICE.—HIGH SCHOOL CADETS IN CAMP A NOVEL ATTRACTION.—GOV. STICKNEY AND STAFF PRESENT.

By MRS. BERT DENNY BOWEN, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

OLD Home Week came to Springfield on Sabbath morning with a bright and beautiful dawn. The Methodist and Universalist churches united in worship with the Congregationalist church and had the pleasure of listening to Rev. L. H. Cobb, a pastor of the church from 1867 to 1874, and now Secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society with headquarters in New York. Mr. Cobb preached from Psalm 68—6. An ideal home was pictured and the lives of some men who have been prominent both in the state of Vermont and elsewhere were touched upon.

On Monday morning the Slack Cadets went into encampment on the common on Mansion Hill. During the Spring term of school Col. W. H. H. Slack conceived the idea of forming a company of cadets in the High School and giving them regular drill under the direction of C. W. Louis, a young soldier from the Philippines. Every day during Old Home Week the cadets were aroused at 4:55 by the Sun-rise gun, and likewise informed of the Sun-set hour at seven o'clock.

Friday was chosen as the Gala Day of the week. An escort headed by the Band met the Governor and his Staff and proceeded to the common where the exercises of the day were held.

Following an inspection of the camp, came the presentation of Colors by Col. W. W. Brown and reception of the same by J. Milton Slack, Captain of the cadets. The cadets may

well be proud of their Colors, a beautiful flag bearing the inscription in gold letters, — "SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL CADETS."

A reception to old residents, non-residents, and visitors was given and at twelve o'clock all joined in a basket picnic.

In the afternoon Mr. W. D. Woolson introduced the various speakers with genial remarks. His Excellency, the Governor, first addressed the people giving a short review of the state and its important deeds, both in peace and war, where Vermonters have been engaged. The state of New Hampshire is usually given the credit of instituting Old Home Week in New England, but it is now acknowledged that the idea originated in Wilmington, Vermont, and was celebrated there several years ago.

Rev. William Byron Forbush of Boston, Mass., gave reminiscences of his child-



CAPT. J. MILTON SLACK.



THE SLACK CADETS, SPRINGFIELD, VT., LINED UP FOR MESS.

hood days in his native town. Hon. Edgar J. Sherman of Lawrence, Mass. presented an outline of the Association of Vermonters in Massachusetts and mingled his description with many pleasing witticisms. Hon. Fred G. Field, a native and present resident of Springfield, recalled to the minds of the "Old boys and girls," the days when Wesleyan Seminary crowned the top of Seminary Hill. Special music was furnished by a choir and a solo rendered by Mrs. W. A. Hall of Meriden, Conn. There was a review of the cadets and people dispersed to meet again on the square at seven o'clock. Just before the Governor retreated, three rousing cheers were given him by his Staff, the Band and Citizens in attendance. Much of the success of the day was due to the village Band which furnished such delightful music at intervals and the concert in the evening.

At eight o'clock as a grand ending for the day, there was a display of fireworks and the invitation, "Come back in 1902" disappeared in the burning brand.

On Saturday the Springfield High School celebrated Old Home Week by a Reunion at Ferndale, Charlestown, N. H. About 140 of the Committee, Teachers, Graduates and Pupils who had been connected with the school were present. It would not seem that the week was really closed on Saturday, the 17th, as upon the following day the cadets attended the Methodist church where they were addressed by the pastor, Rev. Isaac Peart. Their bright new uniforms, rifles presented by Col. Slack and their new Colors all lent fascination to the occasion.



BLANKET TOSSING.

A favorite recreation in military camps.

MERIDEN, N. H.

PROGRAM OF THE GREAT GALA DAY.—GOV. JORDAN PRESENT.—WINSTON CHURCHILL ADVOCATES PRESERVATION OF OUR FORESTS.—1200 PEOPLE ATTEND THE FESTIVITIES.—MUSIC AND FIREWORKS.

BY DR. I. N. FOWLER, MERIDEN, N. H.

THE day to which so many looked for, and wanted fine, dawned upon Meriden unpromising and before the day's progress was ended there were light showers.

About 8 a. m. the church bells rang out welcome to the many, and by 9 o'clock many were coming into town. Much work had been done the day before by the citizens in the way of decorating with bunting and evergreen. A platform had been erected on the east side of the Town Hall to accommodate those who would be unable to obtain seats inside.

10:00 a. m. Selection by the Meriden Cornet Band and social reception in Town Hall.

10:30 a. m. Song, My Old New Hampshire Home, by Messrs. Kenyon, Ruggles, Reade and Quimby of Plainfield.

10:40 a. m. Address by Winston Churchill. This was very interesting, and Mr. Churchill tried to convince the audience that New Hampshire was his home, and that New Hampshire was to be the popular state in the future for persons wishing to have a pleasant summer home. He said he hoped the Selectmen and other town officers would see that the many beautiful forests were not destroyed, especially the trees along the highways, that Massachusetts and other states were caring for their trees and that it was high time for New Hampshire to follow. Song, 'Mid the Green Hills of New Hampshire, by Miss Lena Doty. Song, In Days of Yore, Miss Annie Rober.

12:00. Dinner was served in a sumptuous manner to 200 guests who were invited and those who came from a distance at Bryant Hall, others eating in parties from lunches brought from home.

1:00 p. m. Programme continued. Prayer, Rev. A. J. Bailey, Meriden. Song, Welcome Home, Male Quartette. Address of Welcome, A. B. Chellis, Pres. Response, Joseph Davis, Cornish Flat. Clarinet Solo, "Romantic Air Varie," H. A. Williams of Windsor and Leader of Meriden Cornet Band. Address, His Excellency, Governor Jordan. Every one was much interested in this part of the programme. He spoke of his school days in K. U. A., etc. Song, The Old and the New Home, Mrs. T. Adams, Meriden. Oration, Rev. Chas. Richards, D. D. of Philadelphia. Dr. Richards

is the son of Prof. Richards who was at the head of the school so many years. Song, Miss Mott of St. Albans, Vt. Remarks by Hon. F. D. Currier, Canaan. Remarks, by W. F. Powers of Boston. Song, Annie Laurie, Plainfield Quartette. Fame of a Century, Hon. W. T. Perkins, Boston. Our Governor, Col. C. J. Smith, Boston. It being 4 o'clock the program closed until 8 o'clock p. m.

It is estimated that there were as many as 1200 persons attending the festivities of the day and every one pronounced the affair as a complete success, and all enjoyed themselves apparently. Had the day been fine, there would have been a much larger number in attendance. Nothing happened by way of accident to mar the occasion.

At 8 p. m. the Band played on the Campus and the entertainment began with fire-works which were supplied by Col. Smith's generosity. The whole campus was outlined with wire and to this was attached Japanese lanterns a few feet apart and which were very pretty when lighted. The variety of fireworks was made up of Roman candles, bombs, mines, cannon crackers, balloons which sailed away many miles, (and may be going yet) sky rockets, shooting stars, etc. One string was made up of 20,000 crackers, one end of which was attached to the upper end of a pole which was set in the ground and the other end of the string of crackers was on the ground, and when the lower end was ignited there was a great racket for some time and then finally an explosion. This was the best display of fireworks ever given in Sullivan County, and lasted two hours.

At to p. m. all went home except those who attended the dance in the Town Hall. Much praise is due Col. Smith for his part of the program.

NORWICH, VT.

By H. V. PARTRIDGE, NORWICH, VT.

FRIDAY, August 16, 1901, was ushered in by the ringing of bells at sunrise, whose musical notes as they floated through the air announced to us the advent of our day in Old Home Week. Soon the sun appeared, flashing its bright rays through the disappearing mist, and seemed to be smiling upon a day that was to become historical in the annals of this town—it being our First observance of Old Home Week. In anticipation of this event the people of

this village had been busy for several days putting things in "ship-shape," so when the day came and with it the visitors, our little hamlet among the hills, with its dwellings and business houses artistically draped with banners, with bunting of the national colors and with the beautiful golden rod, and with flags floating over the street waving a "welcome" to all, presented a neat and attractive appearance.

In the school building, was a gallery of portraits of former residents of the town, which was a pleasing and interesting resort to those who visited it; there, also, was kept a book in which former residents were to register their names and addresses, and over two hundred names were recorded therein.

By good time in the forenoon, with the temperature delightfully tempered to the occasion, came the early arrivals from our own and adjoining towns, to become part of the large mass of people soon to assemble in response to invitations issued by the Norwich Old Home Week Association, "To come and participate in the First Annual Reunion of present and former residents." And from California, New York, Ohio and other states came sons and daughters and former residents of Norwich, all with love in their hearts for the old home.

The exercises of the forenoon were slightly abbreviated, but not marred, by the late arrival of the musicians from Claremont, N. H., which caused the cancelling of the reception by the town officers and the officers of the local Old Home Week Association to present and former residents of the town. But the people mingled together informally, and the loss of the stated reception in no wise lessened the pleasure of the multitude.

On the west side of the village green was erected a stand for the speakers, on the north side one for the musicians, both under the shade of near-by trees, and on the south side were arranged the tables for the dinner, and at the east side of the space stood the school building, facing thereon, making a pleasing design. In close proximity to the speaker's and the musician's stands were placed seats to accommodate several hundred persons.

At 11 A. M. was the open-air concert by twenty gifted performers, listened to by a large audience.

At 12:30 P. M. dinner was announced and about seven hundred persons sat down to a repast of good and choice viands, largely the free-will offering from the generous hearted women of Norwich. The tables were tastefully arranged under a canopy of maple foliage.



MUSICIANS AND CADETS PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE THE GOVERNOR AT SPRINGFIELD.

At 2:30 P. M. the literary exercises of the day, interspersed with music, commenced and were as follows: Address of Welcome, by H. V. Partridge, Pres. of the local Old Home Week Association. Response, by Commander G. P. Colvocoresses, U. S. Navy, and address upon chosen subjects, by F. O. Loveland, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio; R. E. Stevens, Esq., Hartford, Vt.; W. W. Morrill, Esq., Troy, N. Y.; and Rev. N. R. Nichols and H. B. Olds, Esq., Norwich. Remarks were also made by Wm. Boardman, Esq., Boston, Mass., and Allison Partridge, Esq., Manchester, N. H., all of which efforts were both pleasing and instructive, and received generous acceptance by the large and attentive body of hearers; then were read by the acting Secty., W. W. Morrill, Esq., in a pleasing manner, several interesting letters from former residents of Norwich, followed by the singing of some old and familiar songs, by a volunteer choir, which caused the fountain of tears to overflow, as stated by a gentle listener; the whole concluded by words of thanks from the presiding officer for all that had been done by all persons, in their general ways to make the occasion a success.

The open-air concert in the evening, of choice music, artistically rendered by the American Band, of Claremont, N. H., was a pleasing feature. In company with the concert came the illumination of dwellings and business places by very many candles in windows thereof; and of door-yards, streets and the Common, by hundreds of Japanese lanterns, artistically arranged, all producing a scenic effect truly entrancing, to properly describe which would require the imaginative brain of a poet.

WINDSOR, VT.

ARRIVING GUESTS MET AT STATION BY HOSTS OF FRIENDS.—RECEPTION.—DINNER SERVED TO FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.—PUBLIC EXERCISES.—HIGH SCHOOL REUNION.

By GERTRUDE ELINOR HARRIS, Windsor, Vt.

THE old town of Windsor entered with great enthusiasm into the celebration of Old Home Week although no public welcome was accorded the returning sons and daughters of Windsor until Thursday the fifteenth, every train for days before was met by hosts of relatives and friends eagerly waiting to give the visitors a warm welcome.

Thursday morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells so that no returned wanderer could awake without a musical welcome sounding in his ears. At ten o'clock sports were held on the common.

During the forenoon a reception was held in the town hall which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The front of the stage was banked with goldenrod and all around the walls were hung portraits of the most distinguished sons and daughters of Windsor.

At one o'clock the doors of the High School building were thrown open and a bountiful dinner of baked beans, cold meats, salad, pies, cake, ice cream and coffee was served to fifteen hundred people. This dinner proved one of the most successful features of the celebration owing to the goodly appearance of the tables and the facility with which such a crowd was served, proving that careful preparations had been made.

In the afternoon the people gathered on the common to listen to the speeches by various notable men of Windsor, either of the present or of former years. A shower unfortunately compelled a retreat to the town hall but in no wise dampened the ardor of the speakers or audience. Among the speakers were Hon. J. C. Enright, Hon. Marsh O. Perkins, Hon. G. A. Davis, all of Windsor, I. R. Clark of Boston, Rev. Osgood Herrick of Watertown, N. Y., Rev. Prescott Everts and Sherman Everts of New York.

In the evening a band concert was given in the town hall.

The following evening the Windsor High School Alumni Association gave a brilliant reception to all the former pupils of the school. With H. D. Lawrence of Sherbrooke, P. Q., as toastmaster, informal but highly enjoyable speeches were made by I. R. Clark, Rev. Henry Thompson, Rev. Prescott Everts, Sherman Everts, Albion Wilson, Prof. R. B. Barton, and a paper was read by Mrs. George M. Witt. After the speeches the Alumni circle was formed with the class of '01 in the center and Auld Lang Syne was sung by nearly a hundred alumni and alumnae. Refreshments and dancing followed thus closing in a pleasant way the public exercises of Windsor's Old Home Week.

STRAFFORD, VT.

EVERY HOUSE CROWDED WITH VISITORS.—CELEBRATION COVERS ENTIRE WEEK.—GREAT VARIETY OF ENTERTAINMENT.—A MODEL OLD HOME WEEK.



THE FINISH OF THE GIRLS' RACE.

Photo. by Her. B. T. Marshall.

By ELIZABETH M. F. CHANDLER, STRAFFORD, VT.

IT WAS not until late in the month of July that the idea of having a Strafford Old Home Week really took definite form; but the idea, once grasped, was put forward with so much force, and wisdom as well, that in an amazingly brief time an able corps of officers had been elected and an elaborate programme arranged. The officers chosen were President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, an Executive Board of three members, with other committees appointed later each for its special station. Invitations were sent to absent friends, programs printed and widely distributed and preparations made to give a royal welcome to all who might come. Strafford has always been noted for the strong hold it has upon the hearts of its sons and daughters whether by birth or by adoption—a friend once is a friend forever—and so, knowing that special effort was being put forth to render the "Old Home" unusually attractive during the festival week, special effort was made to be present; with the result that every house was full and much systematic and good natured crowding took place. Fully ten states were represented here during the week. The weather was perfect with the single exception of one evening and even then the falling rain seemed in no way to dampen the enthusiasm of the pleasure seekers.

On Sunday, August 11, the worshippers at the various churches listened to appropriate old home sermons which called to mind their early days, and at 5 p. m., a large congregation gathered in the old Town Hall for a union service which consisted largely of music by a quartette supported by a chorus of more than twenty voices. Among the selections rendered were "To Thee O Country," "Unfold Ye Portals," "The Radiant Morn," "Hear Our Prayer" and "Fear Ye Not."

Monday saw the arrival of more guests and the afternoon was given up to a tennis tournament, the finals and semi-finals

having to be played off the following morning. Monday evening the common was lighted with magic lanterns and the Town Hall was the scene of a delightful reception. The decorations were most elaborate and beautiful, among them being a representation of the Vermont-coat-of-arms. The reception committee consisted of five ladies and music was furnished by an orchestra. The costumes were elegant.

Tuesday was Old Home Day and a picnic dinner at 12 m. on the Town House Hill was the first attraction. A crowd gathered as if by magic and immediately after dinner adjourned to the Hall where brief but interesting speeches by townspeople and visitors occupied a short hour. Following



PART OF THE CROWD ON COMMON WATCHING POTATO RACE.

Photo. by R. H. Nicholls, Chelsea, Mass.

this were the various sports and races—viz.:—girls' races, boys' races, 100 yards dash, putting shot, potato races, three-legged races, an obstacle race, etc. Interspersed throughout the afternoon were selections by the Tunbridge Band which was hired for the day and evening and gave most excellent and inspiring music. The final event of the sports was a "tug-of-war" which was hotly contested for the space of two minutes though the excitement was so great that the time seemed much longer. Teams were moving quietly about during the latter part of the afternoon bringing fuel for the bonfire and before time for lighting its proportions were gigantic; and at last as the shades of night came down the torch was applied and the flames streamed upward lighting the entire village and the gay crowd of people. At last a march about the common was taken up, the bonfire being in the center and the scene was most fantastic. Then came a fine display of fireworks which terminated the exercises of this greatest day.

Wednesday afternoon and evening were given up to a Fair held in the Town Hall under the auspices of the Ladies' Benevolent Circle. The Fair was a pronounced success in every way and both buyer and seller went away satisfied. The proceeds were to be devoted to improvements upon the Congregational church.

Thursday was generally quiet and visitors were allowed to enjoy some of the natural beauties of the place. The evening was devoted to a Vaudeville entertainment by the Strafford Dramatic Club which called out a crowded house. Besides the standard lights of the stage the children were worked in and their songs, "Cakewalk" and "Pick-a-ninnies" were very amusing.

Friday afternoon more sports took place; races by girls, boys and married men, a pie-eating contest, a greased pole, a greased pig and a potato race, together with the bicycle race in which there were four prizes and fourteen entries. Prizes were offered for most of the events. The Tunbridge Band again furnished most acceptable music throughout the afternoon. At the grand Ball in the evening the Hall was crowded with merry dancers and an orchestra discoursed music until a late hour, about a hundred couples participating.

Saturday afternoon was taken up by two much talked of events; the first being a "tug-of-war" between eight employees of the Elizabeth mines against any eight of the townsmen. In this all preparations were made before hand and the cable at a pistol shot was gained about six inches by the townsmen and held there during the two minutes that the tug lasted. The manager of this event was one who had had much experience in athletic matters and declared this to be the most complete affair of the kind he had ever witnessed. The widely talked of ball game between the married men and "single-sticks" occupied the rest of the afternoon and was closely contested being won by the "single-sticks" by two runs. Various "yells" were concocted and delivered at intervals with great energy.

And thus ended the seventh great day of Strafford's great week. It was a week of universal good-fellowship and enjoyment and marked generosity on the part of both visitors and townspeople. Enough money was raised by subscription and donation to defray all the expenses so that everything throughout the week was perfectly free to all.

And already plans for Old Home Week in 1902 have begun to be formed. There will be many attractive features added and wider notice given, but no future celebration can surpass in genuine good feeling that of the week just passed, August eleven to seventeen, nineteen hundred and one.

ROYALTON AND POMFRET.

OLD HOME DAY LOYALLY OBSERVED.—OUTING CLUB INVITES EVERYONE TO A PICNIC.—FARMERS' CLUB HAS A CELEBRATION.—EARLY DAYS RECALLED.

By MRS. E. M. LOVEJOY, SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

VERMONT has had a holiday, and it lasted from August 11th to 17th inclusive. The leading dailies have given full accounts of events taking place in the larger cities, where spectacular processions, celebrated orators, and games entertained the crowds gathered to enjoy a novel occasion. It may be questioned if the real spirit of Home Week, and the lasting good to the state which its promoters hoped to realize, were not better expressed in some of the smaller, more quiet towns.

Royalton may be taken as a type of a town with thriving villages, and Pomfret as one with no settlement pretentious enough to be called a village. Both celebrated Home Week.

The people of Royalton and adjoining towns to the number of several hundred gathered at Lake John on August 13th, under the auspices of the Outing Club, which combined its annual picnic with Home Day. Tables were set around the margin of the little dimpling lake, and after a time of social enjoyment groups of families and friends gathered about them, and partook of the delicacies which Vermont products and housewifely skill had provided.

Citizens of Vermont impress strangers as taking life too seriously, and as being incapable of giving themselves up heartily to a day's pastime. This crowd at Lake John might have seemed to take its holiday a little too decorously in the eyes of a Frenchman or German, but if it came sober, it also went away sober, and had as much genuine fun as if it had been a more hilariously gathering.

Speeches by local talent and visiting friends entertained the people for two hours and a half after dinner. Seated on boards under the shade of friendly trees, they let digestion take care of itself while they listened to the twitter of birds overhead and the flow of oratory in front. The speeches contained wit and wisdom, a glorification of Vermont, and a discussion of some evils to be remedied. It was noticeable that the clergymen who made addresses had an unusual fund of taking anecdotes at hand. It would seem that the pulpit has thought it worth while to study the art of arresting attention before firing off its gifts of moral admonition. The picnic that leaves out the minister today has made a great mistake.

No large number of former residents were present, but those who were testified to the rare beauty of Royalton's natural scenery, to its front rank as an agricultural town, and to its reputation for progressiveness and sobriety.

Pomfret had sent out a large number of personal invitations to non-resident natives of the town to attend Old Home Day, August 14th, under the auspices of the Farmers' Club. Her children came from the East and West, and in the joy of meeting old friends once more forgot the long years that had brought gray hairs, wrinkles, and rheumatism. One would suddenly find his hand grasped by a seeming stranger with a light in his eye and a questioning smile on his face.

"You don't know me, do you?"

"No, I don't believe I do," hesitatingly floundering around in memory's rubbish heap.

"You've forgotten putting the hat in the chimney of the old schoolhouse?"

"Ha! Ha! If it isn't Dave Green!" and then follows a handshake that threatens a worse attack of rheumatism than ever. Former teachers found it hard to recognize their old pupils in the mature fathers and mothers with their flocks of children, but every one was happy.

A free dinner was served to all. Long tables were set in the town hall and loaded with wholesome delicious food. Guests were first served, and the tables had to be set three times before all had eaten. Then the hall was cleared and seats arranged for hearing the addresses. Each one on the program was limited to ten minutes, so the speeches were chiefly reminiscences of a bright, entertaining nature. This occupied only an hour including a solo and the singing of Auld Lang Syne and America.

The Farmers' Club may felicitate itself on the happy manner in which its plans for the day were carried out. Many will look forward with pleasure to a similar re-union next year.

The excellent music furnished at Royalton and Pomfret shows that, though the old singing school has vanished, this art is not neglected in the rural towns today.

Soldiers' Reunion, Barnard.

BY MARTHA A. EASTMAN, BARNARD, VT.

THIS was the morning of August 28. It was in every way a perfect day. I recalled to mind the story of the wag who said he had "always noticed that the Almighty provided better days for horse trots than for campmeetings, re-unions and the like." Evidently if that be a rule, then this was an exception.

I had promised myself that I would not take notes this year, but take rather a good enjoyable absorption of the eloquence that should fall from the lips of our speakers, and by the way no doubt some of the readers of this will be sorry that I did not keep my word. However, should you do so just give brother Cummings full credit for the *sin* although I am the *sinner*. You see this is the way it happened. I still believe it was a scheme of his not to ask me to do so until it was too late to refuse, for just the evening before I received a letter

saying he had been invited by President Gilman to be there in person and that he might have a seat right up with the shining lights—no, it said "*big guns*"—and that they would also furnish refreshments and he proposed that I substitute, so with these credentials in my pocket—no, I forgot them as people sometimes have a convenient way of doing—but anyway I reached the town very early and immediately button-holed Mr. Gilman and told him I was a representative of the INTER-STATE JOURNAL, and do you know, I even believe that this pass-word would be the open sesame even to the Pan American Exposition. Right here I wish to publicly thank Mr. Gilman for his respectful kindness through the day.

At ten o'clock the band, Woodstock, I think it was (anyway it was a good one), struck the first air of the day and soon a procession two miles in length (more or less) proceeded from Main street, which had been profusely decorated in red, white and blue in honor of the day, to Silver Lake Park. Silver Lake Park!—what a lovely place!—no wonder that we, who were born here and have never seen Switzerland and the Thousand Isles and other beautiful places, have such love for this little lake nestled among the hills.

Arrived at the grand stand a little girl walked up and presented President Gilman a bouquet of flowers tied with the colors, and I thought that that bouquet been the size of the pavilion and each and every petal a word of praise and love for the soldier, it would after all have been a very weak expression of the gratitude and love we owe to that band who represented our homes and our liberties.

The program was begun with prayer by Rev. G. H. Huntley of S. Framingham, Mass., after which Rev. E. M. Barney of Beverly, Mass., took the place of honor and in well chosen words he gave a mental picture of the honor of those poor men at Libby prison who were promised their liberty if they would fight for the other side, the grander elements of their natures being evinced as they marched back to that hell upon earth. Such was the spirit of the men of '61 to '65. The same spirit of loyalty was represented in the war of the thirteen colonies with the mother country. The declaration of independence, Robert Morris, Valley Forge, where the men could be tracked by the blood, secession—Lincoln's call for troops—all of these were touched upon making the *old story new*, and woman's sacrifice in that great struggle. The mother giving up her son, the wife her husband, the sweetheart her lover to fight for his country and to die if need be, in her cause. He showed that the little soldier gets from the Union is not a gift but only a part and a very small part payment of that debt we owe the soldier, and while the cost of liberty and union and country has been great it may in the future be yet greater. It is not yet a free country. We are enlisted in a larger army against ignorance and selfishness. The ten commandments must be followed. We need more of righteousness. There is too much of sin in the land. May our young people join in this grand army and be good and loyal citizens of the grandest country ever known. God help us to do our duty. These were the points of a few of the good things said by Mr. Barney who held the audience closely during the time in which he spoke.

The route to a man's heart should always be via the stomach and hence the noon hour is by no means *least* at a soldiers' re-union. The social element, the renewal of old acquaintance, the smile of recognition, the welcoming kiss, the hand touch hand—all of these play prominent parts in the felicities of this *fragment of life's drama*.

After dinner the band again called the crowd to the speakers' stand when Rev. W. A. Warner of Bethel was announced. Mr. Warner is my ideal speaker. To hear his voice only is an inspiration for good in the heart of man. He told us it was travesty for him to speak of the soldier and of war, inasmuch as he personally knew nothing of war. Those who had suffered were the ones to talk of war, and my heart swelled in quick response, aye, such of those as lived to tell the story, but who I ask could be a better representative than that son who

was yet unborn when his father offered his life for his country and *did not return*. This thought appeals especially to every mother's heart, so that only to know him is to love, honor and respect him. Beginning he made a refutation of the *charge* that *eloquence* had ever flowed from his lips and proceeded to relate several amusing anecdotes by which to claim the attention of the audience. Ethan Allen was reported as telling of himself: He was once out during a violent electric shower and being somewhat afraid either of the water or the electricity (presumably the latter) he ran under a beech tree and forthwith it was shattered by the lightning bolt; considering this somewhat unsafe he sought refuge under a nearby *elm* tree and then came another bolt shivering that also. He next ran for shelter to a neighboring haystack and this too was soon flying in all directions. Concluding he was the fellow it was after he struck for open field resolved to take it as it came but it did not come. Moral—Don't dodge.

A private upon being queried by the sergeant—"What's the matter?" "Oh nothing." "Be you homesick?" "No I aint homesick, but I wish I was in father's barn."—"Why what would you do if you were in your father's barn?"—"Wal by gum I'd git into the house as quick as I could."



PRESIDENT JOHN GILMAN.

Co. H, 1st Vt. and Co. D, 8th Vt.; President of Windsor and Orleans Co. Veterans Reunion and Plattsburgh Association; U. S. Pension Attorney; Prosper, Vt.

Mr. Warnerspoke at considerable length of the serious side of war and of life. He spoke of seeing poor Col. Coffey at Bennington with whose pitiable condition of mind veterans are familiar and related an incident of a young lad voluntarily giving his life at Knoxville. It was necessary that a fort be blown up. Barrels of powder were placed in position. The boy knew beyond a doubt that he would be killed, and requested that his watch and other little articles be sent with a loving message to his mother.

All was ready—he touched the fuse and the mass went skyward and the poor

boy was buried so deep in the debris that they let it be his grave. Such were the heroes.

An incident connecting the sacrifices of the Spanish war with the civil war was told. He had seen a father and mother standing over the lifeless body of their son and he said to that father, "where did you leave your arm?" At *Antietam* was the reply. The conclusion, "May God bless you. God bless the soldier; don't forget them. May the Lord keep you and bring you together a year from now." Singing by the choir.

Rev. G. H. Huntley was the next speaker. He spoke of the great needs of the country, alluded to the great cost of drink in our republic, exceeding that of bread, wool and cotton, and alas, broken hearts and homes as well;—touched briefly upon opportunity and quoted Emerson as saying 'America's another name for opportunity.' Let our loyalty be a monument to the soldier. His remarks entire were of unusual interest and suggested to me

"There are battles yet to fight
There are victories yet to win."

The choir which consisted of Messrs. Perkins, Brownell, Moore and Perkins and Mrs. Huntley, Davis, Putnam, and Perkins, rendered a selection.

Rev. Mr. Rider of Grosvenor, Mass., was the next and last speaker. His words were well chosen, direct and forceful, but for lack of space I will only say it was one of the best of the day.

A letter from Hon. Hugh Henry was read by Mr. Oliver Mackenzie of Woodstock. Extracts from it—as follows: "I have read your re-union poster and what is printed under my name. *I never tell stories*. But as it is, by explaining that I could not possibly be there you can save something out of the wreck. It was out in Indiana. There had been a traveling show in town and the proprietor had about 40 of the leading citizens up before the judge. 'What is the complaint?' asked the court. 'The complaint is' said the proprietor, 'that these fellows tore all my tents down, cut the poles into kindling wood and pounded my wild man most to death.' 'What do you say to that,' quoth the court, 'are you guilty or not guilty?' 'Well,' said their spokesman 'we *did* it. The cuss advertised that his wild man would eat raw dog, he didn't do it, and said he couldn't do it, so we tore the tents down and pounded the wild man.' 'The prisoners are discharged. When anybody advertises to eat raw dog they have got to eat raw dog or the other fellows have a right to tear down the whole meeting house.'

Every one was disappointed that Mr. Henry was not present but no one attempted to tear down the speakers' stand and I heard one man remark that a soldiers' re-union without Hugh Henry was like a circus without a clown.

"Marching through Georgia," by the band after twelve years rehearsal" was the announcement, and they did it great justice even with that practice. Miss Grace Darling of Newport, N. H., sang a solo "Angus McDonald" and upon being encored rendered "A bird in Hand," alas for those three old maids.

There was recommended a ten minutes re-union of Co. H, 11th Vt., also of Co. G, 16th Vt.

The old veteran Daniel Parkhurst sang, "The Happy Land of Canaan." The old man expressed his assurance that they would excuse him if his voice was not as good as in the old days, but the song was grandly effective.

The exercises closed with music by the band.

A reporter is supposed to use the *pen* and not the *tongue* in the same way that a master of ceremonies is not expected to do all the talking. Mr. Gilman it goes without saying did his part gracefully and modestly, and I ask pardon for the expression of thought I have occasionally interjected. I can not close without again according to the old soldiers under God, my holiest gratitude for the service done us and our children by their noble valor and all enduring sacrifice.

The business meeting in the pavilion was well attended. The officers elected were: President, John Gilman, Woodstock; Vice President, E. C. Hagar, Gaysville; Secretary, P. F. Riley, Barnard; Treasurer, H. N. Bruce, Pomfret. It was voted that a book be purchased in which an enrollment of veterans attending re-unions be made.

The committee are Barnard, H. A. Wood, P. F. Riley, Geo. Kelley; Woodstock, Geo. Perry; Hartland, E. H. Perkins; Bethel, Geo. Kimball; Pomfret, H. N. Bruce; Bridge-water, N. C. Baker; Stockbridge, O. M. Harrington; Rochester, H. Chaffee; Hartford, H. H. Peck; Sharon, C. E. Willey; Royalton, Cyrus Howard; West Windsor, W. H. Ralph; Randolph, J. E. Eldredge; Tunbridge, H. R. Hayward.

The following poem was written for the occasion:

Again we meet beside the lake,
That fair its silver waves outspread,
When the first gleam of morning breaks.
Or night's dim day's last glimmer fades.
We meet to weld those bonds anew
Forged in the battle's furnace blast
And take a retrospective view
Of that great drama of the past.
We meet to clasp the hands of those
Who, joined with us, our flag uphold
Till France's banner brightly ran:
Her radiant day was ours once more.
What woes and sufferings undusted,
Beloved nation! fell on thee,

Twice the first shot on Sumpter fired
And "Appomattox's apple tree!"
That baptism of blood has passed,
North, South, East, West, together stand
With bonds of union strong as steel.
One God, one flag, one native land.
Over us bends the ban of Power,
Long may its mortal leech bleedings faint,
Till for us shall warfare cease.
At Israel's commanding call.
Our ranks are thinning year by year,
Our homes are lost, our heads are gray.
The eternal camping ground is near,
In Heaven we'll find reunion day.

Miss Mary Parmenter
Miss Mary Parmenter

Price, **10 Cents.**

50 Cents a Year.

INTER-STATE JOURNAL

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.



The late President McKinley pronounced this the best negative he ever had.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY,

TWENTY-FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



Leading Articles: The Fairs of a County, Little New York, Pan-American Exposition.

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We would at this time call your attention to a **Cooked and Pressed Corned Beef** that we are making. It is a clean, delicious, healthy, cold meat. Made from the choicest selections of Corned Beef, and seasoned to please the taste of an epicure. Price per lb., 16c.

GRAPE JELLY, in Mason pint jars. Price, 25c.

As a healthful summer drink it is very refreshing. Place two or three spoonfuls of the Jelly in a glass and fill with water. Stir briskly.

SCHMIDT'S CONDENSED SOUP, per can, 10c.

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NICE MAPLE SYRUP, per gal., \$1.10

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Quality wins. This true saying is proved beyond a doubt by our steadily increasing sales of Pickles.

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Sweet Midgets, qt., 30c.

Mild Plain, qt., 15c.

Unseen Sizes, qt., 10c.; 3 qts., 25c.

MALT VINEGAR. The best table and pickling Vinegar that can be produced. We recommend it because we know that there is none better. Buy a small quantity, or if you do not care to do that, bring a small bottle and we will gladly give you a sample. The prudent housewife will use no other vinegar for her pickles.

WITCH HAZEL, full pint bottles, 20c.

AMMONIA, full pint bottles, 10c.; 3 bottles, 25c.

INTERSTATE BLUING, 10c.; 3 bottles, 25c.

CANDO, the best silver polish, 25c.

SOAPS.

SWIFT'S WASHING POWDER, full one pound package, 5c.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP, 7 cakes, 25c.

ARK SOAP, 12 cakes, 25c.

DANDY SOAP, 13 cakes, 25c.

BISCUITS AND CRACKERS.

ARLINGTON GRAHAMS, one pound package, 15c.

SALTINE BISCUIT, one pound package, 15c.

LAKE SIDE SODA, one pound package, 10c.

WORCESTER LUNCH, one pound package, 10c.

GINGER SNAPS, three pounds, 25c.

TEA BISCUIT, three pounds, 25c.

WORCESTER CRACKERS, put up in full weight cartons, 25c.

DOUBLE CREAM CHEESE, best cheese in town. Price, 16c.

BURNHAM'S HASTY JELLYCON, makes a delicious dessert for five or six people. Price, 10c.

HEINZ'S KEYSTONE KETCHUP, full pints, 25c.

You see the price is no higher than many of the cheap ones that the market is flooded with.

FLOUR.

We tried keeping about every kind our customers called for, but for several years we have carried in stock three kinds that we know are the best. They are as follows:

WISE KING, the leader of all bread Flours; **EDSON & CHADWICK'S BEST**, the best all round Flour on earth; **SPOTLESS**, the acknowledged leader in Pastry Flour.

Every barrel of each of these Flours is warranted to have no superior and but few equals. The price is often as low as the inferior grades.

CANNED BAKED BEANS, picnic size, plain, 7c., with tomato sauce, 8c. Family sizes from 10 to 18c. per can.

We can sell you a canned Baked Bean that will please you as well as the kind you bake at home. Think of the work saved by the cook who is obliged to stay so many hours in the hot kitchen to do the work that can't be avoided.

CODFISH, 3 lb. box, 25c.; a better one for 35c., and the best there is on the market for 50c.

One pound boxes for 10 and 15c.

We will give you Good Values and Prompt Service and in return we will expect Prompt Payment.



Inter-State Journal.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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10 Cents a Copy.
50 Cents a Year.

Captain Charles E. Clark.

THE HERO OF THE OREGON AND SANTIAGO. — LOVED
AND HONORED BY HIS NATIVE TOWN AND STATE.



ILLUSTRATION BY COURTESY OF UNITED OPINION, BRADFORD, VT.

Captain Clark of the Oregon.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH,
WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

With speech and song, and hearts elate,
We welcome back to his native State,
The man who whipped the Spanish Don,
Our Captain Clark of the Oregon.

Brave sons have gone out from our hills
With tender hearts and iron wills,
But none more true have come or gone
Than Charles E. Clark of the Oregon.

That sail of fifteen thousand miles
Through stormy seas, past lonely isles
Was wrought by Yankee brain and brawn
With Captain Clark and the Oregon.

If he alone had chanced to meet
On the high seas the Spanish fleet
One flag alone had hailed the dawn,
Clark's flying o'er the Oregon.

For later, when Cervera tried
To make escape, his hopes all died.
His fleetest ship to doom was drawn
By Clark on board the Oregon.

The old Green Mountain State today
Greets her brave son the good old way;
Her brightest sunshine down she flings,
Her sweetest songs she gladly sings,
With echoes all her woods and hills,
And puts her robes of beauty on
For Captain Clark of the Oregon.

THE most honored guest of the State of Vermont during Old Home Week was Capt. Chas. E. Clark, who brought the magnificent battle-ship Oregon around the Horn in the days when the country was in suspense as to the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet, rapidly nearing our shores. He made a record-breaking trip of fourteen thousand miles from the Pacific coast, with a single small consort, and at the risk of encountering the entire fleet of the enemy at any moment came dashing on, reaching Santiago in time to take a hand in the greatest sea fight of modern times. The country breathed easier when Clark and the Oregon arrived. The glory of another of Vermont's sons is slightly dimmed but the mention of Capt. Clark's name will bring applause from any assemblage in the Green Mountain State. Vermonters believe there is nothing good enough for Capt. Clark and hope to see him at the head of our navy in the next ten years.

Capt. Clark and Mrs. Clark stopped at Brattleboro an hour on the way to Bradford, his native town, and was warmly received by citizens gathered at the Brooks House parlors. He arrived in Bradford Tuesday afternoon and was met at the station by a large number of people. The greeting was an impressive one. On the way to the village his carriage was preceded by a mounted escort, drum corps and Grand Army Post, and members of the Boys' Oregon Club walked on each side of the carriage. Bradford had a big celebration and displayed a wonderful depth of feeling for her famous son. He was the biggest star in the constellation.

Capt. Clark is very modest. It usually happens that people who excel in doing things are not great talkers. Vermonters are quick to recognize their kind and the man without affectation gets nearest their hearts.

At the Alumni reception he said: "I cannot thank you enough for this greeting. I am very grateful to you all. If I had studied more when I was in the old school I might say something worth hearing. But before I learned to make speeches I was transferred to a school where about all in the speechmaking line required was 'Aye, aye.'" After telling how Senator Morrill got him a place at the Naval Academy he concluded by saying Gov. Farnham, Messrs. Low, Prichard, Baldwin and others had given him an excellent character and as he was going to be there only a little while at best he thought he would try to keep it.

At the public exercises Capt. Clark said that he regarded it as unfortunate that he, not being a public speaker, had been chosen to respond to the greeting of Ex-Gov. Farnham, to soldiers and sailors. He touched upon Bradford's distinguished sons in the war to save the Union. He said it was a source of congratulation to all that our country has conferred upon a Vermonter the highest rank attainable in the navy. That our State had not been appropriately honored through any of her soldier sons. But that opportunity yet remains for Gen. Wm. F. Smith, known to the fighting world as "Baldy Smith," a great soldier born in Vermont, still lives but only has the rank of the lowest field officer.

At Montpelier Capt. Clark was not down for a speech at the mass meeting but everyone was anxious to hear him. As he was introduced to the audience of 2,000 people a cheer broke forth that shook the rafters and continued for several moments, while hundreds of handkerchiefs fluttered and the band played the Star-Spangled Banner. Quiet restored, Capt.

Clark said "Ladies and gentlemen, friends: My heart's response goes out to each and every one of you though my words do not. This is a great pleasure to me to be here during this Old Home Week occasion, and to be the guest of the city that was for so many years my home, the home of my father and mother and brother, to meet my life long friends and those who came back from other States.

"I want to thank you for all you have done for me, for all you have tried and wished to do for me, and if I have never done half you ascribe to me it is not my fault, when people say as did Secretary of State Mr. Howland two years ago that when the war began it was between the American people and the Kingdom of Spain, that later it seemed to be between Vermont and the Kingdom of Spain, and still later between Montpelier and the Kingdom of Spain."

He said it was very difficult to decide between the merits of the men engaged in the battle of Santiago that is still going on.

A special train was run by the Barre railroad to the granite quarries with Capt. Clark and wife, other distinguished guests and about 150 friends. The party had a delightful trip.

A "smoke talk" was held at the rooms of the Apollo Club in honor of Capt. Clark. Gov. Stickney was also present and the two gentlemen proved themselves good story tellers. A musical program of unusual excellence was also given.

Capt. Clark, until recently captain of the League Island navy yard, has been given the comfortable berth of governor of the Sailors' Home near Philadelphia, relieving Capt. James H. Sands, who is detailed as a member of the retiring board at Washington. Capt. Clark's many friends in the state are glad he has been given this position, but will be better pleased when the government gives him the recognition he deserves.



A GROUP OF WELL-DRESSED NATIVE CHILDREN, CORREGIDOR, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

The Tune that Sonny Whistles.

BY ANNA M. BATCHELDER, WOODSTOCK, VT.

I've heard the grandest symphonies musicians ever wrote,
I've heard the birds a-singin' in the woods and on the bough,
But of all this music grand the air on which I mostly dote,
Is the tune that Sonny whistles when he's driving home the cow.

I've listened to it evenin' s when my work was finished late,
I've heard it in the mornin' and I love it any how;
The simple little roundelay that seems to laugh at Fate,
The tune that Sonny whistles, when he's driving home the cow.

It seems to tell of pleasant woods, and skies a sunny blue,
It sort o' warms the breast and cheers the spirit, I'll allow;
For it comes from out a heart that's good and innocent and true,
The tune that Sonny whistles when he's driving home the cow.

His face is tanned by cold and heat, but little does he care,
His nose is upturned and the freckles thick are on his brow;
But in stormy days and pleasant you can hear that same old air,
The tune that Sonny whistles, when he's driving home the cow.

How It Happened.

BY M. L. HUTCHINS, PITTSFIELD, VT.

BEAUTIFUL, bewitching Estelle Arlington, how well I remember her, with her bright laughing eyes, her floating curls, and her fairy form, and I seem to hear her ringing laugh as it used to greet us. She was joyous and happy, the very personification of innocent, careless girlhood. She was an orphan, but a mother's care and love were scarcely missed for her two sisters gave her the shelter of their homes and the warmest nook in their hearts. Her winters were passed in the city with her oldest sister whose husband was a thriving lawyer, and whose home was adorned with every luxury of wealth and cultivated taste. Here she was surrounded with adoring hearts and many were laid at the shrine of her beauty, but at the age of twenty she was "heart whole and fancy free." She passed her summers with her youngest sister in the country, whose husband was a model farmer, and here she was truly at home among the birds and flowers, as bright and happy as they.

During her last winter in the city she became acquainted with Frank Carlton, a talented young artist, and before the winter's round of festivities were over he was madly in love with her, and the night before she was to start for the country he asked her to share his fortune and occupy his heart, but she refused him. She liked him better than any one she had met, but was averse to city life with all its restraints and conventionalities, and told him she would rather marry a farmer and live in the country among the birds and flowers.

He at once formed the plan to disguise himself as a farm laborer and follow her and try to win her in that guise. She had been but a few days in the country when he appeared upon the scene, and so effectually was he disguised that his dearest friends would never have recognized him. He attended strictly to his duties through the day, but in the lovely summer evenings he was at liberty to make himself agreeable to Estelle. It was a marvel to all to see a man of his mind and manners occupying a position which it was evident was so far beneath him, but he was among people who believed in minding their own business, and as long as he performed his duties faithfully they let him attend to his own affairs—and he was winning his way into Estelle's affections, all unknown to herself.

Early in the spring a new family had moved into the neighborhood and Estelle and their daughter Mabel had formed a sudden attachment which is common among young ladies, and Mabel was continually sounding the praises of her absent brother Harry. One evening Estelle was sitting by her window watching for a favorite cousin who lived in an adjoining town, and who was coming to take her out to ride. Frank Carlton, or as he was known, Frank Colton, was standing on the piazza which was under her window. He was thinking of Estelle and the part he was playing and wondering if she cared for him, or was only flirting with him, but in his thoughts he exalted her above a mere flirt. He knew she was giddy and thoughtless, but could not think her heartless. As he looked upon the beautiful fields flooded by moonlight he wished she were beside him to admire the scene. He knew she seldom expressed a serious thought and he wondered if she ever had one flit through her brain, and he was conscious of a feeling of disappointment for he wanted a wife who could appreciate all the beautiful things in nature, and who could share his every hope and longing after the higher and holier things in life, and she seemed to be only a gay and beautiful butterfly. But he looked on the bright side of things and love made him blind to any deficiency she might have. Musing thus his happy thoughts found expression. Unconsciously he sang,

"Come into the garden Maud,
I'm here by the gate alone,"

and was startled by a voice at his side saying, "No, not

alone, for I am here." He turned and saw Estelle standing there in the moonlight, looking more bewitching than ever.

The surprise threw him completely off his guard and taking her hands in his he poured forth all his love and asked her to be his wife. Before she could collect her thoughts to answer him a light wagon stopped at the gate, and she, supposing it was her cousin she was expecting, rushed out to him in her impulsive way, and throwing her arms around him gave him a hearty kiss, saying, "Oh, I'm so glad you have come, I have been watching and waiting for you." "Have you, indeed," replied the young man and she sprang back in alarm, for it was the voice of a stranger. Without waiting for a word of apology or explanation she fled into the house covered with blushes and confusion. The young man followed her and was formally introduced to her by her sister as Mr. Harry Dana and they had a hearty laugh at Estelle for her novel way of greeting strangers. His light and easy way of laughing off the affair put them all at their ease, and then he told her his sister sent him to ask her to go to a picnic with them, and she was so elated with the prospect of a day in the woods with her friend Mabel, to say nothing of her desire to know more of this brother of hers who had been held up to her mental view as a model young man, that she immediately consented.

Poor Frank, his heart sank in despair, for he knew that in Harry Dana he would have a rival. And for Frank this was only the beginning of sorrows, for Estelle immediately blossomed out into an accomplished coquette. She was at a loss to know which was the most worthy of her smiles and encouragement. Rides and walks, picnics and sailing parties were the order of the day. Harry and Estelle were constantly together, and as Frank was a man of spirit it was not his style to mope at home so he joined in the amusements. At first it was only that he might watch Estelle with a lover's jealous eye. He was thrown constantly into the company of Mabel, and as time went by he began to see that she was nearer his ideal of perfect womanhood than any other he had ever met. She was not so beautiful as Estelle, but the noble soul looking out from her clear eyes spoke of faith and trust, and she had the artistic taste for the same things he admired. They read and sang together, and before he knew it he was so deeply interested in her that he felt himself little better than a traitor—for had he not asked Estelle to be his wife, and she had given him no answer? He reproached himself for his falsity. He could see that she was apparently entirely engrossed with Harry Dana, but he thought it was possible she was only flirting to conceal her real feelings.

And Estelle was carrying a heavy heart, in spite of her gay appearance. She knew she had given Frank encouragement,

and now she could but confess to herself she was in love with Harry. She knew she ought to reject the old love before receiving such marked attentions from the new. As for Harry he was honestly in love with her and did not dream of any obstacle in the way of their happiness.

Thus matters stood when one afternoon late in the summer Harry took Estelle and his sister out in a boat on the lake. It was a lovely day, and they were in good spirits. Harry and Estelle were singing while Mabel was leaning over the side of the boat watching for lilies. Frank was walking near the shore and was watching them, when suddenly he saw the boat capsize, and heard a wild cry of alarm.

His first thought was of danger to Mabel, and he immediately sprang to the rescue. He was soon near them and saw them struggling in the water. Harry was supporting Estelle, and trying to help Mabel. Frank fought the waves manfully and seizing Mabel swam ashore, and when Harry came up with Estelle was bending over her and calling her by every endearing name. While swimming to the rescue he had lost off his false hair and beard, and the water had washed the brown stain from his face, and when Estelle looked at him she recognized her old lover Frank Carlton. She was surprised and bewildered. Turning to him she said, "Mr. Carlton, how does it happen I meet you here." This was the first intimation he had that he had lost his disguise, but seeing such was the fact, he met the case bravely, confessed the deception and asked forgiveness. By this time Mabel had recovered from her fright and stood looking on in amazement, and Estelle introduced the two, who were lovers, and yet one was unknown to the other in his true character. Mabel was both surprised and delighted, and Frank seized the opportunity while they were walking home to ascertain whether she looked with as much favor upon Frank Carlton, the artist, as she did upon Frank Colton, the farmer, and was made supremely happy to know that she was not averse to being a rich man's wife and living in the city. And Harry, seeing the turn affairs were taking, asked Estelle if she was watching and waiting for him still, and after a hearty laugh at the remembrance of their first meeting she accepted him as her future lord.



And so in the late autumn there was a double wedding. Frank Carlton took Mabel away to his city home and Harry and Estelle lived in the country. Whenever they meet they have a merry time over the plight they were in when they became engaged, and Harry says, "Better wet than never."



Courtesy of Central Vermont Railway.

THE ROAD TO "SEVEN ELMS," ISLE LA MOTTE, VT.

THE FAIRS OF A COUNTY.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

Horse and Cattle Show.

WINDSOR, VT.

A SCORE OF FINE TEAMS OWNED BY SUMMER RESIDENTS
AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE.—TROOP OF U. S. CAVALRY.

THE Windsor Horse and Cattle Show of August 28 and 29 was largely attended and was a financial success. The presence of a troop of United States Cavalry accounted for the biggest crowd in the history of the Association, about 4,000 people being on the grounds the second day.

At the gate the ticket seller had piles of silver and bills before him on a low counter in easy reach of anyone. A couple of New York "grafters" would have seen opportunity to sand-bag the treasurer, scrape the layout into a hat and cut into the brush with it. This amazing display of coin and the fact that the grounds are only partly fenced must mean that people are uncommonly honest around Windsor or else the presence of the State prison with towering white walls and iron-barred windows has a salutary influence over the region.

There was a good showing of horses and cattle, but no floral hall, no vegetables, no machinery and almost no mid-way. There is a good half-mile track and two diminutive grand-stands side by side, each having the novelty of private boxes with chairs on the eight foot level between the bottom steps of the stands and the track fence. There was good racing both days.



WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE WINDSOR FAIR.

This snap-shot was taken just after the celebrated author took the reins from his coachman, preparatory to a spin along the track. Mr. Churchill is an expert whip and personally directed adjustments in the harness of the four horses.

A feature at this fair was the appearance on the track of a number of very swell turnouts owned and driven by wealthy Windsorites and summer residents. Their outfits were the equal of those seen at any summer resort. The widely differing construction of some of the road wagons, the high bred, jauntily stepping horses, the erect, stiffly-sitting coachmen and the ease with which Messrs. James Catlin, Jr., Winston Churchill, or Maxwell Evarts' trainer, H. S. Tainter, handled the lines over a four in hand as they passed the judges stand at a smart

clip, turned and passed again and again, was worth the price of admission to see. There was a Pony exhibition for prizes and some very fine rigs, one by A. E. Mann with his three year old child as driver, one by Maxwell Evarts with his daughter as driver, and one by Winston Churchill with his two year old child as driver, and several others. There were four tandem teams—one owned and driven by Winston Churchill, another by Mrs. Churchill, owned by her, one owned by A. E. Mann and driven by Mrs. A. E. Mann, one owned by Maxwell Evarts and driven by Tainter. The common coaching parade is very different from the display by the society patrons of the Windsor Horse Show.

Hurdle jumping by lady and gentleman equestrians before the grand-stands was an interesting part of the program. Some very high leaps were taken with ease by a three year old colt raised on Hartland hills and sired by Evarts' horse Empire.

The Windsor Band furnished good music.

TROOP OF U. S. CAVALRY A GREAT ATTRACTION.

The fairground is located a little more than a mile south-west of the village on the road to West Windsor and Reading. The Cavalry Troop was quartered in an adjoining field and the two long lines of horses and the round Sibley tents of the men were the first signs of approach to the fairground. The command comprised eighty-eight picked men from two of the troops now at Fort Ethan Allen near Burlington. Capt. Tompkins was in charge. Their manoeuvres took place in the field within the race-track. On the second day a rescue drill was given in which a number of infantry pickets were posted lying in the grass a short distance apart. The pickets opened fire on an imaginary foe advancing upon them and began to retire, when an equal number of horsemen who had been in the rear of the pickets came galloping madly forward, opening on the enemy with revolvers as soon as they came within range. On reaching the pickets, they turned about, a picket jumped up behind each horseman, and away they went to the rear, two riders on each horse. A prize of \$15 for the man who mounted first was an incentive to quick work.

The entire troop then came upon the field making a pretty sight as they entered with the red and white guidon of troop G flying at the head of the column. They went through a series of movements lasting fully an hour in the performance of which they took up the whole field. There was more shooting than at a Buffalo Bill performance. The men were well drilled. Nearly all were about twenty-five years of age. Some had been in the service only six months while others had been in Cuba or the Philippines or after the Indians in Dakota in 1890-1. It was a scenic attraction. The moving front of a line of horsemen extending across a great field, the trot in single file, the advance and evolution by platoon, the charge and many other movements, and the final advance on foot, yard by yard the length of the grounds, firing continuously, the horses grouped in the rear, the storming of an imaginary fort on a rise of ground by a long line of cheering men on the run, with revolver shooting that it seemed would rend the skies, and the coming up of the horses with a man to each four, were sights that no photograph can well portray. It was too vast a scene for the camera, but those who saw it will remember it always. The stentorian tones of the captain, the hoarse commands of subordinate officers, the blare of bugle, clink and rattle of accoutrements and the heavy tramp of horses were impressive sounds to the civilian. It was a study of the strong arm of our government. Small boys as numerous as grasshoppers followed up the firing line, snatching the empty blank cartridge shells for souvenirs.

THE VISITORS SEE THE CAMP.

After the exhibition many people visited the camp, were initiated into the mysteries of the cooks' tent, were told how the loaves of white, wholesome, good-weight bread are steamed each day, how the big roasts of beef and other eatables of the soldier's simple bill of fare are prepared, were shown how the kit of sheet iron tanks, water heaters, stove pipe, etc., were arranged to fit one within another to be stored in the oven and fire-box of the legless, box-like, sheet-iron army ranges for transportation. The tents were entered by some of the visitors, and the arms and other equipment curiously examined. The boys were very gentlemanly and were glad to tell visitors about their life. They seemed much attached to their horses. In coming across the State to Windsor they averaged to travel about fifteen miles a day, mostly at a trot. On the return they were to make thirty miles a day. In case of need fifty miles a day would be covered. They said the life was one of hard work, under strict discipline, and that loss of pay and days in the guard house or at hard work are meted out to offenders. As an instance, some weeks before a man got ten days in the guard house for striking his horse on the head with the end of a bridle. Our soldier boys can't go on a strike or leave in a huff. They've got to stay and make the best of it until their time of enlistment expires.

The privates get \$13 a month. This seems a small sum, but food, clothing, and all necessities are furnished. The boys like the service and consider they are in good hands. As one of them expressed it "Why shouldn't we feel well? We've got the whole United States Government behind us."

At mess time the members of the troop lined up before the cooks' tent, and each in turn received a portion of a loaf of bread, a couple slices of roast beef, a tin-plateful of some sort of liquid hash, and a tin cup of clear coffee. Then they sat down on the ground and ate it heartily. They were in great good nature and were a healthy looking lot. They joked a good deal as they ate and soon the lookers-on were laughing with them. One soldier boy would ask his neighbor to pass the butter, the milk or the sugar, but none of these luxuries were in evidence. They requested the visitors to "Walk up and see the animals fed," or one would ask somebody to step aside a little so he could "see those pretty girls—that little one—it will make the food taste better," and there were many witty sallies at the expense of comrades. As the bugler was receiving his rations the man in line behind him tucked a piece of bread into the big end of the instrument, while another tamped it snugly in with his knife without detection. They carefully pretended they were going to pour hot coffee down somebody's neck and did other harmless things, but never went far enough to get anybody provoked.

One of the phrases often heard about the camp was, "Mamma do soldiers eat hay?" A little girl said that when a big load came into camp the other day and the boys are not done laughing about it yet. They were a good-natured crowd and behaved far better than so many college boys. All in all that last hour at the camp was to many the most instructive and enjoyable part of the day.



OLD HOUSE BUILT BY EARLY SETTLERS, HARTFORD, VT.

The 26th Town Fair.

SPRINGFIELD, VT.

A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS DESPITE RAIN AND POSTPONE-
MENT.—BEST FAIR IN YEARS.—SPLENDID COACHING
PARADE FIRST DAY WITNESSED BY NEARLY 4,000
PEOPLE.—TRACK IN PERFECT CONDITION.

THE Springfield Town Fair was to come off Tuesday and Wednesday, September 17 and 18, but owing to the intermittent drizzle of rain Monday night and Tuesday, the first day of the Fair was officially set over to Wednesday. The exhibits were mainly in readiness in all departments on Tuesday and many people visited the Fair, but as it was evident the majority would stay at home and the coaching parade couldn't come off under such weather conditions Wednesday was announced as the opening day. It is usual to expect the best show the second day at a country Fair, for then all exhibits are surely in place and things are running smoothly, but to balance the program the officers planned the coaching parade, the star spectacle of it all, for the afternoon of the opening day.

When the anxious ones took their first look at the weather Wednesday morning they discovered signs of a frost and a heavy fog was everywhere. They remembered that a fog generally predetermines a perfect day and preparations to attend the Fair were completed at once. Just on the stroke of eight the sun burst through the weakening rifts of fog and illumined everything with the promise of a glorious day. The prophesy of the weather sharps "showers" for Wednesday also, bid fair to be another addition to the guesses of this department and from that moment things began to jump. The youngsters were scrubbed and attired in their best "bib and tucker," the farmer brushed his boots and donned his best Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes, the oldest boy greased the wagon, hitched up old Nell and hurried up to the chamber under the roof to put on the new red tie and other boyish trifles wherewith to win the admiration of neighbor Jenkins' daughter, while the house-wife stowed the lunch-basket under the front seat alongside the measure of oats. Then the well-loaded wagon passed out of the yard and down the hill to the main road where the family became part of the glad procession stringing along to the Fair. Springfield and neighboring towns furnished a large quota of the attendance and the electrics from Charlestown brought fifty and eighty people at a load. The stores at Springfield were all closed during the afternoon.

The Fair Ground is about three-quarters of a mile up the river from the village, being so placed, as one expressed it, to "give other people a chance to make money," and loud-voiced teamsters were in evidence at the electric terminal before the hotel and gathered in a dime for a passage to the grounds and fifteen cents to get back. The grounds are really within seemingly easy walking distance of the village. The arrival on the east or village side was put down near a ticket office on the river bank, commanding the approach to a newly constructed foot-bridge spanning the depths of Black River, which forms the eastern boundary of Riverside Park, as it is called. The grand-stand and the Fair proper are nearly a quarter of a mile across on the opposite side of the half-mile track, from this entrance. The road by which teams enter the ground is on the other side of the river, across the iron bridge at the square, up the hill by the fine school building, to the right along a beautiful street on the plateau above the village, then down a gradual descent to the grounds.

The grand-stand is a commodious, well-built structure and is perched on the edge of a terrace or shelf ten rods wide,

which overlooks the whole track. The track is at the very foot of this bank, which forms a continuous grand-stand, at just the right angle and parallel with the track, along one side, and thousands sit there during the races, on either side of the grand-stand. One can see and hear all that is going on and there is no crush at the track fence as is usual on other grounds. The grand-stand is really too high up and too far back from the track to be in great demand. It was probably placed there to enable vendors to use the line of rooms beneath it, on a level with the terrace at the rear. The terrace is the life of the Fair, the midway. Vegetable and Machinery Halls are in a building directly across this thoroughfare from the grand-stand and the Floral Hall occupies the entire upper floor. The structures of the victualers and the booths and tents of the lemonade and ice cream, candy and fruit dealers, the fakirs, and the snake-charmer, and the tables of the gamblers—for there were such, for the first time in years—lined the sides of the street.



GRAND-STAND AND TRACK, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

The crowd on Wednesday was the biggest first-day crowd ever on the grounds, but as many people hadn't heard of the postponement it was really a second-day crowd and things bustled with interest.

The coaching parade was the great event of the Fair and it was a splendid one. Critics said it was as good as Brattleboro, as far as it went. There was nothing abbreviated about it, either. It was more than a quarter of a mile long in close order. At two o'clock the head of the grand gala procession came upon the track and as its magnificent proportions developed it became evident a visual treat was in store. There was nothing cheap or hasty about it. Nearly every one of the thirty odd sections bore evidence of expensive creation. Time and skill had produced many master pieces. Every vehicle was decorated with a profusion of dainty color and artistic thought permeated all.

First came the Committee on Parade, mounted; then the Springfield Brass Band, 22 men in neat blue uniforms and furnishing first-class music. The Slack Cadets, a crack organization of 43 high school boys, came next in line, marching with soldierly bearing and holding their rifles at carry arms as they passed the grand-stand. Their handsome uniforms and magnificent flag made a nobby appearance. Other features came in the order given: Eastern Star, four-horse float, emblematic of the order, a richly attired personage sitting under a canopied dais beside which was a tall palm, colors white and yellow draped with blue underneath. W. D. Woolson, president of the Fair Association, had his pair of light sorrel horses attached to a pneumatic tire wagon, colors white, with delicate light blue rosettes. Herbert Parker, single rig, pneumatic tires, flower effigy in white and lavender, a mass of dainty color and one of the most artistically handsome outfits of the parade. The W. H. H. Slack Steamer Co., four men in two-horse carriage, fire engine drawn by four horses, with firemen in their places, floral decoration in funnel, two-horse hose carriage, and an old hand engine with a hose cart attached. Rebekahs, four maidens beneath a canopy and Rebekah at the well, colors green and pink. Charles Moore, two-seated vehicle containing four ladies, white horses, harnesses covered with white and China asters, carriage decorated with pink China asters, hydrangeas, and a touch of evergreen. Earl McCarty, pony in gig. The

Grange, a long float with three apartments, two—1851 and 1901 showing the old and new way of doing work, having spinning wheel, old fashioned chairs, butter worker and a separator run by dog power—and a well-equipped parlor. C. W. Brush, large float with eight-foot picture hat of purple at a proper angle, crepe paper making the yellow puffing underneath and a great white feather around the edge. This float had a lattice-work fence in yellow with purple trimmings. It carried three young ladies in white. The driver was clad in purple with a yellow sash. The wheels were white and the underbody yellow. Next came Fred Dasher, a tonsorial artist, wielding an immense razor over a lathered victim.

The Jones & Lamson Machine Co. made a very impressive showing, having 123 of their men in line, all in white suits, and looking like the crew of a government cruiser. There were several divisions in this body of men, each headed with a fine banner, bearing such phrases as "Capital and labor are united with Prosperity," "A White Company makes White Men," "What we have is ten hours pay and nine hours a day," etc. They were a clean lot of men, and passed in review with heads uncovered. A big American flag occupied a central position in the column.

The Lelands had an artistic canopy or summer-house, four little girls being seated within at a tea table. N. C. Dodge's carriage was of red and black with great red roses. Putnam, LaFontaine & Co. had a pretty vehicle decorated in yellow and white, and carrying two ladies with parasols. Keyes & Hills had a most artistic conception, two immense swans with arched necks and two little children in a big green-petaled water-lily. There was a canopy top, supported by pillars, and the colors employed in trimming were white and yellow with white underbody. Harry Gilpatrick came next, representing the People's Laundry, displaying a Wool soap baby, three feet high, and employing white with green bands and mirrors in panels, harness in white. The Bellows Falls Band of 24 men played finely at this part of the parade.

The Parks & Woolson employees were preceded by four mounted men and their division consisted of 67 men in fine black coats, overalls and caps. The Springfield Electric Railway had an electric car, trolley in air, on a float, and it was filled with happy children. B. D. Bowen, the "up-to-date grocer, over the bridge," delineated Uncle Sam with a pile of white gold-lettered casks upon a float, representative of Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines, and three children held banners. Katherine Baker, pony and carriage in blue and white. Mrs. Effie Hoag took George Bates' place in the parade, driving a gray horse attached to an open carriage covered with cotton with yellow trimmings, flowers and golden-rod. Four ladies in white were seated in this vehicle. This took first prize of \$8 for best one-horse team, the second being awarded to N. C. Dodge and the third to H. Parker.

J. C. Hooper and P. F. Danforth were represented, while Jay Warner and wife (?)—Fred Fletcher, who deceived everybody—were the ancient couple in the one-horse shay. Springfield's Clerks were a nobby lot, overflowing a tally-ho coach, with colors of purple and white. There were a few decorated bicycles at the end of the parade, notably Harry Ballard, seated within a light framed yacht with masts and rigging, in red, white and blue, winner of \$10 for best trimmed wheel, Sadie McCarty, purple, 2d prize, Ella Haskins, yellow, 3rd, and Vincent LaFontaine, a very small boy on a velocipede, got 4th prize of \$2.

The general prize of \$20. was won by the Jones & Lamson division. \$10. for the best team of two or more horses went to the Grange, Keyes & Hills secured second, and Charles Moore, third.

This model parade passed twice before the grand-stand and many were the ovations tendered the participants.

In Floral Hall there were displays of paper flowers, cooking, fine large exhibit of photographs by O. Lyon of Springfield, on a great variety of subjects, superior amateur photos. by H. A.

Woodstock Fair.

THE USUAL SUCCESS.—WEATHER A BIT COOL BUT ATTENDANCE IS UP TO THE MARK.—GOOD SHOWING IN ALL DEPARTMENTS AND BEST RACING IN YEARS.

BEST County Fair in the State" is the assertion of the management at Woodstock. The claim is generally admitted. The Fair certainly comes very close to being a model one. The grounds are hardly more than a stone's throw from the village, there is plenty of room, a good track and grand-stand and a complete variety of departments. Improvements on the property are made each year. The Fair has a good name and a host of friends. And the community has confidence in the management. The history of this Fair shows the wisdom of the old fellows who used to manage affairs. There is always a good deal of talk about expert judging. They have tried it, but with three good level-headed farmers on each committee they get pretty good judging in the whole. In all the classes it takes about fifty representative farmers to fill the ordinary committees on stock, dairy, vegetables, fruit, grain, etc., etc., and all these men have an interest in this Fair and blow for it instead of against it thus helping to form favorable public opinion. The Woodstock Fair pays premiums in cash as soon as won. This suits the exhibitors and it is a common saying that "When you win anything at Woodstock you get your money." The crowd comes from just about such a territory and that means cash receipts which the management can tell in advance within \$150. if the weather is good. Woodstock has not tried to get up a World's fair, but has stuck to the county and their success has shown the wisdom of the plan. The Fair still lives and prospers while many have gone to the wall.

This was a three day Fair. Tuesday was a beautiful day and until noon exhibitors were busy finishing the placing of their displays. Wednesday was quite cool and many people sought the warmth of the sun in preference to remaining in the halls. In the afternoon, however, it was more comfortable. Very nearly 5,000 people attended the Fair on Wednesday. A first glance over the grounds early in the afternoon suggested to the regular attendant that the crowd might not be as large as on the middle of last year, but this effect must have been due to the removal of the old Floral Hall which made the grounds seem vastly larger. At the close of the day the ticket office receipts showed a larger attendance than last year. The same was true of Thursday also.

Although the grounds are large it was hard to find a place to hitch a team on Wednesday. Nearly every house within ten miles was represented. The second morning train of four cars had almost every seat taken when it left White River Junction and many of those who got on at Quechee and Taftsville had to stand in the aisles, but as it was six miles or less there was no complaining. This turnout from the Junction was without precedent. The Woodstock Railway upheld its reputation for efficient service.

The Fair was equal to the average, a little lighter in some departments and more than usually complete in others. The phrase "Ladies can come without escorts" was no idle prophecy. There were a dozen "coys" but few arrests. It is well known that intoxicated persons will run up against the real thing in short order at Woodstock.

The Woodstock Band furnished music and their march from the village each morning at nine o'clock, returning at noon and off again at six o'clock, in tuneful array, was the signal for the practical opening and closing each day.

Outdoor religious services were held in the lee of Floral Hall each evening, the pastors of local churches being assisted by two evangelists. This is perhaps a novelty but it was acceptable to many who wished to rest upon the settees and listen to the speakers and the good music.

Thomson, fancy work, paintings, plants and cut flowers, artistic sofa pillows, a great feature of the fair of today, log cabin rug by Mrs. Mary Parkhurst, 84 years old, and scores of other attractive articles of interest to the ladies. A number of local dealers made exhibits: C. M. Keyes, furs; O. E. Noyes, sewing machines; Springfield Bargain Store, jardinières; N. C. Dodge, silverware; Porter-Hewitt Co., furniture. H. F. Olmstead, Claremont, Emerson and Capen pianos, showed a Pianola, a \$250. attachment set up against a piano, playing from a perforated sheet, with variations of tone or time at the will of the operator.

In Vegetable Hall there was a very good display of vegetables and fruits. In Machinery Hall on the same floor a few pianos and organs were shown, some dairy machinery, furnaces, etc.

The Poultry were shown to good advantage in a large new tent at the upper end of the Midway, where Bantams, Brown Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Pigeons and Rabbits, Wyandottes, Cochins, bronze Turkeys, Brahmas, Houdans and guinea pigs vied with fox terrier pups, collie dogs and squalling geese.

The Zarnes and the Seigberts, gymnasts, did stunts on ring, trapeze and wire on a stage front of the grand-stand both days, and the Springfield Brass Band furnished good music.

There were exhibitions of horses and oxen before the grand-stand, a ball game between Ludlow and Springfield for a purse and a drill by the Slack Cadets. Everything was as advertised.

There was a good showing of horses, cattle, sheep and swine at the sheds within the track, and a number of improvements were noted in the way of better water supply, etc.

The track is somewhat sandy and the rain put it into just the right condition for good racing. In fact a gate-keeper said it was the best he had ever seen it.

The Fair has been a feature of life in the vicinity for 26 years. The last few years it has been a rather indifferent success. Its management this year comprised about thirty of the leading men of the town who were willing to risk a little in the attempt to get up a better Fair.

The weather for the opening was unfavorable, but nearly 4,000 people attended Wednesday. The Governor's Memorial proclamation made it necessary to postpone the second day until Friday, when 2,000 people were in attendance, which considering the weather, was very good. It rained all the afternoon, yet the crowd remained until the programme was over. Everyone seemed well satisfied and pronounced it the best exhibit and Fair the Association has ever had.

Notwithstanding the hard luck by weather and postponing, the Association came out very nearly even, after paying all bills and premiums, being possibly from \$100 to \$200 behind, but not over. If they could have had two good days in succession they would have cleared a nice sum. The management have laid the foundation for an assured success next year.

Electric cars are in waiting at Charlestown, N. H., on the arrival of all trains and the trip of six miles to Springfield is across the Connecticut river and thence along the valley of the picturesque Black river which winds and falls on its course to the Connecticut. As there is a general lack of information among the traveling public as to just what the fare over the road is, it may be well to say that the rate is 25 cents each way except on Sundays and all public occasions when excursion rates prevailing the fare is 25 cents for the round trip. The round trip rate also applies on cars leaving at stated hours of the time table each day, which privilege is intended mainly for the convenience of residents of Springfield and Charlestown.

EASY FOR THE WIND.



DISPLAY OF VEGETABLES AND MACHINERY.

The enormous display of "garden truck," farm machinery, carriages, etc., occupied the upper floor of the big Floral Hall building. This building is placed endwise against the hill near the ticket office so that the second floor is just as easily accessible as the Floral Hall by its four entrances on the ground floor. Two broad stairways within the building connect the two halls.

The central space was occupied by the farming implement and carriage exhibitors. A. L. Wood showed cultivators and plows, as did S. S. Winslow of West Woodstock. C. E. Hibbard of Pomfret exhibited a horse hoe and potato digger. L. A. Estabrook of White River Junction showed A. W. Gray's Sons improved steel-gear horse-power, new geared drag saw machine and improved circular saw machine, table running on steel track and rolls. Mr. Estabrook said he had just finished unloading his fifth carload of Gray's machines since August 7.

The Excelsior Carriage Co. of White River Junction had representative vehicles from their big repository. A fine top buggy with hard rubber tires was placarded \$150; a nobby open buggy with pneumatic tires, wire wheels, \$135; Concord wagon, pneumatic tires, wooden wheels, \$135; dandy piano box open buggy, hard rubber tires, corduroy cushion and seat, \$85, much admired by the young men; fine cutter, \$37.50. All had the nicest spring backs and cushions. Their exhibit also comprised harnesses from \$12 to \$35, blankets and robes, one of the latter being made of 300 cones' tails of uniform color, which the maker was 20 years collecting, and which was worth \$100. All the carriages are put up with ball bearings or not, as desired. The entire exhibit received much favorable comment. Mr. Miller, the manager, was present.

D. Marshall of Lebanon showed a separator as did G. I. Wilcox of Woodstock for the Vt. Farm Machine Co., a U. S. Separator and a dog power which was the delight of the small boys. L. B. Weaver exhibited a washing machine.

VEGETABLES.

Notwithstanding it is considered an "off year" for fruits the display was apparently as large as last year, every inch of the allotted space being covered. It was a big showing. The State Fair this year did not equal it. The benches are wide and there were three sets of them, the length of the building. The Billings farm showed monstrous mangel wurtzels, potatoes, squashes, onions, peppers, big cabbages and tomatoes. Their products are not shown for premiums. Seed, pot and sweet corn adorned the walls, from a number of exhibitors. The showing of apples was a big one, occupying nearly all one side of the hall. There were these exhibitors: A. E. Fuller, Pomfret; S. H. Warner, No. Pomfret; S. F. Leonard, Pomfret; P. A. Pierce, Woodstock; O. E. Sunbury, Pomfret; A. N. Russell, Hartland; R. D. Ransom, Pomfret; Cloudland Farm, Pomfret; F. V. Darling, Woodstock; E. H. Slayton, Woodstock; D. G. Spaulding, Taftsville; E. F. Thompson, Woodstock; J. J. Kneen, 36 varieties, Woodstock; E. A. McClay, Woodstock; 7 kinds of grapes by H. N. Bruce, Pomfret.

Dairy and sage cheese was exhibited by a number of makers. Dairy Butter was entered by 24 exhibitors. C. L. Harlow of Hartland getting first premium, G. U. Cobb, Prosper, 2nd, and Stephen H. Hoar, Barnard, 3rd. G. I. Wilcox, Woodstock, took 1st premium for creamery.

The boys' garden exhibits were large, and there were eight, all by boys under fourteen. Alton P. Putney of Woodstock, 8 years, got first premium of \$6.50 for largest and best display. 2nd, Kenneth H. Atwood, Bridgewater, \$6, as large a variety and a close second. 3rd, Raymond T. Robinson, Woodstock, \$5. 4th, Harland R. Atwood, Bridgewater, 8 years. These and the four other exhibits in this department were nearly all of the same size and were fine. This took up most of the space of one side.

The general display of garden vegetables was very good. G. A. Slocum of No. Bridgewater had his usual good display; Henry Carpenter of Woodstock had a good display of tomatoes

and onions; Henry Gilbert, Bridgewater, had a good exhibit of potatoes and the tables were closely packed with other smaller exhibits.

FLORAL HALL.

The center of Floral Hall was occupied by the booths containing the displays of local merchants, artistically arranged. There was an attractive pile of canned goods from Cox's Cash Store. J. B. Jones, dry goods, carpets and crockery, never lets opportunity pass to make an attractive showing at this Fair, and also exhibited some antique crockery as well as the modern imitations. A decanter and wine glasses brought from England, a genuine hour glass 200 years old and an old flax-wheel, complete with flax on the distaff, just as you have seen it in pictures, were among the treasures used to set off their department. W. J. Boyce & Co. had handsome ladies' cloaks and rugs. A. E. Spear, Woodstock's furniture man, showed parlor furniture of exquisite design with mirrors, chairs, pictures and carpets of highest grade, a beautiful couch and an elegant writing desk. Dana Brothers had a display of art goods from their store.

Miss M. Louise Greely of White River Junction presided over an exclusive exhibit of pianos of Emerson and Gramer make, and enlivened the Hall with finest music as well as such mellifluous airs as "Dolly Gray," etc. A cabinet grand piano with a carved lion's head with wide-open mouth at each side of the key-board and with its fore-feet supporting the front of the case was the most costly piano shown. The Emerson Co. were two years making twelve of these cases. Miss Mabel Randall assisted at this exhibit.

The show in Floral Hall was as good and rather larger than usual. There were paintings in oil and water color by Lizzie F. Bridge, E. T. Emmons, Mrs. Dr. Holbrook, of Woodstock, Mrs. N. E. Sawyer, Felchville, and Mrs. A. K. Seaver, Taftsville. A picture of pansies in tapestry embroidery, by Mary L.



"THE CROWD SURGED AROUND TO THE MIDWAY."

F. Gilbert of Hartland seemed a painting except under close scrutiny and was very different from anything ever shown here. There was a light exhibit of honey and syrup from seven exhibitors; a big nice-looking display of canned goods by Mrs. John Kneen, of Woodstock; cooking; many photographs and crayons by A. E. Spaulding, Woodstock; household comforts galore—stockings, pillow-slips, foot-rest; 97 sofa pillows, by actual count, from useful to artistic and costly ones; art doilies, bags made of shoe-strings, aprons, center-pieces, table covers, bureau scarfs, and et cetera by the score. There was a big display of Battenburg lace and the judges said it was an extra nice lot. There was also some fine tatin work. Mrs. O. E. Shewin of Woodstock had a case of worsted flowers.

There were many curios and antiques, Mrs. C. H. Crandall

of Woodstock showing old crockery and W. C. Raymond of Bridgewater a very extensive and valuable exhibit of old English china, the cream of his collection, depicting historical American scenes, each plate bearing the distinctive border of the maker. There were also in his exhibit old mirrors, warming-pan, candlesticks, etc. to the number of about 150 pieces. Of one long handled wooden ladle Gaius Cobb, the father of Bandmaster Chas. Cobb, remembered seeing his mother dip out bean porridge into the pewter dishes of the children, when he was a boy, Capt. H. N. Bruce of Pomfret showed 30 specimens of petrified wood and 20 of agate flints.

There were braided and knit rugs in abundance, some cut flowers and potted plants, and plants from the Billings green-houses. The Shaker sisters occupied a booth for the sale of fancy articles. A fine skin from a black bear shot in Plymouth was exhibited by Harvey DeWoll.

C. M. Keyes of Springfield was in his usual place, with a fine collection of furs, ladies' collarettes and men's coats, and a variety of skins. He makes a specialty of repairing and making over, and the cool weather was a reminder to many ladies to make arrangements with Mr. Keyes to have their furs overhauled or new wraps made.

THE ALL ATTRACTIVE MIDWAY.

Whenever the performing dogs or the acrobats or the racing let up for a while the crowd surged around into the midway. Then the barkers for the dining rooms, the rag babies and the shooting galleries, the fruit stands, the "Bowery Show," and the candy-makers and the rest tore holes in the air with their cries of "best dinner on the grounds," "three shots for five—get a cigar anyway," "two baskets for a quarter," "10 cents to see it all," "three raw-hide whips for half a dollar," "frank-furt and coffee, 5 cts.," "hurry-up people," "eats 'em alive" and other seductive announcements. With nasal drawl the sun-burned Mexican spieler dwelt upon the wonders of the snake den, holding a squirming saurian in his hands and the "missing link" and numerous other attractions assisted the bucolics to spend as much money as they had planned on.

There were bulwarks of fruit baskets, peanuts and pop-corn by the barrel, candy piled in slabs. It is n't likely anyone went home hungry—if he had the price about him.

The whip-seller tried the merits of his wares on a post and claims to have sold 1,500 during the fair, while eight handkerchiefs for a quarter and other bargains (?) found ready purchasers.

A GOOD SHOWING OF POULTRY.

The poultry house was filled with an admiring throng. There were some 75 coops of the feathered tribe. Outside was a brooder with lots of little yellow chicks, and also a big cage of English Ring-neck pheasants from the Billings estate. These birds are somewhat larger than a partridge and the hens closely resemble them. The male birds are gorgeously colored and have long tails.

HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP AND SWINE.

The old Floral Hall, being outgrown, has been moved to the north side of the grounds and built into a large roomy stable with 24 stalls for the accommodation of premium horses. Here they are perfectly accessible for ladies and they were viewed by many each day. A number of two and three-year-old colts were entered for premiums, coming from Hartland, Barnard, Woodstock, West Windsor, Quechee and other towns of the county. Down below with three open sides on a level with the turf is the pig department, 24 new clean pens, well filled with grade stock. Abundance of water is a convenience at these pens.

The cattle—there were more than the management had room for in the long line of sheds, even with the added space made by the removal of premium horses to new quarters—and some of the cattle had to be tied to fences. Of course the Billings exhibit of high-grade animals in the tent not far from the main gate had precedence. Their herd has a world-wide reputation and got lots of glory at the World's Fair. And as the estate pays two-thirds of the taxes of Woodstock and they are very free

and generous in helping the Fair, there is ample reason why this herd should stand at the head of the line. Next in order came Cloudland Farm in another large tent, just as surely a feature of this Fair. A dozen high bred Jerseys, and half a dozen pens each of sheep and swine. Cloudland Farm is owned



"CHARLEY" TAYLOR AND ROBERT B. LOCKWOOD AFTER HEAT IN FREE-FOR-ALL.

The veteran driver claims to be 95 years old.

By Elton A. Smith and managed by F. B. Dutton. Of the big list of other cattle exhibitors space forbids extended notice. The Green Valley herd of Geo. R. Lockwood & Son was much the largest shown. It consisted of fifty pure bred Jerseys. May Queen, the oldest cow of the herd, has averaged three pounds of butter a day for 100 days and made over 700 pounds in a year. A two-year-old of this herd recently sold for \$250. Mr. Lockwood always has the largest exhibit and has captured ten 1st and five 2nd premiums. In the last fifteen years he has won sweepstakes premium for best five cows in any one herd, eleven times.

BEST RACING SEEN IN WOODSTOCK FOR TEN YEARS.

The grand-stand, with a seating capacity of 1,200 people, was packed on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. The track was in fair shape and the time was very good.

The following is the official record of the races on both days:

WEDNESDAY.

County horses that never started in a race, owned or kept in Windsor County for three months prior to the Fair.

TROT OR PACE. PURSE \$50.

Charles, b g, L. L. Spaulding, White River Junction,	1	1
Rob't H, ch g, John Huse, Woodstock,	2	2
Young Alcander, b s, E. S. Putnam, Barnard,	3	2
Stephen T, blk g, F. E. Winslow, Woodstock,	4	4
Time, 2:51, 2:47, 2:45.		

2.40 CLASS. TROT OR PACE. PURSE, \$100.

Easter, b m, N. P. Wheeler, White River Junction,	1	1
Bowspray, br g, G. E. Whitney, Enfield,	2	2
Lookout, blk g, L. Bonnett, Lebanon,	4	2
Little Mace, br g, C. H. Rowe, Athol, Mass.,	3	4
Dick, ch g, F. L. Chickering, E. Westmoreland, N. H.	5	5
Time, 2:35, 2:31, 2:28.		

2.25 CLASS. TROT OR PACE. PURSE, \$150.

Billy Hurd, br g, C. A. Moulton, Littleton,	3	1	1
Marie Corbett, blk m, C. H. Rowe, Athol, Mass.,	2	1	2
Earnestine, ch m, A. P. Horne, Manchester, N. H.,	1	2	4
Beulah, b m, F. E. Gray, So. Royalton,	4	3	4
Bob's Baby, ch g, F. L. Chickering, E. Westmoreland,	5	5	5
Time, 2:26, 2:25, 2:26, 2:25, 2:26.			

THURSDAY.

2.29 CLASS. TROT OR PACE. PURSE, \$125.

Helen R, br m, A. Woodrow, Tilton, N. H.,	4	1	1
Easter, b m, N. P. Wheeler, White River Junction,	1	2	3
Nora R, ch m, A. L. Bailey, Concord,	2	3	4
Lump, b g, F. L. Chickering, E. Westmoreland,	3	4	2
Time, 2:29, 2:28, 2:29, 2:29.			

FREE-FOR-ALL. TROT OR PACE. PURSE, \$200.

Robt. B., b g, Chas. Taylor, White River Junction,	2	1	1
Kitty Wilkes, b m, F. L. Chickering, E. Westmoreland,	1	2	3
Rejected Sid, b g, A. F. Hill, Greensboro, Vt.,	4	3	2
Tottie C, b m, A. Woodrow, Tilton, N. H.,	3	4	5
Marie Corbett, blk m, C. H. Rowe, Athol, Mass.,	5	5	5

Time, 2.22, 2.18½, 2.19½, 2.19½

2.50 CLASS. COUNTY HORSES. TROT OR PACE. PURSE, \$50.

Rachel Moody, b m, C. M. Hyde, White River Junction,	1	1	1
Arelay, b m, R. L. Adams, Woodstock,	2	2	2
Dick Cranston, b g, H. Perkins, Hartland,	3	3	3

Time, 2.34½, 2.38, 2.37½.

The judges were gentlemen who come to Woodstock each year for a week, stay at the Inn, and officiate at the Fair. They are not acquainted with the horse owners, hence fair decisions rule.

Starter Pike goes all over northern New England and at the time of the Fair had had only two open dates since June 10.

Oat Race at noon Thursday — half-mile bareback, carrying bushel of oats in a bag: 1st winner, Ed Ashley, Taftsville; 2nd winner, Albert E. Eastman, Barnard; 3rd winner, A. P. Holt, Woodstock.

The racing was the best seen in Woodstock in ten years. There were no accidents.

The Fair is a great re-union with amusements thrown in. The writer knows of at least two people who have attended fifty-four of the fifty-six Fairs by this association. The country Fair should not be allowed to dwindle away. It is as much a factor of life as the town meeting. The yearly meeting is one of the bonds which hold the country together. Comparisons of the past and present are made and many a helpful idea is disseminated. District "doings" are talked over. The farmer who likes to be considered a worker confides to his neighbor "Hain't got my corn husked out, yet," and perhaps the boys invite a town lad over for a day's pleasure after squirrels and a coon hunt in the evening or to a husking party and a dance in the big barn.

Little New York.

BY GERTRAUDE ELINOR HARRIS, WINDSOR, VT.

AN INTERESTING summer colony is Little New York up among the Cornish hills. I do not know as many people hereabouts are aware that such a colony of celebrities spend their summers so near us, for some way things and people seem very commonplace in this commonplace little New England of ours. But we have no need to think our surroundings uninteresting for these who have travelled the world over and have talents and wealth enough to make them seem characters from storybooks rather than real live people have chosen the woods and pastures of little, unheard of Cornish for their magnificent country homes.

It is a colony of some thirty families who own houses besides numerous others who hire houses or board through the summer. These houses are indeed most beautiful and costly, for the most part. Indeed it is said that Cornish is now the wealthiest town in New Hampshire because of so many of these fine residences and estates. Some one has said that every side hill in Cornish has a country villa upon it.

The people of this colony are a company of millionaires, artists, musicians, and authors. It is not an idle colony by any means but all are busied in some great live work to which they are devoting their time, money and talents.

Although they are such busy people they find time to enjoy themselves with diners, balls, golf and tennis.

One of the most famous of these "city folks" is Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor. He has a quaint but attractive home built of brick, in old Dutch style, I think, although I am not a judge of architecture. It is nearly hidden from the road by a high hedge. Entering the house from the broad piazza at the west side one goes into what seems to be a family sitting room. This has a polished floor, covered with rugs, inviting looking window seats, cosy chairs, and a table for magazines and the like. The most interesting object in the room however is a piece of old tapestry that hangs on one of the walls. It is faded and much mended but enough of it remains to show it must be a rare treasure.

During the spring Mr. St. Gaudens worked on a statue of General Sherman for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. His work room is away from the house and is indeed a busy place for when he is at work on a statue he has from six to a dozen posing or working under his direction.

Perhaps the most popularly known of the residents of Little New York is Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel." His home is a stately mansion, reminding one of Carvel Hall. It sets well back from the road and is completely hidden by pines. Mr. Churchill himself makes one think of Richard Carvel with his fine form, strong, clean cut face and dark eyes. When at his summer home he may often be seen on the streets of Windsor with his charming wife or little daughter and nearly every Sunday they may be seen driving to church for they are quite regular attendants at St. Paul's Episcopal church in Windsor as well as many of the other Little New Yorkers. Down in a field a little way from the Churchill house is the building where Richard Carvel was written — an insignificant



STUDIO OF AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, THE SCULPTOR.

The studio is at the right of the house, a short distance from it. It is known as the old studio because a new one has recently been erected. The sagging roof and old shingles are considered one of the most picturesque features of the place. Of course a photograph does not show the harmony of color between the gray roof, the green vines and white pillars. The little statue at the right stands guard over a little fountain filled with gold-fish, and just beyond is a charming flower-garden. Visitors are not admitted to the studio when important work is being done.



RESIDENCE OF AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.



HOME OF MAXFIELD PARRISH.

The St. Gaudens residence is on what was formerly called the "Mercer place." There used to be a carding mill on the brook several rods back of the old house. Mr. St. Gaudens remodeled the property to suit himself. He has occupied the house for ten or fifteen years and a great deal of his work has been done in the quiet seclusion of these hills. Mr. St. Gaudens said the broad piazza shown in the picture was the most universally admired part of the place. Mr. St. Gaudens pointed out the best views for the JOURNAL artist to take.

The home of Maxfield Parrish is of a decidedly Bohemian aspect. This is the west front view. There is a row of hollyhocks along the side of the house of which Mr. Parrish is very proud. The other side of the house is inaccessible for a photograph owing to an abrupt wall, below which is a sort of wilderness.

Mr. Churchill's house is in colonial style. Work upon it was begun two years ago and it was completed the past summer. The picture does not do justice to its stateliness. Between the wall shown in the picture and the house is a fine large lawn. This view is the one facing the Connecticut. The house is situated right on the bank of the river in a pine grove. "Richard Carvel" was written in a shanty to the right of the picture.



RESIDENCE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL.

wooden structure which would be noticed only to be called some hut or shed. His latest novel, "The Crisis," however was not written here.

Louis Evan Shipman is another Little New Yorker who is a familiar figure in Windsor streets, often in his pony team with his small daughter. Although best known as a playwright he has written several very popular books, "D'Arcy of the Guards," "Urban Dialogues," and "Predicaments" being the best known.

The greater part of these colonists are artists. Among these are Mr. Walker, Mr. Dewing, Mr. Adams, the Parrishes, the Kenyon Coxes, Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Houston. Mrs. Houston is the mother of Mrs. Jack Fairchild who, as Charlotte Houston was one of the most beautiful of Boston's society belles. Her beauty was of the rich, dark type. Her wedding at the Houston residence in Cornish a few years ago was one of the prettiest and most talked of social events among not only the summer colonists but among all the natives of Cornish and Windsor.

Maxfield Parrish is a rising young artist whose pictures for the covers of some of our leading magazines have attracted considerable attention.

Mrs. Fuller's especial work is in miniature painting and she has achieved great success in this line of art.

These artists often employ some of the neighboring Cornishites for models. One of the most influential farmers of Cornish has recently posed as a Pilgrim Father. A Cornish young lady tells an amusing tale of how she posed for hours one hot summer day wrapped in red flannel. The picture was probably charming but we can imagine the posing was not so delightful.

An interesting cover to Scribner's by one of these artists has a view of Ascutney mountain seen from the artist's home through the gray tree trunks.

Richard Whiting is the most noted of the musical element of Little New York. He is a composer and musician of ability.

Of all the homes of the colony the most conspicuous is "High-Court" or as it is popularly known "Miss Lazarus's." This is a noble building set high on a hill and built in Greek style with two large wings on either side of the main house. It is of white stone and can be seen from Weathersfield, twelve miles away, on a clear day. Leading to the house is a long driveway bordered with lovely hydrangeas.

About the residence of Mr. Platt is a beautiful Italian garden with low flat, white walls and dark green trees. Mr. Platt is an architect and in the summer he has a considerable company at work in his studio, assistants, typewriters and students.

Neither author, artist or musician, but nevertheless well known and popular among the inhabitants of Little New York, is Captain Folger of the Kearsarge who has recently joined the summer colony in Cornish.

The pioneers of the Cornish colony were the family of the late Hon C. C. Beeman, son-in-law to the late William M. Everts. The Everts estates are in Windsor and Mr. Beeman established his estate, "Blow-me-down" just across the river in Cornish. The house is a stately white mansion overlooking the Connecticut. Below it is a small village for the various servants, farmhands, etc., employed in looking after the estate. This estate comprises farmlands, gardens, lawns, parks, a small lake, a mill and all sorts of barns and stables besides the manor house and servants' quarters. It makes one think of an old English feudal estate. Recently a new residence has been added a little way below the main house for the use of one of the daughters who married a grandson of Oliver Wendell Holmes some years ago.

These favorites of fortune, these residents of Little New York, although they do not mix with local society but find their social life among themselves are not too exclusive. They are always pleasant of greeting to those with whom they have come in contact in a business way or otherwise. Nearly all of them are glad to welcome people who come to see them at their work or to see their beautiful houses and grounds.

If you are ever near Windsor you could find no more delightful drive than across the toll bridge and about five miles up the river through Little New York.



VIEW OF PORCH AND LAWN, CHURCHILL HOUSE.

WHEN AUTUMN COMES.

BY REV. CHARLES ERNEST WHITE, WILDER, VT.

The leaves decay and fall, and autumn deepens in the dale;
The happy fields and all the ruddy leaves begin to pale.
The breezy elms above wave all in vain their leafless limbs;
No longer gently move the leaves in quiet forest hymns.
In sad and modest grace each flower declines its languid head;
And with a down-cast face, bows Nature at the conqueror's tread.

Art at the Pan-American.

BY HON. GILBERT A. DAVIS, WINDSOR, VT.

DURING a recent visit to the Pan-American Exposition the writer occupied many pleasant and instructive hours in the Art Gallery. Here were on exhibition one thousand, five hundred and fifty-six oil paintings, water colors, pastels and drawings, the work of six hundred and thirty-six eminent artists, the larger part of whom were Americans by birth and residence. And in and near this building were one hundred and ninety-six pieces of statuary, the work of sixty-six sculptors. Scattered around the grounds in different buildings were some three hundred paintings of merit.

It was a high honor to have a painting admitted to a place in this gallery, inasmuch as the merit of each production offered was determined by a jury of eminent specialists before its exhibition was allowed. The merits of the entire collection were then determined by a disinterested jury, and in that way the awards of the medals or Certificates of Merit were determined.

The writer found thirty-eight exhibits representing the work of that colony of artists that have made Cornish, N. H., their home and known as the "New York Colony," and whose faces are frequently seen upon the streets of Windsor, Vt.

In these homes amid the grandeur of Acutey and the charming beauties of the Connecticut Valley have been brought out these paintings, drawings and sculptured forms that have attracted the attention and admiration of the cultivated and critical throngs that have daily passed through this Art Gallery, and tarried to study and admire the beautiful productions before them. They evidenced the delicacy of the painter's touch, the masterful coloring, the thought, care and artistic skill discoverable in every detail, the grasp and brilliancy of the artist's conception and the boldness and talent shown in the execution.

The jurors reported this exhibition as "the most complete and representative exhibition of American Art ever yet got together." This is undoubtedly a correct statement.

At the New Orleans Exposition in 1884-5 there were only eight hundred and ninety-eight paintings, water colors and pastels on exhibition, and very many of these were the work of European Artists and were on sale. A large proportion of these paintings were highly colored and represented the artist's conception of familiar Biblical scenes.

At the Columbian Exposition in 1893 the writer had the opportunity of studying the works of great artists, of world-wide renown and of a high order of merit.

In studying these exhibits at Buffalo one is forcibly struck with the nearly entire change in the *personnel* of the artists as well as with a marked change in their themes. At Buffalo there was an unusually small proportion of paintings representing the artists' conception of Biblical events.

Portraits of distinguished men in the various walks of life, were much in evidence. Here were portraits of Dante and Virgil of the olden times and of Millard Fillmore, Gen. U. S. Grant, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Robert E. Lee, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, George Washington, James Russell Lowell, Abraham Lincoln, Wm. Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon Bonaparte and numerous others of more modern times.

Of Biblical subjects the writer noticed, "The Annunciation to the Shepherds," by G. L. Laudeau; "The Enemy Sowing Tares," by Elihu Vodder; "Daniel in the Lion's Den," by H. O. Tanner; "The Madonna," "The Burning Bush," by Harvey Ellis; "David Tending Sheep," "Return of the Prodigal Son," by Bernard J. Rosen Meyer; "Angel with the Flaming Sword," by Edwin H. Washfield; "Adoration of the Magi," "The Flight into Egypt," and many others.

T. W. Wood, the well-known artist, who has been at times a resident of Montpelier, Vt., contributed a portrait of Senator Thomas C. Platt.

Kenyon Cox of Cornish, N. H. has the honor of having his paintings exhibited both at Chicago and Buffalo, but the larger part of the exhibitors at Buffalo are comparatively new to fame, with their spurs to earn.

Of the productions by the "New York Colony," the writer noticed six by Kenyon Cox and two by Mrs. Kenyon Cox, nine by T. W. Dewing and two by his wife, one by Henry B. Fuller and three by Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller, and one by Mrs. Frances C. Houston, seven cover designs for magazines by Maxfield Parrish, two paintings by Chas. A. Platt, three paintings by Henry Oliver Walker, Wm. Laurel Harris of Windsor exhibited "Decorative Painting for the church of St. Paul, the Apostle, New York." Horatio Oliver Walker had as subjects those of a pastoral character, such as "The Harrower," "The Wood-Chopper," "Plowing, The First Gleam," "The Milk-Yard" and "A Sty," each and all of great merit and faithful delineations of these homely themes.

The writings of William Shakespeare gave the inspiration and subject for several meritorious paintings.

A painting of the Dewey Naval Arch in New York City was the result of the combined labors of twenty-six artists and attracted much attention. "Pilgrim's Progress afforded several themes, one being "Giant Despair" by Louis Rhead. "The Storming of Fort Ticonderoga" by Frederic Remington was a spirited production. Landscape paintings were much in evidence, and presented the work of the hands of masters, especially a "Winter Landscape" by Chas. A. Platt. Indeed, the variety of themes was bewildering, but at the same time rewarded hours of careful observation with the satisfaction arising from studying the works of these eminent artists.

One could not go into ecstasies over the rude and coarse plaster casts that were found on every hand, on bridges and buildings to embellish and adorn, or break the otherwise dull monotony—soon to be knocked into pieces at the close of the Exposition. These, like the gaudy colorings of the several buildings, were attractive to the casual observer, especially in the evening under the glare of some half a million of electric lights, but did not reward with satisfaction, a study of merit.

It is very difficult to select any one painting as the best of all, where there were so many of great merit. This must be settled by the jurors. "The judgment of one man may be relied upon to organize an exhibition, but all that can be done after the exhibition is made is to bring together a committee of the most prominent artists whose judgment will be recognized as the best that can be secured." This was done and their awards have been sustained by the consensus of public sentiment.

Of the work in sculpture of Augustus St. Gaudens the jury award as follows:

"In view of the extraordinary and altogether exceptional merit of the work in sculpture exhibited by Augustus St. Gaudens, the jury unanimously and earnestly recommends that the award of a special diploma and medal of honor, above and apart from all other awards, be created solely for his work."

This recommendation of the Jury for Fine Arts was adopted by the superior jury and the special award was created by the Executive Committee on Aug. 2, and this great distinction of a medal of honor as the grand and chief award in the entire Pan-American Exposition has been given to Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens. It is in line with the success of this eminent artist in Paris last year, when, for his work, including the equestrian statue of Gen. Sherman, which is exhibited for the first time in the United States at the Pan-American Exposition, and for other work, including the memorial to Col. Shaw, erected on Boston Common, and the memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, to be placed in Edinburgh, he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor without passing through the preliminary grade of Chevalier, and was awarded a grand prize, or medal of honor.

In the group of paintings in oil, water colors, pastels, etc., more than twenty-five gold medals were awarded and more than fifty silver medals. A large number of bronze medals and honorable mentions were also made.

Mr. William A. Coffin, the director of Fine Arts, in discussing the awards, said:

"While the list may seem a large one, it is in reality comparatively small, considering the excellence and high quality of the exhibits in the fine arts exhibition.

Space does not permit the publication of a complete list of these awards, and mention is made of only a few more familiarly known to the readers of the JOURNAL. Gold medals for paintings were awarded to George De Forest Brush, T. W. Dewing, and Horatio Walker; silver medals to Louise Cox, Charles A. Platt, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Henry Oliver Walker; and a bronze medal to Henry B. Fuller.

For sculpture, class 578, a silver medal was awarded to Louis Saint Gaudens. For drawings, class 579, a silver medal was awarded to Maxfield Parrish.

My View of the Pan-American.

BY MRS. BERT DENNY BOWEN, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

JUST before two o'clock one beautiful moon-lit night the electrical splendor of Buffalo's Exposition burst upon me, but I waited for the light of the sun before making further investigation. The site of these grounds is in the northern part of the city, covering 350 acres. Passing through the north gate, the visitor finds himself in the Railway Exhibits Building which houses a great display of heavy railway equipment. The largest locomotive exhibited weighed 139,000 lbs. but the heaviest locomotive weighed 200,200 lbs. Emerging from the south side of this building one sees the Propylaea or monumental entrance to the Exposition. This structure marks the northern boundary of the Plaza, one of the attractive parts of the grounds, with a bandstand in the centre surrounded by sunken gardens.

At the southern end of the Plaza and dividing it from the Court of the Fountains is the great Electric Tower. The height of the tower is 409 feet above the surface of the broad basin in which it stands, its highest point terminating in the Goddess of Light, a superb figure in hammered brass. At the base of the tower is a powerful jet of blue water pouring out its volume night and day. To the west of the tower is the Electricity Building, which is devoted to the exhibits of electrical machinery and appliances. Here is located the service plant for the transformation and distribution of the 5,000 horse power transmitted from Niagara Falls, for lighting and power purposes. The Electricity Building is built in the style of the Spanish Renaissance.

Crossing one division of the Mall, the visitor next comes to the Machinery and Transportation Building, where are shown the generation and transmission of power and machines, tools and appliances for every kind of work. Passing out through the eastern door of the Machinery and Transportation Building the surpassing beauty of the Court of Fountains delights the eye. This court is 565 feet long and 225 feet wide and surrounded by a balcony of magnificent design. Here besides the numerous fountains are the exquisite beds of flowers lighted at night by incandescent lamps from beneath.

The Temple of Music is near this place. Both the exterior and interior of this building are particularly fine being crowned by a dome of sky-blue and golden tints. The large auditorium and abundant balconies afford seating capacity for fully 2,000 people. Crowds throng this place, made forever historic by an assassin's weapon. The great organ for the Temple of Music cost \$15,000. Two recitals by prominent exponents of this branch of musical art each day and numerous concerts are given from the bandstands in the Plaza and Esplanade.

West of the Temple of Music is the handsome Graphic Arts Building. Here and in the workshop of the Graphic Arts adjacent are exhibited all the latest inventions pertaining to printing and its allied arts, and the finest specimens of their finished products. Passing from the Graphic Arts Building through a conservatory on the west the Horticultural Building is reached. Exhibits of gladioli, dahlias, and growing cacti were especially

attractive, among vast displays of fruit both fresh and canned. Through another conservatory the visitor continues to the Mines Building. From the immense amount of everything pertaining to mines and ores three exhibits remained impressed upon me: the fine display of Georgia marble and building stone, the case of precious gems in the rough and the brilliant green of the copper ore. The largest known nugget of silver ore in the world weighs 375 lbs.

The Triumphal or Grotto Bridge connecting the two Mirror Lakes is near the Mines Building. It is a massive structure, richly ornamented with sculpture and color. At either side are cascades and underneath are grottoes through which one passes in taking the boat-ride upon the canal. To the south-west part of the grounds is the New York State Building. This is a permanent edifice constructed of white marble and the style of architecture is that of a Doric Temple. Here is also located the famous Electric Fountain in the North Bay, a part of the Park Lake. The Electric Fountain plays at night that the brilliancy of its ever-changing hues may be discerned. On the north shore of the lake is seen the United States Government Life Saving Station and here a captain and crew of ten men, of the Government Life Saving Service, give daily illustrations of life saving. To the east are the state and foreign buildings to which fifteen acres are devoted. The New England Building represents a colonial mansion and here the five states composing New England have separate rooms furnished in colonial style.



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC, IN WHICH PRESIDENT MCKINLEY WAS SHOT.

To the south-east near the shore of Park Lake is the Fine Arts Building, lighted entirely from above. Here are displayed fine paintings, sculpture and decorations, here hangs a beautiful portrait of our so lately martyred President. Three times a week there is a display of fire-works given from the Lake. Niagara Falls, the Yacht Race and a Sham Naval Battle were very real.

Returning to the Esplanade and walking through a pergola on the east we come to the Fisheries Building of the United States Government group. In the centre of this building which is 150 feet square, is a fountain covered with mosses and aquatic plants, sending a jet of water high in the air. Around this fountain, runs a circular corridor, on the inside of which are

tanks containing the live fish exhibits. The corridor is in semi-darkness, while the tanks are lighted from above and making all the life they contain plainly visible. The Fisheries Building is connected with the main Government Building by a pergola. Instructive exhibits from the Smithsonian Institute, from the United States Mail Department including the Dead Letter Office and from the United States Treasury were here displayed. The exhibit of ordnance and munitions of war at this Exposition is the largest ever made anywhere. The western door of the Colonial Building leads to colonnades from which may be viewed the beautiful Court of Cypress. Passing through the colonnades we come to the Ethnology Building where mankind studies man and the whole building is devoted to ethnology and archaeology.

Proceeding northward the visitor comes to the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. It would seem that everything which the fertile brain of our American people have sought to invent was here represented. In the centre of the building is the exquisite Tiffany fountain, a remarkable combination of glass, water and electricity. The fountain is also lighted from the exterior by four powerful colored search lights. Surrounding the fountain are four beautiful booths, one devoted to Rockwood pottery, one to the National Arts Club, one to the Gorham Gold and Silver Smiths and one to their rivals, the Tiffanys. All women and some men desire to linger long over the wonderful Tiffany diamond valued at \$20,000. Still to the north

is the Agricultural Building where are all exhibits of machinery for cultivating the soil and harvesting crops.

The Stadium, an immense arena, capable of seating 12,000 people, occupies the north-east corner of the grounds. It contains a quarter-mile track and abundant space for all the popular athletic games and sports. One naturally tires of examining exhibits continually and to remedy this monotony the Midway is the amusement of the big show. Certainly we ought to be interested in our country's latest possessions and so we pass on into the Philippine village. One small specimen of Philippine humanity claims citizenship in this country. Our dark skinned neighbors seem happy and

quite at home. An Hawaiian village is examined and the native music delights the ear. The Indian Congress with fifty chiefs and braves occupy quite a reservation and the old squaws and little pappooses all take their especial part in the performance of the arena. One should certainly visit the wee small beings confined in incubators even if larger attractions are passed by and we naturally draw a sigh of relief that some of the inhabitants of our land are so well cared for.

But at last the time comes for us to leave all these scenes and as the electric cars whirl us away our last view is of the poles of the Indian wigwams as they rise toward the blue sky with pointed precision.

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INTER-STATE JOURNAL

ILLUSTRATED.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

LEADING
DESCRIPTIVE
ARTICLE, ✱

A TRIP TO THE TOP OF VERMONT.

BY REV. HOMER WHITE.



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We would at this time call your attention to a **Cooked and Pressed Corned Beef** that we are making. It is a clean, delicious, healthy, cold meat. Made from the choicest selections of Corned Beef, and seasoned to please the taste of an epicure. Price per lb. 16c.

GRAPE JELLY, in Mason pint jars. Price, 25c.

As a healthful summer drink it is very refreshing.

Place two or three spoonful of the jelly in a glass and fill with water. Stir briskly.

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NICE MAPLE SYRUP, per gal., \$1.10

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ARLINGTON GRAHAMS, one pound package, 15c.

SALTINE BISCUIT, one pound package, 15c.

LAKE SIDE SODA, one pound package, 10c.

WORCESTER LUNCH, one pound package, 10c.

GINGER SNAPS, three pounds, 25c.

TEA BISCUIT, three pounds, 25c.

WORCESTER CRACKERS, per box, 25c.

DOUBLE CRACKERS, best cheese in town. Price, 16c.

BURNHAM'S MASCOT JELLYCON, makes a delicious dessert for five or six people. Price, 10c.

HEINZ'S KEYSTONE KETCHUP, full pints, 25c.

You see the price is no higher than many of the cheap ones that the market is flooded with.

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We tried keeping about every kind our customers called for, but for several years we have carried in stock three kinds that we know are the best. They are as follows:

WISE KING, the leader of all bread Flours; **EDSON & CHADWICK'S BEST**, the best all round Flour on earth; **SPOTLESS**, the acknowledged leader in Pastry Flour.

Every barrel of each of these Flours is warranted to have no superior and but few equals. The price is often as low as the inferior grades.

CANNED BAKED BEANS, picnic size, plain, 7c., with tomato sauce, 8c. Family sizes from 10 to 16c. per can.

We can sell you a canned Baked Bean that will please you as well as the kind you bake at home. Think of the work saved by the cook who is obliged to stay so many hours in the hot kitchen to do the work that can't be avoided.

CODFISH, 3 lb. box, 25c.; a better one for 35c., and the best there is on the market for 50c.

One pound boxes for 10 and 15c.

We will give you Good Values and Prompt Service and in return we will expect Prompt Payment.



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Ezra H. Byington, D.D.

LIFE WORK OF AN HONORED CLERGYMAN, PASTOR OF
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WINDSOR, VT.,
FROM 1859 TO 1869.

BY HON. GILBERT A. DAVIS, WINDSOR, VT.

DR. BYINGTON was born at Hinesburg, Vt., Sept. 13, 1828, graduated from the University of Vermont in the class of 1852, was principal of Underhill Academy 1852-55, and graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1857; then preached at Royalton, Vt., one year.

His first pastorate was over the First Congregational church in Windsor, Vt., having been ordained Feb. 23, 1859, and having retained that position until his dismissal Oct. 1st, 1869, at his own request. It is of this pastorate that we purpose more particularly to write.

He came to Windsor in the full vigor of manhood, a ripe scholar, of pleasing manners, a master of the art of pulpit oratory, fully impressed with his mission and duty to preach the gospel and win souls. He at once entered into his work with a love and devotion that was marvelous. His parish was his study and delight. His sermons were forceful, full of the best thoughts of the day, carefully prepared, eloquently delivered and carried conviction to his hearers.

He believed what he taught and hence his public ministrations were not of a prefatory character, but embodied the belief of the man. His preparations for the social meetings of the Church were of the same character as those for the pulpit, and elevated the prayer meeting from the low plane of formalism. The work of the Sunday school was not neglected, but enlisted his enthusiastic efforts and his personal attention. He knew every member of his congregation, visiting their homes frequently and entering into the joys and sorrows of these people as a pastor should, becoming their trusted friend, adviser and guide.

He won the confidence and respect of the business men of the town, and they soon saw in Dr. Byington a man of tolerant spirit, practical knowledge, sincere consecration to his work and of a high standard of life, and as a result he brought into the Church many men of business who had theretofore looked upon a clergyman as a morose, distant and impracticable man not in touch with every day affairs. He took an intelligent interest in the schools and public affairs of the town, not obtrusively, but with such candor and intelligence as to win respect.

As might be expected, such work of a pastor, brought forth fruit, in that divisions in the Church were healed and the attendance upon the public services increased. The whole number added to this church during this pastorate was 148, 92 of them on profession of faith, and among them were many young people who entered heartily into the work of his Church.

This pastorate covered the period of the Civil war. A number of young men of the congregation enlisted in the army and three at least laid down their lives in the service of their country.

Dr. Byington's sermons during the war were full of illustrations suggested by the martial spirit of the people in a righteous cause. During this pastorate the Centennial of the organization of the Church—the Old South, as it is commonly designated—occurred and that interesting event was celebrated Sept. 21, 1868, and brought together a large number of the friends old and new. President Smith of Dartmouth College delivered an address of much interest—he having been a member of the Church when a printer's apprentice in Windsor.



REV. EZRA H. BYINGTON.

Mr. Byington made extensive researches and gathered a large array of facts and papers relating to its history and embodied them in an historical address, going over the entire century and showing of how much value this Church organization was to the cause of Congregationalism not only in Windsor but in New England.

He received the degree of D. D., from his Alma Mater in 1890.

In 1869-70 he supplied the American Presbyterian Church in Montreal, P. Q. He was then pastor at Brunswick, Me., from January 10, 1875, to October 1, 1878. This pastorate brought him in contact with the officers and students of Bowdoin College as well as with a large and intelligent congregation, and well did he sustain the reputation gained at Windsor as a pastor and pulpit orator.

He was pastor at Monson, Mass., from June 23, 1880, to April 28, 1897, sustaining here in all respects the reputation that he had established. After closing this pastorate he made his home for some time in Worcester and then in Boston, Mass., and was elected librarian of the N. E. Historic—Genealogical Society in 1891. He removed to Newton, Mass., in 1893 and continued to make that place his home until his sudden death from heart failure, May 16, 1901, at Newton.

Dr. Byington spent several months in foreign travel, and embodied his observations in the form of popular lectures which he delivered in several places in New England with great success.

In 1896 he published "The Puritan in England and New England," a book of much value, of elegant diction and mature thought. This was followed in 1897 by "The Christ of Yesterday, Today and Forever," a volume of nineteen sermons, which had been delivered from time to time, and a careful perusal of them shows the ripe scholarship, matured thought, elevated principles and elegant diction of the author.

It was the privilege of the writer of this article to be present at Windsor when the first sermon of this volume was preached from Heb. xiii: 8—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever," and he was profoundly impressed with the great ability, learning and piety of the preacher, and with his grasp of the great truths of Christianity and of the leading questions of the day "when things move so speedily and when the theory of evolution is changing so many of the old beliefs and leading to so many new conclusions and when the great religions of the East are studied so appreciatively." The conclusion reached seemed so clear and convincing that it made a deep and abiding impression—that these changes in modern thought "do not touch the essential truths of the Christian faith. *The deepest wants of men are the same in every age,*" and these deepest wants are met by the religion of Jesus Christ."

And again: "Religion is more than a mere theory or a system of doctrine. It is first of all, a personal experience. It does not depend upon books of evidence."

The other sermons in the volume are of equal interest.

Dr. Byington was one of the editors of the "History of the First Congregational Church of Windsor, Vt.," published in 1898. He gave to the world "The Puritan as a Colonist and Reformer" in 1899. His best literary work was the preparation of a "Memoir of the Rev. Henry A. Hazen, D. D.," for the New England Historical and Genealogical Register.

Dr. Byington was married to Ann Eliza Hoyt of New Haven, Vt., January 14, 1858. She died March 11, 1883. He was again married at Worcester, Mass., June 14, 1887, to Louisa Jane Workman, who survives him. He left surviving him no child.

Touring in an Automobile.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

THE appearance of an automobile in the average village in this part of New England will bring people to the sidewalks more quickly than a brass band. In a few of the larger places an occasional machine of light construction is owned and the sight of these gliding swiftly through the streets does not create the interest of a year ago. But when a "buster" comes along with a rush and roar it receives immediate attention. Such a machine arrived in White River Junction on a summer evening, at about six o'clock and essayed to pass on to Windsor but got stuck on the steep hill about two miles below the Junction on the river road, and turned back for the night.

The auto. was owned by Mr. Geo. H. McFadden, a wealthy Philadelphian and a well known polo player. The party of five consisting of two ladies, the owner and little son and the chauffeur or professional French driver left Boston two weeks before and had been touring in the White Mountains. They had come from Bethlehem the day of their arrival here. The machine was housed under the shed of the Junction House stables for the night, the professional driver veering and backing it into its position under power with astonishing ease.



TWELVE HORSE-POWER TOURING AUTOMOBILE

The gasmobile, as this type is properly known, is a two seater of very heavy construction, weighing 3,000 lbs. The gasoline motor is of 12 horse power, and is started by turning a crank under the headlight in front. The engine makes a good deal of noise and exhausts very rapidly. While at a standstill the engine is in motion continually and imparts a very visible vibration to the entire carriage, although it is said that this motion is not as noticeable when the automobile is moving over the road. It took the chauffeur fully half an hour to fill the 5-gallon gasoline tank, which is done through a tube in the back of the driver's seat, to fill another apartment with water to keep the cylinder cool and to oil up. The machine is steered by a wheel like a brake wheel and to the top of this a horn is attached which toots when a big rubber bulb is squeezed. The power is applied to the rear axle by a driving chain on each side. The carriage is capable of a speed of thirty-five miles an hour and

will climb an ordinary hill easily. It was claimed that the failure to ascend the hill below town was due to a poor quality of gasoline obtained at Bradford. The machine is turned very easily with one hand. The pneumatic tires are nearly five inches broad. A large plate glass is carried up under the canopy, which can be swung down in case of bad weather. When the chauffeur dismounted from the Bethlehem trip he was covered with sand and looked as if he had been dragged through the dirt.

The party left White River Junction at about nine o'clock the following morning expecting to take dinner in Bellows Falls and stop for the night at Brattleboro.

The chauffeur had perfect control of the machine and could back and turn it rapidly with great nicety. Mr. McFadden said he was a professional who came from Paris with the machine, and that he had run the automobile 750 miles in twenty-three hours over good roads. The owner said that although a good many horses are frightened by the machine very few accidents occur if the driver knows his business.

The automobile was made in Paris and cost about \$5,000.

The world's automobile record is a mile in 51 4-5 seconds.



READY FOR THE DAY'S RUN.

The recent automobile show at New York was the largest ever held in the United States and the great throng of purchaser-visitors each day, studying the points of the various machines, shows the increased interest in them. The machines made by American manufacturers at the present time are mostly so constructed that the services of an experienced machinist are necessary in case of the frequent breakdowns, but in spite of these faults manufacturers are put to their utmost pace to fill orders. When the automobile is perfected and simplified as it will be in a couple of years it will be a fair rival to the locomotive for long distance traveling. Better roads will follow.

Visitors at the "Pan. Am." saw great numbers of absolutely noiseless automobile cabs on the ideal streets of Buffalo, and there were large exhibits at the Exposition. The charge for a hansom cab auto. of the street service, for two people, was \$2. per hour or for one carrying a party of five people, \$2.50 per hour. As the round of the city could be made in one and one-half hours, this was not too expensive for a small party.

The "devil wagon" as it is sometimes called, has come to stay.

A Squirrel Talk. For the Children's Column.

BY MRS. JEROME W. PIERCE, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

ONE BRIGHT summer day I made the acquaintance of a family of grey squirrels, which had for their playground and forage center, a lawn adorned with several kinds of cone bearing evergreen trees. At the exact time that I made my bow to them, they were running at full speed along a board fence, that separated the lawn from the street, each squirrel holding, straight out in its tiny jaws, a cone twice as long, and broad, as itself. The enormous strength of jaw that could carry a bulky pine cone, in a horizontal position, for the length of time necessary in order to reach storage quarters, was something wonderful. These little squirrels found their winter supply of food in the seeds of these cones. They had foraged among these trees such a long time unmolested that they were quite tame. It was only when their preempts rights were infringed upon, that they would protest with much chattering, and angry flirts of bushy tails. If I attempted to pick up the cones, a pair or two of suspicious eyes watched me from the branches of some near tree, or a bushy tail would swish quickly by, and a family council would be held on the fence, with much chattering and scolding. In squirrel talk, it meant that they would like to be good friends with us, but they were inclined to think we would bear watching—had not their winter supply of nuts been carried off without so much as "by your lie, sirs?" And had not one of their comrades been lamed for life by one of these cruel creatures? Truly, man was not to be wholly trusted. One evening, while the twilight lingered, I saw a curious performance at the trunk of one of the largest trees,—something was being dragged part way up the tree, then came bumping down again. Taking my post of observation nearer the tree, I saw a large verandah pillow, which I had that very morning picked up in the walk, about half way between the house and the tree, and returned to its place, wondering how it came to be there. Again I put the pillow in its place, and the next day I kept close watch on the movements of my little friends: but they were too sly for me, and caught me off guard duty long enough to serve their purpose, for there was the pillow again at the foot of the tree! The largest squirrel seized one corner of the pillow, while its mate grabbed the opposite one; then with their fore feet firmly braced, and clutching the bark of the tree, with a pull-all-together-effort, they backed up the tree until they succeeded in going up about three feet, when, down flopped the pillow. The mamma squirrel said, as plainly as could be, "There I told you so." The papa squirrel said, with a grand wave of his bushy tail, "And pray who asked me to do it?" After some more domestic flings, peace appeared to reign once more in the family, and the pillow feat was again attempted. In my eagerness to get a better view, I stumbled over a cone, and made so much noise, the squirrels dropped their burden, and scampered away, causing me to lose the innings of their little game. I think, however, that it was pure mischief.

The mistress of the home on squirrel lawn, had frequently missed small articles of the family wash. She finally mistrusted the squirrels were the thieves, although the most rigid search failed to reveal their secret. It was not until the owner of the house, while repairing the roof, found a solution to the enigma in the shape of a new nest under the rafters, composed of the missing garments in various stages of adaptation to the needs of its occupants. Pater familias declared those "pesky raskils" should go; but Mater said softly, "The little dears."

So the little grey squirrel still builds its nest under the rafters of the old house, and plays its elish tricks under the big pine trees unmolested, for she, who loved them, left her fiat with that benediction, "The little dears," when she bade them a long farewell.

Daughters of the Revolution.

BETHEL and Royalton on the northern line of Windsor county, have each a veritable Daughter of the Revolution. Both are refined, intellectual and highly esteemed and, although each is well past her 90th birthday, they are active and industrious women.



MRS. SARAH BLANCHARD CHAPMAN of Bethel, was born in Plainfield, N. H., September 6, 1802, making her now in her 100th year. She was the daughter of Simon and Jemina Chapman Blanchard. The father enlisted July 19, 1777 and served three months as a private in Capt. John Bradford's company of Col. M. Nichols' regiment of New Hampshire troops, organized to operate with the northern army. He afterward served three years in Capt. Benj. Brown's company of Col. Micah Jackson's regiment. Because of the service of her father, Mrs. Chapman was elected an honorary member of Woodstock chapter, D. A. R., February 6, 1900.

When 13, Mrs. Chapman came with her parents to Bethel and on December 6, 1818 was married to Cyrus Chapman of that town. Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, all of whom are now dead. Mr. Chapman died September 2, 1874.

School privileges in the early days were limited but Mrs. Chapman made the most of her opportunities and having all her life been a reader of the best books is a remarkably well-informed woman.

She has been quite regular in her habits but has never been tied to any rigid rules of living. She has eaten whatever she liked, worked early and late and now dislikes to be idle, believing that work rather than idleness conduces to longevity. She does light household work, sews and reads. The Bible is her favorite book. She is a communicant of the Episcopal church and has been a member of Christ Church, Bethel, for many years.

MISS LUCY SKINNER, of Royalton, enjoys with Mrs. Chapman the distinction of being one of the very few now living whose fathers served in the continental army of 1775 to 1783. She has not been bent by age but stands erect and is remarkably vigorous. Were it not for her white hair she would appear to be less than 70. In mind as well as body she is remarkably strong and vigorous.

Miss Skinner was the 11th child of Captain Isaac and Lucy Shaw Skinner and was born in Royalton February 22, 1811. Her father was born in Woodstock, Conn. July 24, 1754.



He served through the greater part of the Revolutionary War with New England troops, his first service being in Captain Cutler's company of Colonel Ward's regiment of Connecticut troops.

Before the close of the war Captain Skinner went to Hanover, N. H., and was a land agent in that place two years. At the time of the burning of Royalton by Tories and Indians he went with the troops from Hanover and Norwich that pursued the marauding band to Brookfield and in the succeeding year, 1781, he built a house near the present site of the passenger station in Royalton. He at the same time established a blacksmith shop at Royalton that was for a time the only shop of the kind between the Connecticut river and Williamstown, Vermont.

Captain Skinner and Lucy Shaw were married at the bride's home in Royalton in 1784. The bride's father was killed in the French and Indian War.

Seven sons and four daughters were born to Capt. and Mrs. Skinner and with one exception all attained a good old age of from 70 to 86 years. Miss Skinner, the youngest, seems to have fair promise of living a full century.

The National Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution of 1899 presented Miss Skinner with the gold spoon embellished with colonial engraving and the insignia of the society that is given to daughters of Revolutionary sires, when found by the society.

A Trip to the top of Vermont

BY REV. HOMER WHITE, RANDOLPH, VT.

PHOTOS BY DR. GIFFORD.

ON THE morning of Thursday, August 8, the University Club of Randolph together with the wives of the members and some invited friends, the whole party numbering twenty-four persons, set out on a two-days' excursion to Mt. Mansfield, the highest land or rock in Vermont. The cars of the Central Vermont took us to Waterbury. There we changed to the electric car for Stowe where we arrived in good time for dinner. After dinner three mountain-climbing teams were in readiness for us and taking our seats we drove off with high expectations which were fully realized when we reached our high objective point—old Mansfield's Clin. The first five miles of the way were level with a good road through a pleasant farming country and then we came to the foot of the mountain—the *hoc opus* part of our journey. A veracious guideboard encouragingly informed us that the distance to the summit was only four and a half miles, and we set boldly forward on the zigzag course which led *ad astra* or thereabouts, certainly above the clouds. *Nota bene:* This being the itinerary of a University Club, the reader will naturally expect these scraps of Latin. He might have not only these but also some choice Greek but that we fear the Greek case of the office of the INTER-STATE JOURNAL is out of sorts.



ON THE ELECTRIC.

We found the road up the mountain a very good one, through forest most of the way, but here and there we caught a glimpse of the world beyond the trees and above which we were being gradually lifted. One such fine view was that of Smuggler's Notch. The smuggler who toiled on foot through that rugged pass must have been actuated by the ambitious motive to give it a name. There could have been no fun nor profit in the trip. All the Canadian goods he could carry on his back might just as well have been sold on the west side of the mountains. Springs of cool, delicious water were found



A GROUP ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CHIN.

along our route—such water as drinkers of pond water have no conception of—and refreshed both man and beast. Even on the summit there is water in abundance, bursting from the rock, as though the latter had been smitten by the rod of Moses. The highest spring in Vermont is near the highest point of the Chin while just beneath the Chin is a little sheet of water called the Lake of the Clouds.

We came in sight of the Summit House, and soon thereafter reached its hospitable door, just in time to escape a drenching from a thunder storm to witness which was worth our three hours' climb. From the piazza of the hotel we gazed upon the scene. Clouds and darkness were round about us for we were among the clouds and in the storm; but there was sufficient light for us to see masses of other clouds rolling and tumbling in the deep valley below us while frequent lightning flashed across the peaks of distant mountains or on the murky clouds beneath. One brilliant shaft of light, descending perpendicularly from the heavens, assumed the shape of a fiery cross, though with but rudimentary arms, for the brief moment in which it was visible. The spectacle was sublime and a sense of the grandeur of nature was impressed upon every mind. After the storm a beautiful double rainbow appeared in the cloudy gulf below us and apparently quite near.

The Summit House is just at the base of the Nose and after supper most of the party ascended that prominence to witness the sunset. It was too cloudy, however, and when evening let her curtain down without a single star to pin it, they returned to the hotel where, after a few pleasant hours, all retired so as to get up early and see the sun rise. But alas! it was cloudy or foggy in the morning and old Sol was not visible when he first came over the distant horizon, and it was not possible to see any object more than ten rods away. The prospect was dim for seeing some of the finest scenery in New England. Nevertheless a resolute party of twenty-five, including guides, was formed to visit the summit of the Chin, two miles away from the hotel. But they all reached the top and were the largest party that ever did stand there together. They were on the top of Vermont, 4,400 feet above sea level.

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The Nose which is a solid mass of rock rising perpendicularly on one side and steeply on others towers 200 feet above the hotel at its base, and is 4,200 above sea level. The expedition to the Chin returned somewhat weary, but enthusiastic, in time for dinner. They thought as they were advancing through the fog towards the summit that old Mansfield had a receding Chin, but when they arrived there and the fog had lifted, as it did about ten o'clock, they agreed they were well paid for the dangers they had passed. One remarked that if they had had some singers with them they might have had some unusually pleasant Chin-music. But, if deprived of music, they had at least enough of beauty to feast their eyes upon. Round the whole horizon it was spread before them in such profusion and loveliness and grandeur—the lovely, nearby valley and the grand, distant mountains—that the eye knew not where to linger longest.

It is not necessary to climb the Chin in order to get fine views, though doubtless the best are seen from there. But after the fog lifted, the scenery visible to the naked eye, from the hotel piazza, to the eastward and from the base of the Nose, a few rods away, to the westward, was beautiful beyond description, as some one has before remarked. The phrase sounds familiar at any rate, but I heartily endorse it, for my descriptive powers seem unequal to the occasion. To the west were seen the Champlain valley with farms, villages and woodland; next Lake Champlain and its islands, and beyond the lake, the Adirondack mountains blue and beautiful. With the lifting of the fog the glory was revealed. To the east was

seen the deep valley where we had watched the storm the night before and beyond this the piled-up hills and mountains in picturesque confusion. Mt. Washington is faintly visible in clear weather from the hotel steps.

Some geologists confidently assert that Mt. Mansfield is the oldest land in the world, and the oldest inhabitants of the region do not deny the truth of the assertion. None of them can remember the time when the Nose and Lips and Chin of Mansfield were not as prominent features of the landscape as they are today. There are other, though smaller, features than the grand outline of the mountain's summit. On the edge of the nostril appears a rough profile of Washington, while back near where the corner of the eye should be appears a much better profile of Victoria.

The Summit House is a comfortable, well-kept hostelry and sheltered about sixty people the night we were there. Among these were a dozen New York city boys of different nationalities who were being given an outing which they will long remember by a young gentleman to whom they looked up with deserved respect. Before leaving, Friday forenoon, they gave us a concert on the piazza, singing a number of popular songs which were duly applauded. As they started on foot over the rocks for Cambridge they gave three cheers for the house and three more for the proprietor. After a good dinner our teams were brought out and with our parcels of fir balsam and other souvenirs of Mansfield we again took our seats and started down the mountain, with a shoe under one wheel of each carriage to assist the horses in holding back. The descent was more quickly accomplished than the ascent, *facilis descensus Averno*, and we arrived at Stowe in time for the train which brought us home without accident at about half past seven, thoroughly satisfied with our pleasant excursion.



Courtesy of Central Vermont Railway.

SUMMIT HOUSE, MOUNT MANSFIELD.



VICTORIA'S PROFILE ON THE NOSE, MT. MANSFIELD.

The Kurn Hattin Homes.

THE Kurn Hattin Homes of Westminster, Vt., were given by Rev. C. A. Dickinson of Berkeley Temple, Boston, for the purpose of making a home for homeless boys of good character, between the ages of seven and fourteen. The boys are kept until seventeen years of age unless good homes are found for them. The boys are taught farming and sloyd work, and to be generally useful. Mr. Dickinson gave the farm and buildings in memory of his father and mother, whose home it was. The officers of the Kurn Hattin Home Association are: President, Hon. Wm. J. Van Patten, Burlington, Vt.; Vice-President, Rev. C. A. Dickinson, Boston, Mass.; Treasurer, Mr. Edward M. Abbott, 450 Tremont Building, Boston; Secretary, Mr. N. G. Williams, Bellows Falls, Vt. These gentlemen and several others form the Board of Trustees, Pres. W. J. Tucker of Dartmouth being one of the members. The Superintendent is Mr. Charles E. Bishop, and the Matron, his wife, Mrs. Jennie T. Bishop.

Kurn Hattin, the name given to the Homes, means "the Horns of Hattin." It is the Hebrew name for the Mount of Beatitude in Palestine. It is sometimes spelled Hattin, sometimes Hitin. The name was given to these Homes in Westminster because the hill on which the main building stands, in its conformation is like "the Horns of Hattin" in Palestine.

It is not an institution for the control of children, but for the support of those whose parents or guardians are unable to support them, and if able, relatives or friends are expected to pay a small sum for board and provide clothing.

The Homes have been established seven years.

A PLEASANT VISIT TO THE HOME FOR BOYS AT WESTMINSTER, VT.

BY NANCY A. COOK, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

It was upon a fine morning, the first part of September, that my friend and I started out, in a very comfortable carriage, with the desire to visit the Kurn Hattin Home in which we had become interested through papers and in correspondence with the matron. We left the pretty town of Springfield, Vt., at half past seven in the morning and reached Westminster in the same state about ten o'clock, having

enjoyed our ride of twenty miles very much. We drove into very neatly kept grounds, and, arriving at the house, were met and cordially welcomed by the matron, Mrs. Bishop. She informed us that visitors were always very welcome, but on account of a few cases of scarlet fever, visitors had been few during the summer, although great care had been taken to keep the patients in strict quarantine.

We found that at this Home there were two sets of buildings, one for the farmer and his family and the other the Home itself. The former was being used as an infirmary for the scarlet fever patients at this time, while the farmer and his wife were accommodated in the main building.

Before dinner, Mrs. Bishop took us over the house. On the first floor was a large entrance hall out of which opened, on the one side the boys' reading room, and on the other the parlor. The dining room opened from the reading room and there were five tables neatly spread. Below stairs was the basement in which were the wash and bath rooms. Up stairs was the boys' dormitory arranged as such rooms are in children's homes, with seventeen iron bedsteads with beds all neatly spread, which was done by the boys.

At a quarter before twelve a bell rung which was to give the boys time to make themselves tidy for dinner and we had the pleasure of watching them. They came into the basement, each one going to his own place to use his own basin and towel. The teacher stood at the end of the row and as he counted one, two, three, and so on, they washed first one ear, then the other, the back of neck, front of neck, right side of face and left side of face. This was done that the teacher could be sure they were clean, also to save soiling so many towels. After washing they hung their towels and basins in their places, then the boys marched from here to the reading room and at the appointed time into the dining room where each one stood at his place until the Superintendent, Matron, teacher and wife, who is cook in the home, and other help had taken their places and the blessing had been sung by all, in unison and as near as I could make out, the boys were all singers. The blessing is as follows:

God is great and God is good,
And we thank Him for this food;
By His hand must all be fed.
Give us, Lord, our daily bread. AMEN.

The meal progressed very quietly and orderly as does everything about the place. Two or three boys were called and presented to us. They were boys with whom we had become interested by sending things to and communicating with when they were sick. They were very bright and intelligent and seemed very grateful for any little kindnesses shown them. We visited the kitchen and found three boys washing dishes, who, unlike girls enjoyed their task. As we passed through the ironing room we espied two or three boys ironing overalls with a right good will and two boys sat on the piazza shelling beans for the next day's dinner. All the boys were overalls even to the Superintendent's boy who is one of them.

The boys kindly showed us about the grounds, told us about the horses, cows and other stock in general, about the chestnut grove, the apple orchard, and the sugar place, speaking of it all as "ours" in a very proud way. Each one obeyed when spoken to and in a very pleasant manner as though their duties were not in the least irksome, indeed they love their home and are willing to work. Unlike the girls'

home, which is near, the boys are provided with a man teacher and sometimes, when there is money enough, with an instructor who teaches them "sloyd" wood work. They learn to make a great many useful articles which are sold to visitors.

Altogether our visit was an enjoyable one and it seemed to us that there could be no better work to be encouraged than one of training bright and intelligent boys who have been left homeless, and these are the ones, who if neglected are apt to prove as bad if not worse than less intelligent ones. It seems as if this work would prove of much benefit to our State in the not far distant future. We earnestly hope that our friends will become interested in this work and consider it their duty as well as their privilege to aid this Institution, which being one of charity, is dependent upon our generosity.



MAIN BUILDING, KURN HATTIN HOMES, WESTMINSTER, VT.

The foregoing description of a visit to the Kurn Hattin Homes is by one who is ever active in their welfare. In every village there is someone who, though it may be known only to a few, is steadily and quietly lending a helping hand to those in need. Many would gladly assist in the work, but know not on whom to bestow their gifts, lest the recipients feel too proud to accept, or for lack of disposition to continue to work as steadily as before to prove unworthy. Everywhere there are those who, though home cares are many, are able and willing to give, even denying themselves some comfort, if only they can know where the help they give will be properly expended. But often, the good intentions, through doubt, result in nothing done. In the coming winter season, secure by the warmth of our firesides, coal-bin, wood-pile and store-room well supplied, and plenty of warm wraps for the children—let us not commit the great error of being forgetful of others.

In the Kurn Hattin Homes is in part your opportunity. Think of sixty-five children under the care of the watchful Superintendent, the motherly Matron, and their helpers, in this model home, in our own Connecticut Valley! With all

your desire to help would you be willing to undertake this charge? Yet it must be done.

What better can you do than bestow money or gifts upon an institution, partly supported by well-known gentlemen, that is trying to shape the lives of these destitute ones that they may become men and women,—a credit to society? The need is great. The cold winter season is at hand. The Homes have now many good friends, but thousands have never known the purpose of those who conduct it. It takes money to care for those children, in health, in illness, to instruct and educate them. It is the first need, it has the first claim on your attention and your pocket—the bringing-up of those who are to become the useful citizens of years to come. The children you know have your personal interest. Will you help others?

Many friends of the Homes send a barrel or a box of useful things, gathered perhaps from the neighborhood, with contributions of goods or money or both, from some of the merchants of the town, who know of the work, and these friends always have the homes in mind. They have letters from some of these children—they feel as if they knew them. Every contribution is acknowledged by the Superintendent or the Matron and you will know by the tone of their letters that they are just the people for the work—helping the destitute young. This is work that you should do. Early and late, see what you can do to help the Kurn Hattin Homes. There is no more worthy cause on the face of the earth. Do your missionary work first for our needy home institutions.

The writer asked the Matron of the Homes for a list of present needs, to be printed in the JOURNAL, and this is her reply:

KURN HATTIN NEEDS.

We now have eleven girls, from seven to fourteen years of age (there will be several more in a short time), six of whom are clothed by Keene, N. H. ladies. There are forty-six boys from seven to sixteen years of age, most of them being nine, ten and eleven years. It will be readily seen that boys' clothing, mostly, is needed, although the girls require a supply of rubbers for the winter, and a carpet is much needed for the sitting-room at the girls' home. It is a large room, about eighteen feet square. Even a second-hand carpet would be very acceptable and make the floor much warmer.

The boys are always needing shoes, stockings and pants, they wear out so fast.

We need for the winter the above-named articles, also good coats (we have a supply of overcoats), mittens, dark, warm sweaters, rubbers, rubber boots, slippers, dark wool blouses for boys from seven to eleven years old; dark shirts, sizes twelve and one-half to fourteen, also lighter colored shirts same sizes, for Sunday wear. We have a fair supply of underclothing. These other things are wanted more.

We need many things for the dining-room. Our supply of spoons, table, dessert and teaspoons, is low, also silver knives and forks; tumblers, common dishes for boys' use, particularly mugs, bowls, plates and large pitchers. We should greatly appreciate a new set of inexpensive decorated dishes, for the helpers' table, also white napkins and white tablecloths three and one-half yards long, for same table.

We have only a small supply of towels for helpers' use. Many of

Best Windsor County Paper and the JOURNAL

for **\$1.50**



As a double - ender
New Year present
to friends in or out of
the County, this is

THE BEST COMBINATION.

the white spreads on the boys' beds are in bad condition. We use a large number about sixty-four inches wide by two and one-half yards long; next size is about seventy inches wide by two and one-half yards long. We ought to have a few full-sized spreads for large beds.

Sheets for boys' beds should be of two sizes: forty-eight inches wide by two and one-half yards long (we use more of this size than any other) and sixty inches wide by two and one-half yards long.

Boys' pillow slips are eighteen inches wide, cloth cut one yard long, with two and one-half inch hem. Helpers' beds require slips twenty inches wide, and full-sized sheets.

We always appreciate contributions of clothing, provisions, etc. Kurn Hattin has many good friends, but needs many more.

We are already planning for Christmas. We want to give our boys and girls a grand time. Who will help us to gladden their hearts?

You know what boys and girls delight in, in the line of games, books, toys, candy, skates, sleds, neckties, etc.

The Matron would be glad to correspond with church sewing societies and individuals who would like to help us. We always have certain special needs, which we appreciate having supplied, and are glad to make them known when inquiry is made of us.

We have mentioned many needs, but it takes large quantities of everything to care for sixty-five children.

"How like a Paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each others' content."—*Isaac Barrow.*

Boys, have you outgrown that pair of skates, those warm stockings? Have you discarded that cap that pulled clear down over your ears on frosty mornings? Where's that pair of mittens or the tippet you laid aside last year? Got any games you are tired of? Have you more harmonicas than you want? The boys at Kurn Hattin Homes like music as well as you do, and perhaps they don't have games and books and things—enough to go around.

Maybe they don't have good rubbers, or shoes without any holes in 'em. Perhaps you could send a pair of stout shoes. There's lots of things they might like. I wonder if they have sleds enough. There's hardly a boy, and some man-grown, but can contribute to that barrel for the boys at Kurn Hattin Homes,—and perhaps you can be the one to draw that barrel to the express office on your sled, and you won't have to ask more than one good-hearted man to get money enough to pay the express on it to Westminster, Vt. Now let's see what you are going to do. They print a little paper down there at the Home and acknowledge in print the names of those who contribute.

The JOURNAL is going to be a welcome visitor on that reading room table every issue, and we are going to send them a daily paper as well, and lead pencils and paper, and these columns will always be open to help this Home or any others.

Help make these boys a home and help sustain the influence for good that now surrounds them.

—EDITOR.

If you want a good eight-page weekly paper, all printed at home, that shall contain all the news from the various towns of the County with complete County Court reports, and able editorials—and a good monthly magazine which will contain all the illustrated articles of the County and good stories, send \$1.50 and we will give you the VERMONT STANDARD, published at Woodstock, Vt., and the JOURNAL for one year beginning Jan. 1, 1902.

If you want a sample copy of either publication it will be mailed.

EDSON & CHADWICK,

West Lebanon, N. H., and
White River Junction, Vt.

EXTRA ANNOUNCEMENT

The great increase in our trade the past year is convincing proof that the people in this vicinity are better satisfied with the best goods than they would be with poorer goods at cheaper prices. Our aim has always been to serve our customers with the best the market afforded. Our meat department shows a larger business than ever before. What better proof is needed to show that the people prefer to pay fair prices for the best inspected meats? Healthy, wholesome meats first, last and always. This is the motto that has gained for us the confidence of the public. We quote below a few of the bargains that we are offering at this time:

SKINNED-BACK HAMS, the very best, per lb	13½c
PICNIC HAMS, so-called, per lb	10½c
PICNIC HAMS, so-called, without a bone, per lb	12½c
BEST PLAIN TRIPE, 20-lb. keg	90c
This price will be for one week only.	
FINEST VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP, in quart bottles	25c
HEINZ'S PREPARED MUSTARD, in lightning jars	15c
GRAPE, CRAB-APPLE AND APPLE JELLY, in pint jars, home made	25c
HEINZ'S MINCE MEAT, in bulk, per lb	15c
This Mince Meat will make a pie that will please an epicure.	
DOUBLE CREAM CHEESE, richer, nicer in flavor, and no higher in price than the poorer qualities. Per lb	16c
BONELESS CORNED, "Our Best," 3-lb. box	50c
"Wonder," 3-lb. box	35c
"Choice Morsels," 3-lb. box	25c
"Wonder," 1-lb. box	18c, and 10c
SMOKED HERRING, per box	23c
CATSUP, pint bottle	13c
CRANBERRIES, per qt.	10c
FAIRY SOAP, 12 cakes	50c
LAUNDRY SOAP, 100 cakes	\$1.90
ARK SOAP, 12 cakes	25c
CANNED BEETS, try one can	10c
GOLDEN DRIP SYRUP, two 1-qt. cans	25c
BEST BLUEING, 3 full qts	25c
"GOLD MEDAL" SODA, six packages	25c
TOILET PAPER, 6 packages	25c

COFFEE. Call and get free sample. In this way we can convince you that we can give you better value for your money than you can get anywhere else in town. Prices from 15c. to 40c. per lb.

TEA. We ask you to call and get free sample, compare it with the tea that you are using, and if you find that we are able to give you better values for your money, we do not need to urge you to buy tea of us.

Last Days of Pan-American Exposition.

WITH IMPRESSIONS OF NIAGARA FALLS AND THE GORGE.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

THE great Pan-American Exposition is over and already our attention is called to a furtherance of the same plan at Charleston, S. C., at the present time, at St. Louis in 1903 and at Portland, Oregon in 1905. But with all the money available, and it is said that St. Louis is already assured of financial success, all those who attended the great Exposition by the side of Niagara's cataract feel that for completeness and beauty it will be many a year before the glory of Buffalo's white city is forgotten. The exquisite glory of the lights outlining every part of every building at night,—the moment of suspense when the first faint glimmer was perceptible, all about,—the reddish tint at first, then gradually growing stronger to a golden white, making night into day, warmed the spirit indeed, that man could so closely present the glories of the "Eternal City." Niagara's great strength, captivated in part, carried overland in cables and arranged in one great, wonderful design of infinite fineness by the craft of man, was the crowning glory of the Exposition. It was with genuine regret that the thousands upon thousands who tramped about the handsome buildings, in their setting of flower-beds, fountains, statues, bridges, and lakelets, large and small, and who had come to love the spirit of it all, felt that the day, the night was soon to come when all the glory of the city and the wondrous electric illumination would go out, to be revealed to them no more.

Many articles have described the Exposition in part and as a whole, during its lifetime, but it was the wish of the writer to record the manner in which it closed its existence, it being probable that readers would have no other article along the same lines.

The five gates opened every morning at eight. By nine o'clock there was a scattered little crowd continually before the turnstiles of each while within people were swallowed up in the vast buildings so readily that when one pressed on to the great Esplanade or open space near the center of it all, it would seem no one had arrived. By ten o'clock the volume of incomers filled the Mall directly within the principal entrance gate with close marching humanity. A vehicle other than some outward bound express wagon, or a mail or police patrol automobile, was rarely seen. By noon the main thoroughfares of the Exposition grounds were always well covered with sightseers.

Towards the close of the Exposition the attendance consisted largely of excursion people from within three hundred miles of Buffalo who came in for the day. Most of them brought lunch-baskets and at mid-day the settees along the tree-lined canal or water-way, or in the gardens, were occupied quite as extensively as the chains of the thirty odd restaurants.

In the pictures sent out to advertise the Exposition early in the season, people of all nations were depicted in attendance, all in their picturesque garb. This wasn't strictly true to life on the grounds. Occasionally a Turk in baggy trousers and dirty turban or a couple of blanket-wrapped Indians with

chiseled countenances passed stolidly along a street. These were from the Midway shows. Once in a while one saw a Japanese gentleman in plain clothes making the rounds of the Exposition, but for a babel of tongues, gay scarfs, mantillas, sombrero hats and other novelties of dress—I didn't see any. Maybe their owners went away before the frosts of autumn came.

It was an American crowd, quiet and good-natured. Toughs and thugs were never seen at the Pan-American. The patronage was from the homes of the land. During the entire life of the Exposition there was very little disorder, few drunks, and strange to say, few complaints of pocket-picking. A noted police officer from New York was at the head of the Exposition detective bureau and crooks were quickly recognized and warned off. The Exposition Guards were gentlemen and wore very handsome uniforms.

By the end of the season the handsome tints of the color schemes and the white staff of the buildings had become a trifle dulled, but it was still fair to look upon. Some of the out-door candy and mineral water booths were nailed up and occasionally a show on the Midway had departed. But they were scarcely missed, as the entire frontage of the two sections of the Midway extended a mile and a quarter. The New England building had been practically gutted by fire and was closed. The neat appearance of the grounds was kept up to the last. Even on the Sunday morning after it was all over the usual corps of men was sent out, over every inch of the ground, picking up every bit of paper and rubbish, and the horse roll brushes swept the litter from the great asphalted pavements.

Until a few hours before nightfall on Farewell Day, hardly any of the exhibits were packed up. The great Fair was in perfect operation to the last. This was well, for there was a large attendance the last weeks and Farewell Day it exceeded one hundred and twenty-four thousand, the third largest in the history of the Exposition.

FAREWELL DAY.

Just as often as the management could find a pretext they installed a special day, New York Day, Buffalo Day, Vermont Day or Gala Day, and finally Farewell Day. On Farewell Day there was a two-hour concert in the East Esplanade stand by the 65th Regiment Band. Mrs. Taylor, the only human being who ever went over Niagara Falls and lived, held a reception in the West Esplanade stand and thousands "had a look." She had her barrel beside her, cushioned within and containing a sort of harness. As she went over the Falls only two weeks before she became fatigued after a little and was taken away as she arrived, in a wheel chair. As a good part of the crowd in waiting hadn't seen her, the guards in attendance at the stand put up a joke. A lady happened to sit down in the chair Mrs. Taylor had occupied and soon the guards had the line of visitors in motion again. The woman caught on to the joke and held down her job while several thousand people passed into the stand and around the barrel in single file. They all thought they saw Mrs. Taylor.

At 1 P. M. the Indians paraded about the grounds. At 2 o'clock there was a hurling match. At 3 o'clock in the Stadium, a monster arena enclosing a quarter-mile track, there was a sham battle between the United States troops and the Indians. Then there was another concert at three o'clock in the East Esplanade stand and afterward a military balloon ascension. All this was in addition to the orchestra concerts and organ recital in the Temple of Music, drill by Hospital Corps and Sea-Coast Artillery, signalling by heliograph, and U. S. Life-Saving Service exhibition, every-day features. At night the entire southern part of the grounds was bright with a stupendous display of fireworks. Then also there were four other displays of fireworks at other points on the grounds, the entire display lasting from 7:30 o'clock until midnight.

THE LAST EVENING.

Early in the evening the monster display of fireworks at the Lake commenced and the bombardment of Morro Castle could not have surpassed it in noise. There was a tremendous jam along the water front. While the fireworks were going on there was another such crowd on the Midway, young folks, sporty people, who were too gay to care about fireworks. From the very first it became evident the broad Midway was to have a night of it. Every amusement "palace" (on the outside) was going full tilt and all were merry. Rival shows across the street showed the wonders of their performances and were supported by every kind of music from the wretched sounding bag-pipes and shrill reed instruments of the Turks to the harmony of full bands. The big Japanese bell, at the battering-ram impact of a suspended bamboo log sent forth its shivering tone, far carried by the winds. At eight o'clock that last night there was a tremendous jam in the Midway. Everyone was happy and all seemed acquainted. To be sure somebody knocked you this way and that almost every minute, but not rudely. It was jostle indeed if you wanted to go faster than the rest of the throng. The great mass moved slowly, as many one way as the other.

No such scene of merriment was ever before witnessed in Buffalo, or not unlikely, in the United States. And such unrestrained gaiety had not before been seen at the Exposition, even on the Midway. The thing was infectious. People who looked too old for boys' and girls' play took a hand. They blew horns in other people's ears, they tweaked a resined tape to get a squall from a pasteboard can, they threw handfuls of confetti and brushed each other's faces with palm and poplar branches torn from the nearest shrubs. "Whew!"—one gasped, a handful of confetti (chopped paper) struck full in the face, hat covered, down the neck, ears full of it—even in your mouth—"Take that!"—and the person who threw it got a horn blast in the face as they laughingly passed on.

When every third person had a pocketful of confetti and the rest had horns and branches and many had inflated bags with which they beat their friends of the moment over the head, you can imagine the scene. It was a Mardi Gras carnival intensified. A dozen young men would grasp hands and execute a war-dance around a group of young women, who retaliated to the best of their ability upon their tormentors, while individual conflicts of the moment, until one or the other retreated, were all about. Small boys who wanted to get anywhere went in single file with hands upon each other's shoulders and pushed their way where they would,

while young men attained the same result with impromptu flying wedges. Now and then an express wagon would try to get through the Midway and plenty of young men kept the rear wheels from turning and the driver, with looking ahead and whipping behind, did not seem to enjoy the trip. As staid New Englanders we fell to wondering if Buffalo young people always behaved that way. As we passed the Alt Nurnberg, having seen but one section of the Midway, a flying wedge was almost upon us. Four women went down in a heap. Three of them got up at once. That was too much pressure for us and we hastened away to see the fireworks at the Lake. Next morning we learned the woman was picked up unconscious, seriously injured, and that the police had arrested one of the young men.

This first display of the evening was finished as we came to the Lake, but we had seen much of it as we progressed. The crowd started back from the Park to the main group of buildings and the Midway. We took refuge with others on the steps of a big piece of statuary near by. They could not move that. A tree was small protection. The crowd surged by, so dense, for a long time, and they overflowed the street on each side. The tower search-light frequently cast its rays upon the length of the gigantic column slowly pressing straight toward it.

We finally got back to one of the best and largest of the restaurants, Alt Nurnberg. At least six hundred people sat at tables in a spacious room in the rear of the great auditorium, listening to the music of the 65th Regiment Band, while scores of waiters brought refreshments. A good share of the German visitors naturally patronized Alt Nurnberg and beer and wines were on every table. They were genuinely enjoying themselves. The refined German at his beer is a gentleman, not a toper, and the happy faces and bright gowns of their ladies lent charm to the chatter of the diners.

The upper windows of Alt Nurnberg's wall promenade overlooked the most spacious and most crowded corner of the Midway, and the joyous animation and uproar of thousands of voices was even greater than before. We ventured out to the Streets of Cairo near by. At twenty-five cents admission the crowd was as dense within as without. The elephant, camels and donkeys of Cairo must have been tired that night, for when a party returned from a jolting trip around the enclosure, through surprisingly long streets for such a place, past the many queer shops with their merchants, and past the theatre, others were in readiness. The camels knelt on large cushioned mats to receive their loads. The lady and gentleman taking passage on one of these ships of the desert were strapped on, else they would certainly fall, as with forward and backward lunges the ungainly beasts arose and knelt. No ship of the sea ever pitched more violently than those camels with their laughing confetti-pelted riders. It was uproariously amusing to spectators.

The mad carnival of the Midway continued until the last moment of that last night. The papers had said there would be no restraint. The guards couldn't have done anything, anyhow. It was a lucky thing the mob was good-natured. It would have taken an awful lot of ambulances if they had taken to smashing heads. They smashed most every other movable thing. The craze for souvenirs of the Exposition began to take shape the last part of the afternoon, when women began to strip flower-beds of every plant of the least value. The officials had apparently anticipated this move, for they had taken away the finest of the smaller palms, cacti, etc. At nightfall the search for souvenirs was continued with increased vigor. It was then, or never. Arms, hands, fingers, noses, toes, wing tips, were knocked from statuary that could be reached, to get interesting fragments of the white stuff (something like plaster) which these and the buildings were composed of; fifteen thousand electric light globes, set in the earth among the plants in the flower beds and most of those outdoors elsewhere, not out of reach, were taken by the crowd. Then the spirit of destroying what they couldn't carry off took possession of some, and majestic vases and

other pieces of light ornamentation and small booths were toppled over and the vases and the shrubs in them were smashed by the fall. Of course these staff pieces were made to last only a season outdoors, but it seemed a pity to smash them. Light settees that were not fastened down on the banks of the pretty water-way, by the Manufacturers building, and others adjacent to the Mall bridge, were pitched into the canal, but luckily, as the air was cool, few or no launches and gondolas were in use during the latter part of the evening.

The restaurants were all overflowing with guests. So many tried to get into the Pabst restaurant, patronized by the better class, on the Midway, that the waiters closed the doors. A crowd rushed the place, carried away window frames bodily, and smashing nearly every pane of glass. The guests were panic-stricken. Bottles, mugs, plates and chairs flew about. A fireman snatched an emergency hose from the wall and turned the stream on the crowd trying to get in the main entrance. They fled, but the place was a wreck. Luckily, few were injured. The crowd carried two hundred tin trays into the street as they went and kicked them in the air. I am happy to say we were not eye-witnesses of this part of the festival. The amount of intentional lawlessness was small, but \$100,000 worth of property was destroyed on the entire grounds.

At 11 P. M. a Farewell Meeting of the Directors and others who had been closely connected with the Exposition was held in the Temple of Music and there was a farewell address by President Milburn and music by Victor Herbert's Pittsburgh Orchestra. Then the whole party proceeded to the Esplanade near the Triumphal Bridge. Here in solemn silence the Exposition officials, their guests and the visiting thousands awaited the coming of midnight. The broad bar of light from the tower searchlight was directed upon the group. At the expiration of the last second eight buglers, stationed high up on the Electric Tower, sounded in shrill unison the farewell taps. At this signal President Milburn pressed an electric button beside him, and the myriad lights of the beautiful city, the Eternal City, as many have called it, faded from view forever.

A burst of luminous bombs was seen above the Stadium, with a report like a salvo of artillery, and was followed by a discharge of brilliant fireworks, but there was no applause. The spectators melted away with the solemnity befitting those who had seen a great enterprise die.

There was silence for a moment. Then there broke forth a roar from the hoarse-touted whistle of a big factory near the grounds. This continued for nearly two minutes and must have been heard five miles away. It announced to all that the Exposition was over. Then it ceased and all was still. Presently it began again, this time with an unmistakable note of sorrow in its great voice. The man who pulled that whistle cord was an artist. In varying tones, up and down the scale, that whistle moaned in anguish. It was weird indeed, and so sorrowful were the sounds that although we were in hearty sympathy with the brazen-throated monster in its bereavement, we were heartily glad to have it cease repining, as it did after a few moments. It fairly cried, all alone in the night, now that its beautiful companion of a summer, too beautiful to endure upon this earth, was dead. One felt like crying with it. In those last, never-to-be-forgotten moments, even a whistle found voice to express its grief.

NOTES.

Everywhere on the grounds and in the buildings, day and evening, one came upon scores of children from the primary grades of schools perhaps twenty miles away. In every case the children had hold of a long rope with one hand while the other tightly clutched a box of lunch and a bag of Quaker Oats or some other souvenir. One or more teachers accompanied each little column of forty to fifty children, who were always trudging along, and who in this manner could go about the grounds and pass through buildings crowded with people in comparative safety. The railroads and trolley lines gave free

passage to these children, and the Exposition management and many of the amusement places gave them free admission.

The total number of admissions for the six months of the Exposition was over eight millions, but the gate receipts cannot be computed from this. Thousands had passes. The pass gate was always beset with a goodly proportion of the attendance. The actual receipts from paid admissions were \$2,467,068, and from concessions, \$1,011,522. Total cost of Fair was \$8,869,757. The liabilities are over three million dollars.

These are two of the bubbles that have burst now that the show is over: The management never told how many electric globes made up the grand illumination. They chose to have an air of mystery about it. But when it was all over the chief electrician said 160,000 lamps did it all. The number had been variously estimated, by some as high as one million. The other bubble is that the Midway beauties of all nations were generally the children of Buffalo parents.

The Buffalo Historical Society placed boxes all about the grounds in which thousands deposited their names and addresses, as being in attendance on Farewell Day. Wait till some enterprising advertisers get hold of that list. Nothing has been heard from it yet.

It took eighteen months to get the exhibits all in place. It will require several months to get them all out. There is a famine in freight cars.

The land on which most of the Exposition was built must be restored to its owners in the condition it was taken, by June, 1903, the rest of it June, 1902. Some of the buildings will be taken down carefully and shipped to Charleston or St. Louis while others will be razed and burned or sold to junkmen. It is said that the electric tower will go to St. Louis to form the top of another. The best bid for wrecking the Exposition was by a Philadelphia firm, which offered to remove all buildings and restore the grounds for \$33,364.50.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE CENTRAL VERMONT AND GRAND TRUNK RAILWAYS.

Our round trip to Buffalo was made over the lines of the Central Vermont and Grand Trunk Railways. When whirling along the level northern shore of Lake Ontario we missed the grand old mountains of our native State, but we were delighted with the fine condition of the road-bed, the high speed with rarely a stop, and were surprised at the amount of traffic over this great double-track Canadian line. The ordinary passenger coaches are far more comfortable than on most of our New England railways, being fitted with a lounging room for gentlemen and toilet conveniences much after the manner of a Pullman car. The through passenger over the Central Vermont and the Grand Trunk knows he is "getting there" with the minimum of discomfort. But how glad we were to see again at the close of day the mighty far-off mountain ranges of old Vermont, towering against the sky across the level border line. Then the forests, the brooks, the pleasant valleys, the home-like farm-houses on the one side, and on the other the flashing waters of Lake Champlain afar off, and beyond, the majestic Adirondacks, faintly seen against the setting sun.

The Connecticut Valley is a good place to live in, after all.

It doesn't require a broadside of advertising in every weekly paper to set forth the merits of our Magazine. One copy of any issue speaks eloquently of the manner in which it is conducted.

Before your friend sends a dollar for renewal of his old magazine, SHOW HIM THE JOURNAL.

Niagara Falls and the Gorge.

The double track electric car line from Buffalo to Niagara Falls is a straightaway course mile after mile the greater part of the twenty-two and the run is made at very nearly railroad speed. In addition one can reach the Falls by steam cars and in summer by steamer. At Niagara Falls city the roar of the Falls at once impresses the arrival. The electric line ends at the Soldiers' Monument near the entrance to the State Reservation or public park on the American side of the Falls. From the park and from the islands above the Falls a very near view of the great downpouring of waters is had.

The Falls, American and Canadian, are a sublime spectacle. One could look at them for hours. The water at the brink, of varying depths, but averaging twenty feet on the Canadian Fall, is of a marvelous green and on the outer edge of the Falls the water feathers in a way not seen elsewhere. The mist rises to a great height and the spots of vantage are always wet and a fine rain is ever in the air. When the sun shines rainbows abound.

The best general view is from the steel arch bridge and from the Canadian side. The face of both Falls is here seen at once with the beautiful islands between them and the foam-streaked river before one. The American Falls are a little the highest, 168 feet, and exceed the height of the bridge over Quebec Gull, on the Woodstock railway, by four feet. At Table Rock on the Canadian end of the Horseshoe Falls, the wearing of the Falls becomes apparent, when every few years a huge mass of rock falls off. The rim of the Horseshoe Fall wears off four feet a year. There are several places where one can descend the high cliffs by inclined railway or steps to the level of the river and near the Cave of the Winds on the American side the best impression of the enormous height of the Falls is gained. A ride on the steamer, the "Maid of the Mist," gives a very fine view of the Falls from the river.

In winter the trees in the vicinity are heavily coated and bowed down with ice, and a huge ice mountain forms at the foot of the American Fall. Summer or winter the scene must be almost equally entrancing. The sound of the Falls is sometimes heard at Buffalo and on rare occasions at Toronto, thirty miles away across Lake Ontario.

The view of the parting of the waters above the Falls from the upper and outer shores of the numerous islands is of almost equal interest, and here the visitor is forty feet below the regular level of the river which a little above breaks into wide-spreading rapids from shore to shore and rushes past the islands and under the pretty bridges which connect them.

The Falls of Niagara are viewed by more visitors each season than any other scenic resort in the country and they come from all parts of the world.

Below the passenger or steel arch bridge the water from the tail-races of a dozen factories tumbles down the rocky face of the cliff or in a sheer fall, and for once the advent of civilized man has taken nothing away. These little falls, some from near the top of the cliff, are attractive. Two railway bridges span the Niagara River below the steel arch passenger bridge, and the lower one is the famous single arch bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway.

After passing the Falls the river narrows rapidly and takes an abrupt turn to the right. Just below the three bridges the Whirlpool Rapids begin, finally driving the water with great force into the Whirlpool, a huge basin miles below, thence on, more quietly, to Queenston and Lake Ontario.

The river below the Falls flows through a gorge it has itself excavated during the infinite years that have elapsed since it began its retrograde movement, at Queenston, seven miles below the present cataract. Electric cars run the length of the Gorge on both sides of the river.

The gorge trip is generally the first thing the rustic calls for on arrival at Niagara Falls city. (Coming from Buffalo the Falls are not in sight until one leaves the car and passes a little way through the park.) Somebody has told him to see the Gorge. On arrival at the monument he begins to inquire, "Where do I take that car for the Gorge trip?" A policeman says "Right here—but don't hurry about that. Have you seen the Falls?" "No, but where do you go to see the Gorge?" and away he goes, bent on seeing that much-heralded "Gorge."

The Falls can be best seen, studied and appreciated from every possible point of view, by any ordinary pedestrian. Of course hacks are everywhere, but the pedestrian with time at his disposal is the happiest of all visitors. From the bridge most people can walk up to Table Rock at the Canadian end of the Horseshoe Falls. The electric will take one from the bridge to Table Rock, but at this point they are some distance from the edge of the cliff and the cars move too rapidly past the many charming points of view.

See the Falls first, from the mainland and the islands of the State Reservation; see the American Rapids from the upper side of the islands—so like the woods and rocks of dear New England; then walk or at the Monument take a car across the steel arch bridge and see the Falls from the Canadian side. Then, if you like, see the Gorge.

The fare for the trip around the Gorge is \$1.00. One coupon is detached for the ride across the bridge, another if you wish to ride up to Table Rock, as these are included in the Gorge trip. Then the car takes one from Table Rock down past the bridge and off down the river on the Canadian side, always skirting the cliffs at the very edge, so that you look down at the blue-green water of the Niagara river as it flows placidly on or tosses in mighty waves between its great walls of reddish stone.

Now and then an electric car creeps along way below, on the American side, on one of the double tracks there is just room for between the wall of solid rock and the river. The white sea-gulls circle over the water in the quiet passes of the river, far down in the rock-walled channel, or alight on the surface to drift or swim. There are frequent stops to let off or take on passengers at the many view-points along the river, and finally the car circles around the great Whirlpool, crossing the old channel of the Niagara river upon a high bridge over a tree-grown ravine, follows on to Brock's Monument and then turning inland sweeps around and down from the end of the heights into the Canadian village of Queenston, where the Ontario steamers dock. The view from Queenston Heights, beyond the village and the lowland, down the lower Niagara in its windings, and afar off a glimpse of Lake Ontario, with foliage autumn tinted and blue haze and sky, is an inspiring

THE GAMBLERS HAVE FULL SWAY.

subject for an artist. In the estimation of many travelers the view from Brock's Monument is worth crossing the Atlantic to behold. And to think that the waters of Lake Ontario once washed all the farmland from the Ontario of today seven miles inward to the very foot of the Gorge channel, even where Queenston stands; and that the channel of the river from the Whirlpool has changed since those times! Niagara has an historic past. There have been many battles and lesser fights along the banks of Old Niagara's border line, scarce a mile from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario being without its record.

The Canadian electric line takes passengers across a suspension bridge from Queenston to Lewiston, on the American side, where they are picked up by another line, returning on the American side of the river. The Canadian road followed the top of the cliffs; the American line runs at their base. Near the Lewiston bridge are many fishing platforms weighted with stones to hold them in the swift water beside the bank. Nearly the entire distance of the return trip the cars run at the very edge of the rushing river, scarcely higher than the crest of the mighty waves, and in reach of the tossing spray. The number of stopping-places on the return trip is not as great as on the other side for the reason that the view is unobstructed and is decidedly close all the way. As the car sped on along the very edge of the fearful Whirlpool Rapids one's enjoyment was a little disturbed by the thought that the river was two hundred feet deep and to hope that no accident would occur. At last the steel bridges came in sight and the waterfalls of the factories, and beyond these the Falls in their majesty, half hidden in mist and spray, and the car, as if ashamed to intrude further upon their domain, gradually ascended the cliff side and we found ourselves once more in Niagara Falls.

One reason why it is best to go down the Gorge on the Canadian side is that your car runs on the right-hand track nearest the river, in going down one side and up the other.

The Gorge is not necessarily included in a trip to the Falls. It is simply a view of a great run of rapids like some stretches of our New England rivers, but with the waves twenty times higher and a tremendous volume of water between walls of great height. The scenery is grand. Far into Lake Ontario the blue-green of the cataract waters is easily traceable.

CARRIE NATION AT THE FALLS.

Mrs. Carrie Nation was much attracted by Niagara Falls and remained there nearly two weeks in October. She announced through the papers that she would speak in the State Park, overlooking the Falls, but the Superintendent denied her this privilege, as it is against the rules. Then she wanted to speak before the Postoffice building, but the officials said it would block the streets. Finally she spoke in a hall used for prize-fights, dog-fights, cock-fights, and the like, which was the only audience-room she could secure. She also made a number of cart-tail speeches. At these it was customary for some loafer to bring her a glass of beer from a near-by saloon, which she would accept only to throw it over the crowd. She spoiled a woman's nice dress on one of the occasions and apologized for doing so, but said the men got what they deserved. Her source of revenue at the Falls was in selling souvenir hatchets. These were a little over an inch long, gold-plated and attached to a card. Some days she sold eighty dollars' worth at twenty-five cents each. Whenever she got a big crowd she commenced to sell hatchets. Then a policeman would take her to the police station for not having a license. She would pay fifty cents for one and perhaps the next day the same performance would be repeated. In all she was arrested five times on the license matter. It is evident she considers an arrest good advertising. Mrs. Nation is a very large woman, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. She always wore a short white dress while at Niagara and a crowd followed her everywhere. Carrie has a quick retort for every questioner and it is not always couched in polite language. She does not stand very high in the estimation of respectable people at Niagara Falls.

The city of Niagara Falls is in the hands of a ring of corrupt politicians and gamblers. The past season it was the worst city in the state in this respect. When we remember the condition of New York city before the recent election, that means a good deal. The State Park consists of a pretty grove and well-kept grounds and includes all the land adjacent to the Falls on the American side, and also half a dozen islands in the river just above the Falls. The State has erected a fine building for the use of the public at the entrance to the Park and here are the offices of the Superintendent and the officer in charge of the twenty-five police maintained at the Park. On the opposite side of the street leading past the Park to the bridge, and just opposite the State building, are a row of amusement places of the worst stamp. The officers of the State at the Park cannot touch them as they are just outside their jurisdiction. The city officials will not. They allow the gamblers full sway in these places — "only, give us a share." Every kind of robbery was committed in these places during the past season, and thousands lost every cent they had. Complaint to the city police might result in bringing some of the gamblers before the judge, but in Niagara Falls there seems little justice. After both sides were heard the Court would say, "Now whom am I to believe? It is one man's word against another — case is dismissed for want of evidence."

There are sixty policemen on the Niagara Falls force, but with corrupt officials they could do nothing against the gambling crew. Every day all summer people came to the office of the Park police with complaints of being robbed in these places. They heard the same story hundreds of times. During the Exposition there were as many as eighty thousand people in a day at the Falls. The gamblers had a harvest. At one structure on this pretended "Midway" the proprietor raked off one hundred thousand dollars for the season. The State police did all they could to warn people about these dangerous places. They distributed thousands of hand-bills each day warning visitors against entering them, and today there remain on the trees and in the most frequented places at the Park many notices warning people to look out for confidence men. The warning by the State police saved many from their clutches, but some, confident of their ability to take care of themselves, went in to see how it was done — and found out. Even the hackmen were in league with the gamblers. In one case two young men from the country came to see the Falls. A cab driver offered to show them the Falls for five cents. He drove them around a block and up to the doors of a pretended hotel and told them that was the place to settle. They were told their ride would cost them \$4.00. They gave the man behind the counter a ten-dollar bill. The place was full of murderous-looking thugs and they were terribly frightened and glad to escape with their lives. The man gave them in return six dollars, in counterfeit bills. That ride, in which they did not see the Falls at all, cost \$10, and this was but one of hundreds of similar complaints which came to the knowledge of the State police. Niagara Falls was a terribly dangerous place for the unwary the past season. And as late as the first of November strangers passing along the main street found they were "sized up" too many times for comfort.

Now, most of these gentry have gone South for the winter, to try to continue their practices at the Inter-State and West Indian Exposition which opens in Charleston, South Carolina, Dec. 1. It is a gilt-edged crowd, as gamblers go. As a sample of expertness, one of these light-fingered gentlemen took a diamond from the shirt-front of a police official a few minutes after the latter had remarked, at a little social occasion, where gamblers and officers intermixed, no one could "touch him." Imagine the surprise of the official when the gambler offered him a mate to his diamond stud — and the official started to compare the proffered gift with his own!

We have reason to be thankful that in our fair New England villages ring rule exists as yet only in miniature.

One Summer on the Farm.

BY FLORENCE GROW PROCTOR, FITCHBURG, MASS.

An empty farmhouse among the hills,
And two graves covered over with snow;
'Tis all that is left of the old home now,
And father and mother, gone you know.



"MADGE."

WE LIVED in a remote little town, among the green hills of Vermont — father, mother and I, Madge, the youngest of three daughters, and dubbed by my elder sisters, "father's boy." I had grown up with the lambs, the great purple-eyed calves, the restless prancing colts, the nimble squirrels, the dear old hills that made a mighty chain around our pleasant valley, my ever faithful dog Ponto, partner of all my griefs or joys in childhood, and the barn mare, Kate, that I had ridden bare-back, almost from infancy.

Red-checked, strong-armed, I led a boy's free life, till I was sixteen, then I was sent away to school, and my whole life was changed.

I was not a brilliant scholar, but in the course of time I graduated, with probably the least *hard* study of any one in the class, and came home again to father and mother. Father had not been strong for a long time — something must be done. He must go away and rest — how? Who would care for the farm? We could not afford to hire a man and send father away, too. If father went, mother must go with him, and I would carry on the farm.

"Father," I pleaded, "with a few days' help from Mr. Huntly," our nearest neighbor, "I can get along, only trust me. Let me be your 'boy' in earnest," and at last he consented.

It was not a model farm, and the house was not a model house. The white locust trees under which my hammock hung, and where the bobolinks sang from morn till eve in their fragrant branches, were a perfect bower of beauty nestling round the old brick farm house, with the morning glories and the wild clematis climbing over the old porch, and at its door-step mother's white rose bush scattered its snowy petals; and the hills — eternal purple in the summer, with a dusky haze about them; white in the winter, with a crimson glow mantling their summits, forever standing sentinels about our little home.

We had three cows, with Kate our driving horse, and Dick the farm horse, two calves, and two sheep, one of which I will speak of later.

On a mild day in May father and mother left me — and I wept out my loneliness in the barn, on brown Kate's soft neck.

The next day Mr. Huntly was to help me plow the out-ground, and with heavy shoes and broad-brimmed hat I started out and drove team for him all day. I went to the village that night for the seed. I took Kate and the express wagon, and if my poor feet were blistered by the day's work, no one was the wiser.

How well I remember that ride, down the pleasant hilly road, winding in and out, following by ferny banks the gurgling, noisy brook, which led on to the quiet river, that in its turn, swishing steadily among the alders and the willows, looked at sunset like a silver band beside the road, flowing through the pleasant valley, on its ceaseless way, to the village two miles beyond.

Getting the oats, six bags full, the wagon was filled, and perched upon them I rode home in the deepening twilight, planning my summer's campaign.

The oats were sowed after a fashion, and a gentle rain completed and rewarded my efforts. No mother ever longed for her first born's smile more than I did for the first little blades of green, which at last crept out and greeted my anxiety.

Next, the potato ground had to be prepared. It had been ploughed the autumn before, so after harrowing it I retired to the corn-barn and carefully cut the seed potatoes, from instructions given me by father, when I was a little girl of ten.

It was hard to use the sickening phosphate for fertilizer, but the blue skies above me and the warm spring air, were balm for many a headache, and blistered feet and hands.

That was not my only trial. The ground had to be "marked out" for the rows. After hitching Dick to the little old plow, and with reins over my shoulder, I proceeded to guide him across the field in a straight line. I cannot tell you how that little old plow bobbed about, inanimate as it was, or how Dick kept getting his feet over the tugs when we turned about, or how the reins skinned the back of my neck. Dick's mouth was like iron. Oh, the crookedness of those rows! — the true serpentine wiggle! You could not see the picture I made that warm May morning, as tired, limp, and nearly exhausted, I threw myself under the protecting shade of an old apple-tree, and with my face on the tender up-springing grass cried till I could cry no longer.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

I don't know how I ever did get through that summer. The potatoes came up in crooked rows — poor things, how could they help it? They had a decidedly tipsy appearance, in spite of their sturdy growth. "It will give father the horrors," I groaned inwardly, "to see them capering over the field this way," — but there was no help for it.

One of our cows persisted in getting into the oats nearly every day. Driven to desperation, I stealthily entered the field, where she was placidly munching my tender young oats under the cover of a blind-board I had tied over her eyes, and grasping her by the tail I shouted with all the strength of my feminine lungs. She failed to recognize the gentle mistress of her calf-hood days, and with a terrified bellow, "lit out" as if the Indians were after her. On we sped across the fields—through the orchard—back into those oats again—up a side hill—over a fence—and I applying a beechen rod when I could safely manage it and my own equilibrium, till at last we "fetched up" in the fork of a low birch tree with her head between the two small trunks. *

I took her by the horns, and I suppose she thought I was her rescuer, for she followed me back to the barn like a kitten, where she stayed till Mr. Huntly could make a poke which defied all my womanly devices, and kept her in place the rest of the summer.

The plum and cherry trees were white with bloom, and from their nodding tops the bobolinks poured forth their music in long, delicious strains that gushed and bubbled forth from their glossy throats like water from a mountain spring. All day long, nodding and bobbing, they would trill, and tip and swing, each trying to see which could sing the loudest without bursting his tiny throat, never tiring of each other's music; and I, never tiring of them, drank in the blue sky and bright sunshine, and daily drew my strength from these surroundings, dropping the corn and covering the hills as I went along. It seemed an endless task, but it was done at length, and my *last* crop was in the ground.

That night a letter came from mother, saying: "Father is surely gaining strength. Don't over-work." I went to bed blithe as the bobolinks that had made music for me all day, and thanked God on bended knees that father would not die.

Things took on a brighter hue, and I felt my summer would not be spent in vain.

The days came and went, and the young birds in the locusts left their nests and ventured out for themselves.

The haying was done. Old Dick and I had mowed with a machine every spear of grass, and raked it with Mr. Huntly's horse rake. Mr. Huntly and son had loaded and drawn it into the barn for me, and were to take their pay in oats, come harvest time.

I had read of clover fields "In bloom knee deep," but I never realized the full meaning of the poet's lines till I had ridden through one over a few woodchuck's holes, and embedded my sythe in the mound of dirt near by, or craunching into a bumble-bee's nest, escaped with no less than half a dozen stings on myself and horse.

Percance the "Judge" rode by, but he never stopped his chestnut steed to beg for a cooling drink—for by the time he appeared in sight "Maud Muller" was off her machine, behind its wheels or old Dick's sheltering sides, till he was out of sight again; for, to tell the simple truth, I had found dress skirts, not only a bother but dangerous, in the many attitudes I was compelled to take in driving a mowing machine and rake; and so a pair of father's overalls had taken their place, and I was free to move as I never had been before. With my broad-brimmed hat I passed for quite a good looking boy,

though I was tanned as brown as a young Indian. A neighbor, one day, passing by and seeing me in the distance, inquired of a schoolmate, who Mr. G's new hired man was.

Often, in the twilight, I would gallop on Kate's back to the Postoffice for my weekly letter from father and mother, each one bringing news of his returning health, which was always an inspiration to my work.



"MILLY."

One August day I had been to an upland pasture for berries. The sunset clouds were purpling in the west as I neared the house, with well filled pails. I shall never forget the dear old hills, as they rose far up against the gold and crimson in the sky that night. I had been thoughtful for a long time and had forgotten, almost, where I was, when at a little distance, at a sure but waddling pace, came *that* sheep, his crooked horns well lowered and coming straight for me. He knew I carried no club, and revenge is sweet, even to a sheep. I dropped my berries and ran, like a wild woman, for a little gnarled apple tree that grew near by. On he came—I could see the wicked gleam in his little grey eyes. I dodged behind the tree trunk, and caught him by the two hind legs as he went past—a livelier wheelbarrow I never had trundled.

"M-i-s-t-e-r Huntly—Hunt-l-e-y—Hun-t-l-e-e" I screamed, "Help me! Help me!" Round and round we went—that sheep and I. We must have been a scene for an artist. He was tireless, and it seemed at every round as if I could hang on no longer. He was thoroughly maddened, and it meant death to let go then. What if Mr. Huntly was away? Would help never come? I grew sick all over. At last, when it seemed as if I must let go my hold, I saw just over the little hill between the barn and the house, the village stage driver running at full speed. My strength left me—I dropped the handles of my wheelbarrow and knew no more till I woke from a strangely troubled dream, on the little old lounge in the sitting-room, and saw father and mother bending tenderly over me, bathing my face and hands. Just behind them stood the stage driver. He burst into one long, loud guffaw, bending nearly double, with his hands on his knees, shaking his sides with peal after peal of laughter. I joined him, and tried to sit up, but fell back again. "The sheep, the sheep, where is he?" I said. He gave another loud laugh and answered, "He fled the moment you dropped him!"

* I am now Co. Supt. of the Mercy Dept. in the Worcester North W. C. T. U. and Band of Mercy organizer.

Father and mother gathered me into their arms without another word, but I had given them the surprise which they had meant to give me.

That night I again stole into brown Kate's stable, and wept tears of joy, this time, on her faithful neck. She had been my confidant so long, she seemed to understand my varying moods, for she rubbed her velvety nose on my cheek and gave a low whinny, as she used to, to her foal. Dear old Kate! all that is left of her now is a mound under the cherry trees in a far-off Vermont town, and a little iron shoe, wrapped carefully in tissue paper, reposing at the bottom of my writing desk.

Home again, father and mother! What a joyous meeting! They called me their "brave boy," and father, stronger and better than for years, praised the crooked rows of potatoes, and the tall ripening corn, to my heart's content.

What a glad, glad summer it had been, after all! Never had the sun gone down so brightly an evening before, never had the old river sparkled so like silver, in and out among the willows, never were the heavens so deep in the silent moonlight, nor the stars so bright before. *Never, never* had the old hills risen up so majestically, so grandly, as they did that night, when home was home once more, and we three sat together on the old porch, a reunited family.

One summer gone. — It is twenty years, and over, since that summer's work was done, among the green hills of Vermont.

Father and mother are lying side by side in the village burial ground — my hair is growing grey; but never while I live shall I forget my father's words, as he rose from the porch to bid me good-night, and putting both arms about his girl, said, with a quiver in his gentle voice, "Madge, you have saved my life."

GOOD THINGS COME SLOWLY.

We wish JOURNAL readers to know that although the magazine is sometimes late, it is not faltering by the way. There is no unsteadiness in our purpose to bring the magazine to the highest value and into the closest touch of friendship in the homes it enters. This spirit of worth is seen on every page, in every issue. Better articles, finer pictures, more careful printing, by these its worth is measured. Nothing is slighted. It is not the kind of a friend that knows you today and doesn't tomorrow. Its smile of recognition is always the same, early or late, and the response from readers has been generous. Tobacco, liquor, and questionable advertisements are excluded. Its mission is to carry cheer to the masses. Its subscription price is low, absolutely without precedent, for the value offered. The wonder is that it can be done. If all who read this send their mite the price of fifty cents a year will prove no experiment. Honesty, purity, fearlessness, helpfulness, tolerance, generosity and perseverance are the corner stones of the JOURNAL's character. And the fulfillment of all these will one day bring success. So, friends, have patience if the JOURNAL comes late. It is the positive intention of the publisher to carry the publication on to a greater degree of success than has yet been attained. As in every new enterprise, there are discouragements, obstacles that turn aside and would perhaps check the purpose of the less determined, but the JOURNAL will persevere. The quality of the magazine will be held up to and beyond the present standard. Contributors of ability will help to make each issue bright and interesting. And when, after a little, a fixed day of publication becomes possible, how the light of the JOURNAL will radiate!

Vermont Schools of the 20th Century.

BY PRIN. FRANK K. GRAVES, SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

PHOTOS BY W. E. GRAMER, SO. ROYALTON, VT.

THAT the twentieth century is to be a period of remarkable progress is generally conceded. We continually hear it said that the young people of the present day are to live in the grandest age that the world shall have known. And yet the progress that is to be made, and whatever grand things are to come, will result from the efforts of the people who live, or are to live in the present century. The age will not be remarkable except as the people make it so.

If, through careful training, there shall be prepared men who are ready for the great problems that shall confront them, much may be accomplished.

If, on the other hand, there shall be incomplete training, faulty preparation, so that few are ready to occupy important positions waiting to be filled, then we need expect nothing wonderful of the times before us.



FRANK K. GRAVES.

The century can never of itself be remarkable; the people living in it can make it so if they will, and the "people" are now being educated in our schools.

The demands of the times for thorough education are tremendous. We are often slow to realize how great they are.

If we accept the judgment of some prominent educators outside our state we must admit that we are particularly slow in some educational lines in Vermont. But it is true of all states that there are places within their boundaries where people fail to know the needs of the schools. There is too much inactivity, too much sitting still, too little life in school affairs.

It is reported of a certain Yankee farmer that he had some hens that got into the tall grass one day and had their legs cut

off by a mowing machine. Then their inventive owner made and fastened on some wooden legs. And then though the unfortunate birds could neither sit, set, lay, lie, nor roost, they nevertheless could walk, run and fly.

What a blessing it would be if something startling would happen, even some startling misfortune possibly, to shake us from the educational perches where we have been roosting sleepily and self-complacently for so long, and rouse us into action and make us walk and run and fly to the marvelously great educational work that is demanded of us.



SOUTH ROYALTON HIGH SCHOOL.

We already have throughout our State many well managed and equipped schools. But the needs call for even greater equipment. In the matter of dollars and cents alone there can be no better investment than that placed in our churches and schools. Until every boy and girl, the poor and the rich alike, shall have the privilege of free Kindergarten, and Graded School and High School or Academic training by the best modern methods, until parents and scholars are inspired with the thought of the necessity of having such opportunities and of making the most of them, until public opinion shall everywhere be quickened into a lively desire for all that is best in public education, until these things come about we can not safely take pride in our educational work. All departments of school from lowest to highest have much yet to attain.

The Kindergarten, washed across the Atlantic from Europe, rolled upon the Massachusetts shore, picked up by curious people and handled very roughly at first through ignorance, is now conceded to be essential. In our own State we do not wholly concede this for our law reads that public schools "may" establish Kindergartens. We are still looking for the good time when the "may" shall be "must."

Again, we have but few technical schools in proportion to the number of inhabitants of the State.

The rapid progress made in lines of invention and discovery is such as to create new demands constantly. It is said that in the matter of electricity alone, opportunities for promotion occur more rapidly than they can be met and so men are rushed along by circumstances into higher positions.

In such instances scientific and technical knowledge is essen-

tial or many losses and failures result.

Why should we not in Vermont have a "School of Commerce" as good as that of the University of Wisconsin? Why should we not pay more attention to Agricultural studies, to the investigation of mining and engineering questions and to the many other subjects that concern the development of our home resources? It would be well if our every school were imbued with that spirit that Booker T. Washington has made so prominent among his people—that of industrial education—a training of hands as well as head to the end that no pupil may be above manual labor, to the end that many may be willing to go back home after leaving school and make that home a better home; the farm a better farm; the business, whatever it is, a better business.

There are great agricultural resources among us, there are mines and quarries to be worked, there are great possibilities in electrical science, there are business positions of every kind to be filled. The call is loud and continuous for young men and young women, well trained for the work required. The public instruction of the twentieth century must be a marked advance over that of the nineteenth century.

Again, in methods of discipline, while the past half century has seen much improvement there is room for even more. The spirit of the times is indicated by that facetious person who has suggested that every scholar's chair in the school house be made of metal and connected by an electric wire with the teacher's desk. At the desk there should be a key-board somewhat like that of a typewriter—every key numbered to correspond to the number of a seat. So that when little Johnnie who sits in No. 14 gets lazy or mischievous, the teacher by simply pressing key No. 14 can give a slight stroke of paralysis, or a heavy one if need be.

We have inventions for ventilating rooms, so that all foul air, dust, etc. can be removed.

What a comfort it would be if all the noise in school houses, and on the grounds could be carried away and stored in cans in attic or cellar for use on Fourth of July celebrations or



SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

"Dewey Days!" And then by a simple device we might increase the number of vibrations per second in each can and change the noise to music. So there will be no need of pianos, organs, banjos and gramophones when every family may listen to Mozart or to the strains of Yankee Doodle at ten cents per quart.

While it is extremely doubtful if we make use of our new discoveries in quite these ways, still it is true that everywhere much is being done to secure the best efforts of pupils by making their environment comfortable. It is much easier to train noble men and women in pleasant surroundings.

The dreary old-fashioned district school houses are many of them things of the past. We have in their stead many beautiful and comfortable buildings. There must be even greater advancement made in these ways if we reach the ends we wish.

When thorough culture shall be the aim and object of every school we shall hear less about the decadence of Vermont industries; the dreary reminders of past prosperity will have been lost in the whirl of present activity.

In a certain part of our State, over a spur of the Green Mountains runs a lonely road, little used and grass-grown. There are a few buildings along the road, but they are uninhabited. Where once were many pleasant homes and thrifty farms are now houses in ruins; their roofs are fallen in; briars spring through the floors and bushes half hide the yawning doorways. The once fertile fields are now moss-covered or weed-grown. Where large herds of sleek cattle once fed now only the scattering remnants of flocks obtain a scanty livelihood. In the old gardens foxes burrow. The once productive mowing lands, in old times alive with busy farmers and their teams, now echo with the notes of the whip-o-will or hermit thrush.

These houses were once homes thrilling with life; these bare walls once resounded with happy voices; these holes in the walls once had windows against whose panes eager faces of children were pressed.



"WOODEN BENCHES ROUGH WITH KNIFE CARVINGS."

So it is everywhere true that the downward course of schools marks the abandonment of homes and the paralysis of industries. Along the lonely road that we have pictured is land worth tilling, rocks worth quarrying, ore worth mining, and natural falls of water sufficient for mills or for generating electricity. But the children whom we have mentioned were educated in other states, and necessarily for other states, and the power — the energy of fresh life and mental activity that by right once belonged to Vermont is now scattered in seven different states. "Penny wise and pound foolish" was the policy that refused to furnish right here on the spot all that was necessary to develop and keep at home the younger life.

We look for more hopeful times. Our larger towns and cities already feel the thrill of newer and broader life. Our best schools in some respects compare favorably with those of other states, and the aim of those most interested is to make them even better and to increase their number.

When young men and young women shall go armed into life work, troublesome questions about Vermont's prosperity will cease to be. We have a right to expect for the future an era of prosperity everywhere made manifest through the complete development of all the powers of the young people.



THE OLD DISTRICT SCHOOL.

At some distance from the home stood the school house with its wooden benches rough with knife carvings, its walls variegated with paper wads and ink blotches, its big box stove that devoured vast quantities of wood in vain battle with the driving winds.

The decadence of school and of home and of industry are here side by side.

THE PRODIGAL.

BY ISABELLE CORWIN.

Think not, tho' in youth's fair morning

The bird has flown from its nest,

And wakening to life's dawning

Is filled with a vague unrest,

That it from home thought can sever,

Altho' a new nest be made;

For the hand and heart are ever

In child time by impulse swayed.

Think not, tho' at noon-tide's shining

The bird has yet to return,

Tho' oft for the home love pining,

But with lessons yet to learn;

That the songs of love yet flitting

In memories long thought dead,

Can ever quite cease their twitting

Tho' the hours and years are fled,—

For e'er the red sun is setting,

The lost bird will spread its wings

And the lapse of years forgetting,

Fly back where the mother sings.



Christmas Nut Cakes. Cream together two cups of sifted white sugar and half a cupful of butter. Add the yolks of three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir into the beaten whites of three eggs one cupful of blanched and chopped nuts; add to the batter and bake in small tins. Ice with vanilla icing.

Butter-Scotch. Good butter-scotch is as rare as it is simply made. Here is an infallible receipt: Boil without stirring two cups of sugar, butter the size of an egg, and two tablespoonfuls of water, until the mixture hardens and crisps when dropped from a spoon into cold water. Remove from the fire and pour on buttered plates to cool.

Chocolate Caramels. Dissolve over a fire one cupful of molasses and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Add one-quarter of a pound of grated chocolate and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil for fifteen or twenty minutes. Pour into flat, buttered dishes to the depth of a quarter inch, and when cold cut into squares an inch in size.

Baked Indian Pudding. Boil one quart of milk, add one-half cup of cornmeal, and stir well; add one-half cup of chopped beef suet, one-half cup of molasses, half a cup of raisins, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and one egg. Put in a pudding dish and bake in a hot oven until brown.

Orange Cake. Rub thoroughly to a cream two cups of sugar and two-thirds of a cup of butter, add three eggs beaten separately. Squeeze the juice of two large oranges into a cup, adding enough water to fill it. Stir this into the mixture, together with three and a half cups of flour, two even teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda, and a little of the orange rind, grated. Bake in layer tins. For the filling, use one egg, yolk and white. Grate a little of the orange rind into this and the juice of half an orange, adding sugar enough to thicken.

Soft Custard Pudding. Line a pudding dish with lady-fingers or slices of sponge cake. Make a soft custard of one quart of milk, yolks of four eggs and pour over the whole; beat the whites to a stiff froth with one-half cup of fine sugar, spread over the top, set in the oven and brown slightly. The custard should be flavored with vanilla.

Fricassee of Oysters. Make a thick white sauce from a pint of cream and two tablespoonfuls of flour, creamed with two of butter. Season with mace, cayenne pepper and salt; to this sauce, which should be of good consistency, add two dozen oysters that have been chopped fine and scalded in their own liquor. Serve in heated paté dishes.

Boiled Apple Dumpling. Prepare your paste. Cut into squares, and fill as for baked dumplings, chopping the apples fine each that they may cook more readily. Put each dumpling into a bag of cloth tie, leaving room for it to swell. Drop the bags into boiling water, and boil steadily for an hour. Serve the dumplings hot, with sauce. A good sauce is made by mixing together butter, brown sugar and cinnamon.

Coffee Creamed Nut Candy. Boil together without stirring half a cup of strong coffee and two cups of sugar until thick enough to spin a thread. Remove the pan to a dish of cold water, and beat the mixture rapidly until it creams. Stir in a cup of chopped nut meats, pour into a warm, flat tin and cut into squares.

Peanut Candy. To make peanut candy shell and break into small pieces with a rolling pin one quart of peanuts. Boil for ten minutes, stirring constantly, one pound of light brown sugar and six ounces of butter. Just before taking from the fire add the peanuts. Pour into flat, buttered tins and set away to cool.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream. One-half box gelatine soaked in cold water, one-half hour. Boil one pint of milk, add gelatine and two ounces grated chocolate. Stir until melted. Add one-half cup sugar and one teaspoon vanilla. Cool until it thickens. Whip a cup of cream, fold into mixture. Dip mold in water, fill and set on ice. Serve with wafers or macaroons.

Christmas Pudding. Ten crackers, one quart of milk, five eggs, one pint of sugar, one and a half cups of chopped suet, one cup of molasses, one cup of brandy, one spoonful of salt, one nutmeg, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two of allspice, two of mace, two of currants, two of raisins, and a quarter of a pound of citron. Break the crackers up and soak in the milk over night. (Set in a cool place where it will not sour.) In the morning mix with it the sugar, molasses, suet, salt, spice, brandy and fruit. Boil or steam five hours. Serve with a rich wine sauce.

Soft Molasses Gingerbread. One cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one of ginger, one tablespoonful of butter or lard, a pinch of salt, if you use lard. Stir this together, and then pour on one-half a cup of boiling water, one pint of flour. Bake about one inch deep in a sheet. This is very nice if pains are taken to have the water boiling, and to beat it well when the flour is added.

Jumbles. Three cups of sugar, two of butter, five of flour, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, flavor to taste. Roll thin, sprinkle with sugar, and cut with a cutter, that will take a piece from the center. Bake in a quick oven.

A Village Directory.

JINGLES

BY T. C. WAYBACK, SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

A stranger town than ROYALTON
Could not be found I wis;
So many people out of place
In such a place as this.

'T is true that SKINNER skins the beef,
While DICKERMAN trades and dickers;
But the only BEE-MAN tries to preach,
And the ABBOT sells his "lickers."

The CARPENTER lives by pulling teeth
Instead of working woods;
While HEWITT should be squaring logs
Instead of selling goods.

The SHEPARDS have n't any sheep
But waste their sweetest grasses;
COWEN should go to keeping cows
Instead of keeping lassies.

The only JOINER in the town
Is working on a farm;
The ABBOT should be at his prayers
To keep us all from harm.

If SOPER 'd go to making soap,
The town would be some stiller;
GRAHAM should go up to the mill
Along with Brother MILLER.

The FISH should live a seaman's life,
The BAKER make the cake;
While COOK should hold the rolling-pin
Instead of the hay-rake.

The CLOUD should mind the weather,
The WATERMAN the spring;
While FLINT should go to smashing rocks,
He's tried most everything.

Friend HUNT might well a-hunting go,
I think he'd do it well;
Let MCINTOSH sell rubber goods
Instead of apple-jell.

Good Mr. DING should ring the bell,
I'm sure he'd make it jingle;
HUBBARD should live by raising squash,
Instead of selling shingle.

We have our GRAVES in the school grounds
Without a stone or tile;
Most of the money in the town
Is held by one small VIALLE.

The Congregational preacher is a MANN
Whose reputation's made;
While not a SMITH in the whole town
Is working at his trade.

What the Journal
is Doing —Current
Events.

The INTER-STATE JOURNAL is an illustrated monthly magazine. A part of its ultimate purpose is to present the leading events in Vermont and New Hampshire, and in other states and abroad when of direct interest to readers. The INTER-STATE is a faithful JOURNAL of the times in the part of New England in which it is published. It does not attempt to supplant the local newspaper. It portrays the larger events and promotes a common knowledge of progress in its field.

Stories and
Poems.

The JOURNAL is pre-eminently the story paper of the two states. Every issue contains one or more original stories of genuine New England atmosphere and character, and there are short stories and poems. Many well-known writers contribute to this department.

Descriptive
Articles.

Each issue has several pages descriptive of vacation trips, public or private enterprises or institutions, new or re-modeled public buildings, a write-up of a town, general or local public observances, biographical sketches of prominent men, natural attractions, or from a score of other interesting and always timely subjects.

Cooking
Recipes.

A page of tried recipes occasionally interests progressive housekeepers, and the ladies are invited to contribute to the department.

Large Staff
of Writers.

That the JOURNAL may be a true representative of the people a very large staff of able writers has been organized, one or more in every village, ensuring thoroughly reliable accounts, always from the inside or local view. Correct, complete and energetic service characterizes the publication.

Superior
Illustrations.

The illustrations are conceded to equal those of the average city magazine. The photographs from which they are made are nearly all taken expressly for the articles in which they appear. One or more experienced photographers represent the JOURNAL in each town. No other publication in Northern New England uses as many fine illustrations.

SOME LEADING ARTICLES IN EARLY ISSUES.

CASPIAN LAKE, GREENSBORO, VT., By CAPTAIN NAT. BURBANK, Walden, Vt. . . .

THE SHAKER VILLAGE AT ENFIELD, N. H., By FRED F. MOORE,

Illustrations from Photographs by Col. Frank C. Churchill, Muskogee, I. T.

HOW NINA EARNED HER CAMERA, By L. R. A., West Lebanon, N. H.

THE PASTOR'S DAY DREAM, By REV. W. A. WARNER, Bethel, Vt.

BACK HOME, By GERTRUDE ELINOR HARRIS, Windsor, Vt.

TWO HEADERS, By GEORGIA WHITE, Bellows Falls, Vt.

THE BARRE GRANITE INDUSTRY, in Three Chapters: The Mountain Railroad, Quarrying on "the Hill," Cutting and Finishing in the City, By EDITOR W. F. SCOTT.

A HOME AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, Mrs. J. W. PIERCE, Springfield, Vt. . . .

VERMONT'S ANTI-MASONIC GOVERNOR, By HARVEY BURBANK, L. L. B., Danville, Vt.

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INTER-STATE JOURNAL

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

LEADING
DESCRIPTIVE
ARTICLE,

CASPIAN LAKE, GREENSBORO, VT.

BY CAPTAIN NATT BURBANK, WALDEN, VT.



IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY AT NORTH HARTLAND, VT.

Illustration by courtesy of Central Vermont Railway.

More Business Training for our Young Men.

BY AN EMPLOYER.

How Nina Earned Her Camera.

BY LUCY RODGERS AYERS, WEST LEBANON, N. H.

Winter Roses.

BY FLORENCE GROW PROCTOR, FITCHBURG, MASS.

The Stock Company at Springville.

BY PROF. F. K. GRAVES, SO. ROYALTON, VT.

The Old Vermont.

A Winter Evening at Hartland Four Corners.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

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PICNIC HAMS, so-called, per lb	10½c
PICNIC HAMS, so-called, without a bone, per lb	12½c
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This price will be for one week only.	
FINEST VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP, in quart bottles	25c
HEINZ'S PREPARED MUSTARD, in lightning jars	15c
GRAPE, CRAB-APPLE and APPLE JELLY, in pint jars, home made	25c
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This Mince Meat will make a pie that will please an epicure.	
CROWN MINCE MEAT, 3 pkg.	25c
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BEST SALT RED SALMON,	10c
BONELESS CODFISH, "Our Best," 3-lb. box	50c
"Wonder," 3-lb. box	35c
"Choice Morsels," 3-lb. box	25c
" " 1-lb. box	18c. and 10c
SMOKED HERRING, per box	23c
CATSUP, pint bottle	13c
CRANBERRIES, per qt	10c
W. H. BAKER'S COCOA, 1 tin	10c
CANNED BEETS, try one can	10c
GOLDEN DRIP SYRUP, two 1-qt. cans.	25c
"GOLD MEDAL" SODA, six packages	25c
FAIRY SOAP, 12 cakes	50c

LAUNDRY SOAP, 100 cakes,	\$1.90
ARK SOAP, 12 cakes	25c
BEST BLUEING, 3 full qts	25c
TOOTH PICKS, 3 boxes,	10c
TOILET PAPER, 6 packages	25c

COFFEE. Call and get free sample. In this way we can convince you that we can give you better value for your money than you can get anywhere else in town. Prices from 15c. to 40c. per lb.

TEA. We ask you to call and get free sample, compare it with the tea that you are using, and if you find that we are able to give you better values for your money, we do not need to urge you to buy tea of us.

CANDIES.

We would like to call your attention to some of the new kinds we carry in stock, and at the same time to a few of the old and better known kinds.

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Inter-State Journal.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE
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CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

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50 Cents a Year.

More Business Training for our Young Men.

BY AN EMPLOYER.

AS our boys grow up they are educated to the best ability of parent and community, but they receive little or no practical business training, most necessary, and of far more value to the majority of young men than Latin, Greek or French. The father is too hard-worked or thinks the school will attend to all the training in too many cases, and the boy bumps around, with few steady hands extended, no guiding star, no definite purpose, and just grows up, like Topsy.

The great world of business is calling for intelligent, practical help, and the supply is all too little. There is actually more business than trained heads of departments can be procured to manage. And heads of departments are simply thorough men, promoted.

It is high time this country turned its attention to the moulding of our young people, to better prepare them for a life of industry and usefulness. Imbue them with the right principles at the start and twenty years from now, instead of the threatened tying up of our industries by a greater demand for the products of our country than our limited skilled labor can supply, we will continue to lead the world and prosperity will be universal among us.

Let us have, if need be, less of the higher "book-learning" and more young people who are not afraid to work, more students of practical business life.

Teach the boy at home the primary virtues of a successful business life, honesty and perseverance; give him a high school education; teach him to endure the hard knocks and discouragements without flinching, and you will be doing your best for him. There is more money ahead for men of fire-hardened principles than our country has ever dreamed of. Wages are high and going higher. There is always room at the top and to the boy of steadfast principles the ascent of the ladder is but a matter of months and years. In these times the young man who begins with an inculcation of solid principles, improves every moment and sticks to one thing, can be receiving a generous competence at thirty.

Help the boy to excel in doing as well as learning and insist upon his being thorough in all he does.

The business college isn't an absolutely necessary finish to the high school education, though advisable. A young man can get on in the world if he isn't a college graduate. The question of the next ten years will be "Has he got the right stuff in him?" The answer will depend on early home

influences. It often happens that the common school young man who uses his hands and his brain to best advantage gets a foot-hold in business while the college man is receiving the finishing touches of his education. College men are not the only ones to acquire distinction.

Everywhere the call is for reliable help who are in earnest.

The earnest boy needs encouragement. More often he is called down for his mistakes, ridiculed, when he should be kindly shown how to get on. But if the boy is started right he will stand firmly and live down the ridicule.

To the boy, always in need of encouragement, the following paragraphs are addressed in the hope that he will be helped to form a few resolves or strengthen those made, for his onward course, and to stand by them steadily.



ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE BOY.



Don't think your father is going to support you always. You'll soon have to shift for yourself. Even the young birds are pushed out of the nest to care for themselves as soon as they are able to fly. It is better to learn how to work first—enjoy your competence afterward, when you have learned how to use it. You will be respected at your work. Grimy hands are no disgrace. You will glory in your strength.

"HANG ON."

Choose first for yourself the hardest end of any task before you. It is worth something to know what you can do and to show others you are not afraid of hard work. Of a day's work tackle the hardest one of your tasks first,—don't put the dirty or difficult work off until the last—get on your old clothes and jump in. Your head is clear and your muscle untried at the beginning of the morning's work. The same is true, to a slightly lessened extent, of the early part of the afternoon. Do the hardest things first and you will surprise yourself. If you can successfully accomplish the hard part of a job the rest of it will seem simple and easy enough. When a young man gets to the point that he is always ready to pitch in and do the disagreeable work instead of leaving it for somebody else, he is on the right track to success. Don't admit any job is too much for you. Where there's a will there's a way. Be willing to learn. Take hold. Hang on. You'll win.

The bull-dog and the snapping turtle are examples of tenacity. They're not much on looks but nothing short of acid or a red-hot cigar will make them let go, and then they don't hurry about it. They don't get discouraged easily.

Do you remember the boy at school who stood up for his rights? Even when the bully of the school had apparently "licked the tar" out of him, that tough little youngster would return to the conflict again and again and when the bell rang he went into school, crying perhaps, but defiant, and vowing

revenge. It was a good thing for some of us when we were kids that we didn't have any big brothers to fight our battles for us. When that boy is grown up, if his early life has been properly shaped, I would bet on him every time. No obstacle will ever stop his progress. He will get by anyhow, you won't have to watch him. Such boys were Theodore Roosevelt, George Dewey, and Charles E. Clark.

Each is a shining example of the strenuous life.

You can't hold such boys under long enough to wholly subdue that spirit. The harder knocks they get the more it toughens them. The children of today are babied too much, somebody is always taking their part. They'd be better men and women, and more independent, if they had to assert their rights. Say, "I will." Hang on, if you're right. Remember the bull-dog.

The fellow who hangs on, doesn't know when he's licked, always wins. Just before what was to be his first fight with the Confederates Gen. Benj. F. Butler has said he heard rumors of the overwhelming numbers of the force arrayed against him, and he heard what a great general the other commander was, and it certainly looked as if he was going to get whipped, but he pressed on. When the Confederates found he was surely coming they turned and fled. The other general had been worse scared than Butler. That's just the principle. Just when you are ready to give up, remember Butler. Hang on. To your surprise the other fellow will let go. There are altogether too few people in this world who have for one of their mottoes, deep down, perhaps underlying all else, that dogged determination to "hang on."

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE STURDY LAD.

Fortune seems to favor some people. Others have to work for what they get and what they are. Obstacles are seemingly thrown before them all their lives. I'd rather have that kind. The man who is willing to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow may become President. The other fellow will never be heard of outside his favorite haunts. The other fellow may be "one of the boys," dress in a way to excite your envy, be smiled upon by all the pretty girls, get invited to more parties than you do, seem to be a popular fellow everywhere, patted on the shoulder by everybody. But wait. When you, the bashful lad, the toiler, have grown up, the world will be before you, positions of trust and worth will be yours. The other fellow, the smart boy of the school, will be doing menial work at \$6. a week most of his life, and perhaps will sometimes wonder how you got on where he failed. The world of business is ever waiting, watching, for the homespun lad who has shown by his past that he can take hold and hang on. Obstacles are placed in the way of such lives to develop them.

ADVANTAGE IN HARD WORK.

Don't harbor the idea that you are the hardest worked individual in the universe. It will seem so, perhaps. There are many you know who seem to get a living easily—but do they get up in the world? Most of them stand still or fall behind. Take their money away, take away the help of father or mother; supposing their business fails? Strip them of all advantages. Let them be placed on an equal with yourself. And on the level, you can give that other fellow points, and yet win, easily.

If you have had a rough and tumble training, or if your early life has had a touch of privation,—and hardship— and—bitterness—these in a boy of spirit have brought determination,

you have learned to get on, to breast the stream, in spite of all obstacles. And with the odds all against you, you can outstrip the most favored competitor in the race of years. Application to business will do it. An abundance of good, hard work now will clear the way. The young man who has a fixed object in life, some coveted position, can surely reach the goal if he will. Leave no stone unturned, that may help you on. If your will is steeled to that end each day's work will soon seem trifling enough. You will take pleasure in it. It is one step forward, as the years carry you on. Many a man now looks back over years of youthful opportunity lost and says: "That's where I made my mistake." Begin early and do your work so widely and well that there will be no regrets.

In the papers and periodicals which enter your home you will see, almost without exception, that the prominent, successful men of your town and state, and the great men of the nation began their careers at the hardest kind of work.

"HEAVEN HELPS THOSE THAT HELP THEMSELVES."

Don't see lions in your path. Don't cross a bridge until you come to it. Don't get discouraged. There are ups and downs with all of us.

Get a job at anything, even if you don't like it. Something better will soon turn up. The boy or the man, at work, any kind of work, so it is steady employment, will be shown at the right time opportunity to better his position. But dame Fortune is capricious. She rarely allows the unemployed to hear of these chances. And the harder you work, the more eager you are, the faster opportunities come. Fortune is ready to assist anyone. But she insists upon compliance with one thing—otherwise the charm is of no avail: You must first be at work. There is more in this than you may think. It is only to the worker,—at anything, mind you,—that the best things come. Get to work. Opportunity to better your position will be shown you time and again. This is as certain as that the sun will rise tomorrow morning. The veil of opportunity is rarely lifted for the unbeliever, the man without a job.

It seems hardly necessary to advise any boy to be honest. "Honesty is the best policy." Adhere to your determination to be strictly honest and you will thank yourself a thousand times that you did so.

GET READY FOR YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Don't waste a moment in idleness. Study to improve every moment. You may not see the need of it now, but take it as the word of those who are older, who are passing through the mill of life. There will come a day, a moment, when whatever you learn now, even every trifle of every sort, in school and out, will come vastly to your advantage. Get ready for the golden opportunity which knocks once at every man's door.

NOTE. IN A SUBSEQUENT ISSUE THE ADVISABILITY OF EMPLOYMENT AT HOME VERSUS IN THE CITY, WHAT THE EMPLOYER EXPECTS OF THE YOUNG MAN, AND OTHER KINDRED TOPICS, WILL BE DISCUSSED.



How Nina earned her Camera.

BY LUCY RODGERS AYERS, WEST LEBANON, N. H.

"O, I have had a jolly good time this afternoon, mother!" exclaimed Nina Wilton, as she briskly entered the cheerful dining room, where her mother was preparing to set the table for supper. "Wait a minute, marmec, until I get my things off and I'll set the table while I tell you what I have been doing," she continued.

"All right dearie; I am anxious to know, for your eyes shine like two stars, which is a sure sign that you have been doing something pleasant;" and Mrs. Wilton smiled with pardonable pride on her winsome daughter. For Nina was a pleasant sight to look upon with her dancing black eyes, wavy brown hair and graceful ways.

Nina had been spending the afternoon with her friend, Annie Merrill, on a neighboring farm. Annie had been away for a few months, at work in an adjoining town; this was their first visit since she had come home for a vacation. Although she was older than Nina, who was only seventeen, the two girls had always been intimate friends. Perhaps Annie and Nina were not the only ones who enjoyed these visits, for Annie's younger brother, Burt, always seemed as pleased to have Nina with them as did his sister.

"You know, marmec," replied Nina, as she emerged from the pantry, "that I always had an idea that I should enjoy having a camera and now I am quite sure of it. You know I went over to Annie's early and I found her in the midst of developing pictures. I would not let her stop for I wanted to see how she did it; so she let me help her and we worked on them two whole hours. It was heaps of fun and I learned considerable. Annie says that by the time I've had another try at it, she thinks I can do it alone.

"Then Burt came in after his camera; he was going down by the river to see if he could get a picture of the rapids. You may be sure that I, for one, was glad to accept his invitation when he asked us to go with him, so we all went; they showed me how to use their cameras and I've had a jolly good time. Now I want a camera."

"Well, dearie," put in Mrs. Wilton as Nina paused, "I wish you might have one, but you know your father thinks that such things are all nonsense and he would think money spent for a camera was wasted."

"I know, marmec, and I haven't the least idea that I can have one unless I earn the money myself, and chances to earn anything around here are scarce."

Just then Mr. Wilton entered, ready for supper. "I'd like to know," he said, "what has become of my oats. After we thrashed, about two weeks ago, I put the oats in that long bin across one end of the granary; the bin was nearly full then, but I yum! I looked in the further end of the bin tonight and I swear it wasn't more'n half full at that end. Somebody must have been helping themselves but how anyone can get at them, I don't see."

"You look up the granary every night don't you?" inquired his wife.

"That I do," he answered, "and what's more, the windows

are all nailed down securely; so I can't see how any person can get in there. I am going to leave Major in the granary tonight, and if anyone goes to meddling there, the dog will be apt to let us know it. I've marked on the bin just how full it is; so I'll know if any are taken out tonight."

"It may be the work of our neighbor down the road;" ventured his wife. "If he does half the thieving that is laid to him, I, for one, would like to have him caught in the act. All of our neighbors think badly enough of him but they do not seem to be able to prove anything." "Well, for my part, I can't see how anyone gets where the oats are; that is what puzzles me," returned the farmer.

"Mother," said Nina, the next morning while helping about the breakfast, "Burt is coming over after me this evening, to go over to their house, and he and Annie are going to show me how to take flash-light pictures. I was intending to tell you last night but did not have a chance."

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Mr. Wilton as he came in just then to wash for breakfast. "Did any of you hear anything of the dog or any other kind of a rumpus, last night? No? Well, I didn't either, and the oats in that end of the bin lowered as much as six inches since last night where I marked on the bin how full it was. I'd give ten dollars to know how it's done and ten more to know who does it."

"Why, father! would you really?" inquired Nina.

"Yes, I would, gladly. You going into the detective business girlie?"

"Well, I might, with such a reward at the end;" she replied laughingly.

"Go ahead and you can have the twenty dollars if you earn it," laughed her father. "The idea of a girl detective! Why! you wouldn't dare go out to the oat bin after dark so I don't see how you could find out much."

"Detectives seldom tell their methods, you know, and I surely can't for I have not thought of one yet. Nevertheless I will just go out and investigate sometime today."

"Now, marmec, I'll run out after those eggs for the pie and while I'm out there I will just take a look at the oat bin," said Nina after breakfast, and the dishes were washed. "Well, it does look queer," she mused as she entered the granary. "Yes, those windows are secure all right, and it is very evident they have not been disturbed since pa nailed them down. They might have a key to fit this lock; but why didn't Major bark? We should have heard him if he had I know."

"Well, Major, old fellow," she said as the dog appeared at the doorway. "I am afraid I cannot solve this mystery but I'd like to for pa would keep his word and then, Heigh-o! I'd have a camera. We will go down under here in the shed to see if the hens have laid in the sheep-racks and then I shall have to go in. Come on, Maje" and she ran lightly down the narrow stairway. "Why! there are oats spilled here on the ground, Maje, old boy. Do you suppose our thieves dropped their bags here?"

She paused to think. "I believe this spot is just exactly under that end of the oat bin; perhaps the rats have gnawed a hole through the floor and they are leaking out. Rats! they couldn't eat four or five bushels though. I'll get a ladder and see if the floor is all right above here. Perhaps I shall find a key to the mystery."

She found a ladder hung on the shed near by and carefully propping it against a beam, ascended until she could distinctly see a place in the flooring where there appeared to be a round piece of wood fitted into the floor with a small part projecting.

"Eureka! I've found it! Major! and now I'll see how this thing works;" so gathering up her apron, woman fashion, to catch the oats, she pulled on the piece of wood until she loosened it and as she pulled it out a steady stream of oats came into her apron. She almost jumped off the ladder in her joy and her quick wits were already planning a way of catching the thief. Carefully plugging up the hole and putting the ladder just where she found it, she ran back up stairs to deposit her apron of oats in the bin again and then sedately carried in her eggs for the pie.

"Well, you did not find the meddlers did you?" queried her mother.

"No," she answered, but her eyes twinkled and Major never told tales.

"I think I will stay with Annie tonight, mother, if you don't mind, and I'll be home early in the morning;" said Nina as she prepared for her walk over to Mr. Merrill's.

"I am willing," replied her mother, "but you need not hurry in the morning."

Shortly after eight o'clock that evening, three silent figures stole into an unused cow shed commanding a view of the spot under the oat bin. They had a camera with them and after carefully getting it poised and everything ready for a speedy picture taking, all grew silent except for an occasional whisper. Three whole hours they waited. The village clock, in the distance, tolled the hour of eleven, followed by a long drawn sigh from Annie and a "Sh——!" from Nina.

Burt's eyes were peering out into the darkness and all ears were strained. Yes, someone was around, but they carried no light. They heard someone get the ladder down and fix it in position. Straining their eyes they could dimly see a hulking figure silhouetted against the starry sky, as he made his way up the ladder. It was an exciting moment and presently they heard the swish of the oats as they fell into the receptacle.

Then—wonders! what a change! The man was suddenly covered with a blinding flash of light; he was heard scrambling from the ladder and taking himself away as fast as his trembling limbs would allow.

"Glory!" exclaimed Nina, "that was great! It was just who mother spoke of."

The light of Burt's lantern that he had now lighted, revealed a sack partly filled with oats and oats still coming. Burt hurried up the ladder to plug up the hole. "And now," said Nina, let's go develop that plate. We will leave the oats, bag, etc., for father to see. No wonder Major did not bark last night for the man was as quiet in his movements as a mouse."

"We will be on hand early tomorrow morning with our negative," said Annie.

Just before breakfast the next morning, three laughing young people appeared at Mr. Wilton's.

"Well, father, have you seen your oats?" asked Nina.

"Oats! where?" returned her father.

"Down under the shed," said Nina.

"I have not been down there," he replied.

"Please come then, and you too, mother." They piloted the puzzled couple to the scene of last night's thieving and many were the exclamations of surprise as they told their story and showed the negative they had of the thief.

"Purty good! Purty good!" exclaimed Mr. Wilton. "Who does the twenty dollars go to?"

"To Nina," answered Annie and Burt together. "She planned it all; we simply helped her to carry out her plans."

"Here," said the farmer, as he dived into his capacious pockets, "is the reward I promised."

"Thank you," returned Nina, with an elaborate bow, but I think I ought to divide with you and Burt," she said turning to Annie.

"We shan't take anything if you do think so," asserted Burt.

"Then I shall buy a camera with it, if father is willing."

"It is yours to do just as you please with," said her father.

Nina executed a few elaborate waltz steps, but paused to give her father a grateful hug and kiss, then they all started in for breakfast.

"Say! Nina," whispered Burt, as they lingered behind the others, I would like some pay for my services—if you would just pay me as you did your father I would be your willing slave forever."

"Couldn't Burt, it would not be proper, but if you are longing for a kiss though, you might take it—sometime," she laughed as she eluded his grasp and darted away after the others.

"What a golden opportunity lost," groaned Burt as he caught up.

What have you lost now?" queried his sister.

"Nothing, but what I shall find sometime," answered her brother with a look at Nina that caused her face to grow a rosy red.

The man who had long been such a nuisance in the neighborhood was brought to justice and Mrs. Wilton was not the only one who expressed their gratitude to Nina.

WINTER ROSES.

BY FLORENCE GROW PROCTOR, FITCHBURG, MASS.

"Roses, red roses, gather your roses,"
My little son shouted one winter day.
"Roses, red roses just for the picking."
Roses in winter and nothing to pay."

Roses, red roses, beautiful roses,
Blooming outside, in a New England clime?
Lovelier far than wild ones of summer,
And right by the door in mid-winter time.

Roses, red roses, velvety roses,
Never had green-house such roses as mine.
Exquisite roses, just for the picking,
Deeper and redder and sweeter than wine!

"Roses, red roses, gather your roses."
And ere the dear child had quite ceased to speak,
I gathered my roses, right in the snow-drifts—
A whole loving heartful, from each glowing cheek!

Caspian Lake, Greensboro, Vt.

BY CAPTAIN NATT BURBANK, WALDEN, VT.



IN 1779, General Hazen, while completing the road which General Jacob Bailey had constructed through the wilderness from Newbury to Cabot Plains in 1776, made a small clearing and built a block-house on the west shore of a lake of clear, cold water, which they named Beautiful Lake, in what is now the town of Greensboro in Orleans county, Vermont. Hazen and his men were the first white people to make a stop of any length in the locality. The Hazen road extended to Hazen's Notch in the town of Westfield; and, though built for military purposes it proved to be a potent factor in the settlement of the country through which it extended.

The sheet of water beside which those Revolutionary soldiers camped in 1779 is now known as Caspian Lake. It is so named because of its shape, which is similar to that of Caspian Sea. It has a length of about three miles, and its greatest width is about two miles. It is narrowest at its southeastern end, the general trend of the lake being from the northwest to the southeast. Its greatest depth is one hundred and forty-five feet as verified by measurements made by a civil engineering class of U. V. M. in 1900. The surface of the lake is about fifteen hundred feet above sea level.

The water is as clear and pure and cold today as when the builders of that great military road made it useful for themselves and their animals. The lake is largely fed by springs on its bottom. But three brooks flow into it and they are very small. The Simpson brook flows from the north, the Tate from the northwest, and the Lincoln from the west. The outlet of the lake is at its eastern extremity, its waters flowing into the Lamoille River in the northeastern corner of Hardwick at a distance of three miles.

The land about the lake is high and partially wooded. Deciduous trees cover more territory than do the evergreens. Here and there, farms and well-kept farm buildings dot the landscape. Though the land at the outlet is, of course, low; yet in the background, a few miles to the east rise the wooded summits of the Walden and Stannard hills. The valley of the Lamoille in the interval is hardly noticeable from the vicinity of the lake.

To the northeast is Barr's Hill on which is the highest cultivated land in Vermont. Cook's Hill with partially bared head stands proudly in its place, its scalp-lock of giant maples rising prominently on the western horizon. These two elevations are each about one mile from the lake. From their summits may be seen the church spires of half a dozen country villages nestling in their groves of trees among the hills and valleys. And from here also can be seen the higher points of the western ridge of the Green Mountains among which are Jay Peak, Mansfield Mt. with the Lamoille River

winding through the meadows around the mountain, and Killington Peak. To the south and southeast are the granitic mountains of Woodbury, the famous Cow Hill of Peacham, Blue Mountain in Ryegate; and, in the farther distance, lofty Moosilauke lifts his mazy head in the New Hampshire horizon.

Among the many enjoyable drives in the vicinity are those to Cook's and Barr's hills. Another is to the dry bed of what was once Long Pond, now known as Runaway Pond. This old lake was partly in Greensboro and partly in Glover. It was one and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide. It was drained into the Lamoille river to the southward. In the spring of 1810 a party of men started to dig a channel from its northern end that the mills on the Barton river might be better supplied with water. The land there proved to be of

quicksand and quickly washed away, leaving only a crust of clay which was broken by the weight of water. Within fifteen minutes after the breaking of this crust the bed of the pond was entirely bare. The deluge swept down the valley carrying fences, trees, mills, houses and barns along with it. It reached Lake Memphremagog, twenty-seven miles distant, in six hours. One who



CAPT. NATT BURBANK.

saw the flood at Barton said that only trees, earth, timbers and rocks were visible, and that he thought the day of judgment had arrived. The channel cut by the waters is about one hundred and thirty feet deep and eight or ten rods wide. The old bed of the pond now drains into the Barton river and the highway from Greensboro to Barton runs through it.

Another beautiful drive is through Hardwick Street with its quaint old homesteads, down across the Lamoille and the bend of the railroad to the eastward on the Hazen road; thence past The Belfry, the elegant home of the Hon. Charles J. Bell and around to the north and west on the slope of the Walden and Stannard hills. As these hills are skirted, the lake lies below us four or five miles to the west; and, when the air is clear, it is a sight which is, indeed, "fairest among ten thousand, altogether lovely," as it lies like a jewel in its little basin amidst its setting of hills, farms and woodlands.

WHO FREQUENT THE LAKE.

About the lake are some sixty tidy and homelike cottages. A dozen more are to be built another year. As the lake becomes better known, more people come to spend their vacations on its shores and to enjoy its beauty and healthfulness. The pioneer camper here was Avery G. Wheeler of White

River Junction who first came to the lake twenty-odd years ago. He still comes. Among the old settlers who still come are Prof. N. J. Whitehill of White River Junction, B. P. White of Barre, Rev. G. W. Morrow of Burlington, Herbert and Edgar Salisbury of Randolph, Dr. W. S. Curtis of Montpelier, O. B. Hall of Hardwick, W. L. Pierce of Calais and the writer. Later comers are Headmaster Eliot of the East Boston High School, B. H. Sanborn of Wellesley, Mass., Rev. P. M. Snyder of Rockford, Ill., Prof. J. W. Votey of U. V. M., Prof. F. E. Woodruff of Bowdoin, Supt. A. L. Hardy of Amherst, Mass., Prof. S. W. Landon of Borden-town, N. J., J. J. Campbell of Hardwick, C. O. Eastman of Calais, Dr. C. W. Staples of Lyndonville, the Parkers and Quimby of Littleton, N. H., and many others. The ladies and the children come and stay through the season.

LIFE IN CAMP.

The largest settlement is about ten minutes' walk from Greensboro village. The town of Greensboro unanimously voted at a special meeting recently called for the purpose, to erect a large dock at the village landing for the use of campers and fishermen. At the village are two general stores, a post-office, telephone office, a free public library which was recently presented by the Hon. H. S. Tolman of the town, also two churches, Presbyterian and Congregationalist, to which campers are welcome. There are two well kept hotels in the village.

The facilities for house-keeping in the cottages are good. The stores send their order and delivery wagons every day; and fresh milk, butter, and eggs, as well as vegetables, are brought in by the neighboring farmers. The bread and the

meat wagons come each thrice a week. The coldest spring water is piped to the cottages from a distance of only a few rods. Ice houses for cold storage are filled for nearly every cottage. Express is taken and delivered by the stage, which makes two trips daily from the village to the Greensboro station of the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain R. R. three miles to the eastward. The stage takes passengers and the two mails a day during the camping season. East Hardwick station and village are four miles away. The highways in the vicinity are kept in the best condition for summer travel.

One who is here as host or guest is accepted as a part of the community. Not only is the care of business left at home, but classes in society are laid aside as a mantle; and here is, indeed, the "universal brotherhood of man." The doctor with mallet in hand defeats the undertaker—at croquet; the minister in perfect trust plays tennis with the lawyer; the country merchant with the city school ma'am as a preceptress makes a tolerable success of learning to play golf. The great evening bonfires with their college songs, and the Sunday four o'clock "sings" with their sacred music are attended and enjoyed by all. In short, the latchstring is always out one for another.

On one evening in early August, the cottages and grounds are decorated, and lighted with Chinese lanterns. The canoes and boats, similarly trimmed and lighted and divided into two fleets, engage in a mimic naval battle, the ordnance equipment consisting of some scores of Roman candles. Then follows a display of fireworks. Thousands from the surrounding country attend and enjoy this illumination.



CASPIAN LAKE, GREENSBORO, VT.

BATHING.

Not the least of the attractions at this resort are the sloping, sandy beaches at the northern and southern ends of the lake which afford a fine chance for bathing, of which all take advantage.

FISHING.

The fishing furnishes great sport. Of the fish taken, a few are large brook trout and many are lake trout and land-locked salmon. The last two species were planted here by the fish commission but a few years ago. During the first twenty fishing days of May, the fish are found in from four to fifteen



KEYSTONE (BURBANK) COTTAGE.

feet of water. Early last season, many fish of all sizes, were taken by men who stood on the rocky shores and cast a fly twenty or thirty feet. The fish took the fly as it was slowly drawn to land. The troll or fly was run from two to ten feet deep. As a bait, the phantom minnow and the P. & S. ball-bearing spinner have been remarkably successful, as has the St. Lawrence gang. In the early spring, the fish will take worms or almost anything thrown for them.

As the season advances, they gradually seek deeper water. After June, they are likely to be found on the bottom at a depth of fifty feet or more. Then the boat is anchored and one hook is placed two or three feet from the bottom, the other at varying depths hunting for them. The troll is also used during July and August as well as earlier. A two pound sinker is attached to a line which is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet long. The sinker, suspended on a line from four to six feet long, is drawn pounding along on the rocky bottom; the bait line extending back from twenty-five to thirty feet from the sinker line. The troll is hooked to a large minnow or to a sucker from five to nine inches long.

The season closing with August last was the best season yet for fishing, thanks to the fish commission. Some large catches were made. During the season, George Rogers, a local fisherman, took more than five hundred pounds. The first two days of May saw more than two thousand pounds taken from the lake. Many "lakers" weighing from ten to twelve pounds were taken and many salmon from four to six pounds. The largest lake trout yet taken was caught last season. It weighed fifteen pounds. B. P. White and A. G. Wheeler were in the boat together when this trout was hooked so both claim the honor. The largest salmon yet taken tipped the beam at nine pounds.

TAKING ONE SALMON.

Just at break of dawn on a clear July morning, I anchored the boat in seventy-five feet of water. A gentle ripple broke the surface of the lake. A float was on the end of the anchor rope. I commenced to fish. In less than thirty minutes, a five pound land-locked salmon was hooked. The float was thrown overboard. The boat drifted with the breeze. I worked that fish for fifty minutes while the boat drifted a full mile. That fish was out of the water seventeen times, at times more than six feet; with all the way from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet of line. He was allowed to take what line he wanted as he was on an eight ounce rod with a very light silk line and a small Kendall hook. He had "hooked" himself while I was busy with the other line. The first that I knew that a fish was about, I heard my reel "talking" as the line flew through it. Before I could secure my other rod and turn around, that fish was out of the water from six to eight feet and at least two hundred feet from the boat, displaying in the rising sun all the colors of the rainbow as he moved like a flash in leaving the water. When at last he was led up to the boat he was right side up and quite lively but he got into the landing net just the same.



N. J. WHITEHILL COTTAGE.

A LAKE TROUT.

Trolling one hundred feet down you have a "strike" and hook your trout. Row your boat right along. Do not stop or lessen speed. Tow him along until he comes to the top of the water. It may be fifteen minutes and it may be ninety minutes and even more. He may be drawn near the boat and in full view a dozen times and be as many times a hundred feet away. Never hold him by a taut line, for if you do he will break away. Never give him any slack line as he will shake the hook from his mouth. All trout show strength which is surprising. After a time he will become tired. Then tow him up near the boat and take him in with a gaff. Be careful to strike him safely the first time as he may, if the gaff does not hold him, break away even in his tired state.

There is joy in such contests as these. The wary tactics of the supple trout; the careful strategy of him who holds the rod; the sage suggestions and advice kindly offered by members of the fleet; all tend to produce contentment and happiness.

But though it is sport to conquer the gamey trout of the Caspian, far, far, the loveliest of all the beauties in which the vicinity abounds is the summer sunrise. Here is, indeed, the greatest beauty of nature. The farm houses with their glittering windows on the green slopes above the lake; the church spires pointing heavenward from the quiet and peaceful village at its foot; the waters of the lake, clear as crystal; air, the purest on earth; a sky of such tranquil azure as to lose one in respect and admiration; all these, and more, go to make the scene one of peacefulness and beauty. The sun, having lighted the heavens with a radiant glow, rises till the lower slopes to westward throw off a golden light. The wooded hills to the eastward are clothed with a halo so bright as to dazzle the eye; and the "King of Day" now rises into full view and diffuses his glorious light to all from his seat in the east. The surface of the lake, with its gentle ripple, forms myriads upon myriads of prisms and mirrors by which the rays of light are refracted and reflected until the surface of the lake seems to be one burning sheet of rainbow tint. Some one has said:—"See Paris and die." Art is not perfect; nature is perfect in conception and execution. I say, see a summer sunrise on Caspian Lake and you will come not near to having lived in vain. No one can associate with the beauties of our highland lakes, our rushing brooks, our green fields and our music filled woods and not be brought nearer to the hearts of his fellow men and in closer communion with Him "to Whom our smallest thought is known." "The laws of nature are the thoughts of God." He who best knows nature stands nearest to his maker.



A COMFORTABLE ROOM IN THE WHITEHILL COTTAGE.

THE HUMAN GAD-FLY.

We have all been inwardly amused at the persistency with which the train-boy sticks to some other probable victim: "All about the Pan-American! Ninety views for fifty cents! Fine thing, lady; all about Niagara Falls in there!—Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—It's the last one I've got,—you may have it for thirty-five cents; a fine thing—you can't buy it for that price anywhere." More persistent argument, during which victim maintains silence and looks steadfastly at the opposite bank of the Connecticut. Finally: "I don't want to lug it any further—gimme twenty-five cents and you may have it.—Only a quarter." No sale.

The Stock Company at Springville.

BY PROF. FRANK K. GRAVES, SO. ROYALTON, VT.

When Winter mantles Nature with his snow,
When, o'er bleak hill-tops chilling breezes blow,
When King Frost gaily paints the window-pane
And fetters lake and river, hill and plain;

When, at the hearth-fire, bright with ruddy glow,
Day-dreams are flitting and fancies come and go,
Crowding the mind with memories of years
Long past and gone, and future hopes and fears,

Then haste my Thought and alien burdens bear,
Speed then my Will and others sorrows share.
Beyond the self-life comfort sweet is found,
In helping others highest joys abound.

Rouse then to action every sleeping Power,
Moment by moment glides the fleeting hour;
Life teems with duties each with blessing filled,
Ere time is ended and the heart is stilled.

F. K. G.

THE little village of Springville is situated in a narrow valley. Through the valley runs a rapid river and across it high, wooded mountains cast their shadows. In summer, the pure air, and pleasing scenery of the place attract a few visitors from distant cities. In winter all is bleak and barren. The wind rages with relentless fury, and the few permanent residents of the village love to hug closely the blazing wood-fires of their homes.

Along the valley several saw-mills rattle and buzz over their work and pour yellow saw-dust into the stream and send out boards to be placed in big piles in rambling yards.

Two "general stores" and a Postoffice are headquarters for the social life of the place. A little church, square and white, with faded green blinds and stunted steeple fronts the village green.

Near the church, at the time of which I write, was a school house, a low one-storied building in bad repair.

Shingles that were much decayed and moss-grown specked its roof. Clapboards that banged and clattered in the wind half clung to its sides. Some of the window-panes were broken and the places were stuffed with old rags. The door sagged on its hinges, leaving yawning cracks for wind and storm.

The one room within was uncomfortable and cheerless. The seats and desks were made of unpainted boards. They were smutty and grimy from long usage and were seamed and scarred by rude knife carvings. Windows were devoid of curtains; walls were marred by pencil marks and paper wads, with here and there a spot of bare lath where the plastering had fallen.

The teacher's desk was a clumsy affair built to withstand the onslaughts of the big boys in the days when the fashion of "carrying out" the teacher was in vogue.

At one end of the room was a huge box stove, balanced on two legs and a brick and connected with the chimney by a long line of tipsy looking stove pipe.

The little school house at Springville was not an attractive spot, and yet it was here that I spent some of the happiest times of my life. I had persuaded the School Board of the village to engage me to teach the school, and so it came about that I entered the little building on a blustering December day to begin the winter term.

At first glance the pupils were not in the least degree attractive. Their faces seemed old before their time. Like the faces of their parents, they were withered and parched and brown, somewhat resembling the dried apples that hung on strings over their kitchen fires. And their lives were as withered and dry as the faces and the apples. But there was much here to interest one; much to amuse, even much to love.

With a few exceptions, the people of Springville were not remarkable. One exception was to be found in Uncle Job Holcomb, the village philosopher. In the summer months Uncle Job spent much time in holding down an empty dry goods box in front of the Postoffice; but in colder weather he moved in to join the school of philosophy that surrounded the tobacco-stained stove at one of the village stores.

Uncle Job was chiefly remarkable for the remarkable animals which he professed to have seen.

"Did ye go to Uncle Tom's Cabin last summer?" he said to me one day.

"No? Wall, ye ought er gone. They had a mule there that was a most extreordinary animal. It didn't bray like most mules. It made an awful noise by rubbin' its two ears together like these 'ere annietennee of some insects. That mule could bray an' kick an' eat its dinner all at the same time—great savin' of time. An' it was a famous mule, an' it made money; it wa'n't no ordinary mule. Now I take it that if anybody wants ter *be* anybody *er* do anything he has got ter *flax around* an' be a leetle out of the ordinary. If I was goin' to begin life ag'in even if I was a mule I'd be a little *extre-ordinary*."

As I came to know the scholars of Springville, nearly all seemed more attractive than at first. I became especially interested in two small children who sat on the front seat of the school room. They gave their names as John and Martha Penury, a name which seemed curiously appropriate to their circumstances. For, though their clothes were neat and clean, they were worn and patched to the last degree of utility.

It was a pleasure to teach them for they drank in all that their lessons prescribed and then listened while older scholars were reciting. Thus they soon became more advanced in study than the average pupil of their years. Their sober and quiet little faces almost haunted me for I longed to see them laugh and play like other children.

One afternoon of the week before Christmas as school closed and the other children passed out, John and Martha stayed behind. The boy with his head down upon his desk was crying bitterly, while his sister was trying to comfort him.

"Mother is sick and could n't get us any dinner, and Johnny is tired and hungry and Santa Claus does n't come to our house any more, now father's gone!" was the reply that Martha gave as I questioned them.

Giving what encouragement I could I soon after locked the school house door and walked home with them.

A storm was in the air and the snow fell thick and fast about us as we went.

The place to which they took me could hardly be called a home. The room which we entered was bare and desolate.

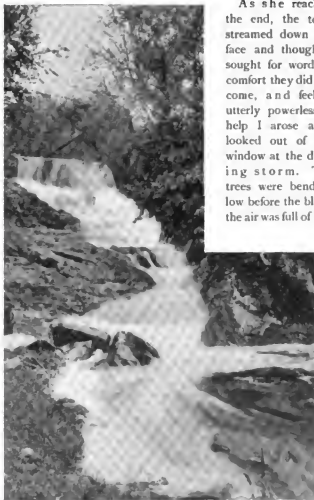
In one corner was a stove, cracked and smoking in its vain effort to transform some sputtering green wood into warmth and heat. A rickety table and three partially disabled chairs comprised the furniture.

At the time of my visit, Mrs. Penury sat in one of the chairs which was drawn close to the stove. Clad in a thin, faded dress with her eyes burning with the unnatural fire of fever and her face pinched with hunger, she presented a picture such as I had never seen or known outside of fiction.

Despite her miserable surroundings I found her much interested in the progress of her children, and when I told her how apt they were in their studies she seemed to forget herself, her sickness and poverty and all else in the thought of their improvement.

"I do so want them to stay in 'school long enough to get a good education," she said. "They will have little else, poor things; but if they get that they will have something which can not easily be taken from them. Among their father's last words were, 'Give the children a chance at school,' and this I have tried to do, though the struggle has been almost too much at times." Little by little she told me her life story—a sad story culminating in the death of the husband and father some months before.

As she reached the end, the tears streamed down her face and though I sought for words of comfort they did not come, and feeling utterly powerless to help I arose and looked out of the window at the driving storm. The trees were bending low before the blast, the air was full of fly-



FAIRFAX FALLS, LAMOILLE RIVER.

ing snow and drifts of white were rapidly piling up between the fences where the road had once been.

As I looked I saw a figure struggling with the drifts, which as it came nearer proved to be that of a prominent man of Springfield, Mr. Able, a man noted for his wealth and influence. "Help at last," I thought, "No more hunger here for a little time at least; for surely a visit from this man at such a time can be only for aid."

But I was mistaken, for, as Mr. Able entered, shook the snow from his handsome fur coat and stamped it from his feet, his eye, cold and hard, swiftly glanced about the room as if taking an inventory of stock.

"Well, old lady, how do you get on?" he asked sharply. "Better than you were I hope. Sick? Well, that's unfortunate. All of us have our times of bad luck though. I've had many of 'em. How about your rent? I've waited for it now longer than most men would; I'll give you till next Tuesday to settle it and then if you can't pay I must put some one else in here."

Out of justice to the man I will not repeat all of his language, which grew more harsh as the widow seemed to listen in a cold, unfeeling silence, which was in reality the dumb, unresisting expression of intense suffering.

Mr. Able finally buttoned his furs tightly about him and his hard, cold face showed no sign of relenting in spite of the fact that his name represented a great part of the wealth of the town. And he left the house with no kind word nor look. As cheap as such precious things are, he had none in all his great store of possessions.

As he closed the door Mrs. Penury burst into tears, and all the grief of years of suffering seemed to flow.

So busy were we with painful thoughts that we did not notice a knock at the door announcing a second visitor, when the door suddenly opened and admitted another of our townsmen, Mr. Willing.

Mr. Willing was a welcome visitor in any home. His round, fat form might have found it a hard task to burrow through those huge snow-drifts, yet there he was, his large face lighted with its customary smile, which broke into a hearty laugh as he talked.

"Well, neighbor, how will Christmas find you? Poorly, is it? Never mind; we'll have you fixed up. I thought you might like some of our Christmas dinner. We don't have goose nor turkey, but I've brought you a fat old rooster! And here are a few potatoes and groceries. This old bird is as tough as iron, but if you boil him a few days he will be as tender as leather! Best I had, anyway, and you're more than welcome to him.

"How the wind whistles through that window! Here, Mr. Pedagogue (to me), take hold and let's see if we can't tighten up this old shell a bit."

So we worked indoors and out until the house took on more of an air of comfort, though I several times remonstrated at working so hard over property belonging to such a man as Mr. Able, especially since it seemed likely that Mrs. Penury must move within a week.

But Mr. Willing seemed hopeful that better times were coming, though he knew not how. He was not a man of large means and was generous to a fault. His constant stream of small talk, seasoned with jest, helped to keep up my spirits and possibly served the same purpose in his own case, though

his best friends never knew him to acknowledge discouragement.

His expectations in regard to Mrs. Penury were realized, for through his active efforts, aided by friends whom he influenced, the widow retained possession of the house until spring and then better quarters were found for the family. Light work was found for the children out of school hours, the mother regained her health and the tide of affairs changed completely without the necessity of keeping John and Martha from school.

At the end of the winter I left Springfield and did not return for several years. At length, during one summer vacation, the longing to see old friends and call up former associations became so great that I made a somewhat lengthy journey, by railroad and stage, to Springfield.

It was in the latter part of June. The farmers were everywhere busy in their fields. The merry voices of children at play by the little school houses along the route made me think of old times.

The little village where I had taught some years before had taken on unmistakable signs of improvement. The roads and sidewalks were neat and well-kept. The "green" had developed into a tasteful "park." The church had been repaired and a new school house had taken the place of the old one. On a conspicuous corner of the main street was a handsome little library and public reading room.

When I asked of several persons how these changes had come about, many answers were given, but the truth seemed best expressed in the reply of Uncle Job Holcomb, who was still on the street looking hardly a day older than when I first knew him.

He was sitting on the Postoffice steps on a summer evening, placidly puffing his pipe and watching the sun go down through the trees which capped a distant hill.

"This town ain't much as it used ter be? Wall, that's true. An' the reason is easy to find. Sheep that's raised on some of our back mountain lots has long bills like storks; there are so many rocks that they have to pick fer grass. The only way to raise decent sheep or get a decent livin' hereabouts is ter haul off the rocks.

"An' the only way ter raise decent young folks an' make any place improve is ter take away the rocks that hinders 'em. The time when this place first began to take a start was away back when Mr. Able, one of our rich men, and Mr. Willing, one of our agreeable chaps, formed a partnership.

"One of 'em could, but wouldn't; the other would, but couldn't. Put the two together an' they pulled the town.

"Both had somethin' to learn. Able was a close, hard old cluffer, but he learned to be softer and more agreeable. Willing learned business ways that he never knew till he met Able. Then the village took stock in the firm an' a Stock Company was started.

"What's become of the Penury family? Wall, Mrs. Penury died, an' Martha changed her name; she married young Mr. Prosperity. John, he was adopted by Mr. Able an' is now business manager in the firm of Able & Willing. It was a good thing fer this place when they was kep' in school, an' it's a mighty good thing ter any place to have such a stock company as we have here."

The last rays of the setting sun were slanting through the trees, the cows were lazily coming home, rolling up clouds of dust as they shuffled along; the stage had come and gone and Uncle Job said "Good-night" and went in to get his mail.

The Old Vermont.

LAST OF THE BIG THREE-DECKER
LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS

THE naval officials at Brooklyn have been trying to get rid of the old receiving ship "Vermont" and to have the marines given shore barracks in place of their quarters on the receiving ship. The plea is that the vessel is old and infested with microbes. Practical men, however, say that the microbes are only an excuse, that the ship is in fine condition, and there has not been a case of sickness among the crew, not to mention a death, in 15 years.

The Vermont was one of the heavy war ships authorized by Congress soon after the close of the war of 1812. The plan of the Vermont was made and approved in Washington in 1818, and her keel was laid at the Charlestown navy yard in September of the year following. The vessel was completed, but long years of peace had dulled American naval enthusiasm, and there was a comfortable feeling that warships never would be wanted. So the Vermont rested on the stocks until the outbreak of trouble with Mexico brought about a change of mind on the part of the wiseacres. In 1848 work was resumed upon the ship. It only remained to put in a new keel, caulk the seams and otherwise prepare her for launching.

This event was set for noon of Sept. 14, 1848, and it was made a gala occasion. The United States government gave \$300 for a collation, and when the day came all the available space about the ship was crowded. The Boston newspapers told how the "great ship" slid down the ways and out upon the bosom of the water.

The Vermont certainly was a "great ship" for the year 1848. From the description published at the time we learn that she was 234 feet long from billet-head to taffrail, or 196 feet between perpendiculars, 45 feet in extreme breadth of beam, and 37 feet deep from the top of the spar deck to the ceiling of the hold.

From the date of the launching until 1862 it does not appear that the Vermont had a career of a particularly eventful nature, but in that year she fell a victim to a series of mishaps that is one of the most extraordinary chapters in our naval history. Of course the huge three-decker was of no possible use as a fighting ship in narrow southern channels against the rams and rifled guns of the Confederates, and so she was fitted out at Charlestown in 1862 as a hospital and store ship, to be stationed at Port Royal. On Monday, Feb. 24, in tow of the United States steamer Kensington, she sailed from President Roads for her destination. About 7 o'clock that night the two vessels were struck by a terrific gale from the west, and the great Vermont, which was under top-



THE VERMONT AT HER BERTH IN BROOKLYN. TAKEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

sails, outran the steamer, which was forced to cut the hawser for her own preservation. The gale increased, and soon the Vermont's sails were blown away and four of her boats torn from their davits. The ship broached to. Soon after the breakers were reported ahead. The starboard anchor was let go and lost. The port anchor, however, held the ship in 17 fathoms, but after awhile that anchor went, the heavy iron tiller broke, the rudder was carried away, and the big ship was drifting helplessly at the mercy of the winds and currents.

On Thursday, the 27th, the schooner Flying Mist spoke the disabled vessel and took off Acting Storekeeper Edward A. Birnie and brought him into Chatham, Mass. Mr. Birnie at once communicated to Commodore Hudson at the Charlestown navy yard the first news of the disaster. There were many men from Boston and vicinity among the Vermont's officers and crew, and the news caused considerable excitement. When Mr. Birnie left the ship she was 95 miles east-southeast from Cape Cod, with both anchors and her rudder gone, and the only canvas remaining was her foresail and maintop sail. Tugs were hastily coaled and provisioned and sent out to the rescue. The steamer Saxon of the Philadelphia line was dispatched on the same mission, and gunboats put to sea from both Charlestown and Brooklyn.

Meanwhile, though the Vermont remained reasonably tight, and there was no immediate danger of foundering, she was being knocked about terribly by the heavy winter seas. Several of her seamen died, and about 50 were very ill from exposure.

During the weeks she was drifting aimlessly the Vermont was several times spoken by small sailing vessels, which, however, could render no assistance to the crippled leviathan, and her officers and crew were forced to leave her. The gunboat Aroostook fell in with the Vermont, but lost her smokestack in a gale of wind and sus-

tained other damage, and was compelled to return to port. The Philadelphia steamer Saxon, on another attempt, found the disabled ship, relieving the Aroostook in the nick of time. The Vermont's crew had constructed a jury rudder, but an attempt to ship it proved unsuccessful, and after trying manfully to tow the heavy vessel against head seas, the Saxon, too, was forced to put into Boston for a supply of fuel.

On March 29, more than a month after the disaster occurred, the Vermont was sighted by the sailing frigate Sabine, Captain Ringgold, that had left Lynnhaven Bay on the 12th to search for her. On the 30th the jury rudder was successfully shipped, and as the Vermont had received some new sails from the Saxon, the three-decker and the frigate shaped their course together for Bermuda.

It might be thought that the Vermont's chapter of mishaps was now ended, but it was not so. On April 1, in a hard squall some fifty miles from Bermuda, the Sabine was separated from her consort, and arrived at New York with the unwelcome tidings a few days later. But on the 14th a good many anxious hearts were cheered by the news that the Vermont had reached Port Royal, 49 days from Boston.

Thus the memorable cruise of the old three-decker terminated. Soon after the close of the war she was assigned to duty as a receiving ship at the Brooklyn navy yard, roofed over and clappedboarded like a huge floating house, furnishing snug quarters for hundreds of Jack Tars. But even in the snug harbor of the navy yard ill luck did not desert her, for one night in 1892 a clumsy collier rammed her and nearly sunk her, but she was repaired, and there is no reason in her condition why she should be turned over to the junkmen for many a day yet.

The Vermont has recently been towed from her berth in the navy yard at Brooklyn to a point in the Whitney Basin. It is suggested that she be used as a museum.

A WINTER EVENING

At Hartland Four Corners.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

KING FROST, with a record that morning of nineteen degrees below, didn't keep anybody away from the fortieth annual one night Festival of the Universalist Society at Hartland Four Corners, when a four-act drama, time of presentation two hours and fifteen minutes, an oyster supper, and a dance, rounded out a most enjoyable program. If one wishes to get an insight into how the inhabitants of a snow-bound farming community pass the winter in rare good-fellowship and are always hearty and happy let him attend one of their "good times." The farmers or the residents of such little sub-communities as Martinsville or Foundryville or Fieldsville do not sigh to spend the season in Florida at the first fall of snow. They are prepared for winter and soon the round of festivities, candy pulls, card parties, kitchen "tunks" and an occasional drama, far-heralded by the conventional quarter-sheet poster, begins. The deeper lies the snow on the level the more good cheer prevails.

There is a unity, a pull together spirit in these corner communities of perhaps twenty houses, a church, a hall, a school-house, a creamery and a general store. For forty years this Festival, as it is called, has been a looked-for feature of the winter. All have taken part. The young people accept their parts in the cast of the play and study them earnestly. If a farmer's daughter lives a couple of miles from the Corners she stays with a friend near the church during the week of final rehearsals, and out of so much earnestness success has always come. We've all known that the vicinity of Felchville was the home of minstrel inspiration but "Hartland 4 Cors." as the sign-board reads, is strong in dramatic talent, handed down and fostered year by year.

Frank Daniels' two-horse barge, with a score of passengers packed like sardines in a box, creaked into the Corners in good season for the play and as the craft passed over the bar into the haven of the church-yard, she grounded with a crash, scraped over an obstruction, which the pilot said was the top of a stone post, and brought up the next instant before the church steps with the whiffletree gone by the board. There were busy hostlers a-plenty, lantern in hand, putting up the teams of all who came, in the sheds and barns near by.

As there is always a crowd at the annual presentation of the drama halt the audience were in their places at seven-twenty o'clock. The admission was twenty cents and there were no reserved seats. The nearest villages were represented and the farmers were there en masse. It was a wonder where so many people came from, but when one knew of the ability of the dramatic club it was no wonder that they came.

At such gatherings as this at the Four Corners it is pleasing to see so many wide-awake, industrious, trim-looking young men, and natural, graceful, handsome girls with an appreciable lack of the put on styles and restraints of the villages.

At eight o'clock the members of the orchestra began to manœuvre for positions in the pews nearest the tin foot-lights of the twelve-foot stage, adjusted the lamps on boxes on the pew seats and soon with scraping bow, in discord and harmony, staccato calls and picks from the violins and responsive grunts from the bass viol and sundry flute notes from the clarinet the standard note of "a" was generally agreed upon—the leader said "Already—now!" in audible tones, and the instrumentation had begun. And here developed another thing. Corner settlements four miles from anywhere are very apt to possess good musicians. The Hartland Orchestra can match the best in towns twice its size, among them being F. M. Leonard, who is considered the best bass player in the

state, and his brother, A. M. Leonard, leader of the American Band, Claremont, N. H., who several years ago began his musical career with the Hartland Orchestra. Just another instance of what the winter snows produce. The young men turn increased attention to the joys of music as well as to the stage, and acquit themselves wonderfully in both.

Promptly at eight o'clock a wave of hand-clapping proceeded at intervals from the ranks of those who for lack of seats stood four and six deep against the rear wall, to remind the management that the advertised time for the "curtain" had arrived, although it was well understood that everybody was willing to stay most of the night, and that no one was in any hurry. The carrying about of hand-lamps, seen through the creton curtains suspended on a taut clothes-line from the drop curtain to the wall at either side, told of activity behind the scenes.

After a couple of selections by the orchestra stage manager Spear appeared at the stage entrance and announced that the company were "now ready to present the four-act drama, 'Uncle Josh,' after which the entertainment will be concluded at the town hall." The harmony of the orchestra was again interrupted for an instant by several sharp strokes upon a desk bell, from behind the curtain, but as time was apparently of no object the orchestra stopped playing when it got ready to. Then the little curtain went up to disclose a red-fire tableau in which the eleven actors were grouped, a scene apparently of an introductory nature, like the preface of a book.

The play was a good one. Uncle Josh, a Yankee farmer of genuine shrewdness, who reads the papers, goes on a visit to his sister in the city, has a variety of adventures with bunco steers and designing bad men but thanks to natural hard-headedness and sharpness emerges unscathed from all the traps laid for him. He exposes the wiles of a designing Frenchman, saving his sister from a promised scandal and her daughter from a marriage against her will, and causes the arrest of the Frenchman and his accomplices, and there is other business incidental to the play.

Every character was given with a finish that showed natural aptitude and that the cast was placed by those who knew well the best points of the material before them. Charles Backus, as "Uncle Josh," did the farmer to perfection, adding a good deal of ginger not down in the lines of his role. Experience in former plays and his acceptance of this part predestined success. J. Howard Flower, the French count, a most polished villain, handled a mixture of French and English with marvelous fluency; Charles Root, as the accepted suitor, did the gentleman easily; Edwin Spear successfully "took off" the dude, with a monologue, drawing speech, and a penchant for neckties; L. J. M. Marcy acted the confidence-man with professional smoothness; Fred Barbour was a red-headed Irish alderman and saloon-keeper, by the gentle name of Mulchaey; Lee Hatch made a prime detective and Solon Abbott did well as the faithful colored servant. Miss Minnie Harris with graceful dignity represented Mrs. Reynolds, and Miss Helen Britton, as her daughter, was a more admirable charmer than any made-up professional; and Miss Jennie Tarble as the old maid, Minerva Clackett, caused much amusement by her persistent attentions to all gentleman callers.

A few of the trials of amateur theatricals were present. A yawning opening of several inches at either side of the front curtain supports enabled the actors to exchange mischievous glances and signals with friends in the audience between acts, and whenever a person passed through the stage entrance the side curtain usually slid away from the painted drop curtain in an attempt to follow, necessitating its prompt withdrawal to proper position by a member of the orchestra, and for the moment giving the audience views of the inner workings of stage business. The shadow of the hanging lamp in the center of the stage usually gave the least light where most was needed. The curtain was sometimes a little slow to fall on tragic endings of acts and the old maid was once compelled

to shake the colored porter so long and vigorously that she tore his best coat, while again, the infuriated Uncle Josh poised an arm chair in air with apparent intent to brain the Frenchman until the audience wondered if they were looking at living statuary and even the heroine could n't repress a smile. And sometimes the red-fire burned longer than was needed at the imminent risk of burning down the side curtains.

But despite such trifling handicaps the drama was splendidly presented, the audience delighted and once more Hartland's boys and girls have done themselves proud.

Then the assembled three hundred or more betook themselves to the town hall building near by, every window of which was ablaze with light, and the narrow entrance hall and stairway and the coarsely finished ante-rooms and the seating capacity of the main hall above, and of the seven big tables below in the supper room were immediately taken possession of by the happy, jostling crowd. Very few gave thought to the lateness of the hour.

As neither the dance hall nor the supper room could handle half the crowd at once the supper and the dancing commenced immediately and a sentinel was placed at the door of the supper room to stand off the rush until diners could become dancers and give the dancers a chance at the tables. There was about the longest continuous spread on the tables down stairs that was ever known in Hartland. The tables were cleared of viands again and again and at twelve o'clock many were still clamoring for admission to the supper room. If any tongues were burned by too hot oyster stew or coffee after the milk gave out it was because they didn't give the cooks a chance to cool things.

In the dancing hall, heated by a stove in each ante-room and by a stovepipe run around three sides of the room, the orchestra held forth from a low platform built across a corner and flung the hours away for lightly moving feet until three o'clock in the morning.

And they say, we didn't stay to see, that when a dance gets well going at the Four Corners they take the two end windows right out bodily, to make the temperature right in such a low room.

Such an evening of unalloyed enjoyment headed by talent of marked ability in the drama is worth the round trip drive of twenty-two miles to see.



Rev. George E. Ohr of Biloxi, Miss., a potter by trade, explains that the prefix Rev. to his name does not signify that he is a preacher. It only means that he is worthy of Reverence because he does his work as well as he can, and minds his own business.

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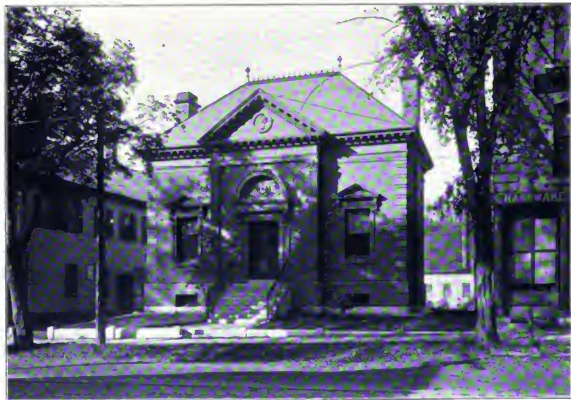
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DESCRIPTIVE
ARTICLE,

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BY C. W. SCARFF, BURLINGTON, VT.



THE SPAFFORD LIBRARY BUILDING, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

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BY REV. ALLAN CONANT FERRIN, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

Bijah's New Year,

BY GERTRUDE ELINOR HARRIS, WINDSOR, VT.

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10 Cents a Copy.
50 Cents a Year.

TRUST.

BY SARA E. GRAVES, WATERBURY, VT.

Radiant blue were the skies of June,
Abundant its flowers,
Nature was glad and the birds in tune
In the summer bowers.
Bleak and bitter the world is now,
Few days that are fair;
The little bird sings from the naked bough,
And the Lord takes care.
Some days are bright—some dun and gray
With mystery;
All are God's days—the end is one,
Heaven holds the key.



A Little Journey to the Woods.

BY C. W. SCARFF, BURLINGTON, VT.

Eight men. THAT is the whole story in short form, deer brought into camp, but as some of the JOURNAL readers may not be inclined to accept the truth in its purity and simplicity, yea, may even demand specifications and details, therefore I will add a word in explanation. The eight men above mentioned, constitute the Big Indian Gun Club. The address of the Club when in camp is Lumber Lodge, Lowelltown, Maine — at home nights, visitors welcome. When our camping season shall end the Club will disintegrate (see Webster's unabridged) and the fragments drift, like birds of passage, to more genial climes, and when the fragments awake from their dreamy vision of primeval freedom, and find themselves walking in the old ruts at home, clothed and in their right minds, obey-

ing the customs and formalities of society, then will come remorse, despondence and despair, and the query will arise in my mind — being a fragment and voicing the sentiments of all fragments — whether it is better to be, or not to be a slave to toil, trouble and tribulation incident to the conditions of our higher civilization, or fly back (on the Boston & Maine flyer) to the unconquered realms of * * * But what has all this got to do with the yearling buck that I sh-got up here in the Maine woods? Absolutely nothing.

Now, to resume. The Big Indian Gun Club, like Artemus Ward's famous military company, is a unique organization. Every member is an officer with power to act. No jealousy or pomposity exists for all the members are veteran telephone men who have been the public's obedient servants long enough to have mastered the lessons of humility. In the woods the line-man is just as big a man as the construction foreman and the night operator is bigger than his boss at home.

The B. I. G. Club, unlike many other modern aggregations of talent, has adopted a high standard of ethics and is trying to live up to it. The motto of the Club is "*Vera, Versa, Vora*" (copyrighted, all rights reserved), and for the benefit of little children, who are not up in Latin, I will give the translation as we understand it: *Vera* or verity means habitual truthfulness, *Versa*, short for versatile, means artistic temperament with picturesque vocal expression, *Vora*, or voracity, indicates our pathological condition as regards appetite while in camp. There you have it all in a nut-shell.

Now that the introduction is over and we are all acquainted, here goes for a little inside information.

Eight men — eight deer. We all shot — (*Vera*) — that is, we hope to shoot, for although the writer has tramped the woods from sun to sun, day after day, he has failed to bring down a deer. Is it clear in your mind now, dear reader, that this is a true historical sketch and not a flight of fiction? But to resume again. The members of the Club met by appointment at Wells River on the afternoon of November eight, and proceeded thence northward, via the B. & M. and the C. P. R. Our journey by rail was uneventful and tedious, save for the trifling matter of a wrangle with a party who wore brass buttons on his coat and a copper riveted crust on his cheek, claiming to represent H. M. S. — Canadian Customs — and demanding a deposit of \$25.00 to bond our rifles through Canadian territory.

As evidence that this is not a paid "ad." exploiting the luxuries of travel over the C. P. R. or the delightful hospitality dispensed at the sumptuous hotels along the line, I will say that neither soft words nor hard cash were persuasive enough to secure breakfast at the only "Pension" on the "Boulevard" (French accent please), hence, a cold lunch from the locker and a toast drunk standing, before striking into the depths of the forest.

Owing to change of ownership in vast tracts of timber land in this vicinity, we were unable to secure permission to occupy our old camp on Big Indian Pond, but were fortunate in finding a deserted logging camp near Clear Pond which we are permitted to occupy. This camp we christened "Lumber Lodge" and after half a day spent with hammer and saw constructing bunks, benches and brick-a-brack for the bed-rooms, hand-carved, antique pattern chairs, tables and sideboard for the dining room, and collecting a quantity of ax-handled wood for the kitchen—as a matter of convenience these rooms were all in one—then and not until then were we ready to commence house-keeping.

Early the next morning all hands were busy in preparation for the days' hunt. We started out for big game; that is, they started, for the writer did not come into the woods with the rest of the party but arrived several days later—here's another place where the "Vera" crops out. They returned at night, however, without reward, save for a brace of partridges minus their heads. It requires good shooting to clip off the head of a partridge with a bullet, but the B. I. G. Club has several members who carry a license to do that sort of thing—certified copies and affidavits on file in the archives of the Club.

Each day following has yielded its share of game. One evening two deer were reported hung up in the woods, and as evidence, the lucky hunters brought in the hearts and livers. Next day no deer appeared within gunshot, only a few partridges and rabbits were killed. On the following day one deer. Thus the sport varies from day to day until eight deer are slain, and you will have to examine each man's gun and count the new cut notches in the stock to determine who did the shooting.



A day's experience in the woods is fairly well described by the official Laureate of the Club in his introduction to

"THE HUNTER'S PARADISE."

The snow lies deep on the mountains high
And the frost is crisp in the valleys low;
The sun is lighting the eastern sky
And tinting the clouds with a ruby glow,

Now the hunters rise from their pine bough bed
And are up and away with the rising sun,
And the crack of a rifle on ahead
Bespeaks the sport that has just begun.

Through virgin forests bare and brown
He onward moves without delay:
O'er fallen trees, up hill and down
He tracks the deer 'till the close of day;
Then back to camp o'er pathway rough,
He totes the load that his skill has won.
If you call it work it is awful tough,
But you call it sport and it's lots of fun.



If you should drop in on us some evening just as the boys were washing up for supper, and hear them relate their thrilling experiences I think you would readily see where the "Versa" comes into use.

The Club is fortunate in having a battery of excellent cooks, besides the cookiees who are in training and by next year will be rated as professionals. While in camp we live high. Commencing the second day and thereafter, venison, partridge and rabbit are served at all meals—with onions on the side—to say nothing of the embalmed goods brought in from town. In addition to these luxuries singly and severally, each representing its own individuality, we have an occasional stew of them all collectively. And such stews! The ancient crusader's highest ambition in life was to "see Rome and die." The same chivalrous spirit today prompts those who have once tasted this transcendent triumph of culinary art to hazard the chances of death for another taste. The recipe is closely guarded by the silent man who prepares this savory stew only when alone in camp—and he won't tell. I myself, can only guess at its relative contents but I believe it is the seasoning that makes it what it is.

Breath of balsam in the air; odor of coffee on the stove; fragrance of onion cuddled down deep in the bean pot; venison basted to a turn in the oven; biscuit—just like mother used to make—so light that we cover them with the baking pan, lest by the inadvertent opening of the door the wind should blow them off the table; firelight throwing weird shadows on the wall; tired hunters sitting around the stove or reclining on beds of balsam boughs, so hungry they can't wait another minute for the biscuit to bake—they say they can't, but they can if they have to. Here's where the "Vora" gets in its work.

Supper time in camp.

I confess my inability to paint this picture in black and white with anything like adequate justice. The beauty of any picture is not in chunks of raw colors slung together but in the delicate gradations of light and shade and atmospheric effect, so here, it is the mingling of ambrosial essences with the fragrant atmosphere of the woods that puts on the finish. It can not be bottled up and carried away. You must come where it is if you want to enjoy it, for I can only send you the chunks.

Clearing the table and washing the dishes is a very simple matter in camp. In the first place, there are no victuals left on the table to clear away, and secondly, there are few dishes to wash.

I am aware that there is now literature enough extant in the line of camp-fire stories to supply the present generation, so I will not attempt to repeat anything that might be construed as a dream, but will close this sketch by ordering the work of the day closed.

It is now nine o'clock and all hands are tired. Some have already turned in. The construction foreman is snoring in muffled barytone. The dog is cuddled up for the night under cover between the cook and the cookee. The tea-kettle is crooning a lullaby in E flat. The trees of the surrounding forest are murmuring a low chant. * * The clock ticks, — ticks — faint — fainter, — and finally stops for all I know.

Lights are out in Lumber Lodge.

Good-night.

The Art of Happiness.

BY REV. ALLAN CONANT FERRIN, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

HAPPINESS—God does not drop it down from the skies in a jeweled casket; it is first an art, although ultimately it is an inspiration. We need to learn the art, then practice it:

To treat the body as the temple of God and make it a fit dwelling-place for His Spirit by a simple diet, pure air, adequate sleep and invigorating exercise—for health has to do with happiness.

To cultivate the gift of song, for the day of labor and the night of sorrow—for music, like prayer, has its reflex influence, which becomes a transforming power.

To look habitually for the pleasant things in life, the good and the beautiful and the true—for God has made this house we live in with a front, as well as a back door, and it opens out upon beautiful lawns and flower gardens.

To cherish the inspiration of faith and the temper of the optimist—for happiness depends not on outward circumstances, but on an inner dynamic.

To seek day by day, to enrich the mind by more thinking, deeper thinking, thinking through to God—for God is there, behind all the mystery of life.

To appropriate the truth of Jesus that God personally cares for us—for nothing else brings God so near and makes Him so real, and in God is our deepest joy.

These are some of the tools with which to practice the Art of Happiness.

Bijah's New Year.

BY GERTRUDE ELINOR HARRIS, WINDSOR, VT.

"THIS may be the last year of your life. What are you going to do worthy of it?" These words kept ringing through Bijah Johnson's head as he walked with difficulty home from church. With difficulty because the road was icy and Bijah was getting along in years. He was bent and grizzled and grim and words like these had come and gone through his ears for many a year with no effect. He had gone to church this Sabbath before New Year's because he felt it respectable to attend church once or twice a year. As he made his way along he reflected that it was quite true what the minister had said. It *might* be the last year of his life. He did not know what he could do to make it worthy of such a solemn year. Somehow his life seemed all to come before him. A dull life enough and a grinding life. His father had been a shiftless ne'er-do-weel and his mother had gone to the poor farm when her husband died. There was born Bijah and there he lived and worked until his tenth year when he was bound out to a harsh, merciless farmer. After his years of service were up he had gone from one place to another still digging, digging, digging, spending little and saving most of his meager wages.

Ten years before this Sunday afternoon he had come back to his native town of Rockway and purchased a farm with his savings. Here he had lived since then in the big farmhouse alone, thinking and caring for no one but himself. No one else had ever thought of him and why should he think of others? In all his life he could think of no deed of kindness or love for himself or from himself. Just at this point in his cogitations he became aware of voices behind him.

A young girl's voice was saying, "O, Hal, it doesn't seem as if I could stand it. I know Mis' Davis is as good to us as she can be but there are so many in the family and the house is so small." Here came an audible sigh.

There was such a pathetic tone in the girl's voice that Bijah found himself listening for more of the conversation.

"I know it's awful crowded, Sue," came the answer in apologetic tones.

"If I could for once, just once, be where there was room enough," the girl's voice went on, "I don't see why some people that have such big houses don't—" here the voice paused as the speakers went by him.

He saw it was the two Barker children who lived with Zeb Davis. There was Sue, a bright-faced girl of fifteen and Hal a few years younger.

Bijah kept on home but when he entered the house in his accustomed way by the back door, he did not pause as usual in the kitchen, a roomy kitchen but cluttered with dishes, clothing, harnesses, traps, tools and various other things, for Bijah lived solely in this room.

No, Bijah did not stop here, he went on through the house, through the dining room, sitting room, front hall, parlors and even up the broad front stairs and looked into the big chambers.

Everything was cold and musty from being so long unused and shut up but as he came back down to the kitchen a queer smile was on his face. "I'll do it," he said, "I'll give that

little gal and boy a chance to say that for once they're where there's room enough. But I must have someone besides just them. I'll have a party, that's what I'll do!" The old man chuckled and rubbed his hands. "It will be lots of work," he went on to himself, "but I'll do it for it would be worthy. I'll invite all those that live in small houses, too. There'll be the Wintorses, and Widdler Haley, and Mr. and Mis' Lennox, and the Burnses; yes, sir, I'll have the whole Burns family down to the newest baby; yes and I'll invite the poor-house folks because I haven't forgot yet what a miserable life they lead and—and—I will invite cousin Lyddy's folks because they live in a small house. H'm, I should think they did, just a box. Poor Lyddy, but she's happy in it, Lord yes, she's happy!"

The next day Rockway folks were astonished to see that Bijah Johnson had opened his house. Every window up stairs was wide open and such a sweeping and scrubbing and dusting as Bijah gave those rooms I suppose was never dreamed of in Rockway for though growing old there was still considerable energy left in Bijah's muscles made hard by a long life of toil.

At night he viewed his handiwork with satisfaction. Every room up stairs was sweet and clean. Beds were neatly made and fires ready to light in the old fashioned fireplaces.

Next day Bijah worked down stairs. The long unused parlors were put in order and the little old melodeon thrown invitingly open.

Then Bijah looked into the sitting room and what was formerly the dining room opening from it. This latter room was filled with old boxes, barrels and rubbish of a general sort.

"I guess this'll have to be the feedin' place seein' it's so handy to the kitchen," said Bijah and forewith he plunged in. Down from the garret came a stout, long dining table and before night the dining room was ready.

Meantime all the cramped or lonely people in town had received invitations to come to Bijah Johnson's house on New Year's eve.

Not one of them dreamed of refusing and promptly on the evening of December thirty-first they came.

Bijah in his rusty best suit received them smiling and smiling.

"Come right in now, Mis' Lennox," he would say, "and make yourself to him. Ladies will find room up stairs to take off their wraps."

After all the guests had arrived Bijah climbed up stairs and looked into the big bright rooms where there was a pleasant flutter and chatter. After ostentatiously poking the fires he went down again and through the parlors where some of the company were already assembled. To be sure it wasn't a brilliant company, mostly old men and women or men and women of middle age who seemed old they were so bent and broken with work.

The children were making merry in the hall.

Not a brilliant crowd but they made up in happiness what they lacked in brilliancy, and Bijah, as he saw them, was happy, too, more happy than he had been in all his dreary life before.

Then he went out into the kitchen where he found Cousin Lyddy and Sue Barker already established as mistresses of the larder.

"Well, well," said Bijah, "it seems queer to have women folks in my kitchen."

"O," cried Sue (she was rather apt to say "O") "I must go and count noses to see how many plates we shall need," and away she flew on swift feet.

"Such a little woman, Cousin Bijah, you've no idea. It's a shame she has to stay at the Davises where she isn't needed. I only wish Dick and I had room for her," said Lyddy.

"Well, well," said Bijah again, looking helplessly about, "there don't seem to be much I can do here."

"No, no, Mr. Bijah," cried Sue's fresh voice as she returned, "your Cousin Lyddy and I are going to take charge of these affairs," and laughing she shook her brown head at him.

Bijah watched her as a clumsy bear might watch a dainty bird carrying on its tiny housekeeping.

Was this the plaintive voiced girl he had heard just last Sunday?

So the evening passed away with happiness in every heart and Bijah kept thinking as he went in and out among his guests, "This is surely worthy."



A PARTIAL VIEW OF HARTFORD, VT., LOOKING SOUTH TO WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.

Photo. by H. D. Roy.

The Engine St. Lawrence.

Especially did he watch the Barker children. Sue, looking even pretty, with the beauty that youth must have despite everything, was here, there and every where, looking after the comfort of the old people and joining the merry games of the children. Hal, too, seemed the brightest and most manly of all the boys.

When at last the time for departure came Sue said to Hal, "Now Hal, run and help them hitch."

Bijah went to help those who came in teams harness too of course and watched the little fellow tug and pull at straps and buckles in a most capable manner.

When they came back into the house together, they found Sue slowly putting on her hat before the hall mirror.

"O, Mr. Bijah!" she said, "we've had such a beautiful time — I — I hate to go," glancing around the bright warm room that looked more spacious than ever now they were empty.

"It'll seem crampier than ever down to Davises, won't it?" asked Hal, pulling on his faded reefer.

"O, yes, but I feel as if I'd had one good breathing spell," said Sue.

"Do you really need to go back?" asked Bijah rather lamely.

Sue wheeled around from the glass like a flash. "Need! no, indeed they don't need us. We're not needed anywhere," she cried.

"Sho' now!" said Bijah. Then he looked in at the table covered with remains of the feast. "I think I shall need some one to help straighten up," he said.

"O, I'll come up in the morning and help if you want me to. I should love to," cried Sue, eagerly.

"Well, now, young folks," said Bijah, "I've got a proposition to make you. Supposin', seein' you aint needed down to Davises and are needed up here, because I surely need a house-keeper if anyone does and some one to do chores too now I'm getting old, supposin', I say, that you two come up and live with me and let me be your Uncle Bijah. There's surely room enough!" and he chuckled slightly.

The children looked at him amazed, glad, doubtful, hardly believing what they heard.

"What do you say, young folks, will you come?" he asked after a moment.

Then Sue said with a new light flashing in her eyes, "Will we come? Will we come and live here in this great big house with a room to sleep in, a room to eat in, a room to work in, a room to sit in, a room for company and still more rooms? Yes, yes, yes, a thousand times yes, Uncle Bijah." With the last words she put her little clasped hands into Bijah's, whose dim old eyes were slightly moist.

"And you'll come too, won't you, sonny?" he asked.

"You bet," said Hal pulling his reefer off again.

"Uncle Bijah," said Sue authoritatively.

"Uncle Bijah," added Hal.

And that night as Bijah stumped about to put out lights and fasten doors he smiled and smiled as from overhead came the pleasant murmur of young voices and the light tread of young feet. He carried up another armful of wood before he went to bed. The children were just parting for the night, Sue to have the big front chamber and Hal one just across the hall.

"Good night, children," said Bijah as he went down the stairs.

"Good night, Uncle Bijah," called both.

"And — Uncle Bijah — wish you happy New Year," laughed Sue as the clock struck twelve.



THIS handsome engine is the "St. Lawrence" of the Central Vermont Railway Company. It is of such unusual appearance that it invariably receives much attention while passing over the Road. The principal difference in the construction of this locomotive as compared with the ordinary type of engine of its class, is that it has a cab extending to the front of the engine, which is equipped with seats for seven persons. This is reached by a spiral stairway from each side, and must be a delightful place from which to view the ever changing panorama of our hills and valleys. There is nothing unusual in the construction of the boiler or any of the fittings or attachments except that they are very highly finished or nickel-plated. The boiler is covered with an asbestos lagging, which, being a non-conductor of heat, keeps the observation cab comfortable for passengers. The electric headlight throws a most powerful white light and the cab is fitted with incandescent lights. The dynamo is placed between the headlight and smokestack and is driven by a chain attached to a wheel of the forward truck.

The "St. Lawrence" was built by the Schenectady Locomotive Works in May, 1892, for road inspection purposes and such other service as the President or General Manager may have occasion to use it for.

It is a standard built passenger engine, cylinders fifteen by twenty-two inches, driving wheels sixty inches in diameter, driver wheel base seven feet, six inches, total wheel base twenty-two feet, two inches. The weight on drivers is fifty-four thousand pounds and the total weight eighty-eight thousand pounds.

The "St. Lawrence" is capable of attaining a speed of about sixty miles per hour. Its peculiar whistle informs the observant citizen of its arrival apart from all other sounds of railway traffic, and in summer it is frequently seen drawing a couple of magnificent Pullmans over the Central Vermont. The bell is rather oddly placed on the rear of the tender.

Dr. W. Seward Webb's private engine, the "Ne-ha-sa-ne" is very similar in construction but somewhat smaller.

The Journal photographer thinks the "St. Lawrence" must have a "hoodoo" influence over cameras. The above picture was secured after three favorable but ineffectual attempts on different occasions.

The Pastor's Day Dream.

BY REV. WILMOND WARNER, BETHEL, VT.

A STRANGER sat in the pulpit beside the regular clergyman that Sunday morning in the glad golden autumn, and the people cast curious eyes upon him and whispered words of comment about him. The stranger looked down upon them and his eyes were dimmed and a great lump was in his throat and the dimness and the sorrow were because he was a stranger. Why, it was only twenty years that very autumn since he had stood there in that front pew in company with a little row of young men and maidens, and reverently bowed his head before a white-haired old man as the dear old pastor said (with a tenderness of tone such as the blessed Master himself might have used) "I baptize you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost." Surely he knew them all, the worshipers in that little square built old-fashioned church. Good deacon X. must be sitting there in the corner by the door, dear old man with the kindly eyes and the look of benevolent joy on his placid old face. And his wife with the lilacs in her bonnet. He remembered how he used when he was a child to wonder about those lilacs. She always wore them to church clinging to that selfsame old black straw bonnet. Did she pick them herself? Where did they grow? Could he find the bush? He really did not believe his grandmother when she said, "Hush, child, they are made of cloth and wire." And the Misses K., the twin maiden sisters, surely they must be there in the accustomed place and all the old companions he had loved so well. He looked again: a dozen faces, familiar but changed, grown older, care worn, heads with silver threads here and there where all was golden or brown, or black; little children and half grown boys and girls beside them, all the rest strangers.

The stranger in the pulpit roused himself with a start from his reverie. Yes, this was his home church—he was to preach that morning. He arose, announced his text and preached, seeming all the time to himself as one in a dream. The service over, a few of the worshipers gathered around him with eager hand clasps and words of welcome, but to the majority he was a stranger, merely a man who had once lived in that town, that was all.

He was very sad and all the while he was saying to himself, "How very wicked I am to be sorrowful." He could not say with Naomi, "The Lord hath testified against me, the Lord hath afflicted me." He was not given to melancholia. No, far from it. The very light of God's love was wont to linger about his soul with all its sacred joy and all the genial influences of blessed memories and happy hopes attended upon his daily life.

He knew full well that "The world is seldom what it seems" to man who dimly sees realities appear as dreams and dreams, realities; that

"Night is Mother of the Day;
The Winter of the Spring;
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling."

But he was sad with that strange sadness that will come to the soul of the most faithful of God's servants, sometimes, the sorrow of loneliness. The little bell on the worn old table before the pulpit tinkled its summons to the Sunday School, but the

stranger wandered away to the little cemetery on the hill. "Ah! here," he said, as he saw row upon row of new headstones and grassy mounds that were not there in the old days, "Here is the explanation of it all. I know now why I am a stranger in my native town." He turned toward a row of graves in a familiar part of the cemetery. A mass of wild rose bushes had run riotously over the family plot. On a marble slab he read the name of his father, a faded flag, token of Memorial Day, lay on the grave. He turned toward a grave in a secluded part of the little yard, "James Edwards" read the inscription. How the memory of other days grew upon him as he leaned over the headstone. He saw a tall, bent man, prematurely gray, with long beard and hands hardened with toil. He heard a voice, heavy and sometimes gruff. Ah! he remembered too a spring-time when he himself was sick, long, long, weary days and nights of pain when the death angel came and looked upon him, when the slightest noise was thunder and the jar of a sudden step was to his poor tired nerves like a blow from the clenched fist of a strong man. He remembered how that man over whose grave he leaned with tear-filled eyes had come to him as an angel of mercy, how those great hands had lifted him and carried him so tenderly and gently, how that voice became soft as gentle whispers, how that gray head bowed in prayer for him. Oh, to see that face, to clasp those hands, those dear, dear hands once more.

But the hands were vanished and the voice was still. They slept around him: mother, father, sister, brother—the friends and companions of his happy youth. He sat down by his sister's grave and looked out across the valley at the distant mountain sides now rich with the bright tints of autumn. Below him, the village; beyond, the river like a silver ribbon going down to the lake on its way to the sea. Then all grew dim. The river broadened until it became a sea of silver, veiled (some part of it) in a mist soft and filmy as the clouds that hover about the hills of Paradise. The familiar old mountains faded into the distance and in their places arose the alabaster heights and onyx summits of the eternal hills. Silently from out the unspeakable glory came a form all radiant, clad in spotless robes, upon its brow a crown of life, the tenderness and love of heaven beaming in its eyes. It came and stood by the stranger's side, a vision of light and joy and hope and glory.

"Why art thou so sad?" asked the vision.

"Because I am left alone," said the stranger. "All my loved ones are one, the world is empty, the years seem so very long there is nothing left."

But the vision said, "Love is left. God's love abideth forever and his bright angels keep ceaseless vigil over you."

But the stranger said, not contemptuously, but wearily, "Love, why, its sweetest music is but noise and its best sacrifice is unappreciated and empty vanity."

Then said the vision reproachfully, "Hush, look up," and the glorified faces of those he had loved and lost smiled upon him once again and the voices whose tones had cheered him and made him glad breathed words of dearest love in his ear. And the angel said, "Love, my friend, is not a mere sentiment, a quality that evaporates in sighing or that fades into invisibility by mystic contemplation. Nay, rather, love calls fear, walking, serving, hoping, patience, forbearance to its side and they all together in happy harmonious co-operation constitute the divine life and the divine worship of every immortal soul. Love gives all, sacrifices all, does all and yet in the fullest and

only true sense of ownership keeps all forever. Love may seem, my poor discouraged one, as cruel as fire in the testing of qualities, but love is as genial as heaven in the blessing of goodness. You," said the vision to the stranger, "have today, like many another lonely discouraged one, forgotten the reality in the contemplation of the deceiving appearance.

"Your seeming loneliness is the imaginative creation of your own despondency and you frighten yourself with unmanly fears which should not touch, nay, can not touch a soul that is really hidden with Christ in God, the soul that is sheltered in the solemnity of an eternal covenant. You," said the vision, "represent in common with every professed disciple of your crucified and risen Lord, that Lord in the kingdom he has set up in the earth and you of all men ought to remember that the blackest shadow is but the background for the brightest star and this glimpse of the glory of the better land is given you, not to satisfy your curiosity, not merely to comfort your sorrow, which is not reasonable, but rather that the memory of this hour may hereafter be to you an allurements, a silent persuasion, a mighty compulsion toward stronger, nobler purpose, larger prayer, that you may see more clearly, discern more critically, love more tenderly, remembering meanwhile that a day of interpretation will surely come, that a clear beam of light will pierce every mystery. God sent the angels to Jacob centuries ago simply as He sends me," said the vision, "to you today, but Jacob had not so much to do with the top of the ladder which was lost in the brightness of heaven as with the foot of it which rested on the earth, nor had he so much to do with the bright angels who thronged that ladder as he had with the message of life and hope which they brought to his attention. You, coming here to sorrow over lost ones, should rather come here to rejoice that the souls you love are released from all the narrow limitations that trammel you, that they do the Father's will in worlds whose possibilities have never been dawned for one brief instant of thought upon your consciousness, that the gloom and the trouble of night through which you are passing is for them a thing that was, but is now forever lost in the light of eternal day and the solution of all earth's mysteries, its pain, parting, disappointment, bereavement, and perplexities is given them in the application of what they by experience learned on earth and in time to the problems they are permitted to solve and the deeds of love they are called to perform in Heaven and eternity. It is only a little patient service and a little devoted diligent study on earth and then the whole illimitable creation which stretches around us on every hand is made accessible to the liberated soul of the very humblest toiler in the fields of time."

But the stranger pointed to a little mound in the family plot and said, "We buried my little sister there long years ago when I was a child. She was very little, she was with us here only six months. I can scarcely remember how she looked. I have a bit of paper grown yellow with time. When she lay in her little casket I stole into the room and took one of her little hands and laid it on that bit of paper and with my pencil I traced its form there, such a little hand, so tiny and sweet. That is all the memento left of her little brief life here. What could she learn, what experience did she have here in time that should help her in eternity or give her any interest in earth?"

The vision smiled, a smile of ineffable joy and love and tenderness, a smile sweet as that upon the face of the dear Lord himself, when in Galilee, he took the little ones in his own kind loving arms and blessed them and said, "For of such is the

kingdom of heaven," and he said with a new tenderness in his tones, "'The Lord is good to all and His tender mercies are over all His works.' At the very center of the great system of things that are, we have law and mercy and righteousness and love and sovereignty and sacrifice. Centuries ago God gave a code of laws to Moses, and they were put into an ark, and that sacred box was covered with gold and watched by the cherubim. Now when God created man and put him here on earth, He enacted a law and put it on file in the archives of eternity and set his angels to watch over it. That law is as subtle as life itself and as abiding—a law that is a living mysterious, all pervading, ever present personality—a law and yet a life, and that law rules all things that relate to earth and heaven and its heart beat palpitates to the extremities of the universe. The law is this: that because God so loved this world that He was to give and did give His own Son to die for its redemption. He, the Eternal Father, provided that every soul born to any mother any where on this earth, coming to heaven by the way of earth should be in deepest, holiest sympathy with the earth. The soul may have lingered here one brief hour—nay one little minute, then gone home—yet in the growth of that soul in heaven it is made more conscious of its earthly origin and all the pain and sorrow, all the tender love and patience of the life that gave it life, all the hope and anticipation centered in the coming of that life and the disappointment of parting with that undeveloped soul that was to have been such a joy and help to those to whom it was sent. All the knowledge of these things are as essential to the joy of that soul in eternity as in the knowledge of the earth life and death, and shed blood of the glorified Lord. And so as the soul of the baby grows in grace and perfection and knowledge of the Lord and of the Lord's work for it to do in heaven, it also grows in sympathy and knowledge and love of those whom it has left behind on earth and that dear mother who was buried here beside that dear sweet child she parted from so long ago was welcomed to heaven by a daughter who not only loved her the more because she had been separated from her so long a time but loved more than she could have learned to do had she remained with her in the time life, for the simple reason that in heaven she could enter into infinitely fuller sympathy with the mother who was on earth than she could have done had she remained on earth herself.

"Oh! if all the sorrowful mothers of earth could understand," said the vision, "they would not mourn so pathetically and hopelessly beside the little graves. She would know that however it may be that the children whom she has watched over and cared for so many years may not understand and sympathize with her, that little one she had to surrender to God before it had learned to lip the sweet word 'Mother,' that one reared for her in the shining halls of the many mansioned house, trained in the schools of heaven, wandering in perfect ecstasy of joy through the endless archways of the palace of the King, and among the trees of life that grow by the side of the mystic river, whose waters flow over spotless pebbles washed down from the everlasting hills, that one can understand her, and sympathize with every thought and act and hope and joy and sorrow, and will welcome her glad home-coming and be with her forever."

The stranger listened as one whose soul is filled with a perfect musical sense listens for the first time to a grand oratorio. "Is it possible," said he "that heaven is so near and that there is so close and sympathetic relation between the spiritual life and the lives of the universe? That we all, men, women, children,

angels, spirits of the blessed are one, warmed with one divine fire, radiant with one destiny, expectant of the same glory in greater or lesser degree? Ah, then I will never be lonely or sorrowful again. I will find joy and peace in deep spiritual reunion with God, with Christ, with angels, with all things pure and beautiful and grand for thou, indeed, fair visitant from the realms of peace, whose hope is lost in blessed fruition, hast shown me the golden ladder whereon I may climb to heaven."

"And yet," said the vision, "you may need to remember that God will often send His angels in disguise, or rather in the guise of duties to be performed, burdens to be borne with patience, trials to be met with fortitude, that your life must bear witness for you on earth even as it shall prepare you for realms beyond; that faith, humility and obedience are to be cultivated on earth for the reason that they are as essential to the joy of heaven as to the peace on earth. The dignity and responsibility of your life is as real as the immortality which was purchased for you by the Son of God upon the Roman cross outside the walls of Jerusalem.

"You have yet a mission on earth. Bereavement will be sent, the choice one will be taken away, the best one will die, the bird with the brightest wing will take flight, the sweetest singer will become dumb. So it has been, so it will be. Go back to the work where unto the Master sends you; do your best, and never, never until the end, imagine for one instant that you are alone; remember that the dead are more truly living than you are, a larger life blessed with celestial liberty, yet loving and sympathetic with you all the way." The angel paused and turned his head toward the shining hills as though he would depart.

"Stay," cried the stranger, "stay one moment more and tell me this: Is there any sorrow, any regret in heaven?"

"Only this," replied the vision, "only the regret that is with some, whom God left long in time, the regret that they did not more fully enter into the opportunities which earth afforded to serve their Redeemer only, the regret that they came so empty handed into his presence.

There was a sound as of the rustling of wings close beside the stranger, the mist came down and hid the shining heights and wrapped the silver sea and the vision vanished away. The stranger awoke. The landscape was as before, the river still flowed placidly on, the sun kissed the mountain sides, and the red gold of the beeches, and the scarlet of the maples blended with the somber hues of the spruce and hemlock and fir, but close beside the stranger perched on the marble slab at the head of his little sister's grave, a snow-white dove, flown from its home in the church tower, was cooing softly to its self.

The stranger arose and went down the path to meet the people coming out from the Sunday School. "God has taught me a lesson of love and hope," he whispered to himself, "and my teacher was an angel from heaven."

It was only a dream, but it abided in his heart and made him better and happier than ever before. Only a dream, not reason or logic. But does not faith transcend reason? Are there not generous impulses and noble sacrifices that are more convincing than logic? Does not the Gospel of Christ lay its hand upon the human heart and say, "This is the sphere of my mission," and is not every thing that appeals with saving power to the human heart a messenger from heaven? It may be a basket of potatoes to a needy one, or it may be a bunch of wild flowers. It may be the most eloquent utterance of the mightiest genius of

the pulpit or it may be a word of sympathy whispered in an undertone by the poorest and humblest of all Christ's disciples. From whatever source, brought by what messenger soever, if it only makes some life better, it is from heaven; and to the heart that is consciously blest by that message, no matter what others may say or think, it is real; and then, just as when the morning light looks upon a folded flower, it opens its beautiful leaves and shows its thankfulness by telling all the secrets of its heart; so the soul that is blessed loves to tell of its blessings.

Only a dream, but perhaps the stranger's dream was not all a dream, for, what we call death is but translation, liberation, sanctification, coronation, and all way and forever.

"God keeps a niche in heaven to hold our idols, and albeit He brake them to our faces and denied that our close kisses should impair their white, I know that we shall behold them raised complete, the dust swept from their beauty, glorified, New Memmons singing in the great God Light."

While Waiting for the Stage.

BY LUCY RODGERS AYERS, WEST LEBANON, N. H.

FOR a wonder, the circle of loungers surrounding the stove in the little country store at Smithfield were silent. Perhaps the dreary sound of rain falling on the roof and the regular drip, drip, drip, of the water from the eaves, was lulling them to sleep while they idly speculated how the soft condition of the roads would affect the arrival of the stage. If they were on their way to Nod-land, they were brought back by the voice of Nat Worden, remarking, "There comes Eben Davis paddling along like some great web-footed bird. Just look at those rubber boots and that umbrella! There are two results of his ruling passion, that is, to get the most he can for his money. The boots are about two sizes too large; he always buys as large a size as he can wear so as to get all the rubber he can for the money. Presume he thinks they will come to more when he gets ready to sell them for old rubber."

"That umbrella he bought about a month ago of that Jew of a peddler that was along through here. I happened to be over to his house that day, helping him hoe that two-acre piece of corn. That peddler came right out to the field, because he found the women folks all gone, and begun to show his umbrellas. He had some real dandy ones for two dollars and a half, but they were small. I see Davis kind of wanted one but he told the Jew, he wasn't going to pay no two dollars and a half for one of those small things when he could get a good big one over to Wolcott for the same money. 'Haven't you got no big ones?' says he."

"Yes," says the Jew, 'but I can't sell them for less than four dollars; had some cheaper ones but got 'em 'bont sold out. Maybe, though, I've got one left.' He begun to poke over those in the wagon and at last pulled out one all rolled up nice, with a very fancy handle. 'Here's one,' says he, 'that you can have for two and a half; you see it's about a foot longer,' and he measured it by one of the others! Davis just jumped at that offer and pulled his money right out and paid it over. Never stopped to open the thing and look at it to see if it was all right."

"Well," interrupted old man Peters, "I should think that Eben Davis was getting old enough to have some sense and a little business ability. Purty near forty-five aint he? The idee of buying anything that way anyhow!"

"Guess he is just about forty-five," chimed in another lounging. "Good folks, those Davises, but it does seem as if they lacked a leetle in their upper stories. Always want the best end of a bargain and most often get the worst end."

"What was the umbrel', a fairly good one?" queried another.

"Good! I should say not," laughed Nat. "Didn't you see it when he went by? Well, I'll tell you just what kind of a one it was. When we started in to dinner, the sun was shining pretty hot, and I asked him why he didn't use his new umbrel' for a sunshade, so we could go to the house kind of comfortable like. 'So I will,' says he; 'wife's eyes will stick out when she sees us coming in that style, and still more when she sees what a bargain I've got.' So up he puts it; and you just ought to have seen his face. He grew as red as a rooster's comb; but he didn't say anything and I didn't dare to, for I didn't know how he'd like it, so I pretended that I didn't notice anything. But the moths, or something else, had eaten little holes in the folds between the ribs, so the thing would scarcely hold together to open. When we got somewhere near the house, he remarked that it was getting heavy, so guessed he'd put it down. He rolled it all up again just as it was but instead of showing it to his wife, he left it behind the shed door. After dinner he said he guessed he couldn't hoe the rest of the day; said he'd got to go away and I might stay or not, just as I pleased. Well, thought I'd stay, seeing I was there; and I was curious as to what was up so sudden and thought maybe I'd find out if I stayed until supertime. Pretty soon after I went back to the field, I saw him going down the road, on that bicycle he bought of Lem Saunders, this spring. It was an old one and he got it for a mere nothing. Guess it had held together pretty well and run all right before that, but I found out afterwards that it didn't work well that day. He didn't get back though that night until after I went home. Jed Thompson, over on the river road, told me about it. Seems that Davis was after that peddler. He had strapped the umbrella to the bicycle and I s'pose he meant to make him take it back; but Jed overtook him when he was coming home from mill. Davis was going towards home, leading his bicycle, (or trying to) for the thing was smashed up so that it didn't lead particularly well. The only whole thing about the wheel seemed to be the umbrel'; and Davis' face was a sight to behold. His left eye was swelled so he couldn't but just see out of it and he limped every step."

"Thompson see how used up he was, so took him in and carried him home. 'Twas much as eight miles he was from home then, and after he got in with Thompson he let on that his arm pained him terrible. It turned out that he had sprained it pretty bad; had to have the doctor two or three times, which cost him more than the umbrella did."

"He told Thompson that his chain broke when he was going down that steep hill above the Perrin place and he got thrown more than twenty feet into that stump fence 'long side of Perrin's pasture. Maybe he's learned a lesson on getting something for nothing. I notice that he carries his moth-eaten umbrella now, that his wife has patched up for him, and says nothing."

"Didn't catch the Jew, did he?" queried Ned Layton.

"Catch the Jew? No. The Jew took that first turn below Davis' house and went out through Mill Village, while Davis went straight on towards Wolcott; thought he was tracking him all the way, for he asked one man he met, if he had seen anything of an umbrella peddler and he said he had met one about

an hour before, but it proved to be one of those fellows that travel around to get umbrellas and parasols to mend."

"Well," put in Ned, "reckon that aint the first time he's got a good deal for a little. Remember that time we went on that excursion to the lake together, don't you? That time when he was bound to ride on the smaller steamer because they would take you a mile further for a dollar than the large steamer would. 'Now Eben,' said I, 'the water is a little rough today, and seeing you haven't ever rode on the water before, I'd go on the big boat, 'cause it will not rock near so bad, and it may make you sea-sick.' But he poohed at that idee; said his stomach was strong; so we went on the small steamer."

"Quick as we started, he went and found a seat beside Mary Newton, (that he was kind of shining up to then,) preparing to have a delightful trip I suppose. We hadn't been under head-way more'n half an hour before I noticed that he wasn't talking much, and pretty soon he got up, excusing himself to Mary as polite as could be, and got himself out of sight. I surmised what the trouble was for the boat was rocking quite a little, so I followed him to see if there was anything I could do for him. I found him 'heaving up Jonah,' and he was savage as a mad hornet; so I left him and went to entertain Mary the rest of the way. That man was sicker for a few hours, than he ever was before I reckon. He needn't have been so savage about it though, for I tried to entertain Mary well enough so that she wouldn't miss him. Guess I succeeded fairly well, for she promised before we landed, that she would go to the grand concert and dance at Wolcott with me the next week."

"We went to the dance and so did Eben; but he looked 'daggers' at me all the evening, and I presume he was thinking that:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

"There comes the stage," announced Nat, "and Davis is riding. Probably he's been down to his brother's and either got sick of lugging those boots or else tired of carrying such a handsome umbrella. Those green patches on that black umbrel' certainly do look artistic."

But his last remark was lost in the general rush to get outside and gather all the news possible from the stage driver while he stopped.

ONE ON THE CLERGYMAN.

An English clergyman, resident in the Connecticut Valley, recently described some of the customs of the maintenance of the nobility so aptly in a brief conversation that one of his hearers said: "I've learned more in five minutes than I often do at a lecture." "That reminds me of my first parish in Newfoundland," the clergyman said. "While calling on an old lady of my congregation there, she remarked, 'Why, parson, you're more entertaining here than you are in the pulpit.'"

JOURNAL TOPICS.

In addition to the announcement of special articles for 1902 found on the last cover page of this issue, these topics are now in readiness: The new Library at Norwich, by Mary A. Loveland; The new Fletcher Library at Ludlow; The New Dairying of John Wood, poem, by E. C. Sherburne, North Pomfret; Harbingers of Spring, a bird study, by Sara E. Graves, Waterbury; Prince Henry's Welcome to Berlin in 1900, by E. M. Lovejoy, South Royalton.

Ice Boating on Mascoma Lake.

BY REV T. ROSBOKE, ENFIELD, N. H.

IN human nature there is a tendency to seek the new and explore the unknown, and especially is this true when there is a little prospect of some adventure, or of some unusual experience. Mascoma Lake and its surroundings are known for rare beauties of scenery, both on the shores and hill-sides, which ascend from the shores to heights of beautiful view points, as well as for their charming beauty. But it is not generally known that Mascoma Lake is as moody and changeable as some men and women. Take the lake in all its aspects and one may readily and safely affirm that it is an uncertain quantity; its breezes are fitful, and its waters are easily fretted into uneasiness, and, in some ways, the lake is like a wayward child, or a restive colt, moody, changeable, at one time as quiet as a sleeping child, and in a few minutes changed to anger of defiance to the breezes that ruffle the upper surface of the lake. These waters are sometimes as dangerous as an unbroken colt hence the charm of navigating here, but this is not written to describe the summer aspect of the beautiful and charming Mascoma Lake, but to say a little on behalf of its winter aspect.

With a view of tasting (as the Scotchman would say) a novelty the writer was invited to accompany Mr. J. Bennet on the ice boat owned by him and Mr. Ingram. The boat can scarcely be called a boat. It is a very simple contrivance built in the ordinary form of a cross, the arms holding the stays at the mast, and on each end of the arms is a runner about sixteen inches long, firmly fastened to the underside of each arm, and in perfect alignment with each other. The upright part is fitted with a runner which acts as a rudder at the foot of the cross, and at the head is another stay to the mast, making three stays to steady the mast, which is about fourteen feet long and carries a sail suitable for an ordinary sail boat. The mast is set just a little in advance of the cross arms and rests on the upright plank. At the foot of this cross sits the helmsman.

After viewing this simple construction we pushed her into a favorable position and then took our places on board. We started out for a short distance, and then came to a stop. The wind failed us. For about fifteen minutes we were played with, sometimes a little breeze and sometimes none. But oh! how sensitive is the ice-boat! As soon as a wind strikes the sail, off she goes. We soon realized somewhat of the possibilities of this simple device, for bye and bye, we had a breeze which sent us skimming over the ice like a thing bewitched.

Oh! the sensation! It was exhilarating, invigorating, and stimulating, and exceedingly pleasurable to feel yourself bounding along over the ice as fast as a bird on the wing. This ice-boat is as sensitive as a deer, turning swiftly to the right or left at the least variation of the rudder. She is like some live creature on the ice. She appears to shun the breeze as though it contained an element of danger, like a deer scenting danger afar off. She speeds away from one point to another as if seeking some unknown or undiscovered haven of rest. And on we go, darting past the points of shore like some bewitched being! Not many minutes and we are past the quiet nest of the Shakers, and now, there we turn! What a quick, birdlike movement! Almost like lightning we turn and in three seconds we are speeding in the opposite direction.

What fun! What excitement to be making these turns so quickly, and going at such speed! We see a man on the side of the lake clearing ice so as to cut it and team it to the ice-house. We bear down towards him as if we were going to run him down, and, instead, when we come very near to him, we turn. Like a flash the port stay gives way, the sail-boom stay breaks, the mast, boom, and sail go by the board and all seems to be a complete wreck. Mr. Bennett retains his position at the helm but I go sprawling on the ice. However I soon regained my feet, none the worse for the slide, and on examining the wreck we found nothing very seriously wrong, and in a few minutes we had all repaired and the mast and sail in position, and we were again going like the wind.

This experience on the ice-boat is one never to be forgotten and always remembered with pleasure. It is a little surprising that there are so few of these boats ready to put on the ice when the conditions are favorable. It is healthful, and a very pleasurable sport when one is well protected by sufficient warm clothing.



A PRETTY CASCADE AND POOL AT HARTFORD, VT.

Photo. by H. D. Ray.

SUCCESS.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Be what nature intended you for and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—SIDNEY SMITH.

Life is not a scrub-race, in which you have to blind the man on your right and trip up the one on your left to come out ahead. It is worth something to have a clean, clear conscience.

Springfield Libraries.

BY GRACE WHEELER, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

FREE libraries are modern institutions, but our forefathers appreciated the benefits to be derived from library societies, and as early as 1800 our Legislature passed an act incorporating the Social Library Societies within the state. There are traditions of societies early in the century in Springfield, but no records were kept and it is possible they were more on the plan of our Magazine Clubs today. The first public meeting to form a library society was held at the dwelling house of Col. Moses Fairbanks, who lived in the brick building opposite the hotel, on the evening of January 12, 1819, and there were present twelve of the prominent men of the town. They decided to organize the Springfield Central Library, and later in the month the by-laws were adopted and officers chosen. I have not been able to find the by-laws, but Mr. B. F. Dana has kindly given me some facts about the history of the library that are not found elsewhere. Nomias Cobb was made first librarian and the books were kept in his law office.

No person under twenty-one years of age could become a proprietor of the library, and no book could be loaned to a person, outside the society, without subjecting the offender to a fine of fifty cents.

In 1827 the records show there were one hundred and ninety-eight volumes in the library; of that number a few are to be found on the shelves of our present library.

The greater part of the books were histories, and I find a remnant of an ambitious Universal History of twenty-five volumes. The title page states that it is a history of the world from the Beginning of Time, to the General Peace of 1801.

The library had a dear little set of Shakespeare's Plays. There were eight volumes, about the size of the old Watts Hymn books, all bound in calf and illustrated by steel engravings. Of these I can find but four. Harper's publishing house must have been a boon to libraries at that time for it was issuing a Family Library of history, biography, travel, etc., in volumes of uniform size and good clear print. These books came out yearly until there were three hundred of them; but we cannot boast of an unbroken set.

The only work of fiction I can find is a curious little allegorical tale of the Foresters, and our young people would find it a very dull, uninteresting work.

From 1833 to 1834 the library was in the store of Mr. Jonathan Chase. He was the second librarian, and Mr. Dana, as his clerk, had much to do with keeping the records.

The books rarely filled one case and there could not have been more than two hundred and fifty volumes. From that time to 1871 the book-case was carried about to the various offices and stores of the different librarians. Some time before 1850, I cannot find the exact date, Mr. Daniel Rice interested himself in forming an agricultural library association among the farmers and a few villagers. It was very exclusive, only about twenty-five being members, and there were persons so trifling as to say the library consisted of but a sofa-full of books.

These two collections remained separate and distinct until 1871, then, the town, availing itself of the money derived from the sale of the Wesleyan Seminary buildings, founded a free library, and these two small societies disbanded, after giving

their books to the free library. Judge Porter must have been the first librarian, and the books were in a little room back of what is now, as it was then, the Town Clerk's office. After a time, as the library increased in size, it passed into the hands of a dressmaker, who received the rent of the rooms, now occupied by Miss Hutchinson's Millinery Store, in return for her services as librarian.

By the time the library was housed in the Woolson Block, it had reached a respectable size; the books were always selected with great care, so the proportion of really valuable books is much greater than in many more pretentious libraries.

Miss Carrie Putnam was the first salaried librarian and she gave a loving care and service that will long be remembered. More than one child reader blundering through the mysterious catalogue of unfamiliar names has reason to be grateful for her intelligent interest in the books he selected.

Mrs. Damon, the next librarian, developed a memory for numbers and faces that was little short of marvelous. Her term extended through the trying period, when the library was trying to adapt itself to the beautiful building presented to the town by Mr. Harrison Spafford and to which it was removed in 1895. Miss Martha Goodnough is the faithful librarian at the present time.

From 1871 to 1901 the library was open to the public, three afternoons and evenings of each week, but now, through the generosity of one of the Trustees, it is now open every afternoon and evening except Sunday, and the privileges of the Reading Rooms are appreciated in a way that is very gratifying.

The librarian's records show that there are about five thousand volumes now on the library shelves and fifteen hundred and ninety names of persons who have been patrons of the library since 1894.

On November 8, two hundred and seventy-five books of fiction, and fifty-two volumes from all other departments of the library, were taken out. The proportion of fiction is much too great, but no greater than that of other libraries so we have no reason to be disheartened; still it is well for us to remember that the fact of the library's being in our village, does not make it a vital part of our lives. It is rather, the use we make of our opportunities that is the test of its usefulness.

This article is from *THE SPAFFORD LIBRARY MAGAZINE*, recently issued by ladies of Springfield, Vt., in the interest of the village Library. The Magazine is standard size, and contains fifty pages of excellent material, editorial, literary study, stories and poetry, village improvement, book notices, hints to housekeepers, floral notes, and children's corner. This single issue for the year is a model in appearance as well as in completeness of its contents. It is printed on the finest paper and has an attractive two-color cover. Copies of the Magazine can be had of the Librarian at 35 cents each. As a model for other wideawake villages the SPAFFORD LIBRARY MAGAZINE has no superior.

NUBBINS.

Success is often made up of 95 parts gall and 5 parts merit. More gall and less merit have been used with good results. But don't increase the proportion of merit. You'll spoil the whole business.

To learn, ask questions. But ask easy ones. People will think you're a fool if they can't answer you.

The man who sits sighing for an education, capital, or friends, is looking through the wrong end of the telescope.

Wayback on the Farm.

BY X. Y. Z., SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

It is of one Wayback, I have to tell,
Who was named for one Platt T. C.
And, although not a noted political boss,
A most excellent farmer is he.

Do not think just because he's named Wayback,
And lives way up on the hill,
That he's one of the kind they call verdant,
To be humbugged and cheated at will;

For he reads all the prominent papers,
Contributes to several 'tis said,
And instead of being behind the times,
He is just a little ahead.

The most singular trait of our Wayback friend,
Is the methods which he employs
To drive away swindlers and confidence men,
Tree peddlers and mischievous boys.

When humbugs and swindlers come prowling about,
Would you have me his methods rehearse?
If so, and you not too critical are
I'll endeavor to do so in verse.

He keeps no shot-gun, that's rusty and old,
Nor bulldog, that's toothless and blind;
But he numbers his allies by many a score
Of a very effectual kind.

He keeps close at hand, perched up on a stand
In the shade of the neighboring trees,
That ne'er question if right or proper to fight,
A myriad of hot footed bees.

Now, when some swindler approaches the door,
The method is something like this,
A more effectual one could scarcely be found,
And has never been known to miss.

She pulls the string and the fan-wheel revolves,
The bees to get angry begin,
And e'er he realizes from whence they come,
They are making it hot for him.

This plan, you must know, is the mistress' own,
Well suited to feminine joys,
But when the Lord of the ranch is at home,
He, a different method employs.

Now let us suppose, and supposing
A swindler has just come from York,
E'er he leaves he will think his name's Dennis,
A fresh importation from Cork.

He approaches the house, gains admission,
The words from his mouth flow like oil,
As he tells our friend how to gain riches
Without any back-aching toil.

He tells of the grandest investments,
Paying percentage, at least twenty-four,
And he thinks, if our friend would but largely invest
They could surely be made to pay more.

And so, he runs on without ceasing,
Our friend is so nice and polite,
That he fancies that surely a sucker he's caught,
Thinks he has a bonanza in sight.

"Excuse me, dear sir," says our hero,
"The stock I to water must mind."
And the bunco man thinks that this 'watering stock'
Is a trick to which he is inclined.

As he starts for the barn on his mission,
Bunco man follows closely behind,
For he fears, that if long he is left to himself,
Our friend may be changing his mind.

On the way let us watch our friend's visage,
See the smile deepen into a grin,
As he thinks to himself, you just watch out
And see how I'll entertain him.

Now my friends, do not burst off your buttons,
For you're sure to immoderately laugh,
As you witness this bunco man climbing the fence
When he loosens that Galaway calf.

The calf given freedom to exercise take,
The barnyard, goes capering round,
With a running high jump, the high fence he clears
Like a deer, when pursued by a hound.

As our swindler looks back o'er his shoulder,
Sees the calf clear the fence at a bound,
He starts with a much quickened motion
In the direction of Long Island Sound.

"Call again my dear sir," our friend sweetly calls,
"We have much this occasion enjoyed."
Then he turns to his wife and remarks with a smile,
"That, my dear, I call fun unalloyed."



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BY E. WELLMAN BARNARD, SPRINGFIELD, VT.



MONTREAL AND BOSTON DAY EXPRESS PASSING THROUGH THE WINOOSKI VALLEY NEAR NORTH DUXBURY, VT.

Illustration from the "Summer Homes" Book of the Central Vermont Railway.

Uncle Hiram's Sunshine Factory,

BY C. W. SCARFF, BURLINGTON, VT.

Gen. J. G. McCullough,

SKETCH AND PORTRAIT.

Two Headers,

BY GEORGIA WHITE, BELLows FALLS, VT.

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BY SARA E. GRAVES, WATERBURY, VT.

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CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

VOL. FOUR—No. 5.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., FEB., 1902.

10 Cents a Copy.
50 Cents a Year.

Uncle Hiram's Sunshine Factory.

BY C. W. SCARFF, BURLINGTON, VT.

Say, have you met my uncle? No? Well, then you've missed a treat For he's the sweetest tempered man that e'er you chanced to meet He always sees the beautiful, wherever he may be, If looking at a hobo, some redeeming trait he'd see. The neighbors always send for him whenever they get blue, And presto, change! It's wonderful what Uncle Hi can do. He sits right down beside them in a friendly sort of way And soon they're all a smiling and a feeling bright and gay. They say, he may be counted short on theologic creeds, But long enough and wide enough in doing Christian deeds.

And now, about his factory, I'll tell you on the fly, It's just a little harmless joke agin my Uncle Hi. It happened when away from home a little while ago, A visiting the Pan-o-rama out in Buffalo. My Uncle was a looking 'round and taking in the sights, And what astonished him the most was them electric lights. They rattle-dazzled everyone; it seemed a wondrous trick, That water could be made to burn through miles of candle wick. And then such victuals that he saw in tablet form compressed, You push the button down your throat and nature does the rest.

Such startling things confused my Uncle more than I can tell. So when on Sabbath evening, half asleep in church, he fell To musing on the present, in a happy frame of mind, And thinking of the future life, at peace with all mankind, He dreamed that even sunshine could be crystallized, like pills, And he chuckled as he reckoned how they'd lighten doctors' bills And all the while, the preacher was endeavoring to say That sunlight was a sovereign cure to drive the blues away, And then he said, quite fervently, "O brethren, why not start A sunshine factory right at home; I feel it in my heart To emphasize the statement, so I say it o'er again;" My Uncle caught the meaning and he shouted out, "Amen!"

Next day my Uncle started with this project on his mind, To organize a company if happily he could find Sufficient capital to coax the sunlight from the skies, For he was sure that men of means could make it crystallize. He went among the millers, but they told him, half in fun, His faculty would not work at all where smoke obscured the sun. He climbed the hill where palaces were built with towers high, With roofs of glass and windows large, uplifted to the sky. He thought he'd struck it rich at last, the sun shone down so fair, The owner kicked him off the place, he had no light to spare. He wandered on from house to house, 'till weary, sad and sore, He sat him down to rest awhile beside a cottage door.

And while he was a resting, disappointed like and faint, Yet not inclined to worry or to make the least complaint, He heard a gentle voice within that partly open door Repeat a joyful message that had cheered him oft before, 'Twas how the King of Glory sent His Son, the Prince of Peace, To give us light and liberty, from bondage to release. This satisfied my Uncle that he'd find a welcome there; He recognized relation in that simple word of prayer. With confidence he entered, feeling quite a bit relieved, And sure enough, the sequel proved that he was not deceived.

He found a helpless cripple, propped with pillows on a cot, But still, she seemed quite happy and contented with her lot. The scope of her horizon was that little darkened room, A prisoner, some folks would say, within a living tomb. Yet not to her a prison, but a stately palace hall, Where royally she entertained her neighbors one and all. My Uncle sat and listened while this saintly woman told Her visions of a city where the streets were paved with gold. In thought, they journeyed onward and explored far distant lands 'Till they found a final lodgment in a house not made with hands. Thus they talked of things celestial, voicing sentiments inspired, And when Uncle started homeward he forgot that he was tired.

That evening at the supper table, Uncle started in To give a brief description of the places where he'd been. He told us first of all, about the invalid he met, And if Auntie hadn't stopped him he'd be likely talking yet. He demonstrated clearly what was patent from the start, That manufactured sunlight is a product of the heart. For he whose daily life is spent supplying other's needs, Has crystallized the sunlight into noble acts and deeds. 'Tis plain, that if the sunbeam through a prism can diffuse A momentary splendor, flashing brilliant rainbow hues, The heart can take a sunbeam—if the heart be not impure— And radiate an atmosphere of colors that endure.

This application struck my Uncle Hi as something new, But when I had explained it, he admitted it was true, And then Aunt Martha mentioned—and she said it with a smile— "He's got a fact'ry of his own that's working all the while, He's always on the lookout for a chance of doing good, A peddling joy and sunshine all around the neighborhood." And ever since that evening when the argument began, We mention Uncle Hiram as the "Sunshine Fact'ry Man."

TWO NEW TOPICS OF THE NEXT ISSUE.

"Charleston and the Exposition, with Impressions of the South," is the title of a very interesting and instructive article in the next issue of the JOURNAL. It is written by Prof. W. D. Parsons of Woodstock, Vt., and will be finely illustrated. A portrait and sketch of Fletcher D. Proctor, candidate for the Governorship of Vermont, will also be a feature of the number.

Two Headers.

BY GEORGIA WHITE, BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

HARDLY a year had passed since Fred Torrey, a comparatively recent addition to the legal light of Hillsboro, had married Miss Ruth Allen, and now society was shaken to its center by the news of their separation. Mrs. Torrey, in taking leave of her most intimate friend, just before starting for her mother's home in another part of the country, had expressed the hope that no one would know her departure to be final for a while, as she feared the knowledge might injure her husband's business, and she had no desire to cause him any further trouble. But the rumble of the fast express that bore her had hardly died away before her affairs were being canvassed in a most thorough manner.

"The hired girl says," began Mrs. Evans, who lived next door, and had just dropped in at the neighbor's opposite, "that he was a poor provider and wouldn't allow her but two pounds of butter a week—company or no company."

"Well, now I don't believe it," said Mr. Pierce before his wife could interpose, "he must like cheap sweet cake better than I do, if that is true. I have known Ruth Allen, girl and woman, and I tell you what it is, Torrey has my sympathy."

"Why, James!" exclaimed his wife.

"That's all right, Mary; I'm sorry for Torrey, you know, to think that he has lost her."

"Of course, he must have been the one to blame," continued Mrs. Evans, "for everybody knows what a sweet girl Ruth Allen always was. How happy she looked the day she was married; why, her face fairly shone."

"Soap, probably," grunted the incorrigible Pierce.

"There was blame on both sides, no doubt," commented his mild-spoken wife, "but even Mrs. Smith, who is a friend of both, doesn't know exactly what the matter is."

"Now that is strange, but then it is Ruth all over," said Mrs. Evans. "It's my opinion she didn't talk enough. She is too reserved, too proud. If anything came up, instead of talking the matter over, she would brood over it until she made herself miserable, and him too. I see that you agree with me, Mr. Pierce," as she caught that gentleman's eye. "I am real sorry that it has happened, for it will give rise to so much gossip, and make it very unpleasant for him if he tries to stay here. Now while I am out, I guess I will just run over to Mrs. Smith's. I've been owing her a call for some time and, as you say, she may know more about this than any one else."

And rising, their visitor hurried away to pay her social obligations, while Pierce confided to his wife that he didn't believe Evans could complain of things not being talked over enough, and that Torrey's affairs seemed to him to be in a fair way to receive all the ventilation of that kind they needed.

Meanwhile Torrey sat in his deserted home with a cigar between his teeth and in his hand the following letter which he had found pinned to the headrest of his favorite chair:

"As I have made no secret of my preparations for the past few days it will probably cause you no great surprise to learn that I have gone to mother. I have kept my own counsel and you can tell the neighbors, if they seem curious, that my mother is sick and has sent for me to take care of her, which is in fact true. That I do not intend to return, you can reveal when you see fit.

RUTH.

P. S. The next time you gamble in the matrimonial lottery, I hope it will be your good fortune to draw a female bicyclist, like that Miss Terry, whom you admire so much and whose ankles, in the outlandish rig she wears, look as though she was afflicted with ring-bones."

"I wonder if she knows what a header she has taken," muttered Torrey, as he sat staring at the above missive. But his half smile of amusement was soon succeeded by a hard, angry expression, and he reviewed his short married life with some bitterness.

A bachelor in comfortable circumstances, he had opened a law office in Hillsboro a few years before, more for the sake of having an object and career in life than for the profits likely to be obtained from his practice. Being thoroughly well-read and grounded in his profession, however, and possessed of considerable forensic ability, he had established himself very successfully when he first met Ruth Allen.

Cosy rubbers of whist, small evening parties of three or four followed each other in rapid succession until Torrey found himself paying quite assiduous court to Miss Allen, whose quiet air of good breeding, evident intelligence and dignity of manner appealed pleasantly to his idea of a "womanly woman."

Torrey who had reached the age when a home and fireside of one's own seems not only a desirable but a necessary thing for true comfort, accepted the role of lover assigned to him, and before long the engagement was announced.

That Ruth was really in love with her husband, no one who saw her on her wedding day could doubt. Her face, as Mrs. Evans said, shone with the light of happiness, and the bridegroom's countenance wore a look of satisfaction that boded well for the future.

But the serpent entered their Eden a-wheel.

Torrey became an enthusiastic cyclist, greatly to the disgust of his wife, who considered the bicycle about as suitable a plaything as a velocipede for a gentleman of her husband's position. His first awkward attempts at riding and the amusement they caused mortified her extremely, and when she ventured to remonstrate with him his good-natured scorn of her objections seriously offended her.

As Mrs. Evans had suspected, she said no more on the subject but brooded over her husband's careless remarks and nursed her dislike of the wheel until she could hardly endure the sight of one.

Then, too, the latent jealousy of her disposition was aroused when Torrey, who soon became an expert rider, joined a bicycle club and spent all his leisure time a-wheel, going off with a gay cavalcade of cyclists on what they were pleased to call club runs, and returning full of the exploits of a certain Miss Terry, who, it seemed, could ride faster and up steeper hills than any one else in the company.

At length he noticed his wife's increasing reserve and coolness, and thinking that perhaps she had reason to feel somewhat neglected, determined to make her a partner of his joys as well as his sorrows. So buying the lightest and prettiest of ladies' wheels he could find in the market, he took his way home one night, satisfied that no woman in her senses could help being pleased with such a beautiful present.

"Ruth," he called as he reached the house, "Come out and see what I have for you."

With a half-expectant look, Ruth came to the door, but when her glance fell on the wheel, she colored wrathfully and her eyes flashed.

"See what a pretty bicycle I have bought for you, Ruth," said the unconscious Torrey. "Just put on your hat and I will teach you to ride in no time."

"Thank you; you are very kind, but I have no desire to learn."

"No desire to learn! Why, you don't know what fun it is."

"Fun for children, no doubt; but hardly suitable for grown people and certainly vulgar for a woman."

"Vulgar! Now, Ruth, that is nothing but narrow prejudice.

If you would take a tuck in your skirts and spin around on a bicycle until you lost a few of those boarding school notions, you would be a great deal better off. Some of the nicest ladies in town ride wheels. There is Miss Terry for instance."

"Miss Terry," scornfully, "is my idea of a dashing young gentleman, not of a gentlewoman. If she were a person of any refinement at all, she would never appear out in her present style of costume."

"You are not obliged to affect her costumes or her manners if you don't like them. But she is jolly good company, let me tell you, and a mighty sensible girl."

"Oh! yes," assented Ruth sarcastically, "she is extremely rational, especially in her dress. If you admire that order of woman so much, why didn't you marry one of them?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Torrey brutally, "possibly because none of them everlastingly put themselves in my way."

His wife favored him with one withering glance, and then turning, swept upstairs to her room, the door of which she closed, such was the strength of her refinement, without slamming.

Torrey partook of a solitary supper, and mounting his wheel went off in no very amiable frame of mind to take his usual evening spin. As he pedaled easily and swiftly through the shadows, enjoying the beauty of the night and his own gliding motion, his anger wore away and a tardy repentance of his ungallant remarks took such possession of him that he soon turned about and wheeled towards home with a half-formed idea of proving to Ruth that very night that he was not quite such a brute as he appeared to be.

But no Ruth was visible. Pride would hardly have allowed her to parade her swollen eyelids and tear-stained face before her husband had her grief fully spent itself, which it had not; consequently his softened mood had time to undergo another change.

The atmosphere of the breakfast table the next morning was decidedly chilly and the domestic thermometer, as Torrey now reflected, had dropped steadily ever since, until they had both been frozen to such a state of rigidity that their only conversation during the past month had been on purely business topics and had been conducted with impressive dignity.

And now, unable to endure it any longer, she had gone, and Torrey, as he threw himself on the lounge to snatch a few hours' sleep before daylight, was so disgusted with it all that he scarcely knew whether he was very sorry or not.

But Ruth as her train rushed through the darkness, thought with regret of the past and with horror of the future. Furtively she wiped away the trickling tears, feeling that life held nothing more for her except a bald existence. Long before the end of her journey was reached she began to question the reasonableness of her position, and blushed scarlet when she chanced to remember the note penned in her excitement and left behind her.

From the altered manner of his acquaintances when he met them down town the morning after his wife's departure, Torrey concluded that the note had been perused by the hired girl before he received it, and he shrewdly surmised that his family affairs must be, for the nonce, the favorite topic of the hour. People to whom he was in the habit of speaking became absorbed in a three-weeks-old poster as he drew near, while others whom he barely knew went out of their way to bow to him and cast commiserating glances upon him. He also noticed that several groups, which hushed their conversation while he was passing by, all seemed to be talking of butter, but not understanding what connection this staple product had with his domestic infelicities, he went on his way serenely.

A short confab with his neighbor Pierce furnished a key to the mystery and further enlightened him with regard to other equally sensible reports which were being actively circulated. Even the most callous individual seldom enjoys being a marked character in a country town, and Torrey, to whom the approbation of his fellows was as the breath of his nostrils, found the position intolerable. After a month or two of it he closed his house and office and set out on a pleasure trip, with the determination of remaining away until time should have assigned him a second or third place at least in the public attention.

He had been gone perhaps a couple of weeks when Ruth, who could stand the suspense no longer, wrote to Mrs. Smith on some trifling errand, carefully avoiding all direct reference to her husband. Her astute correspondent, however, read between the lines and managed in her reply to convey the information that Mr. Torrey had left Hillsboro to take an extended bicycle tour through Europe.

On the receipt of this letter poor Ruth felt her anger flame up afresh, while her despair increased as she realized the quality of her husband's temper.

She was miserable enough when an unacknowledged hope buoyed her up, but now she weakened so perceptibly as to excite the alarm of her mother, who insisted upon having medical attendance. When her daughter first reached home, Mrs. Allen had been too ill to receive her confidences, and later a feeling of disgust at her own conduct had restrained Ruth from making a full confession so that the mother had in reality very little idea of what the trouble was all about.

The family physician was accordingly called in, and after looking the patient over carefully, he said shrewdly, "Your trouble, Mrs. Torrey, is a mental one, which no amount of medicine can reach. You are on the verge of nervous prostration and the best thing you can do is to buy or hire a bicycle and spend the greater part of your time in its society. At first it will require the utmost concentration of all your faculties to stay on the wheel, with no surplus power of mind left to think about anything else, and by the time you have mastered the machine your cure will be half effected. Afterwards the pleasure you will take in riding will complete the good work."

For a moment Ruth was speechless with indignation, but dissembling her emotion, she assured the doctor that she would follow his advice about taking plenty of exercise, and managed to send her medical adviser away with the idea that she intended to purchase a bicycle that very day.

But not so. She took to pedestrianism instead, dragging her spiritless self over miles of country and growing steadily weaker all the time.

Maternal love and common sense at last came to the rescue. Mrs. Allen, after a secret consultation with the doctor, procured a bicycle from a second-hand dealer, on her own responsibility, and surprised her daughter by trundling the machine home.

"There, Ruth," she said, "I want you to give this bicycle cure a fair trial and to begin it right away."

Ruth glanced at the rather clumsy-looking wheel of her mother's selection, and the sight of it brought vividly to mind her husband's pretty gift which she had so contemptuously spurned.

"Indeed, mother, I am not going to make myself so ridiculous. It is all nonsense to imagine that riding that thing will do me any good."

"I am going to know whether it will do you any good or not," answered her mother, whose refinement was not of the troublesome kind. "As for the ridiculousness of it, if I thought that making mud-pies would bring a little color into your face I should see that you took that kind of exercise every day. Now unless you can give me a reasonable excuse for refusing, I shall expect you to pay some deference to my wishes."

And Ruth, secretly ashamed to avow her real objection, yielded, not ill-pleased to abandon her false position, seemingly against her will.

For the next few days she wrestled mightily with the problem of stable equilibrium on an unstable foundation and every night, bruised and weary, sought her bed to indulge in a long dreamless sleep that proved a better tonic than any drug which was ever concocted.

Her first unsuccessful attempts excited her obstinacy, and she determined to conquer that wheel if she never rode a rod on it afterwards. Dishevelled hair, torn skirts and violent collisions with Mother Earth became as nothing in the accomplishment of her purpose, and the first time she alighted from her wheel because she wanted to, and not because she had to, she felt something very like a thrill of pleasure.

Insensibly her languor gave way to animation, her eyes brightened and her face lost many of its weary, discontented lines, though it still often wore a sad and troubled expression.

Her mother noted the improvement with a joyful heart and, thoroughly convinced of the soundness of the bicycle treatment, raised no objections when Ruth announced her intention of taking a short excursion by herself to one of the neighboring towns.

Donning a skirt whose length, had she paused to think of it, might have recalled some critical remarks regarding Miss Terry's taste in dress, she mounted her wheel one beautiful morning and rode away, assuring her anxious mother that she would be careful not to ride too fast or too far.

Once clear of the town, she turned into a shady highway flecked with sunshine and, slackening her pace, proceeded to enjoy her surroundings. As she pedaled easily over the smooth road she fell to thinking with bitter regret how perfectly happy she would be could she only know that a certain "diamond frame" of her acquaintance was rolling close behind her and, by a natural sequence of ideas, began to picture the pleasures of a bicycle tour through Europe for two congenial companions.

So lost was she in these reflections that she rolled over the brow of a long crooked hill without applying the brake or even

attempting to back-pedal. When she at last came to a realizing sense of her situation, she was coasting down the steep incline in a most reckless manner and an approaching cyclist was evidently considering the advisability of leaping the fence by the side of the road as the safest way of avoiding a collision.

Panic-stricken, Ruth took a firm hold of the handle-bars and tried to keep in the middle of the road, but a sudden turn half way down the hill was too sharp for her to make at that speed and she took a header that landed her in the ditch with a twisted ankle and a ruined wheel.

The force of her fall stunned her for a few moments, and on regaining consciousness she found that some one with a strangely familiar touch was sopping her temples with water, while a voice which made her pulses leap with new life was inquiring with anxious solicitude for her welfare.

"Why, Fred!" she gasped, sitting up suddenly. "I supposed you were in Europe."

"Lucky I am not under the circumstances, I should say," answered Torrey, making a ridiculous attempt to disguise his satisfaction at her evident delight in seeing him again. "I hope it is not your usual practice to coast down hills in that fashion, for it looks dangerous, to say the least. Any bones broken?" he asked quickly as Ruth made an effort to rise to her feet and sank back with an exclamation of pain.

"Something seems to be the matter with my ankle; but really, I am afraid I am hindering you."

"Not at all, I assure you," said Torrey with an amused twinkle in his eyes. "Just let me examine that ankle, will you?" Then as he gently bound his handkerchief around the swelling joint, he continued, "I am only in this part of the country to look after some stray property of mine and time isn't at all precious."

He glanced at her to note the effect of his words, but she was busily engaged in pulling her battered hat into some kind of shape and he had time to remark the change in her appearance before she looked up.

"You have been sick," he said sharply.

"Not so very," she answered with a quick flush, "and I am almost well now. I—I think," hesitatingly, "that the bicycle cured me."

"It must have been a pretty desperate illness that drove you to that remedy," he could not refrain from saying, but repeated swiftly when he saw her drop her head to hide the tears. "There, now, let me help you up and then if you can manage to mount, I think we can get out of this all right; for I, fortunately, have a tandem wheel which another fellow and I have been trying, and I can take you home with that in less time than I can hunt up a horse and wagon and more easily."

With her husband's help Ruth climbed to the front saddle; then pushing the tandem to the top of the hill, Torrey mounted behind and they were soon spinning along the country road toward Mrs. Allen's home.

"How would you like to go through Europe in this way, Ruth?" he asked presently as they came to a quiet stretch of highway. "I will buy this tandem and we can try it if you say so."

"Oh, I wish you would," was the low response.

"Ruth," said Torrey earnestly, "I shall have to stop long enough to get off and kiss you."

And he did.



Gen. J. G. McCullough.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE WHO
SEEKS TO BECOME GOVERNOR OF VERMONT.

John Griffith McCullough was born near Newark, Delaware, in 1835, of Scottish and Welsh ancestry. Left an orphan at eight years he obtained an education in the common schools and graduated from Delaware College at the head of his class. He studied law in Philadelphia and was admitted to the Bar of Pennsylvania in 1859. Health failing, he went to California the same year and won marked success in his profession. With the opening of the War of the Rebellion he became an active supporter of the Union cause, was elected to the Legislature in '61, to the State Senate in '62, and to the Attorney-Generalship in '63. Retiring from office in 1867 he again practiced law until 1873, when he removed to Bennington, Vt., the home of his father-in-law, Trenor W. Park.

Since coming to Vermont, nearly thirty years ago, he has not practiced his profession but engaged in banking and railroad interests. He is president or director of numerous corporations within and without the State. He has represented Vermont at three republican national conventions, and was a Senator from Bennington county in 1898. During the campaign of 1898 his name was put forward as a candidate for governor, but was subsequently withdrawn.

Mr. McCullough was married in 1871 to Miss Eliza Hall Park and they have four children.

His house at 88 Park avenue, New York, here presented, is one of the palatial residences of the city. His farm and summer residence is at North Bennington, Vt.



GEN. JOHN G. McCULLOUGH'S RESIDENCE AT 88 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Vermont Maple Syrup

AND THE ENVIRONMENT OF ITS MANUFACTURE.

BY E. WELLMAN BARNARD, SPRINGFIELD, VT.



WHEN VERMONTERS congregate at some special social function where responses are expected concerning the State and its products, the speakers may be relied on to advance at least the claim of excellence for the men it sends to other states and countries to become noted factors in the land of their adoption; for its gracious women; for its pure bred Morgan horses; and its far-famed maple sweets. These claims are in a great measure valid and the inborn pride that vouches for them is pardonable for of the first it is only necessary to consult municipal, state and national Blue books to find corroborative evidence; the second are known the world around in art and song and story. The supple Morgan, elastic to the tread of his native hills with arching neck and prancing feet, an ear for martial music, and an intelligence too

often of higher degree than his master, has enlivened the trotting and road stock of the country. It is of the last product and the environment of its manufacture we will treat.

Vermont has become as justly celebrated for its fine flavored maple products as for the fine silky fibre of merino wool, for the climate and soil contribute to that end as much as do the soils and climate of Cuba, Porto Rico and Sumatra to the delicate aroma of tobacco; and it is safe to add that nowhere else in the known world do these exact conditions occur to such a great degree as in the section which comprises upper New England and some portions of New York and Canada. There is probably no crop dependent upon the elements, so sensitive to and actuated by meteorological conditions, as this, from the day the bud of the maple tree bursts forth a tiny leaf in May or June to the day of sap flowing in the March or April following. The summer's heat is quite as essential as the winter's cold, for the former makes the starchy growth to the tree that the latter converts into sugar, and while the sugar maker is blistering in his hay field in midsummer or putting up the fires to keep out 30° below zero temperatures when winter shuts him in, he knows the right forces are at work in nature's laboratory to produce his sugar crop and so is patient in his discomfort.

The sugar season may commence early in March or it may be delayed until April, all again "depends on the weather." The old time saying "When ye ancient moon of April shall glow, so shall ye maple sap in abundance flow," often holds good in these latter days, but should it so happen that two old moons come in April then the sugar maker must chance his last harvest, which usually closes the season.

As the sun advances northward from its long southern sojourn and the north and south storm winds lock and interlock

for supremacy, the frost and fury line gradually recedes and the more direct, active rays of the sun thaws out the hard frozen timber, the crows hold their annual matrimonial pow-wow for pairing, blue birds come and a snow crust forms each night strong enough to bear a man. It is then the sugar maker begins to think of his annual effort.

All up to date plants have substantial buildings, running water, and heating apparatus and use galvanized iron tanks for gathering and storage, also buckets and spouting and other utensils of same material, and this was all well cleansed and put away in good order at the end of last season, but not withstanding, it amounts to a considerable chore to put things in proper shape for the sugaring. Of course an ample supply of fuel has been provided and housed a year or more in advance so that it may be very dry, for a quick hot fire is one of the main factors of rapid evaporation.



SAWING WOOD WITH GASOLINE ENGINE FOR THE ARCH.

The winter of which we write was very severe in Vermont from the beginning of the new year. The mercury fell many nights in succession from ten to forty degrees below zero, according to location, and February proved to be a very stormy month with three well defined blizzards that left great depths of snow, varying from three to fifteen feet. It seemed that the only chance for the sugar maker was to shovel and plow deep roads to the maples, for he who delays loses the best runs of sap. This was disheartening and involved no small amount of labor and expense, but the muscle in man and beast that had grown strong from constant service on the highways did not falter and the "round" was duly made.

Not long afterward, one bright sparkling morning, when Mt. Washington, sixty miles in air line distant, looked like chiseled marble in the brilliant mirror-like atmosphere, reminiscent of Alpine peaks, and Moosilauke's blue pinnacle was golden in the rising day, and the purple heights of the Corbin game Park and "old Ascutney" seemed only a mile away, a robin red-breast just from his winter home "way down in the land of the sky" chirruped a cheery greeting from his paternal tree and bade the sugar-maker speed away to the woodlands and tap his trees and set buckets until the musical strains of the dripping sap was mingling with those of the happy feathered songsters overhead and the sugar season was on.

Let our city and southern friends who imagine the Northland has no charms until decked in summer or autumn garbs of many greens or tri-colors take a tramp over Vermont hills on the snow

crust in sugar time and their lungs and nerves will respond to the health giving impetus and open to them a new source of enjoyment.

The exact locality referred to is at Open Ridge Place, in Springfield. Here along the base of that high elevation known as Camp Hill, and so called because being along the line of the old military road from "No. 4" fort in Charlestown, N. H. to Crown Point, N. Y., it was used as a sentinel point and camping ground by Gen. Stark and others during the French and Indian Wars of the last century, can be found fine samples of the best sugar maples to be seen in Vermont, and some ancient trees of giant proportion that must have been rooted before those propitious times, "spared monuments" to the sugar industry. Maple sugar and syrup have been made on the farm for past a century and by successive generations of the same family, so a resume of the evolution of the business may be of interest.

Tradition avers that the first sugar was made by the Indians. It is possible that Skichchawaug, whose wigwain was further down on the steep declivity that bears his name near the banks of the winding Connecticut, or his cousins or his aunts, may have been the pioneers. They made a slit in the bark of the tree, inserted a quill and caught the sap in a miniature birch bark canoe. The first settlers did not improve very much on this method for they boxed the tree, thus destroying its vitality, used a bark spout and caught the sap in a short wooden trough dug out of a log. The sap was boiled in a five-pail kettle hung up on three poles in the woods with the sky for a roof. It was simmered and stewed until it assumed the color of blackstrap and then pronounced good.

The first real improvement was to set a large kettle in a brick arch under a temporary cover and use a large wooden bucket of split and shaved staves, tapping the tree with an inch auger and using a sumach spile for a spout. A little later the hole in the tree was reduced and a cast iron pan set on an arch took the place of the kettle for boiling. This method continued up

to about 1855 when a sheet iron pan was used and the ordinary turned wooden pail of commerce with ears instead of a bail was adopted for buckets. The hole in the tree was reduced to about one-half inch which has since remained the standard bore for tapping bits. Two and even three spouts were sometimes used to a bucket but this was found injurious to the tree and of no practical advantage, one spout producing as large a quantity of sap as three in such close proximity.

The ideal sugar day is a sunshiny one with mercury at fifty-five degrees and a light steady north-west wind with twenty-five degrees temperature the night before, but it often happens that there is a great outpour of sap during light moist snows called sugar snows thirty-six successive hours. Everything may seem favorable for a big run and yet a little variation of temperature or a veering, drying wind will stop it in a short time after it has started, so that "uncertainty" is an ever occurring phantom to the sugar maker. The capillary forces of the wood are probably acted upon by the humidity and pressure of the atmosphere to a very great extent and this is doubtless the reason why it flows so readily during a "soft" snow storm, for the temperature, humidity and pressure are held for a period at the right point.

Sap begins to flow soon after the leaves have fallen in the autumn but it has no sugar quality until after some hard freezing weather, again after the buds begin to swell or burst its sweetness is gone, although it will often flow in May with great rapidity.

It was not until about a decade ago that the more modern appliances were introduced which have transformed the quality and output of the product: the buckets of tin, spouts of galvanized iron and steel, and the evaporator which has been improved on from time to time by many patents until now it is a compact if not to say complex machine capable of reducing a larger quantity of sap to eleven-pound syrup with a minimum of fuel. The "Leader" is one of the latest of these and will take in a continuous three-fourths inch flow of sap and discharge a one-fourth inch stream of syrup if properly fired and run in a



THE "SUGAR-BUSH" AND GATHERING SAP IN THE OLD WAY.

favorable atmosphere. Cleanliness and rapid evaporation is responsible for the present high standard of maple products but the acid which is responsible for the maple flavor has varying moods chargeable to the tree itself and the weather so as to render a precise shade of color from season to season not obtainable.



THE MONITOR GATHERING TANK.

To be an expert on maple products requires actual experience in its manufacture as well as technical knowledge, so it is wiser for the general purchasing public to secure goods that have the official legal brand of the State or order direct of the individual maker. A fancy label is not a guarantee of purity but often the reverse, unless it is a copyrighted design used to establish authentic locality.



A SUGAR SNOW.

In these latter days some kind of insect or beetle destroyer has appeared for nearly every crop and the cost of production of all farm crops largely increased thereby, but the maple sugar crop has seemed to be free and the taste and demand for the product increasing until recently. A few years ago there appeared on the maples, soon after leaving out, a worm of the beetle origin, own cousin to those that invest the apple trees, that quickly denuded them of all foliage. They were present

in such vast numbers that extermination was impossible by any known methods, but haply they had their day, but they left behind them ruin in many sugar lots and large numbers of trees had to be cut down, being entirely killed. In some cases the destruction was total.

This pest is now outclassed by a human species whose occupation is to concoct a mixture of glucose and sugar refinery sweepage with a decoction of corn-cobs or walnut bark for flavoring, and profusely label it as "Vermont pure Rock Maple" made at Fairksye or some other place not found on the maps and flood every grocery store months before the regular crop is made. It can be sold low because the cost of manufacture is under twenty cents per gallon, but it bears as much relation to the product of the maple tree as the Biblical allusion of stone as to bread. A bill was introduced in the General Assembly of New York to squelch this base counterfeit and the great Empire State can do its own palate no better turn than to place it on the statutes and code of the state so that other states may take the cue and follow with the same kind of legislation pending the passage of pure food inter-state regulations by Congress. Real maple goods cannot compete with the counterfeit for modern methods require considerable outlay. For substantial, well appointed buildings and expensive apparatus one dollar per tree is a small estimate of the cost and the investment would not be warranted except for a period covering several seasons.

Some sugar makers, having become discouraged, are chopping down their live maple timber and selling it for fuel. It is an industry that cannot be rehabilitated in a few years, as it requires from forty to fifty years to grow a maple to be of much service as a sugar producer. The great American public, long suffering but patient, will one day rebel against the dyspeptic compounds forced upon it by the dishonest horde of adulterators, and honest methods and pure food will gain the ascendancy.

YOUTHFUL BUSINESS ABILITIES.

A New England small boy generally shows business capabilities at a tender age, if he is ever going to have any. A certain small Boston boy got into the habit of teasing his mother for pennies, until at last she said to him: "Now, Willie, I don't like to give you pennies, and if you want money you should go to work to earn it." The boy remained thoughtful for some time. Then, within a few days the mother perceived that Willie had plenty of pennies. She wondered a bit how he got them but did not question him. But one summer day she noticed that some sort of a hullabaloo was in progress in the back yard. Looking out she saw Willie surrounded by a mob of boys who were yelling with delight. She went down into the yard to see what was going on; and as she passed out she saw, stuck up on the rear wall of the house, this sign, quite neatly printed out with a pencil:

WILLIE JONES WILL EAT

1 small green worm for	- - -	1 cent
1 large green worm for	- - -	2 cents
1 small fuzzy worm for	- - -	3 cents
1 large fuzzy worm for	- - -	5 cents
1 small green toad for	- - -	25 cents

Willie was apparently doing a good business. His mother interrupted it at any rate in her own back yard, but he is still carrying it on somewhere else.

Prince Henry's Welcome

TO BERLIN IN 1900.

BY E. M. LOVEJOY, SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

IT CHANCED to be spending the winter of 1900 in Berlin, and thus had an opportunity of witnessing the welcome given to Prince Henry upon his return from the far East, where the Kaiser had sent him two years before, to uphold German supremacy in Chinese waters. The Prince had been welcomed in Vienna by the Austrian Emperor, and came from that city to Berlin, before going to his own home in Kiehl. It would not have been strange, if he had been somewhat impatient to greet his own family, especially, as a little son had been born to him since his departure. However, his first duty was to the Kaiser, his brother William.

He arrived in Berlin on the thirteenth of February. The sun rarely shows its face in this imperial city in the winter, but it did shine royally that forenoon, in accord with the royal welcome which greeted the returning hero. Prince Henry is beloved by the common people, and thousands of them thronged the way from the Anhalter Bahnhof to the Schloss, hoping to catch a glimpse of him as he should pass.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

The Kaiser drove to the station a little before 11 a. m., and with military and civil officials awaited the arrival of his brother. When Prince Henry stepped from his car, the brothers first exchanged military salutes, and then embraced and kissed each other.

The Kaiser took the Prince into his own carriage, a very modest one for an emperor, an open vehicle drawn by two horses. On the front seat were the Kutcher and crested Jäger, whose liveries were vastly more conspicuous than the garbs of their noble masters. The Kaiser was wrapped in a gray mantle, and the Prince wore a marine uniform with low hat.

During the winter, when the Kaiser lives in Berlin, it is very common to see a crowd gathered at the junction of Friedrichstrasse and Unter-den-Linden waiting to catch a glimpse of their

ruler as he rides by from the station or Thier Garten. At such times he is usually driven at a rapid pace, but the horses were held to moderate speed while the Prince was on his way to the Schloss.

By the Kaiser's orders the schools were given a holiday, and the children were out in full force. They defied the police and took positions where it best suited them. Crowds of them gathered near the Schloss, and their bright eager faces and shrill hurrahs seemed to be particularly enjoyed by the Kaiser and Prince. Lectures went on just the same at the University, but as the main buildings and grounds are on Unter-den-Linden near the Schloss, the professors whose lectures were scheduled for eleven o'clock found many empty seats.

The approach of the royal carriage was heralded along the route through Königgrätzer Strasse, Brandenburger Thor, and Unter-den-Linden by the hurrahs of the people and the waving of handkerchiefs.

A company of artillery took up its position in the Lustgarten and fired a salute of twenty-one guns when the royal equipage arrived at the Schloss. Crowds ran on behind the carriage and shouted themselves hoarse. The jubilation of the people and the fine decorations for the occasion made a deep impression upon the Prince, and he expressed his pleasure with word and smile.

Prince Henry was shown every attention by his brother. That evening a dinner was given at the Schloss in his honor, at which noblemen from other parts of Germany were invited, and the highest state, military, and city officials. Ten courses were served, and the dinner ended with a beer evening. The Kaiser's speech of welcome to Prince Henry on this occasion referred gracefully to the warm reception which the imperial city had given him, representing the entire German people, and pointed out that this hearty greeting had a deeper significance. It was an indication of the sympathy of the people with the princes and Kaiser in their desire to strengthen the navy.

The Kaiser loses no opportunity to impress upon his subjects the necessity for an increase of naval power, and we may be sure that the visit of Prince Henry to our country will furnish new and weighty arguments in favor of this policy of the Emperor of Germany.

KURN HATTIN HOMES.

A few facts concerning the Homes may be of interest to a number of our readers. Of the 62 children now in the Homes at Westminster, Vt., Massachusetts has 21, Vermont 18, New Hampshire 12, Connecticut 5, Maine 1, outside of New England 4, unknown 1. It will be noticed that Vermont is second on the list and yet this state has done comparatively little to support the work. This is undoubtedly due to want of knowledge of its needs, as we are often more careful to obtain information concerning what is going on at a distance than of that which is transpiring right in our midst.

The three homes already in use are full, and applications are constantly being made for the admission of more children, especially for those younger than are now taken.

There are two vacant houses belonging to the association which could accommodate 25 more children, if fitted up and suitably furnished. This can be done for about \$1,500. Will you not help save them? It would be better to place them in a home now, than in a reformatory later. It is desired to open these new homes by June 1st.

Harbingers of Spring.

BY SARA E. GRAVES, WATERBURY, VT.

NOT more blithely do the cheery birds, that have braved the frost and snow of a Green Mountain winter, rejoice in balmy air and radiant skies of approaching springtime than does every human lover of birds who has watched and waited with them, meantime serving as their purveyor while natural supplies were limited or snowed under completely. As the sun climbs toward the zenith and mercury tardily responds, the March winds soften to a gentler touch, the turquoise dome melts to a paler hue, crows and jays grow noisy, the crow of the cock acquires a ring of triumph, we note the musical drip and tinkle in the eaves-troughs at midday, there is the sound of new yeast in the dissolving snow,—everywhere are subtle yet quite perceptible signs of the surrender of stern, roistering old winter which we hail with an inner joy not easily expressed. "Lo, the winter is past. The time of the singing of birds is come" is the song burthen of our exulting, jubilant spirits.

Unconscious though it may be, the ear is alert to catch the first sound of the on-coming train of migrants from the sunny South, and the first arrival we welcome with confident assurance; for, while we readily admit that one swallow does not make a summer, we are firmly grounded in the faith that a bluebird is a certain token of springtime—the herald elect whose message is unquestionable. This knight in blue and russet livery is pre-eminently the harbinger of "My Lady Spring." Well she knows to choose one whose personal appearance, as well as his gentle tones and manners, especially fits him to be the forerunner of a warmer climate. Mr. Burroughs fully appreciated this choice when he wrote: "And yonder bluebird with the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back did he come down out of heaven on that bright March morning when he told us so sweetly and so plaintively that if we pleased spring had come?" Sudden and surprising indeed is his appearance. We were watching for him truly, expecting him daily; yet when the instant arrived and his tender salutation startled us from our happy, anticipatory daydreams, it was as if the gates of Dixie had been abruptly thrown open and these radiant pinions had emerged swiftly and silently into our midst.

What preparations have we made for the coming of this "beauteous guest?" The robin, phebe and song-sparrow, speedily following in his train, ask for little more than a greeting, a welcoming recognition, as they joyfully announce their arrival at our doors. But the bonnie bluebird—coy and reticent—will have somewhat more by way of a reception if we really desire an intimate acquaintance. Phebe will undoubtedly resume housekeeping in her old quarters under the thatch of an open shed, on a beam in the barn cellar or the stringer of a highway bridge; the robin is content to saddle her plebeian, adobe dwelling upon the branches of our apple or shade trees; while a grass-fringed terrace by the roadside, or along the commonest walks of men, abundantly satisfies the companionable sparrow of the fields. But not so easily adjusted to summer appointments is the lady in blue. She is shy and reserved, fond neither of the glare of daylight nor of the curious gaze of passers-by. She must be courted, wooed and won, if we covet her friendship and residence in our neighborhood. Still she is not over-exacting, and, though she usually retreats to the hidden

recesses of a decayed stump, post or lifeless tree, she also appropriates with brazen effrontery the pump-stock or a wren-house. Even a letter-box she has invaded with a persistence resulting in the surrender of its owner. We can well afford to furnish her with comfortable accommodations; she will amply recompense any effort of ours to cultivate her acquaintance.

Last year a pair of bluebirds built in a codfish box which was provided for them, washed and scalded, and, with a third of its cover cut away, fastened securely to the trunk of an apple-tree near the house. I said the "pair" built, but the male had little to do with the structure, unless his constant attendance, adoration and applause were necessary as an inspiration to the apparently indifferent and independent house-furnisher. Every offer of assistance was scorned, or rather ignored, by madam, even though tendered in shape of material exactly like what she was using, and with the most profuse iterations of: "I-love-you, let-me-help-you, this-will-do." She was entirely self-sufficient to all appearances. Nevertheless, during the period of incubation her attitude changed manifestly; she now looked upon her mate as sentinel, protector, knight of the nest whose constant vigilance was the price of a successful rearing of the family.

In the first thawing days of March and before the arrival of bluebirds, I have for a few years past noticed a hitherto unknown voice,—a lisping, nummusical whisper floating over the fields, now here, now there, "struggling for a fuller and freer expression." It is the call of the shore-lark. As soon as the brown hummocks in the pasture or the ploughed furrow in the meadows are uncovered by the dissolving snow, these quaint little turf walkers alight in our neighborhood. They are sparrow birds with vinaceous tints, black and white markings about the head, with a pure yellow throat and a black crescent beneath it. The chief distinguishing marks are tufts of erectile feathers on either side of the head, whence the name "horned lark," though the horns are not always apparent. When on the ground he is hardly visible, so closely do his colors harmonize with the lifeless turf. He is said to have a "charming song" in his breeding haunts, and, since he is coming to rear his families even in the New England and Middle States, we may soon be favored with this song; but as yet I have heard only this labored and indistinct call note.

Before the end of April the stream of migration rapidly broadens and deepens. Among the earliest are the blackbirds of which the red-winged, with his scarlet and yellow epaulets, is the handsomest. He is also called "swamp blackbird" and "red-winged starling." I always look for him as soon as the robins and phebes appear in numbers, and have seen him in advance of these. As he sits aloft on the naked boughs of nearby but inaccessible swamp willows and shrilly "flutes his O-ka-lee," we are always pleased and grateful for his presence. The iridescent shimmer in the feathers of the purple grackle are also very attractive; violet, copper and green tints appear, and the bright yellow iris of his large eyes is quite conspicuous. Lowell characterizes the blackbirds as

"Clatt'rin' in tall trees,
And settlin' things in windy Congresses."

Another prominent bird of April is the flicker or yellow-shafted woodpecker. He is larger and more handsomely dressed than any of his relatives, and unlike the others is nearly as much at home on the ground as in the trees. His head and neck are

bluish gray with a large red crescent on the back of the head and a black one on the breast; he is golden brown above barred with black, beneath lighter tinged with chocolate and thickly spotted with black. He has "thirty-six aliases" of which "yellow hammer" is perhaps the most familiar. You will notice his playful "wick-a-wick, wick-a-wick" and jovial "if-if-if-if-if" in the distant woods if you never make his nearer acquaintance.

A cousin of the blackbirds and orioles is the meadow-lark, a bird conspicuous both for his plumage and song. He wears a coat harmonizing with the stubby fields in which he lives, a bright yellow or golden vest, and a smart cravat of black; and, being somewhat larger than the robin, is not easily overlooked even by a careless eye. His song is a clear, sweet whistle interpreted by some as: "Spring-o'-the-year" and characterized as "ringing and inspiring."

Among the smaller birds which more easily escape our notice are several kinds of sparrows which, like the poor, we have always with us, at this season at least. The song-sparrow, dearly familiar from childhood days, is the first arrival of this family. The vesper-sparrow is a little later, smaller, with a solter song uttered most freely at sunset which gives him his pretty name. This is decidedly a bird of the uplands and pastures, building its nest in the most exposed places almost in the trodden path of the cattle which frequent the same haunts. It is thus the guileless bird seeks to evade her more formidable foes, the skunk and fox that prowls at night, nosing around every mullein and thistle for the tender morsel their appetites crave. Notice the two white shafts in the tail of the vesper sparrow, as he flits before you from mound to mound, and you can name your bird at once. The chipping-sparrow is known by his prolonged trill, high and shrill, the only song he knows; not so easily distinguished is his almost exact counterpart, the Canada or tree-sparrow, which is a trifle larger and recognizable only by the dark breast spot corresponding to the song-sparrow's. The song of the Canada sparrow is low and sweet, but not remarkable in solos. It is only when a flock of them treats us to a protracted morning concert that we appreciate their musical ability. The white-crowned and white-throated sparrows are not easily distinguished from each other, though the crowns are not alike and the white throat of the latter names him at once if only seen. Burroughs calls the white-crowned the "prince of sparrows," and he well deserves the distinction.

These small birds above mentioned are but the introducing party to a long train of aerial voyagers which includes residents with us and travellers passing to regions farther north. April is the opening of the season, and by the end of May most of the tree-top tenants have arrived. During May many will pass on whom if we would know we must interview in passing. Among these are the Blackburnian warbler, the Magnolia warbler, the myrtle warbler, the bay-breasted warbler, of which the first mentioned is the most decided beauty, daintily attired in mixed orange, black and white with a throat pure orange-flame. The warblers as a class are noted, not for their songs as one might suppose—the thrushes and finches far surpass them as singers—but for their exquisitely colored and varied plumage. The great varieties of markings and endless mixture of blue, yellow, orange, black, white and gray, are often puzzling in the extreme; and he who, by patience and perseverance, can disentangle them and name the warblers at sight may count himself a gifted and accomplished man.

The little time we have to study new comers before the foliage clothes our shade and fruit trees, the woods and forests, the fringing willows and alders along our streams, should be as fully as possible improved by every bird student. All too soon the vision will be obscured, the objects of our scrutiny screened most exasperatingly from our eager curiosity; then we shall realize that the goal of our desires is far beyond our reach. Nevertheless, the one who begins the bird season with the birds will follow them sympathetically through mating, nesting, brooding, rearing of the young, sharing their joys and sorrows while studying their costumes and customs and the many phases of the bird drama on the stage of fields and forests. He will find here a source of intense delight, a recreation that re-creates, and an interest that never palls but is rather augmented year by year and day by day. It will, moreover, not be surprising if it shall prove to be not merely a physical benefit but also a mental and moral uplift, leading to a fuller appreciation of the minuteness, thoroughness and lavishness of creation.

FIVE MINUTES AT THE 'PHONE.

Ever have to wait in a large central telephone station such as the one at White River Junction? This is the babel of voices: (Time: any morning. Hour: eight o'clock. Four young lady operators in a row before a long keyboard. Filth young lady book-keeper at desk with a 'phone at her elbow.)

"Hello! Will you compare with Whiteriver?"

"I'm sleepy—out courting last night till eleven o'clock."

"Yes, this is Whiteriver. What's wanted?"

"I'd like to know what ails Hanover! I want to get Chas. Hillyer for Lebanon."

"Hello! Yep. Messenger ten cents."

"Waiting—Whiteriver."

"Are you waiting?—waiting Whiteriver."

"All right. Wait a minute."

"Did you say Burlington or Bennington? Well, I haven't either of them."

"Here's your party at Hanover."

"Hello! Hello! What do you want Copperfield? Who's this? Who are you? Wait a minute—line's busy."

"Waiting Whiteriver—waiting—just a minute."

"For whom? Where?"

[Dead silence of a minute.]

"How much is it? Yes. Ten cents, messenger."

"Burlington—here's your Rutland."

"Did you get East Barnard this morning?"

"Makes three fifteen and ten."

"Hello—you Copperfield! Who's this for? Who's this for?"

"Waiting Whiteriver—what? What? Hello! For North Thetford? Ten, messenger. Anything else Copperfield?"

"Was that all you had—twenty, messenger?"

"O—ah—um! (yawning)—excuse me."

"Hello—East Thetford!—don't hear you—what were your messages yesterday?"

"Which you want first? Better take Wells River—give you Lebanon afterwards. You want Lebanon now, Manchester?"

[Silence broken only by Manager's voice in the next room.]

"Hello! My lines are busy—I said my lines are busy. Whiteriver? Well, I'll try to."

[Continued buzzing of drops, click, rattle and drive of plugs.]

"Oh, I can't—I've been waiting twenty minutes now—Oh yes, I'm real fussy."

"Hello!—Hello!—Yes'm!"

"New York for Whiteriver?"

"Waiting"—(pleasantly).

"Hello"—(deep voice).

"Hello!—who's this—New York? All right." Here's your party, Mr. —."

[And, goodness knows, we haven't recorded half of it.]

HEART'S MUSINGS.

BY ELIZABETH M. F. CHANDLER, STRAFFORD, VT.

All voiceless and choiceless
To this brief life we come,
We name not our station,
Our birthplace, or nation;
But where e'er Fate puts us
There make we our home.
Our burdens we choose not,
Nor even our pleasures;
For ever rules o'er us
That power which before us,
Reads the tale of our life
'Til death ends its measures.

"Like a song that is sung
Or a tale that is told"—
Yet Youth with its madness,
Its rapture and gladness,
Dances swift to the song—
The tale never is old.

All voiceless and choiceless
From this brief life we go.
Its soul-filling gladness,
Its heart-breaking sadness,
All done! Beyond? Save rest
And peace we may not know.



ONE LIFE'S LONGINGS.

BY LUCILLE M. RANDALL, FELCHVILLE, VT.

Some people pray for many friends,
Some people wish for wealth,
And some say they care naught for these
But only long for health.
We know that none are satisfied
In this world of care and strife;
Then listen while I tell you
The longings of one life.

At five, his heart was full of love,
His eyes were dark and bright;
Trained by a Christian mother
He learned the wrong from right.
But he was never satisfied:

"To be a larger boy,"
"To wear a pair of boots and pants"
Would fill his heart with joy.

At ten his longings had increased,
More numerous by far;
He wanted a big noisy drum
And a horizontal bar,
A bat and ball, a drawing slate,
With plenty of pictures too,
And all the time he wished for play
With little work to do.

When next we see him, fifteen years
O'er his fair head have rolled:
A noble boy—his parents' pride—
More precious far than gold.
His thirst for knowledge has increased,
Though play his studies vary,
He longs for a gun, a violin,
And a Webster's dictionary.
At twenty, handsome, bright and gay,
Great was his love for knowledge;
With youth, and health, and prospects fine
Determined to go to college.
Although a favorite with all,
First at party or celebration
Though his life was filled with happiness
He longed for an education.
At twenty-five, his studies through,
He practiced his profession;
Success then all his efforts crowned;
With wealth in his possession
His life seemed all before him
For he did not care to roam,
And with all his heart he longed
For a pleasant, happy home.

At thirty-five, with wife and home,
By loving friends surrounded,
What more could human heart desire
But health and strength unbounded?
Yet, still ambition urged him on;
Knowing naught of fortune's frown,
He longed to be a Senator
And thus to win renown.
At sixty, everything has changed;
The joys of life are ended;
With loss of wife and loss of health
Sorrow and pain are blended.
Disease and grief have racked his frame
By pain and care oppressed;
He thinks of his loved in the summer land
And only longs for rest.
Borne in memory through the years
The joys of his life arise;
They seem so few to him, compared
With the joys of paradise.
With weary limbs and weary heart
By pain and sorrow riven,
He puts all earthly cares aside,
And only longs for heaven.



THIS PIG OUGHT TO HAVE JOINED THE CIRCUS.

This picture of a pig doing his own milking depicts an actual occurrence on the farm of Mr. M. E. Rugg, Bradford, Vt. In explanation Mr. Rugg says: "In the summer of 1895 we were milking about sixteen cows and they were turned into the yard nights. In the barn cellar a number of pigs were kept and they too had the run of the yard. One morning my son, F. B. Rugg, was doing something in the barn and hearing a pig squeal, called to his boy who was in the yard and asked what was the matter with that pig. The boy replied 'Come and see.' He did so and saw the pig helping himself. We suppose he must have gotten the habit by rooting around the cow when she was lying down. My son was soon after at Lake Morey and mentioned this in the hearing of the artist C. F. Bracey, who has a cottage there. He wished to get the picture, so came up one morning, and after turning out the other cows, I took my pail and milking stool, the pig did his part, and we were photographed."

Price, **10** Cents.

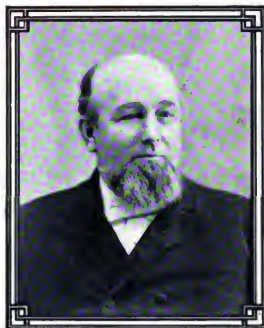
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VOL. 4-5—No. 6-1. WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., MCH.-APRIL, 1902.

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AT SUNSET.

BY FLORENCE GROW PROCTOR FITCHBURG, MASS.

I stood on the hills, as the Sunset Gates
Opened and backward rolled
And beheld there an infinite glory
Of amethyst, crimson and gold.

Violet, silver and orange aflame,
Brighter and brighter gleamed,
A blaze of magnificent splendor
In a fire, liquescent, streamed.

A fathomless flood of color outpoured,
Illumining all the sky,
As billow on billow upheaving,
In wonderful waves surged by.

And filled with a deep emotion, touched
By a mighty power,
I prayed—the prayer of Plato—and found
Peace, in that sunset hour!

If a dying day brings such glory, and
Hearts are so strangely awed,
What visions await us when our souls
Go winging *their* ways to God?

Hotel. This well-known resort is situated in the town of Weathersfield, near Hawk's Mountain, on the banks of Black River and about two and a half miles from the southwestern side of Mount Ascutney. Here the stage route from Proctorsville to Windsor connects with one from Felchville to Springfield.



MR. ROSWELL DOWNER.

Downer's Hotel.

BY MRS. W. H. VITNUM, FELCHVILLE, VT.

IF ONE leaves the cars at Proctorsville and follows for nine miles the course of Black River as it winds its way in and out among the hills and valleys in a southeasterly direction towards the Connecticut, many lovely scenes will appear before the eye, but none more attractive or pleasing will be found than the site occupied by the ancient hostelry, Downer's

In 1830 Samuel Downer, grandfather of the present proprietor, bought the Potwin farm, including two farm-houses; and after making the changes necessary in combining the two houses, was ready the following Thanksgiving to dedicate Downer's Hotel by an opening ball. In 1843 his son Roswell succeeded to the property, and for fifty-seven years he was the owner and landlord of this well-known resort, building up such a reputation that "Downer's" was the rendezvous of countless carriage and sleighing parties from many of the surrounding towns, confident that a cordial welcome and tables laden with choice viands awaited their arrival. Many native Vermonters who now reside in distant cities far beyond the borders of Vermont, among whom are governors, senators and shrewd financiers, come here again in these later years to renew old friendships and visit scenes that were so familiar in their boyhood days, now long past and gone.

Only a few steps from the hotel is a maple grove, from the midst of which arises an abrupt ascent of several hundred feet, known as Pine Hill, from the evergreen growth which clothes its sides and summit. During the summer months the grove and Pine Hill often resound with the laughter and merry voices of picnic parties, who find here tables and swings ready for their use; and when all other amusements fail, an excursion is proposed to the top of Pine Hill, where a veritable log house was



"THE ANCIENT HOSTELRY, DOWNER'S HOTEL."

A Home in the Green Mountains.

BY MRS. JEROME W. PIERCE, SPRINGFIELD, VT.



THE HOTEL OF TODAY.

erected some years ago by Mr. Downer. Its walls, both inside and out, are decorated with the names of residents from almost every State in the Union.

The view from this point, looking up Black River valley, is one that calls forth exclamations of delight from all who see it for the first time. Directly in front of the log house the hill falls away so abruptly that a stone can be easily thrown into the road far below. This steep descent is composed of high ledges, among whose rocky fastnesses occurred on Jan. 31st, 1867, an event worthy of mention—the capture and death of a large panther which had been prowling about the vicinity for some time. It was thought to have been a native of New York and wandered into this State. Since its fatal capture it has taken up its abode at "Downer's," where, mounted high in an alcove of the ball-room or keeping guard on the wide veranda, he turns his fierce countenance on all the merry eyes that gaze upon him, and then with an involuntary thrill they turn away, thankful that his cruel depredations on man and beast are ended.



THE PANTHER CAPTURED NEAR DOWNER'S IN 1867.

Mr. Roswell Downer, who for more than half a century has been so well known to the travelling and pleasure-loving public, married Harriet Parker of Cavendish. One son, Frederick, was the result of this union. Mr. Downer survived his wife many years, but never married again. His death occurred Aug. 28th, 1900, and his son, Frederick Downer of New York city inherited the property and now owns it, Charles Parker of Amsteden being the manager. During the past few months extensive repairs and alterations have been made both in and outside of the building, and it is plainly the intention of the new proprietor that this relic of "ye olden times" shall be retained in the Downer family through another generation and shall still maintain its old reputation for hospitality and good cheer for both man and beast.

"WHAT made Uncle Jud have his house way up here?" This was my childish inquiry as we toiled up one of the longest of Vermont's longest hills. "Are we going straight up to the moon?" This and

many other puzzling questions were propounded by the "kid" of the party en route for one of those picturesque homesteads scattered at long intervals up and down the Vermont hills. This particular home was situated on a sunny slope commanding a fine view of several ranges of mountains whose varying tints of lavender and blue furnished a continual feast for an eye trained in sympathy with Nature's color schemes. A fine old row of maple trees partly screened the house from the common highway, while a spruce woods wafted its fragrant breezes from the west side, and a sugar orchard cast its cooling shadows on the east side. The smooth pastures lying in the foreground bore ample testimony to the thrift of their owner.

At the time I write, both farm and home had seen their best days. The two-story house, with an ell, had sheltered three generations of typical Vermonters. The many rooms of this old family mansion were filled mostly with the manifold useful things the practical New England housewife collects before she begins on the purely ornamental. The milk-room with its shining rows of pans, its stone floor, its fragrant pats of butter and its inviting coolness is a never to be forgotten memory. The attic was another place dear to the heart of childhood. There stood the old loom with its well-worn shuttle. What tales it could tell of the family linen, the rag carpet and the wedding quilt! In a little corner given over to cobwebs is the little flax-wheel of ye olden times, its distaff partly filled with flax, yellowed and covered with the dust of long years of waiting for the hand that once charmed its silken secret from its shining sphere. Then on rows of wooden pegs hung the garments of long ago, a curious and pathetic sight. Strings of dried apples and rings of pumpkin festooned some of the rafters, while bunches of dried herbs, peppermint, catnip and spearmint distilled a delicious aroma throughout the room—this fragrance mingled with frequent sniffs from the maple-sugar chest was enough joy for one short hour of rummage. This farm had a trout-brook rambling through the cow-pastures and meadow lots—now dashing over rocky bottom, then hiding among alders and again shining clear as crystal in some still pool where the trout love to play hide-and-seek.

In later years, when Uncle Jud was inclined to be confidential, he relieved his mind to me about sundry farming experiences that had clearly gone against the grain of his patience. "Them durn brake and pesky spruce trees," he was wont to say, were bound to ruin his farm after he had spent a lifetime in trying to grub them out. It had been the pride of his life to point out the only boulder on his farm which would not yield to the persistent efforts of man and beast to uproot it. The farm that once yielded a fair income from sheep-raising was indeed fulfilling its destiny, growing up to spruce trees. Thus Nature circumvents the plans of man. To the youth, sick with the glare of hot pavements and the monotonous drill of class-room, this farm was like an oasis in the desert. What to the owner of the farm was an affliction and an abomination was to him a con-

stant source of delight. What more refreshing to the eye than the fern bestrewn pastures, the vine-covered bushes and moss-covered ledges that pushed themselves through the soil everywhere? Here the goldenrod, the wild aster and hard hack flouted their wealth of bloom, and the air was laden with the pungent odor of ferns in their various stages of development, from the baby fern just unfolding its fronds of baby green to the sturdy growth and color of mature and old age. The symmetrical little spruce trees dotted the pastures with a defiant growth that meant they had come to stay. This picturesque tangle of riotous growth formed an enchanting picture to every eye but that of the satiate eye of the owner—he had been too busy trying to wrench a living from this reluctant soil to take time to admire the beauty around him.

"Now, if you must call on them city boarders," said Uncle Jud one bright, sunny morning, "and don't care particular 'bout it, an' want er 'sirable excuse, I can give ye one. There's a big thunder-storm comin' up, and ye oughten to venture out—it's dangerous—but if ye want to go berryin', it's goin' to be a pretty fair to middlin' sort of day."

"Well, Uncle Jud, guess I will take the berries this time and the boarders next thunder-shower!" And the blackberries! He or she who has not donned a home-braided manila or an equally picturesque sunbonnet surreptitiously or otherwise, possessed himself of all the available tin pails and cups on the premises and thus equipped hied him to the berry patch on some sloping hill or burnt wood lot of the Green Mountain range, has missed one of the joys of this earth. To get there you have got to have a little strenuous blood in your veins, to be sure, but the goal is worth the effort to gain it.

You will first sink ankle-deep in feather beds of dry moss conserved by Mother Nature to decorate her waste places. Our tired feet respond gratefully to its soft touch, but the hill of difficulty thus made easy for our climbing, defeats an easy victory by retarding our progress. Thanks to the "strenuous" blood in our veins, we gain the objective point at last. Blackberries to the right of us, blackberries to the left of us! and the air laden with their delicious fragrance. Long, spiky arms beckon us on until we are caught first by one sleeve, then by another; then the manila crown is partly torn off by an especially vicious thorn and a backward spring of a briery thing flings the adorable sunbonnet high up on an inaccessible perch, where undoubtedly it remains to this day, a terror to the crows and blackbirds. But, nothing daunted, we press on, for are we not after the golden prize, the thimble blackberry, the most luscious of her tribe? What care we for scratches and such minor ills of life? Just ahead of us is our prize, a little hard to reach, like everything else worth having. Great bushes shade our path, with here and there a glint of sunshine through.

"Now, look out for them boa constrictors (grass snakes) that come whollipin' thru the bresh sometimes," cried Uncle Jud, "while I go ahead an' find the soft side of a rock to sit on." High up on a small outcropping ledge, literally surrounded by blackberry bushes, the coveted seat was found, covered with grey lichens—truly the soft side of a rock. In this charming spot we seat ourselves on this cushion Nature has provided for us, and no serpent appearing in our Eden, we soon fill our pails.

"Got to hurry home, now, or Tirza Ann won't have time to make that blackberry shortcake for supper. T'won't do to leave the State till you have sampled that. Nobody can shake

a stick with Tirza Ann making shortcake; it's good for the meggrams.

"Je-ru-se-lem! If there ain't Miranda with another—her latest! How do I know? Ask me how I know beans. Just see her nip down that front walk. Miranda never nips 'cept she has got another. Now that smile would give her away in a meeting-house. Let's see—this must be her fourthly—fare-thee-well, brother; the shadow of thy successor will be loomin' up purty soon—fare-thee-well," (waving his hand). "Miranda always treats her men well, but somehow they just up and die—buried three of 'em all snug together, with marble tomb-stuns over 'em and angels with wings on right across the top. Guess it don't do to treat the generality of men sort of scrumptious. You mustn't get a taste of heaven 'fore you are properly prepared for it. Now them dumb brake is all the preparation I'll need; they will give me a broken, if not a contrite, spirit. I'd rather go to t'other place if them things is going to be resusrected.

"It beats all how stingy some folks is who have money in the bank an' no mortgage on nothing. Now, one winter after Miranda's second threw off this mortal coil, 'speak she was considerable lonesome for a spell, an' mebbey the pork-barrel was agittin' low and the wood-pile givin' out; anyway, she 'lowed she'd like a room at our house and board herself. Ye jest ou't to see the scraps she lived on! She would come down to our milk-room and want to buy a penny's worth of cheese or a half-cup of milk! Of course she knew wife never would weigh out such a mite. Generally she got 'nuff odds and ends to keep her 'long middlin' well. Why, she even skum her dish-water for soap-grease, and it was purty poor dish-water, too. A real good woman, too, cum to think on't—give \$2000 to the church and a lot of things to the poor heathen. Yes, you've got to know folks clear thru to the marrier-bone 'fore ye pass judgment on 'em; then it is agin' Scriptur'. Never could quite reconcile that cheese dicker with her religion, tho'. Wife was pretty glad when her thirdly here in sight, and Miranda said she guessed she wouldn't want her room any longer.

"Well, tomorrow I must walk slowly over to the Waite place and salt the sheep, and you shall go 'long and bring the cows home."

"But tomorrow is Sunday, Uncle Jud, and you a deacon of the church!"

"Shucks! I am going to walk slow-ly, mind you, over to the Waite place and salt my sheep. They need it.

"T'wan't quite right, 'cordin' to Scripture, to size up Miranda on the cheese and skum dish-water evidence. Some folks is naterally narrer an' close as an oyster on one side, while t'other side is broad as Jamaica pond and just sloppin' over with millionaire gifts—born so—can't be helped, 'less you can go back to the great-grandfather, an' that would be about as easy as pullin' up that big balsum tree yonder, when every blessed root is fastened on to that ledge with slippers that run right through the cracks and ketch hold on them Celestials by their pig-tails—fact! Been told so by them nussery men that cum 'long once in a while to fleece us farmers. Yes, I'll allow you can change the bent a little by schoolin' an' cultivatin', but look at that old hard-hack bush over there; you may put a cart-load of phosphites around it, and it don't mind it one bit—just stays there, the same old dumb hard-hack to all eternity."

Dear Uncle Jud; the grass has greened over your grave many a year, but your quaint speech, grin humor and cheery words abide with us; their counterpart can be found only among the remote hill farms of Vermont.

New Library, Norwich, Vt.

BY MARY A. LOVELAND, NORWICH, VT.

NORWICH LIBRARY is a dedicated reality. On the afternoon of February twenty-sixth a goodly company gathered in the Congregational Church to listen to interesting and instructive dedicatory exercises. Two from Dartmouth College, Prof. C. F. Richardson and Prof. Justin H. Smith, talked about The Influence of Books on a Community, and Small Libraries. The first mentioned, with many other helpful suggestions, gave one he wished remembered, if the rest were forgotten. He advised all to read, on an average, one book each fortnight.

Prof. Smith, a former resident of the town, before telling of some small libraries of great men, gave an account of the "Prehistoric Age" of Norwich Library—a movement among some of the boys which secured books that were later turned over to this association.

It may here be stated that the Young Men's Christian Association and a woman's club also had books which were handed down.

Mr. H. V. Partridge was the Historian of the Library, and Mr. H. B. Olds urged Town Loyalty upon the residents. E. F. Phelps of Lebanon, the contractor, formally presented the keys, which were received by Rev. N. R. Nichols, one of the trustees, who also gave the financial statement rendered by Miss S. J. Burton, and made a prayer. The church choir furnished two anthems for the occasion.

As they left the church, quite a large proportion of the audience accepted the invitation to inspect the building and wended their way through the quiet village, up the main street, on the east side of which stands the little one-story structure. More than one pronounced it "a gem."

Of simple yet classic design, built of brick on a granite foundation, with trimmings of white, it bears over the pillared portico, in letters of gold, the inscription: "A. D. 1901—NORWICH LIBRARY." The door, partly of stained glass, as well as the half-circular colored window over it, was the gift of Mr. Nichols, in memory of his wife, who died within the year. A lighted lamp of ancient design is represented on the window, which has also an appropriate memorial inscription. The upper parts of the windows on each side of the door were also special gifts, one bearing as illustration an open book, the other an anchor entwined with a dolphin and the word ALDUS, the distinguishing mark of the Aldine books.

The main room of the library is light and pleasant, with shelves on the walls to accommodate the more than twenty-three hundred books, while a small room at the left of the entrance, with shelves for periodicals, will serve as a reading-room and a still smaller one as a business office, from which stairs lead to the furnace cellar.

The building, which cost about twenty-five hundred dollars, is free from debt. The money was raised by subscription through the untiring efforts of Miss Burton, and much of it

was given by widely-scattered former residents of Norwich. This library is not a free one. As there is no fund to provide for new books and repairs, each member of the association pays an annual fee, and any one else can draw books by paying the same or a fixed price per month. Books bought from time to time are carefully selected.

The rooms are open on Friday afternoons only. Mrs. Ellen Knight, the librarian, gives her services then, and with others devotes much time to the interests of the cause.

As yet the library has few furnishings except books, but the ladies are making heroic and successful efforts to secure funds with which to add to the beauty and comfort of the interior and expect that soon the effect within, as well as without, will be pleasing and satisfactory.



THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING, NORWICH, VT.

Photo. by Walter Hawley.

REASON'S REPLY.

BY G. W. PARKER, MT. HERMON, MASS.

Oh! would I were back in the heyday of youth,
When life was so happy, so careless and free,
With joy unrestrained and in pleasure delighting
And nought but the beauty in all things to see.

"Cease now this cavil and querulous moaning,
Awake in young manhood a purpose in life,
Seize rich opportunities 'round thee thick-lying,
And, rising from doubt, go forth to the strife."

To snatch the Promethean fire from Heaven,
To wake latent powers that ne'er will increase,
To see beyond reach the prize of one's calling,
Is worse than to linger in Lotus-land ease.

"Leave self in the background, the world place before thee,
And do what thou canst where'er there is need;
If thou hast true worth, the world will demand it,
And if thou contribute, then rich is thy meed."

The New Dairying of John Wood.

BY E. C. SHERBURNE, NORTH POMFRET, VT.

I'm a plain common man, by the name of John Wood;
I had done pretty well, it was so understood,
And had almost paid for a very good farm,
The house was kept tidy, the barns neat and warm;
I'd a herd of nice Jerseys, not thoroughbred cows,
The hay filled two spacious, accessible mows;
The milk was delicious, the butter was sweet
And packed in plain boxes, simple and neat,
That sold for good prices year after year
And never a faultfinding word did we hear;
No happier couple e'er traveled in life
Than I and my excellent, lovable wife.

But the wave of Progression once struck our town
And rolled in great billows, threatening to drown
The "fossils" and "mossbacks" whom nothing would learn,
And so, as we all had a living to earn,
New methods, new knowledge we must have on the farm,
A possible lack entailed probable harm,
And as we were farmers, and dairying the rule,
We went in good force to the new dairy school.

There we learned of bacteria, we learned of the cell
Of disease in the milk and of death in the well,
These were microbes galore, and millions of germs,
Till I was muddled and mixed in all of the terms;
And, whether 'twere microbe or whether 'twere Boer,
I hardly could tell in that wordly downpour—
Only this: that whether in barn or on hill
Those creatures were stubborn to conquer or kill;
But when the Professor with feeling gave vent
"To keep clean, to keep clean," we knew what he meant.

Now, as I'm a plain and practical man,
I hastened me home and my labors began,
But first I met my good wife at the door
And earnestly said: "There's Disease on the floor,
On the walls, in the water, alack! and the air
And Death lies a-crouching like a beast in his lair;"
Then I spoke of bacteria, microbes and germs,
And managed to get in a few Latin terms—
How they'd revel and thrive in the milk and the cream
And multiply faster than one's wildest dream;
"Now as we're for business, and business I mean
We must keep our new dairy perfectly clean;
There must be no odors, no flies and no dust—
I mean what I say. There certainly must!"

But May (how I wronged her) looked so sad and amazed,
And rightly she thought I was cranky or crazed,
And she said: "You know, John, we had prospered before,
And I fail to see such harm at our door,
But I'll aid you and help you as ever I've done
In all of your projects ever begun."

I hustled and hustled from barn to the house,
As wild as a bedbug, as spry as a louse,
And evermore studied the whys and the hows
I could equal the barns and the State dairy cows.

But, you see, I soon found as my labors began
I needed the help of a strong hired man.
Of course I must have such utensils and tools
As they use with success at the State Dairy Schools,
But whose? The agents soon found me and tried
All their arts, which were legion, and oh, how they lied!
Till at last, all bewildered, and to get me some rest
I bought, though I knew not which were the best.

Well, I seemed to prosper quite well at the first,
And I thought, with some pride, I was pretty well versed
In the art. So I talked very glibly, at home and the store,
With my friends of the "butter fat," the "test" and the "score;"
With my wife 'twas "bacteria," "microbes" and "germs,"
And I made them appear like horrible worms,
"The dairyman, now, must be thoroughly skilled,
Some microbes must live and some must be killed."

But once on a time all astounded I read
From my dealer in butter a letter that said:
"Off flavor! Quite poor! You will please bear in mind
And send me no further grease of that kind;"
And then how I fumed and fretted and fussed;
I must find the cause—I certainly must!
Was it in the feed, or the air, or the cows?
Could it be in the barn? Was it not in the house?
So I asked wife so brusquely (I know I'm a boor)
What I'd asked her, perhaps, forty odd times or more,
Whether she'd "thoroughly scalded the pails,
The outside, the inside, as well as the bails?"
While there, just before me, every one
Stood polished as mirrors right in the sun.

As it was at the first, 'tis ever the same,
The woman "Thou gavest me," she is to blame.
Then May fairly wilted and burst into tears,
The first I had seen in all of our years.
Next morn, as she weak and helplessly lay,
So pale and so worn, she begged me to stay
By her side, and read as of old from the Book,
And I saw in her eyes a far-away look.
Then I said: "Other things have I learned
Than how cows should be fed and cream should be churned;
There are errors, grave errors, all through the Word;
Where could you have lived and never have heard?"

Then she said: "I'm so sorry! But never you fear,
I'll destroy every one if it takes me a year."
You see she'd confounded my bacterian terms
And thought that those "errors" were dangerous germs.
"But, John," she said sweetly, "don't hasten away,
Let us talk of the past, of a happier day,
When the fields were so fresh and the sky was so blue
And the stars were so bright and so soft fell the dew,
When the flowers were so sweet in the garden and dell,
And so cool was the water drawn from the well,
When we saw the nice things and had nothing to fear
And lived very happily many a year."

Well, the fever ran high for a week, and she died,
And I shed my first tears, all too late, at her side;
Then my troubles came thick as vultures for prey,
'Twas pay for past contracts, "Please hasten and pay,"
Till vexed beyond measure I made me a vow
I'd pay every bill if it took my last cow.
So now I've no wife to brighten my house
And I have my barns, but no nice Jersey cows.
In exchange I have gained a few dairy rules
And a very good set of unused dairy tools;
But had I the peace and the purse as of yore
I'd not play the crank or the fool any more.

The Tribe of Ezra.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY M. L. HUTCHINS, PITTSFIELD, VT.



ONE bright day in September, 1854, The Tribe of Ezra swooned down upon West Lebanon, N. H., and took up their abode in the old house shadowed by the historic elm under whose shade the Congregational Church was organized years before; Father Ezra plying his trade as master builder, Mother Mary presiding over the household with gentle hand and loving heart, the latchstring always out for the needy or unfortunate;

W——, the eldest son, always busy with violin and guitar and making wheels go around; G——, the second son, building handsets and sliding down Hubbard hill with the seminary girls and trying to play "Old Dog Tray" on a violin.

Who that remembers those days will ever forget how P——, the next son, sitting quietly in school one day arose and asked to be dismissed, saying he had a necessary errand to do—went straight to the depot, took the train for Boston and, when the next year came around, walked into school one day as though nothing had happened. But several things must have happened, for he had been over to call on Queen Victoria during his absence. He found everything about as he left it, the same teacher and the same scholars. The teacher very quietly remarked: "Well, P——, it took you a long time to do your errand."



THE OLD HOMESTEAD, WEST LEBANON, N. H.

And I think there are several residents of West Lebanon today who will remember how T——, the fourth son, becoming tired of having his hair pulled by the teacher, turned upon her one day and pulled hers. Oh, how the hair-pins and puff-combs flew. Then there was E——, the youngest of the tribe of boys. I know that he has never forgotten how he peddled molasses candy at the Junction when Latham's machine shop was the one business institution of the place. When he first appeared at the door a man met him and, pointing to a sign which read: "No admittance except on business," asked him sternly if he saw the sign. "Yes," said E——, "but I am on business." The man smiled, bought some candy, and he had free run of the shop after that. But were there no daughters in this tribe? Certainly; three of them. The two eldest L—— and M—— will be chiefly remembered as singers, and there was little C——, the baby of the tribe.

As the boys grew up to manhood the great West began to reach out beckoning hands to them, and they went away to rear tribes of their own. All but one have been absorbed by the ever-growing West. The old home is our home no more, but it will ever be remembered as the last place where The Tribe of Ezra were all gathered under one roof. Father and mother are laid away to rest, but the irrepressible eight are irrepressible still. In each of our hearts there is one white, still chamber, sacred to the memory of long-departed days.

As we listen to the voices of the past we hear the echoes of the old songs—"Do They Miss Me at Home" and "The Old Mountain Tree," and sometimes in dreams we catch the perfume of pinks and sweet clover, planted by hands long since folded to rest.

"The heart has many passages
Through which our memories roam,
But the middle aisle is sacred
To the old, Old Home."



It is with sorrow that we announce the death of our contributor, since the above sketch was written. It would seem that, with an intuition that the end was near, she felt impelled to write this little reminiscent review of "The Tribe of Ezra." Mrs. Hutchins, or M. L. Hutchins, as she is best known to our readers, had contributed several interesting stories to the Journal columns, "A Reminiscence of the Forest" and "How it Happened" being perhaps the best remembered. It is with pleasure that we present the accompanying portrait, and a view of the homestead.

Mary L. Wills was born in North Randolph, Vt., April 19, 1841. She was married in 1864, in West Lebanon, to George G. Hutchins, who had just returned from the war. In 1865 they moved to Sherburne, Vt., and in 1885 the family removed to Pittsfield, Vt., where she passed away Feb. 20, 1902. She was the mother of four children, two of whom, Harry Hutchins of Lawrence, Mass., and Mrs. M. Estabrook of Sherburne, with her husband, survive her. She was an Adventist in religion, although her parents were Spiritualists.

The chain of the "irrepressible eight" is broken.

The Widder Green.

AS WRITTEN FROM MEMORY BY A SCHOOL-GIRL OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

"I'm goin' ter die," says the Widder Green,
 "I'm goin' ter quit this 'arthly scene,
 'Taint no place fer me ter stay,
 In such a world as 'tis ter day.
 Such works and ways are too much fer me;
 Nobody can't let nobody be.
 The girls is flounced from top ter toe,
 And that's the hull o' what they know;
 The men is mad on bonds and stocks,
 Swearin' and shootin' and pickin' locks,
 I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself,
 If I aint laid on my final shelf.
 There aint a critter but knows ter day
 I never was lunatic, anyway,
 But since crazy folks all go free,
 I'm dretful afraid they'll hang up me.
 There's another matter that's pesky hard,
 I can't go into a neighbor's yard
 To say 'How be you?' or borrow a pin,
 But what the paper 'll have it in,
 'We're pleased ter say our friend, Miss Green,
 Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene;
 Or, 'Our worthy friend, Miss Green,
 Has gone down to Barkhamstead ter see her son,'
 Great Je-ru-sa-lum! can't I stir
 Without arising some feller's fur?
 There aint no privacy, so ter say,
 No more'n 's if this was the Judgment Day.
 And as fer meetin', I want ter swear
 Whenever I stick my head in there—
 Why, even Old Hundred 's spiled and done
 Like everything else under the sun—
 It used to go so solemn-and-slow
 'Praise-to-the-Lord-from-men-below.'
 Now it goes like a gallopin' steer
 Hi-diddle-diddle—there and here—
 No respect to the Lord above,
 No more'n 's if he was hand and glove.
 With all the critters that ever was made,
 And all the jigs that ever was played—
 'Preachin', too, but here I'm dumb.—
 But I tell you what, I'd like it some,
 If good Old Parson Nathan Strong
 Out'er his grave would come along
 And give us a stirrin' taste of fire,
 Judgment and Justice is my desire.
 'Taint all love and sickish sweet
 That makes this world nor t'other complete,
 But law, I'm old, I'd better be dead,
 With the world a-turinu' over my head,
 Spirits talkin' like tarna fools,
 Bibbles kicked out'er deestrick schools,
 Honest folks better be under ground,
 So fare-ye-well, this arthly scene.
 Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green.

The "Scrub" Farmer.

BY T. C. WAYBACK, SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

I'm a farmer, 'mid the hills of old Vermont,
 And a better trade or calling I don't want,
 But we've come to such a pass
 That an honest man—alas!
 Cannot make a living here in old Vermont.
 My house should have been shingled long ago,
 Why the barn roof leaks so badly I don't know,
 The tools all seem possessed
 To wear out when at rest,
 From the reaper clear down to the spade and hoe.
 My bills are due before that I can pay,
 And my creditors think they can't wait a day,
 But the cash comes in so slow,
 And so fast it seems to go,
 That I never have a copper laid away.
 The cows are all so poor I feel ashamed,
 I can't see why for this I should be blamed,
 They are lousy I should guess,
 And I'm in a pretty mess
 For here comes one of the oxen badly lamed.
 The pigs are squealing fit to split their throats,
 And the sheep are losing half their woolly coats;
 While the horses are so thin
 That the bones show through their skin,
 And I haven't cash enough to buy them oats.
 I wonder why my work is never done—
 I go at it every morning on the run;
 But I never can get through
 Half the work I have to do,
 And what I do is just about half done.
 I would like to know just where the trouble lies,
 Although perhaps 't would cause me some surprise;
 It can't be that I'm to blame,
 For it has always been the same;
 I hope it won't be so in paradise.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE . . A FALL

Driving across the hills last summer the college graduate came to a small village near the top of one of our high hills, which is somewhat of a pleasure resort on account of its proximity to a small pond. Having occasion to stop in the village a few hours he put the horse in the stable of the little hotel and was about to depart when the stable man, also proprietor of the house, asked him to come in to dinner. The young man said he ate his lunch as he came along. "Come in and have dinner with me, we will use you well," said the man again, urgently, apparently misunderstanding the reply.

"I told him I had just eaten my lunch. 'Well,' said he, 'come in a minute, anyhow, and see my house—Why!'—he added triumphantly—'there's eighteen of 'em in there now—eating—all to once!'" "To please," I went in and peeked around the corner with him, at the gratifying sight of 'eighteen' eating 'all to once.' I wondered what those people thought of me. As we came out I remarked, casually, that I was always interested in hotels. "That so?" said he. "Yes—I was head-waiter at the Ocean Bluff House, Passamaquoddy Bay, in Maine—where we had fifty-five table girls." You ought to have seen his face. His wife was waiter and cook for the eighteen."

CHARLESTON AND THE EXPOSITION

WITH IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH.

BY W. D. PARSONS, WOODSTOCK, VT.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOS. BY THE AUTHOR.



THE City of Charleston, S. C., has a population of about 60,000 people, two-thirds of whom are colored. The audacity of this little town in sandwiching in an exposition between the great fairs of Buffalo and St. Louis is truly great. Nevertheless the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition became an established fact. Certainly no more quaint or interesting

place for visitors could be found on the whole Atlantic Seaboard than the city of Charleston. Distinctly a colonial and revolutionary town, it seems to linger in the past, sunning itself at ease while its brother and sister cities are hustling in the universal struggle to be "modern" and "up to date."

Its most beautiful residence street is the Battery, and the long rows of colonial mansions with their columns and porticoes are a pleasing rest to the eye; for one becomes wearied with so many towers and gables and dormer windows of later-day architecture. Many of the houses are made of bricks brought from England. Needless to say, long before American manufactures, including even the finest woolens and cutlery, had won a place in the markets of the world. Things have changed since English bricks were imported on slow sailing-vessels into a country with clay-banks big enough to bury the whole British isles a dozen times.

Between the front yards of these residences and the street is always a high fence or wall, with tall gate-posts, and often beautiful antique gates of wrought-iron or wood, with elaborate knockers, latches and hinges. Sometimes the stony stare of an electric button meets the eye, desecrating some panel, black with age, that was laboriously shaped by hand, perhaps as long ago as the time of King George the Third. Inside these gates one sees everywhere a profusion of climbing roses, flowering shrubs, magnolia trees and palms, and live-oaks lean over the spiked walls and shade the sidewalk.

The principal streets of the city are Meeting and King, name-relics of the time when Charlestonians attended "the" meeting-house and acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of England. On Meeting street is the old market, a striking building with Doric front. The market is quite primitive compared with the elaborate produce exchanges of our Northern cities. Hovering about the rear of this building and perched on neighboring roofs are the turkey-buzzards, picking up offal—creatures protected by law as economic adjuncts to the street

cleaning department and the board of health. On the same street is the most interesting building in the city—St. Michael's Church—whose tower has looked down on the changes of more than two and a half centuries. Its chimes, cast originally in England, were carried back thither by the British during the Revolutionary War; repurchased, they did duty till the Civil War, when they were removed to Columbia, the State capital, for safety. Burnt here by Sherman's army, the precious amalgam was again sent to England, recast in the original moulds, and the bells have since rung the hours to the city, except for about a week at the time of the destructive earthquake of 1886. Then the old sexton climbed into the steeple, which had settled



COTTON PALACE AND SUNKEN GARDENS.

eight inches during the earthquake, and once more set the clock going. "It is impossible to describe," said a life-long resident of the city, "the joy and assurance that the melody of the old bells brought to the nerve-shattered citizens at the end of that awful week." Tales by eye-witnesses of the horrors experienced in the stricken city at that time give an idea of the catastrophe which cannot be obtained from any written account. Wonderful to relate, the tower of St. Michael's leans only about two feet from the perpendicular, although there is scarcely a building of any size in the city which does not show cracks or sagging walls from the heaving of the earth.

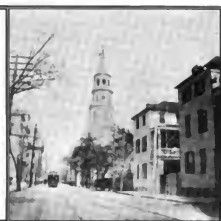
In the burial ground of the church is a curiosity. A man partly demented placed over the grave of his wife the wooden headboard of the bed on which she died, to mark her last resting place. Covered with green moss and protected from vandalism by wire netting, its rough inscription is still easily deciphered: "Mary Ann Luyten, 1770." Inside the church the visitor takes in his hands the two pieces of shell, weighing about twenty pounds each, which were banded through the altar



RESIDENCE ON BATTERY, CHARLESTON.



JASPER MONUMENT, SAVANNAH.



TOWER OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

window from the Federal gunboats during the Civil War. A beautiful new window by Tiffany now diffuses its mellow light, but the dent in the floor where the shell struck is still there. Here, too, is shown the quaint old pulpit and the "governor's pew," in which George Washington and many other dignitaries before and after him have worshipped.

But Charleston is not altogether a seventeenth century city that has outlived its generation. Strangely unnatural in the midst of so much that is ancient is heard the clang of the electric car, the bustle of wagons and pedestrians, and wafted up from the harbor the frequent blowing and tooting of steamboats.

Equally with the city itself, Charleston harbor is replete with historical interest. On the north is old Fort Moultrie, famous in Revolutionary annals. Here Sergeant Jasper, when the flag had been shot away, leaped upon the walls of palmetto logs and replaced it. Well has our government named a new fort, built just beyond Moultrie, on the seaward side, after this hero of olden times; and well has the city of Savannah, in whose defence he afterward fell, adorned its most prominent boulevard with his effigy in bronze and inscribed the pedestal with his words at Moultrie: "Boys, if we are going to fight, let's have a flag." On the right, as vessels go out to sea, is Sumter.

The loyal American of the North must confess to a secret thrill of patriotic pride and pleasure, even after the lapse of forty years, as he sees the same flag flying over its ramparts that was so bravely defended there by Maj. Anderson and his little garrison on that momentous twelfth of April, 1861. Its walls are now

strongly built of stone and concrete. Its old portholes are sealed up with masonry. But behind these solid fortifications lurk those monsters of modern warfare, disappearing guns; and woe to the ship that tries to enter the harbor in the face of their protest. Now they all point out to sea, for never again will hostile shot disturb Fort Sumter from the land.

No State is now more loyal to the Union than South Carolina. As she was once worthy of our best steel, she is now deserving of our sincere confidence and affection. We can even pardon her inadvertent indiscretion in sending Tillman to represent her in the United States Senate.

Near Sumter a pile of crumbling stones rising out of the water marks the site of old Fort Wagner, and south of it is the marsh where the famous "Swamp Angel" burst itself by its own herculean efforts. Outside the harbor proper, and extending southward, is Morris Island, on whose shining sand beach so many Union soldiers yielded up their lives in vain, because someone had blundered. Now the beach is slowly sinking beneath the ocean, and various relics of war and battle, with the bones of nameless dead, are each year washed out by the encroaching sea.

Amid such surroundings and in such a city, the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition is held. Its object is the promotion and development of the industrial resources of the South and the establishment of closer trade relations with the West Indies and the republics of Central and South America. The grounds include a tract of about three hundred



STEVEDORES, DURING REST HOUR.



A DRILL OF MARINES, AT THE DOCKS.



U. S. NAVY CADETS, S. S. CHATHAM.

acres, situated between the Ashley and Cooper rivers. The plan of the grounds is excellent and complete, and the architecture admirable both in conception and design. The buildings are made of staff and colored a light yellow, whence its name of the "Ivory City," as distinguished from the whiteness of the Chicago buildings and the brilliant coloring at Buffalo. In detail it does not differ much from other great shows of its kind. The principal court contains the so-called sunken gardens, with a lagoon and fountains, and is surrounded by the three largest buildings with their connecting colonnades—the Cotton Palace, and the palaces of Commerce and Agriculture. It is a mile walk, indoors, through these buildings with their exedrae, and the colonnades. At night thousands of electric lights illumine the whole.

Groups of statuary occupy advantageous positions. Much attention has been given to plastic art at the exposition, and the subjects chosen are in general such as pertain especially to the South. Some of the pieces are worthy of mention. The Aztec group, designed by Mr. Louis A. Gudebrod of New



SOUTH CAROLINA BUILDING.

York city, the director of sculpture for the exposition, represents the great Inca, Atahualpa, defending his faith before the Spaniard, Pizarro. Refusing to abjure his religion when urged to do so by a Spanish friar, he stretches his arms toward the setting sun and exclaims: "Your God was put to death by the men he created. Mine still lives in the heavens and looks down on his children." The Indian group, by Carl Teltl, has for its central figure the Seminole chief, Osceola, the story of whose death in captivity on Sullivan's Island, after his failure to recapture his stolen wife, Morning Dew, from the pale-faces, was familiar to us in our school days. The Huguenot group, by Miss Elsie Ward, is typical of the early settlers of South Carolina, and she is the designer, also, of the "Mother and Child," which stands near the Woman's Building. The Negro group, by C. A. Lopez, is a striking piece of work, representing the moral, educational and agricultural progress of this race; and the Negro Building, devoted to the products of Negro industry, contains much to show what he has already done for himself, and the possibilities of his future. Two other interesting pieces of statuary are the "Bucking Bronco," at the entrance to the Midway, and the reproduction of Amendola's beautiful work, "The Betrothal."

The Cotton Palace is for the express purpose of exhibiting the great staple product of the South in all its forms, together

with the textile and other machinery used in its manufacture. Cloth and yarns of all kinds and grades, cotton-seed meal and cotton-seed oil, soaps and cooking compounds, even fertilizers, are here shown—all made from King Cotton. Cotton mills in the South are multiplying with wonderful rapidity, and the cotton export trade is the most important source of revenue by which the New South is recovering from the period of desolation which followed the close of the Civil War.

Aside from the Cotton Palace and the Negro Building, the Charleston Exposition has nothing unique, as expositions go. The Woman's Building, Art Gallery, Auditorium, Forestry Building, Machinery Hall and Transportation Building, together with various State buildings, and the Midway, with its usual variety of attractions, largely make up the rest of the exhibition. The attendance has been pitifully small. The horse races drew a small crowd each day from the city, for the Southern sporting man loves a horse race as well as does his New England cousin. The exposition itself includes the site of the old Washington race-track, the second laid out in the

United States. Its old gate-posts are still standing, protected by iron railings, just outside the Midway entrance. But except at the race-course, sightseers are few and far between. It is amusing to see the tradesmen and shouters of the Midway pounce upon the few straggling visitors to sell them of their oriental wares or inveigle them into their show-tents covered with flaming signs. It requires a particularly strong will power not to come away loaded down with cheap Turkish jewelry and shell "parlor" ornaments labelled "Charleston, 1902," in fantastic lettering. Every fakir on the Midway has time to give his personal attention to all individuals who come within range of his megaphone, not to mention his hands; for the Jews of Salem street are not a circumstance to the traders of the Turkish bazaars in the "Streets of Cairo." It may be that the exposition was not

well advertised; that Charleston is a little off the track of travelers and far from the great trade centres; that people are becoming sated with "too much exposition."

But it is not so much the exposition and the historic associations of the localities that make a visit to Charleston and the South of interest, as it is the opportunity for a personal knowledge of the people, both white and colored. Everywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line, the White Man's Burden is much in evidence: swarming pickaninnies soliciting the privilege of being photographed at a nickel apiece; old men and women with white, woolly hair and showy gewgaws in their ears, who have experienced all the changing vicissitudes of slavery, emancipation and the subsequent years of freedom—freedom from the white man, but of bondage to their color, ignorance and poverty; servants and stevedores; venders of fish, vegetables and garden truck; women with baskets balanced on their heads, and carried with never a fall; drivers of the inevitable mule, with his two-wheeled cart; and the "po' black trash" of the present generation—lazy, impudent, disgusting. Leaving out occasional exceptions, where the educational and industrial heaven has begun to affect the unseasoned lump, the Southern negroes are most woefully ignorant and unintelligent. The tourist soon learns not to apply to them for information of localities, distances or other facts of which a

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MARYLAND BUILDING.

person in a strange city must make inquiry. There is nothing they do not profess to know, but what they say is never reliable. Their reputation for lying and thieving would appear to have a good foundation in fact. In the vice of drunkenness they are not worse than their white brothers of the same class. In morals, their standard is very low, and their practice lower than their standard. They seem to lack all comprehension of personal responsibility. For an example: a cotton mill owner tried the experiment of using negro employés. They learned easily and became fairly skilful operatives, but were entirely unreliable. Some days his mill could not start at all, so few workmen were in their places. Since he was running it as a financial investment, and not as a charitable or philanthropic venture, he was obliged to return to white labor.

If the city negroes are a degraded lot, the country negroes are even worse. On the platforms of the railway stations in the Carolinas, which are few and far between, are always pictures for the caricature artist and themes for the philanthropist. Rags that the New England housewife would scorn to offer a peddler for tinware, serve to cover bodies whose exposed portions, at least, have been long unacquainted with nature's universal solvent. Here and there is a colored "preacher," dignified by a linen collar, once white, and sometimes an old clerical coat buttoned up to his chin, which, like the clothing

of the more humble laity, is made to cover a multitude of sins. Surely, never was better example of the blind leading the blind, and both hopelessly in the ditch. It is doubtful whether even Russia could show two greater extremes of civilization and its opposite, than the men and women on the steps of the luxurious Pullman cars of the New York and Florida special and those gaping creatures, but six feet away, covered with rags and vermin. But presto! the train is gone; and well for the happiness of both, each goes his way and straightway forgets what manner of man the other was.

But on the other hand the White Man's Burden is not altogether a dead weight. The colored laborers do the manual toil in the South which the Dagoes and other European riff-raff do at the North, and a prominent wholesale merchant of Charleston expressed himself as unwilling to make an exchange if he could. Whatever we may say of him, the negro is not an Anarchist, nor a serious menace to society; the stevedores at the docks heave their loads to the accompaniment of a peculiar musical song or cry, and everywhere the negro is light-hearted and happy at his work; as public servants in hotels, on steamships and railway trains, he has no equal; and his capacity for affection and fidelity under kind treatment is well known, though, alas, seldom seen now, since an unkind fate has left him to shift for himself in the midst of a race immeasurably his superior. For his indolence, viciousness and crime, any candid citizen must grant him some indulgence, when there are those with white skins in New England itself, and at our very doors, who are both indolent and vicious and criminal, and who, unlike the colored brother, are without the excuse of a savage ancestry in the African jungles.

At any rate, such as he is we have him with us. The "problem" is to make him see that emancipation from slavery was not emancipation from work, and that the principle of "no cross, no crown" is as pertinent to the compensations of earth as to those of the sweet bye and bye, of which he fondly sings with great religious fervor. The problem will be solved when the black man shall understand the destiny of his race in America as Booker T. Washington, the greatest representative of that race, has pointed out in his wonderful book.

To a person of Northern habits of life and thought, of Northern education and possibly of Northern prejudices, the most fascinating part of a visit in the South is the contact with the Southern people. The exposition has brought together

FORT SUMTER TODAY.



BEGGAR AT OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.



CUSTOM HOUSE, CHARLESTON.



FIVE-MASTED SCHOONER AT SEA.

representatives from different parts of South Carolina and the neighboring States, and the people of Charleston may be considered fairly typical of at least all the South Atlantic and the Gulf States. We have heard of the hospitality, courteousness and cordiality of the people of the South, but these words can have no true meaning except to those who have experienced it. An old ex-Confederate soldier, a chance acquaintance, who fought all through the campaign about Charleston, had come down to the exposition with his family from northern Georgia. After a long and pleasant conversation, which included a cordial invitation to visit them in their home, he added: "We are always particularly glad to entertain Northern people, to show them that all bitterness is forgotten." So everywhere one meets with kindness and consideration, even from strangers. Invading armies drove away their slaves, burned their plantations, carried off their silver plate, reduced them from prosperity and happiness to dire distress; but they did not destroy the generous and chivalrous spirit of the Old South. It is this spirit that is trying to forget all the bitterness of civil strife, and worse than all, the unfortunate conditions of the reconstruction period. The assassination of Lincoln, which was to the North a blow, was to the South a catastrophe. By it her best friend was struck down, and she was plunged into even deeper misery than that of war and defeat. Her recovery is slow, but it is sure; and one of the brightest indications of her returning prosperity is the unbounded confidence of her people in themselves and their country.

The attitude of the intelligent people of the South toward the negroes is on the whole just and tolerant. There is no question but that the situation frequently demands some kind of protection for white families, and the white man's civil and citizen rights. Whether this might be secured by some better means than the ones usually employed will doubtless be an open question for some time to come; but this much seems true: that the Southern people are willing to allow the negro all that he has earned or deserves, and by the very law of human progress, he must in the long run win and hold by merit alone whatever of recognition is accorded him. As he is industrious

and progressive, his former masters will respect and encourage him; but as he is dangerous to their peace and safety, they will in self-defence, prevent his doing them injury. The North and the South must together work out the negro problem, and it is encouraging to see them no longer wrangling with each other over the matter, but joining hands and brains in a sincere effort to bring about the best conditions for all, both white and black.

TWILIGHT.

BY ELLA D. HAWKINS, FELCHVILLE, VT.

The day is o'er, and twilight grey
 Enfolds in dusky shroud
 All creatures high or lowly born.
 Fair Earth, her proud head bowed
 And weary, yields in slumber sweet
 To the night-queen's gentle sway,
 And wrapt in dreamy silence deep
 Are the cares and thoughts of day.
 With fairy footsteps 'round me, swift
 The evening shadows fleet,
 And wrap, unseen, my very soul
 In rev'rie sad yet sweet.
 'Mid dusky banks of foliage
 The liquid moonbeams play,
 And sweet on the breath of the night wind floats
 The trill of the whipwill's lay.
 My heart is wooed to a silent mood;
 My restive longings cease;
 The night-wind breathes its message low;
 All nature whispers "Peace."

Rev. J. F. Simmons.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE UNIVERSALIST CLERGYMAN
 OF WOODSTOCK, VT.

It is not customary to present other than original articles in the pages of the Journal, but since no better memorial of Rev. J. F. Simmons can be written than that by Dr. Henry Boynton, which recently appeared in the Vermont Standard, of Woodstock, we reproduce the article. Rev. Mr. Simmons and the late Rev. S. A. Parker of Bethel were old friends and men of strikingly similar standards of life. They were the leading clergymen of their faith in all this part of Vermont, and it will be many years ere their places in the community at large can be as well filled. Mr. Simmons was a true friend of thousands, to whom "the fine manly dignity of his presence" will be a lasting memory.

Death always brings darkness. Many times the circle is narrow, because the one who fell had few who knew him, and perhaps none who loved him. In general, to the family and the near-by friends, the darkness is always deep and has no light at all. The dead is laid away out of sight, the sorrows are hushed and the dark spot is soon covered by the onrushing current of life. But in the case of Mr. Simmons, who so suddenly left us, we have an exception to this general rule. He was so identified with the interests of Woodstock that there is not a heart or a home which is not made sad by his death. His life had in a peculiar manner so gone out into and touched



the life of the entire community that, in losing him, everyone realizes that he has lost a friend. In the half-score years and more that he has lived with us, the name of J. F. Simmons had come to stand for everything "that makes for righteousness." We all have known him well, and in so knowing him we found him a man "whose heart was pure and whose hands were clean." Finding him such, we soon gave him our confidence and our friendship. We valued the daily life he manifested, and learned to love him for the good work he was doing in our community; and now that he has gone, we—his neighbors, his friends, the townspeople and the schoolchildren—all mingle our sorrows and our sympathies with the sorrows of those who stood nearest him in life.



REV. J. F. SIMMONS.

Mr. Simmons was born September 16th, 1850, and so was in the fifty-second year of his life. He graduated at the St. Lawrence University at the age of nineteen and at the Canton Theological School when twenty-two. He was at once called to Bethel, in Maine, where he spent two years. He then came to Springfield, Vt., where he preached four years. At the end of this labor he was called to Webster, Mass., where he had a very successful ministry for eight years. After this he spent three years in Stafford, Conn., before coming to Woodstock, thirteen years ago. Mr. Simmons was married Nov. 7, 1871, at Lowell, Mass., to Miss Ellen Louise Adams of Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Simmons survives her husband, and their only child, Clarence, is in his first year at his father's old college, Canton, N. Y.

Preëminently Mr. Simmons was valued as the good citizen! His hand and his voice were always responsive to whatever promised to uplift and enrich our community life. He was a man of independent thought, and had his own views upon all questions which engage men. As no other man did his thinking, he was always ready, when asked, to give his views upon all matters of public or private interests, and in doing this he seldom gave offence to those who might differ from him in opinion. It is not often that a man of such plain speech had so many friends. The vote of the town that sent him to the Legislature in 1898 was practically unanimous.

As superintendent of our schools he found a field of congenial labor. Like other noble men, next to nature he loved children. Especially he loved to hunt out and aid those specimens of brightness which were trying to struggle up into the

light in the midst of adverse surroundings. To such his smile was like the rainbow, and his words as refreshing as the dew. It is a beautiful thought that the last work of his active brain was a sermon for young people.

He joined heartily with his professional brethren in removing the old denominational lines which have so long fenced off the churches in our village. He believed that when pulpit doors swing freely open to each other, the pews will begin to think that the millennium was not all a myth.

Next to his household, those of his church will feel his loss most keenly. Naturally it was in the relation of pastor and people that he would show most clearly what a human-hearted man he was. As counsellor, helper and friend, no one ever appealed to him in vain.

His pulpit work was of a high order. He never "padded" a sermon because the day was rainy. The thirty or forty people who gathered on such a day were treated to a discourse into which he had put earnest and profound study, every sentence weighted with fresh, strong thoughts.

His intellectual ability found a quick recognition in his own denomination. At the time of his death he was President of the State Convention of Universalists, and he had been chosen by the Canton Theological School to deliver before that institution a course of lectures on "Pastoral Duties." Yet he did not spend his time in looking for "a wider field of influence" nor a place which would give him more notoriety. With truthfulness he said: "I dwell among mine own people." Like the Great Master whom he followed, his ways were simple. He went about doing good. Here he found the richest joys of life.

Though he had no use for anything in garb or manner that would advertise his profession, there was about him a fine sense of manly dignity. Whether in the street or parlor this dignity was like a living presence and never left him. This presence was always attractive and uplifting. Childhood and age felt alike its power.

Though serious and earnest in his work, there was a fine vein of humor in his make-up, and no man enjoyed a witty story more keenly than he. His quickness at repartee always left many sparkling points in an hour's converse. Those who knew him well will remember that nothing ever fell from his lips that was not as free from taint as the fragrance of new-mown hay. In his public work he was seen at his best when preaching the great doctrines in which he so thoroughly believed—that God and Nature are not at strife; that God within the human soul, in His own way and in His own time, will bring every wanderer home, "and every winter change to spring."

None but those who have experienced it, can know what light and comfort he carried to rooms as dark as is now that one he has left. At such an hour his coming was like a great brightness, which shed a glory on the walls, and all the darkness went away. The hand he then gave you was that of a human brother. His words were not the words of grief, but they always brought the soul relief, because the burden God had laid on you he came to try and help you bear.

Dying in the fullness and vigor of his days, with the great work of his life seemingly before him, he has left that work for us to finish. Whatever of himself he gave to us, let us cherish as a sacred trust. As freely and fully as he gave that gift to us, let us give it to others; and so shall he, though dead, continue to live among us to the end of our days.

A Reminiscence.

BY LAURA M. WILLIAMS, EAST HAMPTON, N. Y.

FAIR with that clean-washed, glistening aspect breathed forth only from the leaves of June, when, shower freshened, they wave glad responses to the low whisperings of the wind, stand out the strong New England hills in the full blush of the setting sun.

Slowly wending from ascent to ascent press on the travelers. Their frequent and long pauses disclose the length of the journey already made, and that it is nearly accomplished.

They have long been travelers on life's roads, these pilgrims, first singly, then in double harness, but never in galling yoke. The home made ready for their children, and now for their children's children, is built like a rock of the hillside, as firm and enduring against the friction of wear and the shock of change. Every winding pathway has ended at the broad home door stone, where all ills are forgotten and all wrongs vanish as the lowland fog melts away before the strong sun rays.

Even that fine understanding between horse and driver as the journey progresses marks the horse of one driver. The back never stung by the lash, the neck borne in uncurbed pride and the clear, fearless eye, are silent witnesses to that broad, kindly judgment that sits as king in the gates, ruling solely for the good of the subject.

There are few schools where the parental bequest of brains and conscience outweighs all thing material; where hardly young manhood and young womanhood stand for their own worth. To one of these had they committed each child in turn, with that unselfish love that ceaselessly strives to place the child at a higher point of privilege than the parent enjoyed; and when one by one they received the school's stamp of approval, the same journey had been made in a haste of joyful preparation for the stirring scenes of the graduation.

This was a rich feast to them. Our hardy ancestors were not fed upon fables or recreated on operas, and their successors found rest and stimulation in seeking the higher altitudes. Their change of scene meant broader vision.

Their hunger was for the nourishing portion. They needed no pampering, no dilution of the strong diet, no filtering of their air. The breath of heaven was pure and free in their lungs, their eyes clear to discern truth in its several garbs.

He who well understands God's simple first truths will not quickly trip in the steepened ways, and life had supplemented the early opportunity, carrying them into full touch with the spirit of the place.

This trip in progress was a reminiscence, sacred to the memory of those other graduations, in which one of their loved participated.

Life has times and moods in which one finds grand things in common guise, and the soft sunset and hard New England hills were fitting reminders of the flush of aspiration, fires of energy and the rugged determination that had marked their way.

How they all rushed back — those memories of days so full of tireless activity, of deprivation and care — when the long days lengthened and the short nights shortened; when the palms grew thickened and the hair whitened; when mother was her own and their servant, and father was his own hired man!

Those were the sowing days of toil and prayer, of day dreams and of night vigils, of struggles, hopes, anxieties, hard hills summited, barriers removed; then more hills, more barriers — and for what? To give youth a fair start on life's perilous journey, the heritage not gold, not acres, but a clear eye and a trained arm for the work that shall await.

Nobly this labor of love was accomplished. They had watched them through failures and successes; spurred them on to victory; held them back from defeat; feasted their friends; shared their ambitions. Then one by one they stepped forth into the conflict.

One had rushed the battle, gloriously winning at life-cost. The others were making their several ways on the march, at camp or on picket duty as was the call.

Did it pay? Has the training brought bone and sinew for action, or a mass of useless facts? Have the wills been strengthened? Have the soul's roots gone deeply down into things eternal? Are the relations of man to God and man to man more clearly defined? Is it a harvest of wheat, or tares, that grows from this stirring of the soil?

Distantly gleam the church spires. The end of the journey approaches. Distantly yet fall gleams from the City beyond the sunset; but the eye of faith has sighted the vision that ever shall brighten and glow and mount before them; the summit goal, the grand total of victory.

And victory shall come to the lone plodders in their appointed ways — victory inherited, if not inherent; for the Mightiest, the Lord of the Harvest, holds the balance.

Quietly, trustfully, the seed was scattered. One Eye followed the furrow. One Eye marked it, not as a burial site, but for a resurrection wide as the liberality of His wonderful heart.

Fear not, O my native State, for thy children whom thou hast infused with thy rugged purpose. They shall be invincible as thine own mountain fastnesses. So long as thy crests point heavenward, thy children shall be fitted for their climb. While thou hast parents who accomplish the impossible, thy sons and daughters shall be furnished for grand achievement.

Thy "old men shall dream dreams" and thy "young men shall see visions," and together they shall work them into living truth.

Thy mountain springs shall feed the rivers; thy rivers course toward the sea, bearing the reaper's triumph — "And the song shall never end."

THE CITY BOARDER AS A GEOLOGIST.

The city boarder and his wife returned from a stroll over the hills one day and announced they had found a beautiful white stone, which they were going to take home with them. They placed it on the front doorstep for adornment until such time as they should go. After a little the housewife noticed a wet place around that stone every morning, and, after taking a real good look at it, she laughed immoderately. When Farmer Lockwood came with the milk next morning the village housewife gave him the "beautiful white stone" to carry back to his sidehill pasture. It was a big lump of rock salt.



Fletcher D. Proctor.

A REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP OF VERMONT.

FLETCHER D. PROCTOR was born in Proctorsville, Vt., Nov. 7, 1860. He prepared for college in Middlebury and graduated from Amherst College in 1882. He worked during his vacations for the Vermont Marble Company and entered its permanent employ as soon as he left college. He became assistant superintendent, then general superintendent, and since 1889 has been president of the company and its active and responsible manager. He is also president of the Proctor Trust Company and of the Clarendon & Pittsford Railroad Company.

In 1884 and 1885 he was a selectman of the old town of Rutland, and from 1887 to 1890 he was a selectman of the town of Proctor. He has been a member of the school board of the village of Proctor since 1883, in which time the schools have grown from four ungraded schools to a graded system with 13 teachers and 425 pupils. For the past eight years he has been road commissioner. In 1895 Mr. Proctor began the employment by the Vermont Marble Company of trained nurses at Proctor and West Rutland to attend, free of charge, cases of sickness among its employees and their families. The experiment was so successful that the following year, after personally visiting and inspecting many of the smaller New England hospitals, he built at Proctor, at the expense of the company,

a modern hospital, fully equipped with patients' wards and operating and accident rooms.

In 1886 Mr. Proctor was secretary of civil and military affairs to Governor Ormsbee. In 1890 he was a member of the house of representatives, serving on the committee of ways and means and as chairman of the general committee. He represented the town of Proctor in 1900, and was elected speaker of the house of representatives by the unanimous vote of its republican members.

Vt. Association here Old Home Week.

The Vermont Association of Boston, through its executive committee, has decided upon a delightful trip for the coming Old Home Week celebration in the Green Mountain State. The party will leave Boston Monday, August 11, via the Fitchburg road and Hoosac Tunnel route and arrive in Saratoga, N. Y., about three P. M., where the remainder of the day and night will be spent at Congress Hall.

Tuesday morning the party will go to Caldwell, N. Y., at the southern extremity of Lake George, take the steamer through Lake George to Ticonderoga and thence through Lake Champlain to Burlington. There will be a special chartered train and the steamer will be given to the visitors. It is expected that the Sherman Military Band of Burlington will take the trip through Lake Champlain with the party.

The third day, Wednesday, August 13, will be spent about Burlington, where the Van Ness House will be headquarters for the association. There will be trips to Ausable Chasm and other points of interest near Burlington. The party will disband in the Queen City, each member going to his native town or wherever he desires.

NEW VERMONT AUTHOR.

Vermont has borne an honored part in the world of letters with such writers to her credit as John G. Saxe, Judge Thompson and Rowland Robinson, but these have now gone the way of all the world, leaving the laurels of Vermont to be upheld by a newer and younger generation.

It is interesting to note that as the late Rowland Robinson was doing the last of a long life's work, a young Vermonter was just beginning his in the same field. This young man is Harle Oren Cummins, a native of Montpelier and a graduate this year of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The Cummins' book of stories, "Welsh Rarebit Tales," has just been issued by The Mutual Book Co., Boston, Mass., and has at once made a decided hit. Mr. Cummins' forte is writing short and somewhat peculiar stories that often startle, always interest, frequently amuse and not seldom instruct or point a moral.

His style is fresh and vigorous and all his own. Heretofore his work has been confined to magazines, his best stories being published by Munsey's, McClure's, The Black Cat and other standard publications, while Journal readers have been favored by one of his amusing tales labelled "Popleigh's Failures."

The book is a perfect specimen of the printer's and binder's arts, and has a handsome cover design in black and gold. The magnificent illustrations are by R. Emmet Owen, the well-known New York artist. The book can be obtained of all booksellers in Vermont.

"Uncle Gustus" Tries to Educate His Dog.



BY ANNA HOBLEY WHITE, BARNARD, VT.

"T WAS much as forty years ago. I was living up on the North Road where John Hathorn lives now, before I moved to Rochester, that my brother-in-law gave me a dog. (I never knew before that he had any spite agin me.) It was a full-blooded brindle bull-dog. His upper lip looked as if it had been sliced off. He was the plagiueist coward I ever see in the shape of a dog. He wa'n't good for nothin' only to kill skunks. He was a great feller for them, but how in thunder he could find so many beats me. He found lots of 'em, and he never had to make but one grab at 'em to shake the life out of 'em. And it wa'n't very often Mr. Skunk had time to let us know he was around. In them days skunk skins wa'n't good for nothin' to sell, but we hunted 'em to get rid of 'em. The Lewises were my nearest neighbors, and there were three boys of 'em, Charles and Marsh and Eb, and all that winter, every little while, we would take the dog at night and go out skunk-hunting; that is, the dog did the hunting and we had the fun.

"Well, by and by it come on warm weather, and we gave the skunks a rest, but I kept the dog along and thought I would try to make a coon dog of him the next winter. The young ones thought a good deal of him and they wanted to keep him too. I lived in the old house then, not the one that was burnt two or three years ago, but the one I tore down when I built that. You see there was lots of good timber in it I wanted to use in the new house, so we lived in the shed-part for four months, one summer, while I tore out the old house and put up the new one. The old house was low and squat, it set pooty well back from the road and betwixt the house and road was a wide, flat dooryard and in the summer time I always had lots of hens and chickens 'round the yard and a good many hen-coops. I used to make the old-fashioned hen-coops, like a 'V' bottom up, and slats nailed acrost 'em. I want to have you kinder think how the yard looked.

"Well, one day in haying time I had two or three men helping me, and whilst we was eating dinner we heard the almighty noise in the dooryard that ever was. It sounded as though a whole menagerie had all broke loose to once. It scairt the men so they didn't hardly dars't to even look out the winder. Mother looked out, and she says: 'Hurry up! Perrin is scairt most to death.' I got to the door as quick as I could, and I thought I should die a-laffin'. It was hard to tell which there was most of, dogs, men or hen-coops. There was one of my neighbors started to come in; he was a little man, fifty years old or so and kinder bent over a little. When he see the dog a-layin' there asleep he was kinder scairt, and he

tried to sly along and not have the dog see him; but that was jest where he missed it. The dog jumped for him and he jumped to get away from the dog, and landed on the cat. The cat squalled, and the dog yelped, and Perrin hollered: 'Call off yer dog! Get out! Get out! I'll kill him! Call him off! Call him quick!' He had picked up a hen-coop to defend himself, and that let out a big Shanghai hen, and she squawked and the chickens yiped, and the rest of the hens took it up and they squawked, too, and the old rooster helped all he could: the young-ones begun to yell: 'Don't let him kill Jack! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' And by that time the men were all out laffin' as if they would split: there was the dog chasin' around Perrin, trying to find out if the seat of his pants was lined; and Perrin was dancing around in a circle and all the time holding the hen-coop betwixt him and the dog, and hollering, 'Call yer dog! Get out! I'll kill ye!'

"I had hard work to straighten out enough to call the dog, for all the hubbub only made him worse; but at last I got him, and poor old Perrin was able to come into the house.

"Well, that wa'n't what I sot out to tell you. Along that fall, after I got my corn cut and stooked up, I found that a coon was coming to it every night. I kinder studied and planned how I could catch him. It was no use to bait with corn; the field was full of it. I let him eat a few nights, trying to make up my mind how to get him. Just then I had an old hen die. Then I knew what I would do. I didn't let on to any one, but went and hid the hen under a stook of corn, and set up another stook near to it, and betwixt the two I put the trap, so that if the coon got the hen, or tried to get her, he would have to go over the trap. There was a chain on the trap and a ring on t'other end of it. I took a long pole, one that I used to poke apples off with, and put the ring over it just to the middle and fastened it there, so that whatever got into the trap, and tried to get away with it, would have to drag that pole; and it would keep hitting first one end, then the other, on the stooks of corn or anything else big enough. I didn't plan that they would drag it a great ways, not so but what I could track it and find it.

"Well, the next morning it hadn't been touched, but the coon had been eating in another part of the field; but the next morning I missed pole, chain and trap. I hadn't said a word to anybody what I was doing, so I hunted around, all by myself, to see what had dragged off the pole and where it had gone to.

"The field was considerable kinder slopin' ground, and on the lower edge of it somebody had built a stone wall and then picked up stones all over the field and filled in the upper side of the wall, till it was pooty nigh level for quite a piece back and as high as the top of the wall. That was all done before I went there to live. In course of time enough soil had got mixed in there to grow yaller-weed and raspberry bushes and such like, and Mr. Coon had dragged that pole as much as six rod through the cornfield and got hid in the weeds, not more than three or four feet away from the wall. On top of the wall, and just opposite to him, was a rail ten or twelve feet long; each end was rested on a stone eight or ten inches high, and the whole length of the rail was held up from the top of the wall just about that much and not fastened anywhere. It didn't do any earthly good; it only just happened to be there.

"Well, I didn't disturb the coon, but I thought to myself, 'Now is just the chance to make a coon-dog of Jack.' So I

got back a little ways and whistled for him. He came rushing along, dog-fashion, and to get to me he had to come right betwixt the coon and the rail. I thought he would smell the coon and grab him as he would a skunk, but he didn't. He hadn't any idee of anything only to get to me—so he came right along till just as he got squarely opposite the coon, up comes the coon's head, with a 'Yah! yah!' I wish you could see that dog! It was all of forty years ago, but to this day I could never tell of it, nor even think of it, without laffin'—."

Here "Uncle Gustus" enjoyed his "laff" and then resumed his story: "The dog hollered 'Ki yi!' and jumped sideways right agin that loose rail, and rail and dog went over the wall together. I never knew which come top, but the next I saw of the dog he was getting to the woods as fast as he could go, with his tail curled down betwixt his legs so tight it almost lifted him off of the ground, and all the time hollering 'Ki yi, ki yi, yi yi yi yi!' When he got about half-way his courage rallied a little and he ventured to look over one shoulder to see if anything was after him. When he found that nothing followed him he looked over his shoulder again and said 'Wooh!' then he looked over the other shoulder and said 'Wooh!' Then he seemed to think he should be safer in the woods than anywhere else, and he made the last twenty-five rods about as quick as he did the first, and if his tail was any sign, he was about as scared when he got there as he was when he started. In fact, I don't know as his tail ever came back where it belonged, and if possible he was more of a coward than ever after that.

"For a while I couldn't do nothin' but laff, but at last I managed to call to the dog, and whistled to him, but all I could do I couldn't get that dog back into that cornfield. He sneaked around someway, and before night was back at the house. It was no use trying to make a coon-dog of him. I never tried agin. I kept him a while longer, but he got so he would steal the neighbors' hens' eggs, and I had to get rid of him."

A Trip Over the Range.

BY NELLIE PEASE STEARNS, MEDFORD, MASS.

THINKING Journal readers may be interested to know the impressions made upon an absentee by a return after many years to the old Green Mountain State, I venture to send a little account of a carriage trip from east to west over the range. For many years my home has been in Massachusetts, and with trips along the coast, to Niagara and down the St. Lawrence to Lake St. John, down the Saguenay and to scenic Colorado, my native State has been sadly neglected.

Last summer I determined to make amends for this neglect of one of the most beautiful States in the Union, and chose Hartford as the starting point for my exploration. Making up a little party of two ladies and three children (men folks were too busy harvesting the hay crop to "go tramping around with wimmen") we left Hartford at six o'clock on an ideal July morning. The early part of our pilgrimage took us over the hills by peaceful farm-houses and through broad meadows redolent with the odors of the fallen grass, the air aquiver with the merry notes of the many birds who, with us, rejoiced to be alive.

The quiet village of Quechee was reached just as the operatives were commencing their daily labors in the little woolen-mill. Then following the stream whose limpid water supplies

the power to operate the mill, we drove between tall maples and elms to the county seat, beautiful Woodstock. For the weary city man exhausted by work, noise and confusion, no more peaceful haven of rest presents itself than this charming country town, with its cool, shaded streets, surrounded by the eternal hills.

Leaving Woodstock our road grew rougher and more hilly as we entered the Bridgewater. For green meadows we found hill pastures with raspberry and blackberry canes running riot over the stone walls and rail fences; then the forests with their emerald verdure and damp, cool atmosphere, which is a delightful relief from the heat of the July sun. As noon approached we looked anxiously for a place to "bait" our horse, and in the distance saw a tiny farm-house nestling in an old apple orchard. A little country maid answered our request for accommodation by saying, "Yes; you can put your horse in the barn if you know how to do it yourself. The men-folks are over in the other lot haying." After providing for the wants of our good steed "Pokey" (so named for his "air of calm repose") we picked out the very softest and shadiest bit of turf in the old orchard and discussed the dainty and bountiful lunch prepared for us by our friends in Hartford.

After our "nooning" we started once more for our mountain-climb, finding the top of the earth in Sherburne. Thence by a gradual descent through Mendon, leaving Killington and Bald mountains on our left and Pico on our right, we reached the progressive little city of Rutland in time for dinner. The Berwick House opened its hospitable doors for us and entertained us in quite a metropolitan way.

Leaving Rutland at nine-thirty next morning, we followed the Otter Creek through Pittsford to Brandon, where we found another beautiful country town with the most perfectly appointed hotel (the Brandon Inn) that I have ever seen in a small town. Leaving Brandon we shaped our course westward, traversing the river meadows under the willows through Sudbury in to Orwell, where we found kind friends and a warm welcome at the end of our second day's journey.

Taking a day of rest and gossip, Friday morning we commenced our return journey. Leaving Orwell at nine o'clock, noon found us at Forest Dale, in the town of Brandon, and at the foot of the mountains once more. Stabling our horse, we took lunch and started out to see the sights. Here we found a thriving infant industry in the production of all sorts of novelties made from wood. Tiny barrels, clothespins, inkstands, checkermen, dominoes and a thousand and one wooden toys are turned out in profusion. Then came the climb, up, up the mountain side. On the way we overtook a typical mountaineer, who seemed much interested to know the object of our journey. On being told our only reason for being there was love for the mountains and country, he said: "By gosh! it's all nice now, but ye jist order be here in the winter. It blows so, b'gosh, ye can't hardly stand up." Leaving him to pursue the even tenor of his uneventful way, we continued up, up, up, the magnificent panorama of the mountains constantly unfolding new scenes of beauty and grandeur to our wondering eyes.

At Rochester, a little hamlet smuggling in a tiny valley almost on top of the range, we found a country tavern which provided snug quarters for the night. Saturday saw us following down the beautiful White River valley through Stockbridge, with its prosperous farms and sleek cattle; Gayville, with its little group of factories; Bethel, a junction of the Central Vermont and Rochester railroads, to Royalton, a Rip Van Winkle sort of place, where we had lunch.

Still following through the meadow farms of the White River valley, South Royalton, Sharon and West Hartford are passed, and at eight o'clock the welcome lights of Peases' were seen, and we had reached our journey's end.

How Pollie Managed.

BY GERTRUDE PALMER VAUGHAN, LEBANON, N. H.

"COME, Pollie; come, child," called a cheery voice from the porch, and the next moment the door opened to admit the owner thereof, who was a portly, good-natured looking man with laughing, brown eyes and a smile that made you like him at once. He was arrayed in an immense fur coat, which made him look like an animated bear, and his heavy muffler and mittens showed that he was ready for a cold drive. Through the door, which he held open for a moment, came the impatient jingle of sleigh-bells and the sound of a warning "whoa!" indicating that the horses were ready, too, and not at all patient in their enforced waiting.

"Come, Pollie; where are you?" he repeated, glancing round the cheery kitchen. "If you are going with me you must hurry. Never mind any more fine feathers, but come on, for you know the horses don't like to stand."

"Yes, father; I'm almost ready," called Pollie; "wait just a minute till I get my muff, and I'll be there." The next instant was heard the sound of hurrying feet, and with a merry little laugh Pollie, herself, came skipping down the stairs.

She was a rosy little maiden of sixteen years, as happy as a bird and as full of mischief as such a winsome little lassie could be. Her chief beauty lay in her eyes, which, like her father's, were large and brown and brimming over with laughter. Her hair was a mass of chestnut ringlets clustering round a face which had the most bewitching way of looking demure and sweet, or roguish and defiant, as its owner might will. She was indeed the pride of Farmer Bennett's heart, and just now he viewed her with much satisfaction, as well he might. A pretty picture she made standing there waiting for his smile of approval; and it was not long in coming, as his eyes fell upon the crimson dress, the snowy furs and, above all, the roguish face peeping out from its dainty surroundings.

After one long look, he said, with a laugh: "Well, child; all ready for a ride with your old father, are you? Come, then, for I must be off," and, picking her lightly up in his strong arms, he sprang across the porch and deposited her safely among the furry robes. Then tucking her in until, as he said, "nothing could be seen but the tip of her nose," and, springing in beside her, he gave the word to the impatient horses, and away they flew over the creaking snow.

It was a bitter cold night, but bright and clear, and the way seemed all too short. Down the long hill, across the old covered bridge by the saw-mill, which Pollie called the "half-way house," on her walk to school, through the woods where the naked branches cast weird shadows on the glistening surface of the snow beneath them. On and on they sped to the music of the merry bells. It was too beautiful for words, and save for an occasional "Cold, child?" from the farmer, and a muffled response from Pollie, the ride was a silent one.

Almost before she could realize it they drew up before the door of the little red school-house and her father uttered a loud "Whoa!" which immediately drew a crowd. Pollie looked anxiously at the teams there before them—teams of all descriptions, some stylish, some old-fashioned, some large and some small—and among the number were two which she noticed particularly. One of these was a small, new cutter drawn by a

handsome, black horse; the other an old-fashioned, high-backed sleigh and the horse a bay, big-boned and angular. Side by side they stood, in the best position to bring out clearly their contrasting points, and Pollie was not slow in making the comparison which was inevitable.

Within the school-room a merry crowd was gathered—fathers and mothers, youths and maidens, boys and girls—who had come together for an old-fashioned spelling-school. Everybody was in high spirits, and all rushed to the windows at the sound of the bells and merry voices.

The farmer, who had business in a neighboring town, paused only long enough to deposit his precious freight, saying roguishly, as he drove away: "If I should forget to stop for you on my way back, I suppose you might manage to find *some one* to take you home, eh, Pollie?" to which she replied only by a merry laugh and a blush which it was too dark for him to see.

Surrounded by an eager group of girls and boys, each anxious for the first word and all talking at once, Pollie was escorted into the school-room with a deal of fun and noise. Here her appearance was hailed with delight, for she was a general favorite, both for her own sweet self and as the only child of the richest farmer in the town.

To tell you of all that happened on that eventful night, of the words that were missed and the jokes that were cracked, of the smiles that were exchanged and the conversations that were carried on between whiles, would take altogether too long. But I'll tell you how Pollie managed at the close of the evening's fun, and how, after many trials, she succeeded in carrying out her own plans.

Many indeed were her admirers, but which was the prime favorite was a question which had never, to all appearance, been satisfactorily settled. However, there were two who seemed to be particularly in favor just now. One of these was young Joe Hardy, who had long been Pollie's devoted slave, and whose father owned the farm adjoining Farmer Bennett's. He was as much her devoted champion now as when, a tiny girl, she had been given into his care by her mother, with many charges to convey her safely to school. In those days Pollie had seemed to return his ardent affection; but now, as Joe said: "Somehow things were different."

The cause of this difference seemed to be the young school-master who, only a short time before, had come from a neighboring town, and had given Joe some uneasiness by his evident liking for his bright young pupil, who was a leader in her classes, as well as the originator of all the mischief of the school. The master had said that afternoon: "Miss Pollie, if you can come down with your father, I'll see that you get home safely." Now he was both young and handsome and drove a stylish team, and Pollie's girlish heart was ever open to flattering attentions; so she had readily consented to the arrangement, with never a thought of Joe. But now the question forced itself upon her, and she began to wonder what she should do with him, for she knew he would take it for granted, as so often before, that she was going with him in his big old-fashioned sleigh. The more she puzzled over it the more troubled she grew, and still the riddle remained unsolved.

Joe, meantime, was thinking, too, though not exactly in the same line. Fearful that the master might carry off the prize, he tried to get near Pollie, but in vain. All the evening she skilfully evaded him, until he was almost in despair. Now

here, now there, she went, always just out of his reach, and evidently in a most mischievous mood.

At last, as she stood in the doorway, such a charming picture in the moonlight, he determined to make one more trial. But Pollie saw him and knew what was coming as well as she knew that the master was waiting for her by the roadside. What should she do? The school-house stood just at the top of a hill, down which a smooth icy path led to the road below. Pollie's wits were working quickly now. She slipped suddenly on the door-stone, and Joe, thinking she had fallen, started forward to catch her—but caught his breath instead, and his look of fear changed to one of intense surprise when he found she wasn't there. She slid like a flash to the roadside, almost into the master's outstretched arms, and before Joe could collect his senses they were out of sight. And that is how Pollie managed. You think it was hard on Joe? Well, perhaps; but it suited Miss Pollie, and as for the master, you must judge for yourself.

Among the Workers.

HOW CARDBOARD AND GLAZED PAPERS ARE MADE AT THE LARGEST FACTORY OF THE KIND IN THE UNITED STATES, IF NOT IN THE WORLD.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

ALL cardboard is made of sheets of paper pasted together. This is done mainly by machine, the heavier boards only being made by hand. In the mill paste made of starch and flour stands about in movable vats, and a fountain on each machine is filled with it. No paper is made in this mill, but purchased of the various mills of the country. It all comes in rolls. The paper from one roll in the machine passes along and is covered with paste and a little further on paper from another roll comes down to touch the pasted sheet and with it passes between two steel cylinders of considerable pressure. The doubly thick sheet is then rolled up again.

The card is then drawn from the roll through a vertical box-like arrangement, heated, and so dried and then wound up again. The rolls are next placed at the end of a sort of table, over which the card slowly moves, and at the end is cut into sheets by machine shears. These sheets are taken to a machine where they are squeezed until a glossy surface appears. A sheet is laid on a piece of zinc, another sheet, another piece of zinc, card, and so on, until a pile an inch or so in height has been formed, and this is laid on a bed which moves under a great roller and back. The more squeeze, the higher polish secured. This stock is then trimmed, counted and wrapped ready for the stock-room.

In hand-pasting a sheet of ordinary card is thoroughly pasted upon its upper surface with a wide brush; upon this two other sheets are laid, the upper one pasted, another laid on, and so on. When a considerable pile has been got the whole is placed in a standing press and squeezed. The paste comes out on the edge in quantities. The sheets are then trimmed in a cutter and each sheet hung up to dry by a clothespin fastened to two corners, each pin having a small hole punched in it so as to be hung up on a wire hook.

In the manufacture of glazed paper the paper used comes in rolls—just ordinary-appearing paper. The sheet passes slowly

over a bar of wood, and its upper side is rubbed to a polish by an arm which holds a piece of flint at the point of contact with the paper and this arm gives great pressure upon the flint, and thus the paper is rubbed, inch by inch as it passes over the bar, into a high polish or glaze, on one side only. Then it again passes upon a roll. After this the roll is placed at the end of a very long table, at the other end of which is a paper-cutter. There are several of these tables, side by side, each about 60 feet long, and the paper-cutter at the end is mounted on wheels and can be moved along a track on the floor so as to cut at the end of any desired table. The process of arranging for cutting is like this: A man seizes the end of a sheet from the roll and walks along at the side of the table until he reaches the farther end of it, then he lays down the end of the sheet and, going back to the end of the table next the roll, cuts off the sheet from the roll by drawing a knife along a slit at the end of the table. This is repeated until there lies upon the table several hundred sheets of glazed paper—each sheet as long as the table. The top of the table is covered with an endless cloth, which can be carried forward toward the cutter by turning a crank. This cloth moves over wooden rollers, and so the whole pile is moved into the cutter and cut off into required lengths. Of the glazing machines about 60 are in constant operation.

Another method of giving a high finish to paper is the friction finish. Here the paper passes in a continuous sheet between two steel cylinders and is so calendered. There are several of these machines.

Upstairs is the color room. Here men are at work mixing up and straining the coloring matter with which a part of the stock is colored. The man in charge of this room is the most skilful mixer in the country. The odor of the coloring matter is a little offensive to an outsider, but is not in it with the hot, choky atmosphere of the next room. This room extends the whole length of this enormous building and a greater part of its width, and here it is that the various papers are colored and afterward dried.

The coloring matter is in a sort of tank into which the long sheet dips and then the color is vigorously rubbed in by a series of large brushes. These machines are placed at one end of the long room, and after passing the brushes the sheet starts out to be dried. On each side of the machine is an ingenious arrangement of chains, in which there are raised points. Each point catches up a slat or light stick and brings it up under the paper every few feet and so sustaining raises it to the top of the room. The slats are arranged in a pile at the end of the machine, and the chain removes the lower one only. Across the top of the room the sheets move slowly in long, graceful loops, reaching nearly to the floor, being suspended by the sticks which rest on movable frames. When near the end of the room the track ends, the sticks drop into a box and the sheet passes between rods which partially remove the folds caused by hanging in loops and straightens out the slight roughness caused by wetting the sheet when the color was applied. From thence it goes to the roll.

Embossing in various patterns is done here. The machine is a heavy steel cylinder on which is engraved the pattern. On the bed of the press a heavy piece of lead is laid. A sheet of paper is laid on the bed and a movement of a lever passes the bed beneath the roll. The sheet is removed, another placed from the other side, and the bed passes back, and so on.

Sugar Making in Barnard.

BY MARTHA A. EASTMAN, BARNARD, VT.

WHAT did John G. Saxe say of Vermont's men and women, horses and maple sugar? Something like this?

"The first and third are very fleet;
The second and fourth are hard to beat."

The year 1902 was phenomenal in that the greater portion of the maple product was manufactured in the month of March, and this year is sure to go down in tradition, if not otherwise history, as the March sugar season, in the same way that 1816 is rehearsed to the fifth generation as being the cold year, in which a big snow-storm in June occurred. Few now living remember that time, and as I write I am wondering how few now born will be living in that correspondingly far perspective.

In reading these columns what associations must arise with those who once lived about here, but now reside in other lands and climes! When memory goes back to childhood's days in dear old Vermont, is it a smile or it is a tear, or yet, is it a smile and a tear intermingled as those blessed memories arise? The old times are again lived over. Even the hardest lines of the past have especial charm—the planting, the hoeing, the haying and the harvesting; but perhaps more than all other times, they recall the sugar-making season. The work was harder then than now, the greater part of the sap being carried by hand, the bearer wearing a curious kind of collar, somewhat resembling the modern collarette. I well remember seeing my father and the boys carrying sap in this way, and this year amongst the lud (by the way a great deal of rubbish which otherwise would necessitate an annual bonfire is in this way utilized) I smiled at the medley collection more than ever as I recalled the face of the college boy who had done the picking up last summer in an unusually thorough sweep. There were plow-handles, and pig-troughs, wagon-shafts and broom-handles, feed-boxes and ox-yokes; but what caught and held my attention was one of these collarettes. I say one, and here was something for my collection, but no, alas! Pulling it from the heap I found it only a half. Disappointed, but not altogether discouraged, I resolved that the next time I should see my father I would ask if the one he used was in existence.

Sugaring this year, as I have already intimated, began very early, several of this town having tapped their bushes previous to March first, and these same "early birds got the worm"—ah, I mean the sugar, while the slower ones did not realize so substantial a margin of profit. The great first run frightened buyers out of contracts, but when people had their buckets washed and put away April first, the immensity of the sugar crop was a little less immense.

A body disposed to work finds lots of it lying around during sugaring, even with modern improvements. During a good run it has always been my practice to arise about three o'clock and start up the boiling, for the men-folks, being tired, want to sleep a little longer. On these occasional occasions I dress hastily, light my lantern and step out into the darkness. Reaching the sugar-house I step in just a bit cautiously, and, with lantern extended, peer into the corners, not quite fully, but perhaps more than half, expecting to see a burglar or a

bear stopping there for the night. This done and the evaporator slicked up, I start the fire, which, with its cheery crackle, drives away all thoughts of ghosts and owls. What good company the fire is! I am now kept busy until old Sol appears over the eastern horizon, when I go down to find the house still wrapped in slumber. I go in with more noise than erst-while I came out, thus giving a hint that 'tis time for other folks to be stirring. Going out in the wee sma' hours one morning this season I beheld the star in the east as I had never seen it before. The sight well repaid the loss of sleep sustained.

One great menace to sugar-makers is the cross of having to work Sunday or let the sap waste. One believes, or tries to, that 'tis right to take care of it, and quotes Scripture to back up his belief, while at the same time his countenance is expressive of considerable doubt. Another thinks this entirely wrong and that the Lord sends it as a temptation to be resisted. The latter class have had some strikingly convincing illustrations of the punishment incident to Sunday work this season. One man going out early Monday morning to see how the Sunday work had finished, found that his syrup, likewise evaporator, had "sugared off." The next Sunday transgressor number two left his works just a few minutes, but plenty long enough to "demoralize" his evaporator and ten gallons of nice syrup. Number three lost ten barrels of sap by the breaking down of a feed-holder stage. These cases may not be either silencing or convincing, but they are at least suggestive.

CROSS ROADS LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

—Col. Jumpuppe, of the Copperfield Gazette, was in town a

—Simon Ketchum left a fine mess of fish at this office on Monday last, after a short trip to Squam lake. Going again, Si?

—Elder Berry has our thanks for his first picking of early peas. The Elder works early and late over his "gardea sass," and the weeds haven't a ghost of a chance. The memory of their juicy tenderness is with us yet. Now is the time to subscribe. Bring in your vegetables.

moment Wednesday and paid the Leader office a pleasant visit.

—New shirt waists and best codfish at Bingham's. 2tf yw

—The paper is a day late this week on account of an accident to the form. The "devil" split an oyster stew on the editorial page and then pied the whole business trying to dry it out bottom side up over the office stove. We have sent to Boston for an extra case of type and hope hereafter to be prepared for such emergencies.

—Squire Eldridge of Popsum's Corner was in town yesterday and came in to renew his subscription. His eyesight is not as good as it used to be, but he always reads the Leader and says it gets better right along. He is one of our oldest subscribers and always pays in cash. The Squire misses the hitching-post, at the mill the boys pulled up for firewood last spring, catching eels. We need more hitching-posts at that end of the village.

—Frank Woodliff returned today after a few months' sojourn in Rutland. Frank is not as fleshy as when we last saw him, but otherwise the change has been beneficial to him.

—Reddy Bascom begins work today for Fleesum Bros., as train boy on the Air Line. Many of our most successful men got a start in life selling penny papers at a nickel, dime novels for a quarter, and chunks of gum arabic as "orange wafers."

—The intelligent compositor made the types say last week that Eben Jones had just returned from a whaling voyage. It should have read "just returned from Union Village."

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INTER-STATE JOURNAL

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.



BLACK RIVER FALLS, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

From The Spafford Library Magazine.



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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

ENTERED AT THE WHITE RIVER JUNCTION POST-OFFICE
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

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Indian Monuments.

BY CORA T. WHITCOMB, WEST LEBANON, N. H.

AMONG the most notable of the antique curiosities of the State of Vermont are two so-called Indian monuments of blue slatestone, located at the junction of the Felchville and Cavendish stage roads, on the north side of Knapp Brook. Taking into consideration that more than one hundred years have elapsed since their erection, they are in a fairly good state of preservation, apparently defying alike the heat and rains of summer and the frosts, hail, snow and winds of our severe winters.



These monuments were erected here about 1799 in commemoration of the birth of the first white child in the vicinity, and also the advent and traversing of this then unoccupied region by Capt. James Johnson and family, his wife's sister, Miriam Willard, Peter Laberee and Ebenezer Farnsworth, who had been taken captive at the little settlement of Charlestown, N. H., August 30, 1754, by a party of Indians from Canada.

The Indians at that time had a double object in making captives of the English settlers: First, to secure prisoners of war (it being at the time of the French and Indian war), and, second, in anticipation of the ransom money which the friends of the captives paid for their redemption.

The smaller of these slate-stone slabs was at first placed one-half mile further up Knapp Brook in the town of Cavendish, but being somewhat isolated and surrounded by briars and shrubbery it was removed to the side of the larger one on the main road from Felchville to Springfield.

The inscriptions on these monuments are as follows:

This is near the spot
that the Indians Encamped the
Night after they took Mr. Johnson &
Family Mr. Laberee & Farnsworth
August 30th 1754 And Mrs
Johnson was Delivered of her Child
Half a mile up this Brook

When troubles near the Lord is kind
He hears the Captives crys
He can subdue the savage mind
And Learn it sympathy.

On the 31st of
August 1754
Capt James
Johnson had
a Daughter born
on this spot of
Ground being
Captivated with
his whole Family
by the Indians.

"If mothers e'er should wander here
They'll drop a sympathetic tear
For her, who in the howling wild
Was safe delivered of a child."

Nearly 148 years have elapsed since these events have transpired, but these inscriptions and a review of contemporaneous history bring to mind the dangers, sufferings, privations and hardships of the early pioneers. These captives, torn from their homes at Charlestown, N. H., are supposed to be the first white persons who ever set foot within the limits of the town of Reading, but the birth of the first white child in this vicinity occurred in the town of Cavendish. As Mrs. Johnson's Indian captor espied her infant he showed signs of great satisfaction, and rubbing his hands exclaimed: "Two monies for me, two monies for me," meaning the ransom money.

The first night's encampment after their capture was on a branch of Black River, near the base of Little Ascutney. The second night's encampment was in Reading, where the monuments are now located; from whence they took a route through South Reading (Malagash) into Plymouth, where they again encamped at the head of Black River Pond; then proceeded to Canada, reaching there after a tiresome and exceedingly painful journey—the men on foot, with but little food, and the children

on the backs of their captors. On leaving Reading Mrs. Johnson was carried on a litter for the first two miles by the white captives, but they became too faint to proceed, and she chose the only alternative: of proceeding on horseback with her husband walking by her side to hold her on, rather than be left with her infant to perish alone in the wilderness.

The only food for the infant, as well as the others, was corn meal porridge, or gruel, made in a kettle stolen from the captives' house, the broth of a hawk which was killed while on the way, and a little johnny-cake.

The method they used to secure the men captives at night was to have their legs put in splint sticks, somewhat like stocks, and tied with cords, which were tied to limbs of trees too high to be reached. The women and children were furnished with blankets.

After reaching Canada Mr. Johnson was given a parole of two months to return and solicit means of redemption. Finally, after eighteen months, Mrs. Johnson, her sister and daughters were sent to England in a cartel ship and then returned to Boston, except the eldest daughter, who was retained in a Canadian nunnery.

Mrs. Johnson, under pleasanter conditions, afterward visited these scenes of her trials and accurately located the places of their encampments.

The child born under circumstances so peculiar was named Elizabeth Captive Johnson, and later married Col. George Kimball. The Hon. Frederick Billings, late of Woodstock, Vt., was a direct descendant of the little captive.

RETURNING HOME AFTER DARK.

BY EDNA BLANCHE WHITE, BARRE, VT.
TWELVE YEARS OF AGE AND PARTIALLY BLIND.

Sister May and I were coming through the wood, and it seemed very dark to us. We were having a splendid time, and it got dark before we thought of such a thing. We had wandered farther than we intended to. Well, the only thing to do was to hurry home as fast as we could. We had to go down a hill and came into a pasture where the way seemed safe and clear to us.

Just then May said: "Oh, Blanche! what is that under that big tree? Oh, see it move! I am so afraid I will never go and pick flowers again, unless papa is with us. Oh, Blanche! see it move again! I think it is a bear!"

We were very much frightened, as we had to pass by it to go home. We could not turn round and go back; besides, if we did the bear would surely follow us. I thought the best thing to do was to keep just as quiet as possible, and as far away from the bear as we could, and creep along softly. We could then climb the fence and run as fast as we could for home.

May said she could not help crying, but I told her she must not, for mamma's sake, as I knew she was already very much worried about us.

We got home at last, all safe and sound. I put my arms around papa's neck and told him the whole story. He took his gun and went in search of the bear; and what do you think it was? Why, our little dog, Snip, waiting for us. When papa came in he was all smiles to think that Snip had played such a trick on us, and they both thought we were brave little girls, after all.

Fletcher Memorial Library.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW BUILDING AT LUDLOW, VT.

A LIBRARY inspector in New York was recently called upon to tell something about an ideal library building and its inside equipment. Passing over the beautiful buildings of his own State, the Carnegie donations in Pennsylvania and the numerous structures which have been erected in nearly every Massachusetts town, he chose to take for such an ideal model the Fletcher Memorial Library of Ludlow.

In his presentation address, the donor, Mr. Allen M. Fletcher of Indianapolis, spoke feelingly and with impression on the life of his father, Stoughton A. Fletcher, in memory of whom the building was erected. His words are worth quoting as showing the dominant purpose in his mind in every step of the building process.

"I have tried to make this library an expression of my father's life. The solid granite foundation suggests the strength and steadfastness of his character. The simplicity and squareness of the exterior correspond with the modesty and uprightness of his life. The beauty and richness of the interior are typical of the justice and fineness of his mind. The influences for good and the culture that lie hidden in the books are as symbols of the gentleness and beneficence of his heart."

And just such a library has Mr. Fletcher erected. Fronting Main street and the village park, with large surrounding grounds, the executive mansion next door below, the situation is ideal. A one-story building of red brick, with buff limestone trimmings and granite base, one is impressed first of all with its apparent substantiality. This first impression is strengthened as one enters the basement and examines the solid foundation of masonry on which the superstructure stands. Here as elsewhere Mr. Fletcher has demanded perfection, or as near that as human ingenuity is capable of attaining.

In plan, the library has the form of a Latin cross, with vestibule at the head, the delivery room in the crossing, flanked on either side by large reading and reference rooms, forming the arms, and in the foot of the cross the book room, with capacity for eighteen thousand volumes. In the angle formed by the right arm and the foot is the librarian's office.

Plain and unpretentious externally, the real richness and beauty of the structure begin to appear as one enters the door to the vestibule, the white marble walls with Ionic pilasters, ceiling and floor worked out in marble mosaic, make evident to the visitor that no pains were spared in the endeavor to erect a memorial worthy of the man. On the left over the marble staircase is the inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
STOUGHTON
A.
FLETCHER
THIS BUILDING IS ERRECTED
BY HIS SON
ALLEN M. FLETCHER

Added dignity and impressiveness is given to the interior by a portrait — done by Steele — of the man for whom this library is a memorial, which hangs in the reading room on the right. Both this and its companion room on the left are finished in

dark oak. In each is a large fireplace with massive mantel of Caen stone, over head carved in the one room with the Fletcher coat of arms, in the other with the State seal. Two long oak tables in the west room afford an opportunity for quiet study or reading. In one corner is a case for the card catalogue arranged alphabetically by author and subject with separate drawers for fiction and works of a juvenile nature. The books are classified, by the way, according to the Dewey decimal system, beyond question the most perfect yet devised.

A door leads into the stack room and one stops for a moment to peer into the librarian's private room just long enough to see that all is not for show. Here the books are catalogued and other work of like nature done. One notes the same beautiful furnishings, a fireplace, large oak desks and chairs, typewriter specially adapted to library work and so on. Not what will do was the dictum of the donor, but the very best thing for the purpose.



FLETCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY, LUDLOW, VT.

The book room is simply furnished, regard being had chiefly for light. Books are uncovered and free access allowed to them at all hours—seven thousand of them, all told—and covering in part the field of universal knowledge.

A door on the left leads to the second reading room, where are a table and racks with all the current weekly and monthly magazines. A dark mahogany clock of unique design is worth noting. And then out again into the delivery room, which we failed to notice before. The flooring worked out in colored marble mosaic of elaborate design, the stucco ceiling, the white marble columns and delivery desk make a rare combination of richness and beauty.

The building is open from one to half-past eight o'clock daily, and books may be drawn at all hours. The rules and regulations are as simple as can be and yet subserve the best interests of all concerned.

It would be pleasant to know something of the man who thus remembers his fellow-man. It is safe to infer that the edifice echoes his own life as well as that of his father. An old-time Vermonter once remarked that he knew the whole Fletcher family from A to izzard, and they always had money. The old man may speak truly, but one is never made conscious of it in their home life on the ancestral farm. A visitor entering the library on the day after the opening found Mr. Fletcher talking with some street urchins and signing with them the cards necessary for drawing books, and looking in among the bookshelves saw Mrs. Fletcher sitting on the floor, oblivious to all surroundings, examining some rare old book-plates. That is a sufficient description. It shows a man and wife in actual sympathy and feeling with their fellow-creatures.

And what about these fellow-creatures? Phrenologists say they have developed a large-sized bump of thankfulness which has evidenced itself in the — to Mr. Fletcher — very satisfactory method of making a large use of his generosity.

The dedicatory exercises were held Nov. 1, 1901. Since the library was opened to the public the number of book drawers has reached over 700, and the not least pleasing fact is that this number includes many young children who exercise in every way the same rights and prerogatives as their elders. A trained librarian of most pleasing address is always present to assist such unfortunate ones as know not what they want. Ludlow people ask for one thing more only—portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, whose genii may keep watch over their beneficence.



His Summer Parish.

BY GEORGIA WHITE, RANDOLPH, VT.

ONE long whistle, followed by two shorter ones, smote upon the air, and a moment later the afternoon mail train drew up at the station of Berkley Falls, among the green hills of Vermont.

A tall, slim young fellow alighted from the train and glanced around inquiringly. He was a well-dressed, pleasant-faced young man with a pair of level gray eyes which gave one the impression that their owner was capable of taking very accurate measurements. While he was still turning a deaf ear to the persuasive accents of a solicitous porter from the Eagle Hotel, a middle-aged, portly gentleman rushed up in a breathless hurry and, waving the porter to one side, asked if he were not addressing Mr. Paul Randall, the divinity student who was to take charge of their parish during the summer months.

"Yes, sir; and you are Dr. Wyman?"

"The very same," assented the doctor, and the two shook hands with great cordiality.

"We have engaged board for you at Mrs. Larkin's, a widow lady who has shown some little inclination lately to attend our church, and we thought it might be a stroke of policy for you to make your home with her for a time," said the doctor, mopping his face and the round shiny spot on the top of his head, for it was a warm day, and the good man had been hurrying. "Now, if you will give me your checks, I will hunt up a truckman and take you right over there."

Left alone, Paul smiled as he pictured himself following the Widow Larkin about her household tasks, striving to inculcate upon her preoccupied mind right views of the doctrine of transubstantiation and thereby causing her perhaps to put an extra dose of saleratus into the biscuits or to forget to sweeten the cookies at all.

His soliloquy was cut short by the return of the doctor ready to lead the way to Mrs. Larkin's, and as they proceeded slowly down the street he gave the young man a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the spiritual and temporal condition of the flock of which he was to be the shepherd for the summer season.

"You will find this to be a pretty poor parish, Mr. Randall; poor potatoes and few in the hill, as the farmers say. We are all five-centers, and can hardly afford to be even that." The doctor was at that time paying taxes on \$60,000, and was suspected by his best friends of having as much more securely hidden from the prying eyes of the inquisitive listeners. "The fact is, the church is all run down. The choir got out with the last minister we had, because he thought he knew more about music than they did, and they haven't sung since. Our two leading men are having a lawsuit about a rail fence between their respective pastures, and each threatens to leave the church unless the other is excommunicated. The Sunday school, too, needs waking up; but here we are at Mrs. Larkin's." The doctor paused long enough to give the doorbell a couple of pulls, and then continued blandly: "I hope you will enjoy your stay among us, Mr. Randall, and you can rest assured that we will do all in our power to make your work here interesting."

And Paul, as he mentally reviewed the situation, felt sure that work in such a very promising field could hardly fail of being interesting.

Mrs. Larkin now appeared at the door, and the doctor hastened to introduce Paul to her as the student they had been expecting. "I brought him right here, Mrs. Larkin, because I know how very much at home you always make your boarders, and I felt certain he would be more contented here than anywhere else," and the worthy doctor, lifting his hat, returned to his neglected patients, while Paul, having followed his landlady into the house, endeavored to make as pleasing an impression as possible with a view to her early conversion to the truths of sound doctrine as set forth in his creed.

"This will be your room, Mr. Randall," said Mrs. Larkin, throwing open the door of her front chamber. "Supper will be ready in an hour, and I will have your trunk brought up as soon as it comes."

"Very well. This is a very pleasant room," gazing admiringly at the gay rag carpet of hit-or-miss pattern.

"So glad you like it," purred Mrs. Larkin approvingly. "From this window you get a real nice view of the cemetery."

"Ah, yes; I see," throwing a rapid glance in the direction of the last resting-place of the inhabitants of Berkley Falls. "Have you other boarders, Mrs. Larkin?"

"Miss Brown, a typewriter in one of the offices, boards here; a very nice young lady," said Mrs. Larkin with a keen glance at the young divine. "She attends your church, too, I believe. There's the doorbell. If there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable, just let me know," and Mrs. Larkin vanished down the stairs.

"I wonder if they expect me to convert Miss Brown, too," muttered Paul, as he proceeded to investigate his surroundings.

The ring at the door proved to be that of one of Mrs. Larkin's neighbors whose curiosity had not suffered her to remain quietly at home.

"So that's the new minister, is it?" settling herself in the easiest chair. "Pretty young, isn't he?"

"About twenty-five, I should think," hazarded Mrs. Larkin as she handed her visitor a palmleaf fan. "He's real pretty appearing, too."

"Twenty-five! Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "I presume the young ladies of this town will be very active in church work this summer."

"Oh, of course; but Miss Brown will have a little the best chance, being right here in the house, though she isn't quite so pretty as some of the others."

"No, perhaps not; but I call him rather more than the average for looks. I saw him coming down the street with Dr. Wyman, and I knew the doctor was giving us all a pretty good setting up from the way he swung his arms around and from what I could hear through the screen window. Deary me," glancing at the clock, "I must run home now and get tea. Come over and tell me what you find out. We shall know what kind of a preacher he is after tomorrow," and Mrs. Jones tripped across the street, followed by the sharp eyes of Mrs. Larkin, who thanked her stars that she wasn't quite so curious as some folks.

Paul, in the meantime, after having thoroughly investigated the premises, had proceeded to arrange his effects according to his masculine ideas of order, carefully putting a bottle of liquid blacking in the same drawer with his collars and cuffs and distributing the remaining articles in the most unlikely places. This done, he surveyed the scene of his labors with a self-satisfied expression and, seating himself at a window which

did not command a view of the cemetery, commenced to read over his sermon, taking pains to mark the places where a gesture, either to the right or left, or perhaps with both hands, might serve to bring out the idea more clearly.

The teabell rang just as he reached the peroration and feeling this to be a good place at which to stop, he laid down his manuscript and hastened to obey the summons.

In the dining room he found Mrs. Larkin and a brown-haired, sensible looking young woman, whose age, judging from her appearance, might be anywhere from twenty-five to thirty.

"Mr. Randall, let me make you acquainted with Miss Brown," said Mrs. Larkin with quite a society air.

Miss Brown greeted the embryo clergyman with a smiling interest that made him mentally classify her as a nice girl, and they fell at once into a brisk conversation that, helped on by Mrs. Larkin, never flagged till the end of the meal.

Miss Brown informed him that she was to be the organist at the church during the summer and rejoiced that his presence in the house would make it so convenient for her to consult him about the hymns.

Mrs. Larkin confessed that she had been a rather infrequent church-goer, but meant to become a constant attendant. And the Rev. Paul listened and smiled and felt that he had fallen among friends.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, and our young minister, swallowing his heart as he walked along and followed by many curious eyes, made his way towards the small brick church, which was well filled by an expectant congregation. Dr. Wyman met him at the door with the pleasing intelligence that there would be no singing owing to the injured feelings of the choir, and also informed him that there were two or three extremely deaf people in the back part of the church who would be highly dissatisfied if they failed to catch every word of the sermon. "So speak up loud and you'll be all right," declared the good man, patting the boy's shoulder encouragingly.

Controlling an insane desire to laugh, caused no doubt by his great nervousness, Paul passed with a dignified step up the side aisle and with a sigh of relief hid his blushing countenance behind the tall cushioned pulpit, which had the inevitable big red tassel hanging from each corner.

After a suitable length of time he arose and, relying on his own fine tenor voice, requested the congregation to join with him in singing "Rock of Ages." One or two brave souls started in at the third word, and by the time the last line was reached the members of the congregation were singing with a vigor that surprised themselves. The doctor rubbed his hands, and plans for a revival began to take shape in his active mind. From there on the services proceeded very smoothly, and the sermon, the result of many hours of deep thought and much study of the Primitive Fathers, was pronounced by Deacon Jones on his way home from church as "pretty good for a boy."

After the sermon Dr. Wyman "passed the plate," and as he went from seat to seat he carefully counted the various sums dropped therein, in a furtive way, and when the result of his mental arithmetic revealed the fact that the collection would more than defray the expenses of the ensuing week, a look of supreme content appeared upon his expressive countenance.

"A cordial invitation is extended to the children, the young people and the older members of the congregation who are interested in the Sunday school to remain after this service," announced Paul, and then raising his hand he pronounced the

benediction. Slowly the people filed out, nodding and speaking to one another, inquiring for absent ones and exchanging opinions on the new minister and the state of the weather. A goodly number, however, remained behind and when Paul, after arranging classes and finding teachers for them, came to take charge of the Bible class, he found before him a most bewildering array of pretty bonnets with still prettier faces beneath them. Mrs. Larkin had hurried home to prepare the dinner, but Miss Brown had remained to play for the Sunday school and had joined the minister's class with the other young ladies. For a moment his reverence was slightly embarrassed by the row of black, blue, gray and brown eyes fixed so intently upon him, but the sight of Miss Brown, who seemed for the moment like an old friend, helped him to regain his self-possession, and he plunged at once into the lesson for the day. In rapt attention the row of eyes followed him closely while he discoursed learnedly on fine points of doctrine and expounded the Scriptures with the help of Greek and Latin phrases that served to convince his hearers of his unbounded wisdom, at any rate.

"My! isn't he smart?" breathed Sadie Janes, the deacon's daughter, but not so low that the whisper failed to reach the young minister's ears.

"Awfully interesting," answered Violet Loomis. "I am coming to the class right along now that we have a minister who can stand up and tell you a lot of beautiful things and not ask any questions. Parson Jones used to think we ought to know as much about the Bible as he did, and would look so surprised if you couldn't turn to Lamentations or Habakkuk the first time."

On the whole the youthful preacher felt reasonably satisfied with himself and joining Miss Brown on the way home listened well pleased to her complimentary utterances regarding the service and Sunday school.

"Well, mother," said Dr. Wyman to his wife at the Sunday dinner, "you never saw such a Bible class as we had today. All the young ladies under sixty were present, and the interest they appeared to take in that lesson would have done your heart good. There was Violet Loomis, who, to my certain knowledge, hasn't been to Sunday school since she was in the infant class, and Sue Elliott and a dozen others, all looking as though Bible study had been their chief diversion from youth up."

"There, there, father," expostulated the mild Mrs. Wyman, "don't be cynical."

The next week was a busy one for the Rev. Mr. Randall, who organized a choir, called on his parishioners, accepted three invitations to tea parties and attended a meeting of the ladies' sewing society. This last he found to be a feature of church life not treated with exhaustive thoroughness in theological seminaries, and he was somewhat at sea at first with regard to the best course to pursue in directing the energies of the charitably disposed matrons; but some way connecting patchwork with sewing societies, he suggested piecing a bed-quilt for an orphan asylum in a nearby city. The suggestion met with favor and, being rather clever with his pencil, he sat down and drew an elaborate design, which the ladies declared to be much prettier than the "log cabin" or the "rising sun" pattern, and which the designer thought ought to keep them busy and out of mischief for the entire summer—the out-of-mischief idea proving how little he understood a ladies' society.

As Mr. Randall had drawn the pattern the society was a unit in declaring that he must cut the pieces and superintend the joining of the blocks. So every Thursday afternoon found the young minister seated in a different parlor trimming bits of calico to the required shape, while flying needles hardly kept pace with the flying tongues in the busy circle around him. At first he really enjoyed the meetings and thought the bedquilt-piecers a rare collection of the dearest old ladies in the world; but one afternoon, the novelty of his presence having worn off, he was rather disagreeably surprised to hear his fellow-boarder, Miss Brown, discussed in a way that it seemed to him must make the poor creature's ears burn furiously.

He was artfully given to understand that her interest in church had never been noticeable until his coming, and it seemed to be the general opinion of the company present that the zeal manifested now was not entirely above suspicion. Mrs. Loomis made the apparently irrelevant remark that she could see through a ladder as far as any one, and the rest laughed knowingly.

Shocked and pained at this unexpected development in his "rare collection of dearest old ladies in the world," the young minister, not trusting himself to speak, shortly took his leave and tramped miles over the hills before he felt once more in a ministerial frame of mind. As soon as he had gone, the ladies told each other, with mutual congratulations, that they had intended for a long time to open his eyes, and they hoped they had done it.

"I don't care if they do live in the same house," complained Mrs. Loomis. "Violet says Ann Brown manages it so that he has to walk home with her from every prayer meeting and choir rehearsal, and he can't go home with one of the other girls if he wants to."

"Ridiculous," commented another woman; "and she is thirty if she is a day."

"Thirty!" almost shrieked Mrs. Loomis, "if she ever sees thirty-five again I miss my guess."

"He is so young and unsuspecting I think it was our duty to give him a hint," ventured some one else, and this scheme of justification was seized upon with a unanimous "So do I."

Thimbles and needles were finally put away, and the ladies, still full of uneasy self-commendations and explanations, separated for the day. Mrs. Jones, donning her bonnet, started for home at a gait that suggested fire, urgent need of a physician, a pie running out in the oven or some other genuine calamity, but instead of stopping at her own gate she rushed at once to Mrs. Larkin, into whose ears she poured an exciting tale of the afternoon's proceedings.

"I am simply dumfounded," exclaimed Mrs. Larkin, as her informant paused for breath. "I shall tell Miss Brown at once how they are talking about her and before Mr. Randall, too. I think she ought to know!"

"Of course she had," agreed the panting Mrs. Jones. "It will be a dreadful blow to her, she is so proud, but she ought to know what people are saying. Sh! here she comes now. I'll slip out before she gets in, for it must be most supper time, and I am due at home."

So saying she hurried out of the door and down the path up which Miss Brown was wearily plodding after a hard day's work in an exacting office. Mrs. Jones gave her a cheerful salutation, and the unconscious object of all the excitement went on to where Mrs. Larkin was waiting in the sitting room.

Just what went on behind the door into the hall, which Mrs. Larkin carefully closed after her boarder, is not known, but when the Rev. Mr. Randall came in to supper Miss Brown's place at the table was vacant, and Mrs. Larkin explained her absence by the time-honored excuse of a headache. At the breakfast table the next morning the headache was reported as raging with unabated fury, and a horrible suspicion began to take form in the reverend gentleman's mind. A moment's thought, however, convinced him of the utter foolishness of imagining that news of the sewing society fracas could have reached Miss Brown's ears before the supper hour of the preceding day, especially since Mrs. Larkin had not been at the meeting and Miss Brown had, as usual, been kept within by her duties. "No one would be so mean as to tell her, any way," he further reflected, and took himself to task for a ridiculous attack of nerves.

At noon Mrs. Larkin informed him with quite a decided air of embarrassment that Miss Brown had found a boarding place nearer her work and left very hurriedly that morning.

The young clergyman felt himself flush to the roots of his hair, and the look of distress which appeared on his countenance was too much for Mrs. Larkin.

"Yes, Mr. Randall," she burst out in response to his glance of inquiry, "she heard all about it and it almost killed her. She is alone in the world and proud as Lucifer, and she declared that she would go to the poorhouse before she would stay here another day."

"But I would have gone instead if you had only let me know."

"Oh, she wouldn't hear to that, and I wouldn't have been willing, either. Mrs. Loomis would like to have you board at her house, no doubt, so that it would be more convenient for you to walk home with Violet, but if I do say it as shouldn't, you are just as well off here."

"I don't wish myself to make any change, but I am sorry to be the cause of Miss Brown's leaving, and to be the unwitting cause of all this annoyance to her. I don't wonder she wishes to avoid the sight of me."

"Miss Brown knows you are not to blame," said Mrs. Larkin soothingly; "but she feels considerably wrought up over those miserable old gossips."

"Yes, they are miserable old gossips," said the young minister with some heat and a great deal of indiscretion, "and they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

This speech was triumphantly reported to Mrs. Jones before Mrs. Larkin commenced to do the breakfast dishes, and the former, dropping everything, started out to make the rounds of the parish. She called on every member of the sewing society and told each one that Mr. Randall said they were a set of miserable old gossips and ought to be ashamed of themselves. "And he never spoke a truer word than that," observed Dr. Wyman when the story finally reached his ears.

But the ladies who had tried to open the young minister's eyes were furious, though far from speechless. They aired their views regarding the Rev. Paul with a thoroughness that left nothing to be desired but temporary deafness. They criticised him mercilessly from the part in his hair to his manner of saying Amen, and when they had finished with his general character an escaped convict would have scorned to recognize him. Most of these comments were faithfully borne to their subject's ears by Mrs. Larkin or some other worthy soul, who thought "he ought to know what people were saying about him."

Work on the orphans' bedquilt came to a standstill; Miss Brown ceased to play the organ and never went within sight of the church if she could help it; Mrs. Loomis, the chief offender at the famous meeting, was of course more incensed than all the rest, and kept her daughter away from Sunday school and choir; attendance at the Sunday services dropped off half, and the weekly prayer meeting became something for Mr. Randall to look forward to with dread.

But all things, even disagreeable ones, come to an end, and the day soon arrived when the Rev. Paul, with his trunks checked and his ticket bought, stood on the depot platform bound for another year at the seminary. Dr. Wyman was at the station to see him off and, grasping the somewhat disconsolate-looking youth by the hand, gave him a hearty shake. Then, as the train started, waved his hat, shouting, "Good-by, good-by; I guess we have halter-broken you all right."

Daughter of the Revolution.

BY DR. GARDNER COX, HOLYOKE, MASS.

THE oldest and the youngest "real" daughters of the Revolution are, singularly enough, named "Blanchard." We gave the history and portrait of the oldest, Mrs. Sarah Blanchard (Chapman), in a late issue, and here we give the youngest.

VICTORIA ROCKWELL (BLANCHARD), of Holyoke, Mass., born on Queen Victoria's birthday, May 24, 1841, daughter of Jeremiah and Abilene (Stearns) Rockwell, married Oct. 29, 1859, William H. Blanchard, son of Chester and Mary (Chase) Blanchard; has two children; is a member of the Mercy Warren Chapter, D. A. R., of Springfield, Mass.; is now 61 years young, without a gray hair, for, like her father, years sit lightly upon her. She is as fresh and vigorous as Youth, and has no notion of growing old for a generation yet.

JEREMIAH ROCKWELL, her father, a remarkable man with a remarkable record and of remarkable stock, lived in remarkable times. He was born in Ridgefield, Conn., July 19, 1756; early moved with his parents to Lanesboro, Mass., where he married, first, Anna Stearns, who died in Cornwall, Vt., Aug. 15, 1801, aged forty-seven years; second, about 1803, Lucy Eaton, then Widow Day of Massachusetts, who died in Cornwall Sept. 21, 1833, aged 66 years; third, July 17, 1834, at Cornwall, a niece of his first wife, Abilene Stearns, born October, 1795, widow of Otis Smith of Lanesboro, daughter of Ebenezer and Annie (Hyde) Stearns, died May 13, 1861, in Bangor, N. Y.; he died Aug. 28, 1852, aged ninety-seven years, and both are buried in the West Bangor Cemetery.

Mr. Rockwell lived in Lanesboro till 1789, being then thirty-three years of age; then in Cornwall, Vt., till 1834, being then seventy-eight; then in Canada till 1846, being then ninety years of age; then in Parishville, N. Y., till 1847; then in Bangor, N. Y., till his death.

Mr. Rockwell has a remarkable epitaph: "Served at Bunker Hill, Dorchester Heights and Saratoga."

Mr. Rockwell enlisted from Lanesboro July 20, 1775, served till Aug. 11, under Capt. Barnes and Col. Woodbridge; enlisted second, Sept. 28, 1775, under the same officers; enlisted third, from Lanesboro Oct. 13, 1781, served till the 23d as sergeant under Capt. Asa Barnes and Col. Timothy Read, and



went to Stillwater; was pensioned July 24, 1832, when he was seventy-six and living in Cornwall, receiving \$75 back pay; is credited by the government at Washington with nine months' service in a Connecticut regiment, without date of enlistment. In order to cover his epitaph he must have made other enlistments. In 20 years he drew about \$2,000 of pension money and his widow drew about \$1,000, making \$3,000 for the family.

Mr. Rockwell enlisted when he was nineteen; had eleven children before his third marriage; married then a widow with seven children; had two children by his third marriage, making twenty children in all, either his own or by adoption. He was eighty-five years old when Mrs. Blanchard was born, and her brother, who is two and one-half years older than herself, was born when Mr. Rockwell was eighty-three years of age. This last son and child, Cyrus S. Rockwell, of East Dickinson, N. Y., now sixty-three years old, is the youngest living son of a Revolutionary soldier, and is a member of Washington Chapter, S. A. R., of Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Rockwell was a short, thick-set man, light-haired, and with a few characteristics of his own, upon which he held the original patent. He was proud and polite, pious and intellectual, quick spoken, quick to turn your own wit against you, with decided opinions, and honest to a science.

In his latter days he was wont to recite his army experiences to his little fair-haired daughter, Victoria, and he would "shoulder his crutch (cane) and show how fields were won!" After going through the manual of arms with prompt, spirited commands, he would work up to the climax and halloo "Fire!" and throw his cane high in the air and across the yard, and then order Victoria to "charge" the enemy and bring back the "colors." Victoria was only eleven years old when her father died.

Morning and evening Mr. Rockwell was a devout Congregationalist, of which church he was a life-long member and deacon. He generally followed his family devotions with a hymn sung with exulting gusto, his favorite evening hymn being (and he sang it with great fervor at ninety-five years of age):—

"The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well
The day of death draws near."

When Swallows Homeward Fly.

BY SARA ELIZABETH GRAVES, WATERBURY, VT.

"He who wanders widest lifels
No more of Beauty's jealous veil
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracles of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer."

IF "four o'clock in the morning" is "the magical hour in the day," as Mrs. Miller so positively affirms and goes on so charmingly to prove, there is yet another hour alluring, magical and most fascinating in its influence upon all lovers of nature. The midsummer hour of sunset and twilight, including the extreme margins of time, draws with no uncertain spell. This is the interlude between living, active every day pursuits and the whispered symphonies of the stars, when

"The hush of earth and air
Seems the pause before a prayer."

The morning hour is indeed exhilarating, inspiring; the evening contrastingly and intensely reposeful. The morning arouses to activity—to aggressive participation in the events transpiring around us; the evening calls to calm meditation, to reverie and to passive acceptance of circumstances which at other times seem to need readjusting. The morning awakens hope, spurs ambition, evokes exultant praise; the evening distills a deeper, holier joy, mingled with a speechless gratitude and devotion to the Divine.

"The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.
The mists above the morning hills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
On sunset's purple air."

With ardent disciples of bird lore the day's dawning has undoubtedly the precedence, offering larger and rarer opportunities for noting the manners and habits of their winged enchanters, their magical arts and beguilements, their powers of enticing and bewitching their human captives. But no commonest lover of Nature can forget or ignore the charm of her twilight hills and mountains, the softening lights and shadows, the mists of the valley creeping upward, the thrilling yet tranquil radiance of the dying day. Neither does the devotee of Birdland forget, in her rapt admiration for the *reville* of these feathered inhabitants of our summer fields and forests, that they are the same fairy enchanters when they sing their evening hymns—the last good night—and fold their pinions over the pulsing breast in night time quiet and repose. They are never out of tune, never off parade, never other than wholly engaging until Night's angel folds us all together in her shadow mantle, sleep clouds in the busy brain and unconsciousness steals our very senses away.

How the birds themselves seem to love the sunset hour! They are always out with evident intent to make the most of the remaining daylight. They sing, too, if not so ravishly as at daybreak, still with unmistakable inspiration, the same

spontaneous outburst or rapturous emotions. There is not so full a chorus of voices, yet the same spirit in the singers; and never sing the thrushes with such supreme and heavenly effect as when the day is waning. In this neighborhood the veeery is the last to say good night, singing on and on to the outer brink of twilight, then suddenly slipping over into silence and darkness.

These summer evenings have always been enticing hours to me. Too indolent, or otherwise, to avail myself of the golden opportunities of the early dawn—though at times sufficiently aroused to observe that at its earliest it begins before three o'clock—the after supper time in June, I revel in and its best gifts covet most earnestly.

The vesper sparrows call me out with their sweetly subdued trills dropping down from the pasture hill close by. Sometimes I go their way and climb up to Lookout Rock for the glorious sunset views to be seen from this elevation. Here I sit and watch the shaded colors drifting among the fair weather clouds, the shifting lights and shadows across hilltop and valley, the waving folds of filmy gauze over the face of the mountain just south of sunset; and a voiceless spirit within me whispers: "The glory of the sunset is His also." Then the eye drops to Meadow Brook coursing through fertile fields along a beautiful vale of green, noting the thickets of shrubbery, the trees along its banks, my beloved "Idlewild" over opposite—so many bowers of bird bliss, beauty and song. Floods of memories sweet and tender come thronging my brain, dear delightful associations cluster about all that is above, below and around me. I could stay here forever, it seems to me now, happy and content, with my own thoughts for companions and golden reverie for occupation.

But a powerful magnet draws me on. I wander down among the numerous hummocks overgrown with fragrant pennyroyal, looking ever for the lowly nests which I know to be there, doubtless in plain sight, if only I may be so fortunate as to stumble upon one. Its guileless owner takes no pains to conceal it. Oftentimes she seems to feel secure in the very openness of the situation. In a slight depression beside one of these mounds, almost in the beaten path of the grazing cows, I have found the vesper sparrow's nest, with not even a ranker growth of grass to conceal it from the specially interested friend or foe. Sometimes she builds beneath a thrifty mullein whose broad leaves promise a shelter from the sun and the rain. But prowlers are more certain to examine these locations, and woe to the luckless birds found therein. One nest I found thus delightfully sheltered, as I thought, and watched over it with jealous fondness and a lover's devotion only to find it rifled when the callow babies were a few days old. A song-sparrow's nest on the broken edge of a grass-fringed bank seemed even more secure, and so remained through one summer; but, essaying to use it the second season, Mamma Sparrow was robbed of her unfledged nestlings, and forsook the treacherous site.

When I have satisfied myself with upland glory and nest-hunting, if the dew is not too heavy, I stroll around to where the farther end of the pasture touches the brookside, climb the fence into the mowing lot and follow the stream up to the high-way bridge. Here is always an interesting point at night. More birds are then on parade than at any other hour in the day, unless it be at "four o'clock in the morning." At that hour I might witness, no doubt, numerous catbirds and others taking their morning bath, and hear the first outgushing of songs which at six and seven o'clock are rapturous enough to satisfy my cravings for bird music.

Go out with ever so vague intention of seeing something and you are sure to bring home treasures unthought of, new and old. My first acquaintance with the indigo bunting was upon an evening ramble. It was in one of my favorite haunts by the brookside, and catbirds, yellow-birds, sparrows and Maryland yellow-throats were doing their best to entertain me. While giving them respectful and appreciative attention, I was suddenly attracted by somewhat unfamiliar strain, animated and insistent, and dropping down the scale as if it were a flight of stairs. Soon I sighted the little singer on the tip-top of an alder, quite a little distance away, but still prominent in his deep dyed coat of blue. All alert for an introduction I changed my position for one which would bring him into better light, when, as if divining and appreciating the compliment, the responsive little stranger swung himself over into a clump of bushes just opposite me and a moment later was swaying rather unsteadily upon the outermost twigs low over the water, where I was as certain of his identity as if he had sung out clearly: Indigo Bunting.

Unfortunately one is not always thus met half-way. Oftener the appearance and disappearance of these sprites is more confusing than enlightening, and altogether tantalizing. The creatures come and go, a flash of color or colors thoroughly mixed by their tilting and flitting and incessant motion, then they are off, leaving the observer bewildered and dazed and wholly at loss where to begin his description to trace the clue to the identity of his bird.

In bird study nothing is so certain as that one will meet with surprises on every hand; indeed, this is one of the chief reasons why it is such a fascinating recreation. Out bird's-nesting you may be, with full purpose to pursue your investigations till you find one, yet when you suddenly stumble upon one you are as surprised as though its existence had never been suggested to you. Then when you have one almost in your possession nothing is more elusive and evasive than this same nest close at hand, but still out of sight. I well remember one after-summer stroll by the brookside where the borders are all the season through "rife with birds." In a shady corner at a bend in the stream, among the larger growth is a thicket of raspberry and other shrubs tangled over with vines. Here I stirred up such a commotion among my "little brothers of the air" that I came to the hasty conclusion that I was near a mine of treasure. First a song-sparrow began his anxious, metallic call, which was promptly answered by another; then a female yellow-warbler began flitting nervously about, and presently a catbird added his complaining snarl to the colloquy; next a kingbird set up a vigorous protest against further invasion of their precincts, and the male yellow-warbler and sparrows became almost vehement. So frantic and insistent became the outcries of distress that I began to fear having the whole posse in my hair if I remained long in their territory. After searching vainly in the face of these protests for the "hid treasures" I was at length forced to retire from the field acknowledging myself outwitted or utterly fooled — I shall never know which.

Another evening I had been down stream a quarter of a mile, returning upon the farther side, when, as I was deploring my want of success, I spied in a cluster of low willows overhanging the water, a catbird's nest very nearly upset. Probably the strong wind had unsettled it from its very unstable foundation. Not a little bird, even, could have alighted on it without completely dislodging it, and the three deep green-blue eggs were rolled down to the very rim of the nest. I confiscated the

property, wondering if the unwise builder would learn from experience and next time select a less precarious situation than the chance crossing of two slender branches.

Still farther up stream was a red-eyed vireo's nest which I now visited for the second time. The graceful little mother flitted close above my head, making not the least objection to my intrusion on her domestic affairs. Certainly she had no need to be ashamed of them, for a tidier, daintier nest in all Birddom cannot be found. "Look at my babies if you like," she seemed to say. "I know you will not molest them nor give me grief." She did not even ask me whom they most resembled—papa or mamma. And I certainly could not have told her. I dare say those squirming yellow bags of bones have ere this become as elegant in form and plumage, as graceful in manner, as Mamma Vireo's faultless self; but I must insist that at that time they gave little promise of it.

Always at sunset there is enough shown on along stream to command all one's powers of observation until darkness precludes further study. An evening in early June is an example. I stood for an hour at a double right-angled bend in the brook, just above the highway bridge, taking in as much as possible of the bird drama. I had only to wait and watch while the scene constantly changed and the play went on regardless of spectators, reporters or collectors. The actors were of no less than twenty species, and I did not attempt to count the representatives of any family. The oriole was singing from the elms an evening nursery song, while the sand-piper teetered over the pebbles, intent upon more material matters. Kingfisher flew over my head with his "rattle" in full blast, crows and night-hawks beyond him in the upper air and swifts and swallows skimming the lower with lithier wing. The latter sometimes suddenly swooped downwards to tease their feline neighbor, shrieking close to her car that tantalizing note of contempt which they hold in reserve for her edification and exasperation. Years ago she rewarded them by creeping up on the plate in the barn and thrusting her paw into their nests. She cannot do this with the "fixed over" barn, so endures their insults with silence and apparent meekness. Now a pair of "burned out" blue birds were discussing whether to put their new nest in a hollow post near by, and the two yellow birds—gold-finch and warbler—were singing copious melodies flitting up and down, now here now there in the willow clusters. Phoebe left her moss-rimmed nest under the bridge and mounted the telephone wire to see what all the bird world was about, and her more conspicuous cousin, the kingbird, did not keep silence for want of a musical voice. Robins and catbirds were prominent and bobolinks numerous and songful—rollicking sprites of the meadows that they are. Several kinds of sparrows were in the crowd, and unknown species sent delegates up and down. The very outsang them all as usual, and so, far as his human audience was concerned, was quite welcome to do so, albeit hiding himself meanwhile behind the leafy curtain of the elm tree. His mysterious, organ-like ringing tones draw always as with some magic spell.

But daylight is waning and

"Night lets down her purple shades
On slender cords of air."

Let us away and leave our feathered friends alone in their rural chambers, whispering to us as we take our departure their loving "good-night"—or Birdland "Now-I-lay-me"—which is it?

In the gathering dusk all the earth lies hushed and tranquil as a child asleep. Our spirits, too, are subdued; we breathe our appreciation of the lavish wealth of beauty with which our little world is endowed and turn homeward, in our hearts a still, glad joy in living and sharing these fragments of a marvelous creation. It is blissful now to creep away into the motherly arms of Nature, to give one's self up to the restful, soothing influences of the hour, while she breathes into our souls her own spirit and tranquillity. It really seems as if one must rest when Nature rests, as though her activity were essential to our own, and as though, without volition on our part, we sympathize with and share her moods and conditions.

Certainly he is blessed who feels her influence stronger than the pressure of business or the anxieties of the work-a-day world, and yields himself spontaneously to the mesmeric power. Moreover there seems a special call to worship at the close of day, or at least to acknowledge the Author of all these beautiful things which move and sway us. "Stars speak as well as shine"; and, as daylight fades and these heaven's jewels one by one flash out in the overarching dome of our universe, do they ever fail to repeat their message to earth-born, toil-worn, sin-weary mortals: "The hand that made us is Divine?"

"Thus Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices share
The prayerless heart of man."

Mary's Lamb.

BY F. E. JOY, CLAREMONT, N. H.

NEWPORT, N. H., THE SCENE OF THIS FAMOUS NURSERY
RHYME.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

WHO is there that has not heard these lines of rhythm time and time again, from childhood's happy days even unto old age, in front of the open fireplace, beneath the flickering rays of the tallow candle and upon the modern stage where the originality has been changed to amusing parodies, and although the majority are thoroughly conversant with the poem, but few have any knowledge of its origin or as to the scenes of the reality.

There are probably few poems of which there has been as much question of the real author as of this. "Mary's Lamb" has been claimed by some to be of English origin and by others to be of Massachusetts production, but both of these assertions are untrue, for it was a Newport, N. H. mutton, and the author of the poem a Newport girl, Miss Sarah J. Buell, a daughter of Gordon Buell, born on the Dr. Sanborn farm, October 23, 1788.

About two miles from the center of Newport village, as you make the turn to enter the hamlet of Guild, is a building owned

by Mr. Fairbanks, which is most interestingly connected with this poem. Many are the tongues which have spoken of this same building, and many are the childish minds which have pondered on the story told about incidents which happened here. Nearly a century ago Miss Sarah J. Buell used to come to this building, then a school house, from the Dr. Sanborn farm, and very frequently one of her pet lambs followed her, lingering around until the session was over, to accompany her back.

This incident was the foundation of this charming little idyl, "Mary's Lamb." Miss Buell married David Hale, a lawyer, who died in 1822. Mrs. Hale began her literary work in Newport, publishing her first efforts in the local paper. In 1828 she was made editor of the Ladies' Magazine, which was united with the Ladies' Book of Philadelphia in 1830, Mrs. Hale also assuming the same position on the latter publication.

The following letter from her son, Horatio Hale, will serve to show the reason for faith in the Newport origin of the rhyme:

"I am asked for a statement of the facts relating to the authorship and the first publication of the well-known poem, 'Mary's Lamb.' The poem was written sixty-nine years ago by my mother, Mrs. Sarah J. Buell Hale. It was first published in 1830 by the well-known firm of Marsh, Capen & Lyon, in my mother's little book, entitled 'Poems for Our Children.' This book, which is now before me, comprises only twenty-four duodecimo pages, in a stiff paper cover. It is not a compilation, but an original work, composed throughout by Mrs. Hale. This fact is stated as clearly as words can express it in the introductory prefix to the poems:

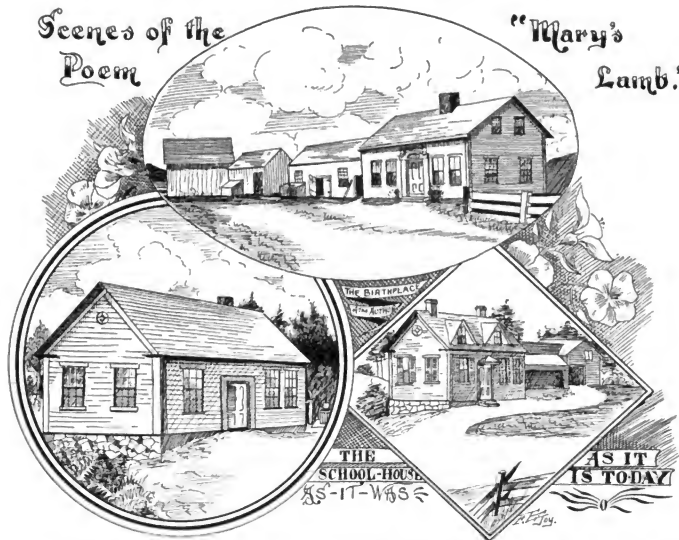
"To All Good Children in the United States—Dear Children: I wrote this book for you, to please and instruct you. I know little children love to read rhymes and any little verses, but they often read silly rhymes; such manner of their time is not good. I intended when I began to write this book to furnish you with a few pretty songs and poems which would teach you truth, and, I hope, induce you to love truth and goodness. Children who love their parents and their home can soon teach their hearts to love God and their country. I offer this the first of Poems for Our Children. If you like these I shall soon write the second part, and perhaps I shall make a large book."

For comparison, "Mary's Lamb" is here given as it first appeared. It is frequently printed in an imperfect form.

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was as white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
'Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—"I'm not afraid;
You'll keep me from all harm."

Scenes of the
Poem"Mary's
Lamb."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"

The eager children cry ;

"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"

The teacher did reply ;

And you each gentle animal

In confidence may bind ;

And make them follow at your call,

If you were always kind.

"With regard to the story of Mr. Tyler and young John Roulstone," Mr. Hale wrote, "It is certain that Mrs. Hale knew nothing of it until many years after her poem had been published."

"On this point I may add some letters written at my mother's request in the year 1878, the year preceding that of her death. In October of the former year a letter was received by her at her home in Philadelphia from a lady in Boston, connected with a popular periodical, informing her of an impression existing in that city that the first three quatrains of 'Mary's Lamb' were written by a Mr. Roulstone about the year 1817, and asking for the real facts. One of my mother's children, at her request, replied in the following terms :

"Your courteous letter, addressed to my mother, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, relative to the authoress of the poem, 'Mary's Lamb,' was duly received, but my mother has not been well enough to reply to it. In her behalf I beg to say the poem in

question first appeared in a book of twenty-four pages, published in Boston in 1830 by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, entitled 'Poems for Our Children,' by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. My mother states that every poem in this book was of her own composition. What can have given rise to the impression that some part of this particular poem was written by another person, she does not know. There is no foundation for it whatever.'

"This letter brought another, inclosing some newspaper slips which comprised the now familiar 'Tyler and Roulstone story,' making Mrs. Tyler (when she was little Mary Sawyer) the heroine of the poem, and John Roulstone, a student of sixteen, the composer of the first part of it in her honor. To this letter the following reply was made:

"My mother knows nothing of the incident referred to in the extracts which you send. There would seem, however, no reason to doubt that good Mrs. Tyler has given a truthful account of her recollections. She is merely mistaken in regard to the verses.

"Pet lambs are common enough, and the incident of one of them following its little mistress to school may have happened on more than one occasion. It did actually happen to my mother. She was a farmer's daughter and had several pet lambs at different times. One of these once followed her to school and lingered about the door precisely as she has recorded it in her poem."

The subject is well worthy of any inquiry necessary to establish the truth. This little idyl is undoubtedly the most popular poem ever written for children in any language.

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Back Home.

BY GERTRUDE ELINOR HARRIS, WINDSOR, VT.

THE Hon. Robert Forsythe was thinking musingly on years long past, in fact, trying to think back over twenty-five long changeable years. It was a chance word heard while crossing from Jersey City to New York that afternoon that had set him thinking. The word was "New England." He hadn't thought of New England for years, and its memory had been almost blotted out by the many other places he had seen and lived in since. The Western cattle ranch, the whirl of Paris, Japan, the Philippines and lastly Vienna passed in review before his mind's eye. But he would go back to none of these, but to New England and the little old home village, Osborne. Thinking of Osborne, he thought next of Hetty. Good little Hetty; he wondered if she had waited all these years for him. To be sure there had been no promises between them, but somehow he felt as if Hetty was one of the kind who would wait. He wished he had gone back for her years ago, so that she might have shared his life, but—well, there was Linette in Paris, sprightly, dainty Linette, and Nuya, his Japanese wife, and lastly it had been the Countess in Vienna.

Linette had married a peasant like herself and become stout and ugly. Poor little Nuya was dead, and the Countess—bah! he was tired of the Countess. If he could walk up the village street once more and down the leafy lane amid robins and maples, bluebirds and sunshine and hear the distant cow-bell and low hum of the bees, while beside him picking white daisies a trim, strong young form, with face as pure as the daisies she picked and eyes as blue as the summer sky.

Thus it happened that the Hon. Robert Forsythe attended the Old Home Week exercises at Osborne. He was walking up the main street of the village. It seemed as if he had been gone twenty-five minutes instead of twenty-five years, only now the street was decorated by a pretty rustic arch and the buildings trimmed with flags and drapings. The people, too, were hastening here and there with airs of importance, finishing the preparations for the morrow.

As the Hon. Mr. Forsythe came opposite a low wooden building he noticed on the door a faded, weatherbeaten sign, "Miss Harriet Bassett, Dressmaker."

He stopped and stared at it—a queer sensation in the region of his heart. So she had waited. His theory was correct. New England women have in them that peculiar constancy found nowhere else. The Hon. Mr. Forsythe put his hand on the latch and walked in. A wiry little woman with corkscrew curls looked up, startled.

"May I see Miss Bassett?" inquired Mr. Forsythe.

The woman stammered and courtesied. What country dressmaker wouldn't be astonished and rendered speechless by



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. F. L. DARLINO, WINDSOR, VT.

the sudden entrance of such a figure as the Hon. Robert Forsythe? Indeed, he was no insignificant sight to dawn on anyone's horizon. Portly, perfectly groomed, good-looking, with an air of command and yet nonchalance, he was a veritable man of the world.

Just at this minute the frayed portieres at the end of the room parted and a sweet-faced woman entered. Gowned in gray with her hair smoothly parted and a small dark bonnet on her head, she looked the model of a country dressmaker. If Mr. Forsythe's eyes had been a woman's they would have noticed, however, the fine texture and exquisite fit of the gray dress.

"Hetty!" he cried, springing forward and seizing both hands.

"Is it—can it be Bob Forsythe?" she asked with a pleased smile.

Bob was glad she didn't faint.

"Yes, Hetty; it is I, after all these years," and he looked straight into the clear, childish eyes. "May I accompany you wherever you are bound?" he inquired, glancing at the flustered Miss Greene.

"Certainly, Mr. Forsythe."

"Bob."

"Hetty" and Hetty opened the street door, a roguish smile playing about her lips.

"Now you must tell me about yourself—you have so much more to tell than I," she said as they walked up the street.

"So I should imagine," he said, smiling as he glanced about. "Have you ever left Osborne at all, Hetty?"

A look of surprise, then amusement, spread over her face. "I went to Boston last spring," she said, "and when I was younger I used to go to all the surrounding towns sewing."

"What entertainment to show her New York, Paris, the Alps and the cathedrals of old Europe!" thought Mr. Forsythe.

Then he began to speak of the places he had seen and visited, and it proved a very delightful half-hour to both.

"Shall I see you this afternoon?" he asked, as they parted.
"Probably," she answered.

When he reached the hotel he found on the piazza a very charming girl he had met the night before. "Ah, good morning, Miss Denison," he said, seating himself on the step below her.

"Good morning. Are you ready to surrender your last night's opinion?" she asked, laughing.

"No indeed!" he cried. "Why, Miss Denison, I have proved my assertion this morning."

"Really? How? Therefore: New England women are always constant and faithful: to demonstrate—go on, please."

"I found this morning a village dressmaker who has been waiting for twenty-five years for her lover, who has been gadding all over the world. What do you think of that?"

"She must be idiotic?" said Miss Denison.

"Far from it."

"Then she's cross-eyed."

"No."

"Not even freckled?" anxiously.

"No; a very sweet woman in every way."

"I really can't understand it. I don't admire her a bit."

"I do," and Mr. Forsythe smiled to himself.

"You do? oh—" Miss Denison looked at him suspiciously.

"Mr. Forsythe," she said, "I really don't think she's a very attractive person, or she would have had some chances to marry and go away."

"But she was true to her lover, you see."

"Nonsense! If a really nice girl has a chance to marry a really nice man, she wouldn't wait sentimentally for a transient lover who didn't have manliness enough to come for her for twenty-five years," and Miss Denison shook her pretty head convincingly.

"If I were only twenty or thirty years younger," said Mr. Forsythe, laughing.

Miss Denison picked up her book and ran into the house.

"Oh, Mr. Forsythe," she said, peeping out of the door, "don't forget I'm to introduce you to mamma this afternoon."

"I should think not!" he cried; for the name of Mrs. Denison, one of the most popular and influential writers of the time, was on every tongue. Robert Forsythe had long desired to meet this cultured and widely-traveled woman of the world. She was to give the address this afternoon, for, much to his surprise, Mr. Forsythe learned that she was a townswoman of his.

In the afternoon he sat beside Miss Denison waiting for the appearance of her talented mother. Soon a burst of applause told him she was on the stage. He looked and saw a sweet-faced woman in a simple gray dress and small dark bonnet. He stared in a dazed manner. She began to speak in a low, perfectly modulated voice and soon had the audience hanging on the words from her lips and watching every natural, graceful gesture. A rare woman in every sense, she was.

"I—is that your mother?" he asked Miss Denison, huskily.

"Yes, of course," turning to him surprised. "Isn't she just dear?"

"Er—oh—certainly."

"Miss Denison," after a few minutes of restlessness, "I really can't stay to get my promised introduction to your

mother. I—I—have an urgent—er—urgent business at home and must go now. Good bye," and grabbing his hat the Hon. Mr. Forsythe beat a retreat, much to Miss Denison's perplexity and wonderment.

"He was so anxious to meet you, mamma; I can't understand his sudden exit and departure. It's very puzzling," she told her mother afterwards.

Mr. Forsythe had no more to say on the fidelity of New England women, but drifted back to Vienna and the Countess, whom no one expected to be faithful.



[Written for the Young Folks' Column.]

A TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. ANNA B. PIERCE, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

Said a bluebird to a swallow,
"Supposing you quit sailing
Around that old barn railing
And settle down in this hollow:
You never can a home nest make
If you ever sail and fly
O'er the house and barn so high;
Believe me, Sir, for friendship's sake,"
Pussy, watching her chance that day
To get a dinner for three,
Made a quick leap into the tree
And caught this meddlesome bluejay.

Joseph Smith's Birthplace.

BY I. M. EATON, SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

JOSEPH SMITH, the Mormon leader, was born in Royalton, Vt., Dec. 23, 1805. The site of his birthplace is on a farm now owned by Mr. Kent of New York city. The

farm is located three miles from South Royalton village and extends some distance into the town of Sharon. There has been some dispute whether Smith was born in Royalton or Sharon, both towns being equally anxious to disclaim the honor. This dispute has arisen from the fact that the house was situated very near the Sharon line, and that a few years later another house was built in the valley on the same farm, but in Sharon, which many supposed to be the Smith homestead. This valley, once occupied by several families with their fruitful farms, is now deserted, the highway obliterated, and the only remains of the houses are the holes in the ground near a few ancient apple trees. The cellar of the Smith house is filled with sumachs and other bushes, and there is only the old hearthstone, with a few scattered bricks, to tell of the former residents.

Tradition describes the Smith family as poor and not remarkable in any particular. Joseph was a slow, dull child. In school he was very backward, due perhaps to an unawakened mind or his preferring rather to dream than to study.

At the age of ten his parents removed to New York, and his connection with Vermont ceased.

The Old Man Sends His Five Grown-up Children Out into the World.

BY "HILDA HAGUE," WEST LEBANON, N. H.

THE Widder Smith wuz good-lookin', weighin' nigh on ter two hundred and fifty pound, an' I wuz the happiest man I knew, fur she'd jest that minute agreed to hev me, providin' she c'd bring along her eight younguns. "Fetch em along," says I; "plenty of room." She said thar warn't room fur both hern an' my younguns, so I tol' mine they'd hev ter git.

My gals were so high-headed they wouldn't go out doin' housework, an' the boys were so lazy they wouldn't do *anythin'* — except Joe. But I giv' um all some good, sound advice, how ter save their money an' loan it ter their paternal fur safe keepin', an' then looked 'round fur jobs fur 'em.

Sally kep' schule a spell over beyend Hard Scrabble, an' arter a while went to Checargo to do book-keepin'. One day she fell into the Checargo River. Of course 'twant so, but they said there wuz so much mud in the river she only went in ankle-deep, an' walked across ter t'other side a-wavin' her handkerchief jaunty-like ter the feller who wuz goin' ter dive in ter fish her out. What lies some folks dew tell! Wall, she married him finally, but they'll never be wuth a dollar.

Sue went up with a feller in a balloon fur the experience. He proposed marriage right away, an' they agreed they'd jest skip out with the balloon (which didn't belong ter him) and git married. (He already hed three wives, but she didn't know it.) They j'ined a travelin' circus out West, an' are doin' fust rate.

I give each of the boys an acre of land whar the rocks an' stuns war so thick the neighbors said they should think we'd have ter sharpen the sheep's noses so they c'd feed between 'em.

❖ A MODEL RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS. ❖



RESIDENCE OF PROF. F. P. EMERY, HANOVER, N. H.

PHOTO. BY LANDRELL.

Bill got some dynamite an' blasted out a great hole on his'n, an' did wuz a good job cementin' gold-bearin' quartz on ter the jagged rock thet folks thought fur sure he'd struck a vein. Then he opened an office an' sold gold-minin' stock, an' I suppose he's wuth his thousands today. But the whole thing suddenly bust up, an' he hed to light out in a hurry.

Thar wuz a cold spring on Jim's acre, so he and Rick, a Methodist-minister-lookin' feller, built a sanitarium over it an' advertised thet the water would rejuvenate the aged, cure chills, blains, etc.

You will be cured, ye deaf, ye dumb,
When you have faith enough to come
To Jim-Rick's Sanitarium.

They wuz makin' their ten thousand a year when the other doctors got envious 'cause *they* warn't gittin' any of the money, an' hed 'em rotten-egged out of towu.

What seems the strangest ter me is: thet when my other three children hev done so much fur theirselves, Sal an' Joe should hev settled down ter *workin'* fur their livin', an' AMOUNTED TER JEST NAUTHIN' AT ALL.

THE MILKMAID.

BY PAUL CLARK BAIRD, RANDOLPH CENTER, VT., AGE 14 YEARS.

As the sun was slowly setting
And refreshed the evening air,
Slowly down the stony pathway
Came a milkmaid sweet and fair.

Happy she was and graceful,
As she drove the kine along
With her sweet voice softly humming
The dear old milking song.

And the little twin heifers walked onward,
Ah! beautiful creatures they were;
Both were loved and petted
And given a name by her.

At last they came to a babbling stream,
And she stopped 'neath the shade of the trees

To bathe her heated brow
And be fanned by the cooling breeze.

Shortly they came to the big barn-door,
And she knelt on the old wooden stool,
And with her own fair, tender hand
She filled the big pail full!

Ah! that milk, so rich and foaming,
That filled the shining pail;
The sweetness of the clover
It surely must inhale.

I could ever watch that milkmaid
As she treads the path of life,
With a song upon her lips
And a smile so sweet yet blithe.



The Shaker Village, Enfield, N. H.

A BRIEF, PRESENT DAY SKETCH OF THE SOCIETY AND THEIR LAKE-SIDE HOME.

IN THE outskirts of a little New Hampshire village, on the shores of a beautiful lake, there is a colony of peace-loving people. The village is Enfield, the lake the famous Mascoma, and the people are "Shakers." The Shakers, as they are commonly called, are found only in the United States, although their creed had an English origin. The founder of the sect was an English woman named Ann Lee, a native of Manchester, who emigrated to New York with a small band of disciples shortly before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. The Shakers still call her Mother Ann.



MASCOMA LAKE, SHAKER MOUNTAIN AND THE THREE FAMILIES.

PHOTO. BY JULIUS P. WOODS, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION



A SHAKER ELDERESS IN CHURCH ATTIRE.

PHOTO. BY COL. FRANK G. CHURCHILL, LEBANON, N. H.

Their religion does not permit marriage. The men and women live apart, and the settlement is divided into families, consisting of the brothers and sisters, governed by an elder and elderess. There are two orders of members — probationers and covenanters; that is, novices and full members. It is on becoming a covenantant that a Shaker puts his property into the common stock. On entering upon residence he becomes subject to all the rules of the society; but he is free — whether a covenantant or a probationer — to leave the body

whenever he pleases. Both men and women wear a prescribed dress. The men wear a sort of Arab sack, with a linen collar and no tie; an undervest buttoned to the throat and falling below the thighs; loose trousers, rather short, and a broad-brimmed hat, usually of straw. The women wear a small, fine lace cap, a white kerchief round the chest and shoulders, a skirt dropping in a straight line from the waist to the ankle, white socks, and shoes. Some latitude is allowed as to the materials of the dress.

All labor with their hands, both men and women, but the latter do only indoor work. Every man, whatever his rank in the church, follows some manual occupation, and most of them have more than one. Working not for gain, but with loving care, the Shakers are unrivalled among their neighbors in the arts to which they apply themselves, especially the culture of their lands and the production of fruits.

The entire body of Shakers numbers about 2,500, included in eighteen societies, three of which are in the State of New York, four in Massachusetts, two in New Hampshire (the other in this State is in Canterbury), two in Maine, one in Connecticut, four in Ohio and two in Kentucky, the eighteen settlements forming a united and peaceful society.

At Enfield there are three families, known as the North, the Church and the South family, the latter being not in a thriving condition. The Church family, so called because the church is located there, is the most important and is gradually absorbing the others. Much of the land belonging to the South family, and the buildings, are for sale.

The Shakers are about two miles from Enfield depot, the road crossing Mascoma Lake Neck on the picturesque Shaker bridge, which was built by them in 1849. It is forty rods long, made



PHOTO BY CHURCHILL

SHAKER SISTERS.

of logs spiked together and sunk, a portion being raised to permit the passage of lake steamers and launches. Steamer Bertha has a landing at the Shakers' and stops there with passengers or when signalled.

The Shakers are famous as agriculturalists. They own 3,000 acres of land, 500 acres being under cultivation. Besides the produce which they raise for their own consumption, they grow medicinal herbs, including wormwood, lovage, valerian and, in former years, great quantities of yellow dock; but the latter is very detrimental to the soil, requiring much nourishment and leaving the ground practically useless for any vegetable.

To fully appreciate the beauties of the Shaker village, one must bring all five senses into action.

The breezes come from the fields of clover laden with perfume, and in the distance can be heard the faint tinkle of the cow-bell.

The quaint appearance of the old-fashioned buildings, with tiny gardens of flowers before the doors, reminds one of old Puritan scenes. The buildings are mainly of wood, yet some of the larger ones are of stone, built in a substantial manner. The largest stone building, containing the church, was built in 1837. There are also a trustees' office and store.



ONIONS IN GARDEN.

The Shakers have their own school, taught by one of the sisters. The sick are cared for in the infirmary.

The facilities for housekeeping are of the most improved type. Everything is scrupulously clean, from the dairy to the kitchen, bakery and spacious stone-walled cellars. The Shakers are quick to appreciate a practical invention. The cool, sweet-scented dairy has a large separator, where the cream is taken from the milk, the power being furnished by water. The laundry is also fitted with modern power machinery.

In the barn there is a boiler which heats the water for the cattle in the winter and supplies the laundry, besides other places where steam and hot water are required. Running water is distributed through the buildings where there is the slightest need for it.

A visit to the barn reveals the same state of order and neatness that was found throughout the other buildings. At the Church family they

have thirty cows, mostly Durhams and Holsteins, two-thirds of them producing milk.



PHOTO BY CHURCHILL

JOHN BRADFORD, ELDER.

The carefully laid-out gardens, stretching down to the shore of the lake, present a pleasing picture, and is undeniable evidence of the thrift and energy of the Shakers.

The rising bell rings at five o'clock, breakfast at six, dinner at noon and supper at six in the evening. They hold services at their church at ten o'clock on Sundays, and strangers often attend.



ENFIELD AND THE PICTURESQUE SHAKER BRIDGE.

The Shaker Village is one mile to the right.

Their yearly taxes are in the vicinity of \$1,000.

They are a most hospitable people and worthy citizens. In their language they use the solemn form of Yes and No, saying "Yea" and "Nay." This is the only difference in their speech from the "people of the world," with the exception that profanity is unknown among them, and they speak very quietly.

They have the appearance of people at peace with God and man. Theirs is a gentle personality, and in their Enfield home they are near to Nature, and near to Nature is close to God.

✻ IT DOESN'T COST MONEY. ✻

FROM "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,

To have a good time on the earth ;

The best of its pleasures are free to all those

Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,

The loveliest flowers grow wild,

The finest of drinks gushes out of the spring —

All free to man, woman and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint,

Such pictures as nature supplies

Forever, all over, to sinner and saint,

Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks and smiles cheery and brave

Cost nothing — no, nothing at all ;

And yet all the wealth Monte Christo could save

Can make no such pleasures befall.

To bask in the sunshine, to breathe the pure air,

Honest toil, the enjoyment of health,

Sweet slumber refreshing — these pleasures we share

Without any portion of wealth.

Communion with friends that are tried, true and strong,

To love and be loved for love's sake,

In fact, *all that makes a life happy and long*

Are free to whoever will take.

✻ S. P. C. A. ✻

WHAT TO DO IN REGARD TO A CASE OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In view of the many appeals for help received by the Burlington Humane Society from towns thirty to one hundred miles away, and of the time and expense involved in making investigations at a distance, it is thought best to give, in the fewest and plainest words possible, the course to be pursued by any person who would see both justice and mercy done. It does not seem to be generally known that every town has within it all the powers and all the officers necessary to enforce the laws respecting cruelty.

1. Have a friendly talk with the offender. Show him the folly of his course, the injury he does to himself as well as to the animal. This failing, tell him of the legal penalties to

which he renders himself liable.

2. If advice and warning are of no use, make complaint to your town grand juror or constable (or to a sheriff, deputy sheriff, police officer or agent of some humane society) or to the State's attorney of your county, and furnish him with such evidence as will go to establish the charge of cruelty. It is the duty of any one of these officers to entertain complaint made to him and investigate the same, and to make formal complaint before a justice of the peace (or city judge or the county court) in case the facts appear to warrant a prosecution.

3. Have the courage of your principles, and give your own testimony before the court, if it should be necessary, in order to give effect to the merciful intent of the statutes which forbid cruelty.

4. Remember that anonymous complaints forwarded by mail are entitled to very slight attention, and especially when they come from a distance.

5. Remember, too, that it costs both time and money for any humane society to investigate and prosecute a case at a distance ; and don't expect a few people in another, and perhaps a distant town, to pay all the bills for correcting abuses in your section, and in all sections of the State !

6. Find out what the laws are. They may be seen and examined in your town clerk's office. Every lawyer, too, will have a copy, and many justices. Consult Vermont statutes, sections 4993 to 5003 ; also Acts of 1898, No. 119, and Acts of 1900, No. 101 ; also of the Vermont Statutes, Nos. 1868 and 2955 ; or a copy of the Vermont Laws on Cruelty to Animals, complete to date, will be sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp by the Burlington Humane Society.



"Old Pickles."

BY REV. WILMOND WARNER, BETHEL, VT.

AMONG the quaint, sleepy old towns of Vermont none is more picturesque in scenery than Hubbardton. The hills rise, many of them, to the height of several hundred feet, often terminating in sheer precipices. Here and there are deep ravines and beautiful cascades, while the whole seems to have been formed by nature as a sort of majestic framework in which to set some of the most charming little lakes to be found anywhere in New England.

Here, in the days when Vermont was disputed soil, the Iroquois and the Hurons roamed, hunted and fought. Here in after days the famous battle for liberty was fought when the noble Colonel Francis and many of his brave "Green Mountain Boys" laid down their lives.

In the year 1761, not long after the termination of the French and Indian War, emigrants began to settle west of the Green Mountains, towards the shore of Lake Champlain.

Among the first to be attracted to this region was a middle-aged couple, French by birth, and hailing from Quebec—Joseph St. Clair and his wife Arlie.

Most of the settlers of that period made their homes along the lake shore at a spot nearly opposite the site of Fort Ticonderoga, but Joseph and Arlie struck eastward about twelve miles to a beautiful spot at the head of a lake some three miles in length, called by the Indians "Shining Water," but now known as Lake Hortonia. Here, upon a little rise of ground about one half mile from the present site of the famous summer resort known as "Hyde's Manor," Joseph and Arlie set bravely to work to make a home in the wilderness. It was a lonely spot, the solitude almost unbroken, save for the ring of Joseph's axe and Arlie's clear voice singing the quaint old French songs her mother had once sung among the vineyards of sunny France. Their nearest neighbors were six miles away, and except for occasional visits to the nearest settlements for supplies, they seldom left their home.

They had two companions, however, whom they found almost indispensable—Arlie's great house cat and "Old Pickles," the horse. Joseph had purchased him at a sale of disabled cavalry horses in Quebec. He was old and poor, but Joseph's purse was a very "short one," and he thought the old white horse would do to pull together the logs in the clearing and bring home the supplies from the settlement, besides, as he told Arlie sort of apologetically, he had real racing blood in his veins.

When they had been about a year in their new home a little girl was born to them. There had been three others, and the hardest thing for them to part with in Canada had been the little church-yard where their babies slept under the shadow of the rude, painted cross. Joseph and Arlie were devout Catholics, and they named their little girl Mary. "Perhaps," Arlie said softly, "If we call her after the Holy Mother she will be spared to us."

The fourth winter in their little home, when Baby Mary was three years old, found the little family in very comfortable circumstances. Joseph was able to fill the log corn rick with shining yellow ears; there was plenty of hay for Old Pickles, and Arlie's garden, as she said, "Had outdid itself."

The winter set in early and gave evidence of being unusually severe, even for Vermont. The snow fell deep and the cold was intense.

In the course of the years a settlement had been made at the foot of what is now known as Lake Bomoseen, a beautiful sheet of water lying south of them, and about nine miles in length. Here was a gristmill, a rude affair, but a great improvement over pounding the corn with a wooden pestle in a basin made by hollowing out a stump.

Joseph could reach the mill by driving down the lake, near which he lived, on the ice, then two miles through the woods, where he worked many days to cut a sort of road by which he could pass with his horse and sled to the lower lake. It was fourteen miles to the settlement, but there, besides the mill, was a store and blacksmith, and also a doctor had settled there.

Joseph had made a light sled with ash runners, and during the winters made quite frequent trips to the little town.

One morning towards the last of January Joseph found it necessary to go to mill. He hoped to get his corn ground and his few errands done so as to get home before dark; but what with waiting for his grist, getting some new shoes on Old Pickles and chatting with the grocer, it was nine o'clock before he sat down with Arlie and little May to the supper of milk and hot "Johnny cake," baked from the new meal.

Joseph had knocked the ashes from his clay pipe and drawn off his coat for retiring when he happened to think that he had no kindlings for the morning. It was a clear, moonlit night, and without stopping to put on his coat he went out to the woodpile to "whack off a slab or two," as he expressed it, from a dry stub which he had drawn there.

All at once Arlie happened to think that she had stretched a line that day from the house to a tree that stood a few yards away, to hang clothes on, and had not taken it down when she took them in. "Look out for that line, Joe!" she cried, running to the door. The warning came too late. The keen, heavy axe, as Joe swung it for the first blow, caught the line, glanced off and came down with terrible force on the side and instep of his foot. The blood spouted a stream. The sharp axe had laid a great gash open to the bone.

A minute later Joe was in the house and Arlie winding his ankle tight with bandages to stop the flow of blood. What was to be done? In spite of the bandage the foot still bled badly and grew painful every minute.

Ten o'clock at night and fourteen miles from a surgeon.

"Oh, Arlie! what shall I do?" groaned Joe.

Arlie started up resolutely, "I am going to take you on the sled and drive to the settlement; there is no other way."

She took little May out of her crib and commenced dressing her. The child was too sleepy to cry and was soon wrapped in the warmest clothes she possessed, Arlie finishing by pinning a home-made woolen bed comforter about her. Then she went to the log barn, harnessed Old Pickles, hitched him to the sled and piled on a lot of clean straw.

As she was leading the horse around to the house she heard the distant howl of a wolf. It was a familiar sound; they had often heard them in the winter nights, and Joseph had occasionally seen their gaunt gray forms skulking about in the edge of the clearing; but they had never done any harm, and Arlie in her worry and excitement hardly noticed the howling at all.

Spreading the great bear-skin robe on the straw, she helped Joe to seat himself comfortably, then putting little May in beside him and covering them well with blankets, she secured the house door with a huge old padlock and started for the settlement. The old horse seemed to know that something was the matter and started off at a good smart trot.

The three miles of smooth ice were soon passed, and when they struck the rough road through the woods the jolting hurt Joe so much that Arlie was obliged to hold up.

They had gone about half-way through the woods when they heard the howl of a wolf off at their left, and an answering howl came from their right, so near that it made Old Pickles prick up his ears and quicken his pace. In an instant there came a howl from the woods in their rear—a long-drawn, savage howl that made Arlie's cheeks pale as she glanced nervously at little May, sleeping as soundly as though she were still tucked up in her own little crib. Joe had lain down at full length on the robe. He raised himself on his elbow and looked anxiously back, but could see nothing as yet.

"Perhaps you had better let the old horse jog right along, Arlie," Joe spoke calmly, but there was a tremor in his voice. "Let's get out on the ice as quick as we can."

The old horse needed no urging; his head was up, his ears set close together, and he seemed quite another animal from his usual quiet self; indeed, Arlie had all she could do to guide him around the sharp turns as the road wound among the great trees, so as to keep the sled right side up. On they went. The howls were echoed on every side of them now, and Joe murmured a low "Thank God" when they turned a sharp angle around a great gray rock and came out upon the open lake. They were none too soon, for they had not gone an hundred rods before there broke from the woods behind them a score of gaunt gray forms howling like so many demons.

The couple on the sled realized that now it was a race for life, and their only hope lay in the speed and endurance of the old white horse.

"Keep him straight, Arlie!" cried Joe.

The old horse was running now, and he seemed almost to fly. The ice was smooth as glass, and the sharp calks Joe had had welded to his shoes that day stood him in good stead.

Little May was wide awake now and screaming at the top of her voice. "Oh, mamma, mamma!" she cried.

"We're gaining on them, Arlie; we'll outrun them. They sha'n't get my baby!" cried Joe, straining the child close in his arms. And sure enough, they were. The wolves seemed to lose ground; they slipped and sprawled on the glassy ice.

About three miles from the foot of the lake is an island, covered now as then with a dense growth of Norway pines. They had to pass within twenty rods of this island, and as they came abreast of it there broke from among the brush a full dozen more wolves, making straight for the horse's head.

"The saints protect us!" cried Joe, and overcome by exhaustion and loss of blood, the strong man fainted quite away. Little May, awed into silence, clung to her father.

The wolves were rapidly gaining on them, now. Arlie could plainly see their gleaming white teeth and their red tongues.

At that instant the old horse slipped in some way and came to his knees. He gathered and came to his feet nobly, but the instant's delay was sufficient to bring three or four of the wolves close upon them.

One of them made a leap for the sled and caught the edge of the robe with his teeth.

The stakes in the sled, which Joe had placed there to pass his chains around, had not been removed. They were of hardwood, about an inch and a half in diameter and three feet long. Dropping her reins, Arlie seized one of these stakes and struck the wolf with all her strength across the nose, knocking him back.

The wolves were all about them now. They jumped at the horse's head, and one tore little May's blanket. All of a sudden Arlie saw the twinkle of a light. The terrible rate of speed had brought them within a mile of the settlement.

"Oh, God save my husband and baby!" cried Arlie, and it seemed that her prayer was answered, for the old horse seemed to gather himself anew for a mighty effort.

The racing blood told.

Three minutes more and the door of the log tavern at the outlet of the lake flew open and half a dozen men, startled by the noise, rushed out, and the little family were safe. An hour later Joe lay on the lounge in the doctor's comfortable log house, surrounded by sympathizing men, while Arlie and little May were loaded with attentions by every woman in the settlement.

Old Pickles was not forgotten. Stabled, covered with blankets and rubbed down by willing hands, he soon recovered from the effects of his terrible race for life.

Joseph and Arlie lived many years by the side of the beautiful "Shining Water," and some of their descendants still live in Sudbury and Hubbardston.

Down by the edge of the lake, at the head of a mound covered with arbutus and fairy-fern, there stood for many years a slab of gray slatestone on which was chiseled in rude, but plain letters—

"OLD PICKLES, FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."



Eavesdropping at the telephone is more prevalent than it ever was at the keyhole. One sign of eavesdropping is the receding tone of a speaker's voice. Some one has "cut in." Acting on this hint, a woman who had her suspicions aroused said to her friend suddenly: "Some one is listening." Instantly, from nowhere in particular, in a strange voice, came an indignant exclamation: "I'm not doing any such thing."—Boston Journal.

Vermont in Literature.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

PERHAPS Vermont artists have achieved greater fame than her authors, but certainly there are several names which should be firmly fixed in our memory.

John Godfrey Saxe was born in Highgate, Vt., June 2, 1816. Mr. Saxe was graduated from Middlebury College in 1839, and in 1843 was admitted to the bar at St. Albans. He was a prominent politician, and in 1859 and 1860 was the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for Governor. He took his defeat so much at heart that he soon left his native State and went to New York city, where he devoted himself to literature. In 1872 he moved to Albany, where he died in 1887. Saxe was one of America's greatest humorists; some authorities say he is only excelled by Oliver Wendell Holmes, others rank him with Thomas Hood. Two of his best known poems are "The Rhyme of the Rail" and "The Proud Miss McBride." He has published several volumes of poems, which have gone through many editions. Every Vermonter remembers the famous quotation which runs as follows:

"Vermont is famous for four things—men, women, maple sugar and horses;

The first are strong, the last are fleet,
The second and third exceedingly sweet,
And all are uncommonly hard to beat."

Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr has been placed by eminent writers in the first rank of living American authors. She has enriched literature with poems, novels and travels that are admired wherever the English language is read. Although Mrs. Dorr has devoted most of her time in recent years to poetry, she has written an historical novel—"In Kings' Houses"—a story of the days of Queen Anne, which was published a few years ago and met with great success everywhere. Her latest work is a volume of poems entitled "Afterglow." Mrs. Dorr is of Huguenot blood, and was born in Charleston, S. C. She went, however, to Rutland in her childhood and has since resided there.

Charles G. Eastman and Miss Helen M. Winslow are names of poets whom we should not omit. Miss Winslow is President of the New England Press Association, and editor of the Woman's Club column in the Boston Transcript. In addition to her poems and short stories, she has recently published a very interesting book entitled "Concerning Cats."

Vermont has had more prose writers than poets, but only a few of them are well known to the general reading public.

The name of D. P. Thompson, author of "The Green Mountain Boys," is doubtless familiar to every schoolboy. Mr. Thompson was graduated from Middlebury College in 1820. He was a noted lecturer and orator and prominent in State affairs, at one time being Secretary of State. He was the author of several novels, of which "The Green Mountain Boys" and "The Rangers" are very popular. These two give an outline of the Revolutionary struggle in Vermont and the part taken by the Green Mountain Boys. They are certainly as interesting as any of the recent historical fiction.

Another writer to whom the Vermonter owes many facts of the early history of his State is Zadoc Thompson, the naturalist,

author of "Gazetteer of Vermont," "Geography and Geology of Vermont" and "The History of Vermont, Natural, Civil and Statistical."

By the death of Rowland Robinson, the blind author of Vermont, the State lost one of her grandest authors. In his youth he spent much of his time in the fields and woods of his native State. As a result of his observations we have "In New England Fields and Woods." His "Danvis Folk," "Uncle 'Lisha's Shop" and "Uncle 'Lisha's Outing" will appeal to the lover of dialect, while the admirer of historical fiction will read with great interest "The Hero of Ticonderoga" and "A Danvis Pioneer." His "Vermont" in "The Commonwealth Series" ought to be read by every Vermont school boy and girl. In a sketch of the author by Mrs. Allen, she says: "As a writer, Mr. Robinson holds high rank. He is a charming story-teller, his style is simple but never wearisome, his humor dry and keen, his books are more and more in demand and his name and fame are becoming widely known. An eminent critic has placed him fourth among the dialect writers of the world."

Another son of Vermont, of whom every Vermonter should be proud, is Royall Tyler, at one time judge in the Supreme Court of Vermont and author of "The Contract," the first American play ever produced on the stage. Mr. Tyler is the author of several other volumes.

Among other Vermont authors should be mentioned Henry M. Alden, editor of Harper's Monthly; Mrs. Helen Campbell, novelist and writer on domestic economy; Mrs. J. Gregory Smith, historical novelist; Sophie Damon, author of "Old New England Days," and William Morris Hunt, some of whose lectures have been collected in a volume entitled "Talks on Art."

Of the historians, the most noted are G. G. Benedict, author of "Vermont in the Civil War" and "Vermont at Gettysburg;" Hiland Hall, who wrote one of the best histories of Vermont and Ethan Allen, whose "Personal Narrative" went through several editions in its day.

L. E. Chittenden, author of "Personal Reminiscences," was a great-grandson of Vermont's first Governor. During Lincoln's first administration Mr. Chittenden was Register of the Treasury, a position which he held with great merit.

Several of Vermont's statesmen and divines have achieved success in literature. Among the former may be mentioned Justin S. Morrill, George F. Edmunds, E. J. Phelps and John Barrett, ex-minister to Siam and author of a life of Admiral Dewey. Of the latter the most noted are Jefferson Sawyer, the eminent Universalist divine, for a long time dean of Tufts College; Rev. G. S. Weaver, and Rev. Lewis Groat, author of several books upon Zulu life.

George P. Marsh, the eminent Scandinavian scholar, at one time United States minister to Italy, has written several books on the English language. Roswell Field, father of Eugene Field, was also a contributor to the literature of Vermont.

Rudyard Kipling, Mary Wilkins, Cyrus Hamlin and Gen. O. O. Howard are authors who have spent part of their lives in Vermont, although not natives of the State. "Captains Courageous," one of Kipling's most successful works, was written in his Brattleboro home. Miss Wilkins also lived a few years in Brattleboro. Cyrus Hamlin, the noted missionary, founder of Robert College and author of "My Life and Times," a most interesting book, was for five years president of Middlebury College. Gen. O. O. Howard, the valiant soldier, has made Burlington his home for the past few years.

The best known Vermont authors have been mentioned, yet there are others of whom the Green Mountain State has reason to be proud.

A Model Golf House.

SUBJECT OF FIRST PAGE ILLUSTRATION.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

THE new summer house on the golf grounds of the Billings estate, at Woodstock, Vt., inspires words of praise from professional players and chance visitors alike. In all New England there can be no structure surpassing it in architectural adaptability to location, naturalness of exterior and completeness of inward appointment. The new golf house is upon an elevation at the south end of the grounds, backed by a good growth of high trees. It is a low building, with broad piazzas on the north, east and west sides. It is built of a natural stone, seemingly between slate and granite in appearance and color. Nearly everything used in constructing the house, except the shingles, was found and made on the estate. Although the house was finished last season, the very large chimney is blacked and colored on the outside irregularly for a foot or more down, as naturally as though it had been smoking away for two hundred years. This deception is a trick of cunning in which the designer and builder and manager of the estate, Mr. George Aitken, takes particular delight. The stained shingle roof is the color of the trees, and the entire building looks as if it were a part of the original landscape scheme of the Creator. A low, broad balustrade runs around the piazza edge of broad slabs of the same "ledge stone" of which the building is constructed. The slabs are so long it would seem they would have broken in placing in this position, but the stone is very tough.

The building is made of rough, broken pieces of stone set in cement. The square supporting and corner pillars of the piazza are of the same smoothly cut stone, marked to appear as if constructed of small blocks. The broad steps and approach on the sides are of the same material.

Although this stone work was gotten out in the winter, it is to the credit of the builder that everything fitted together precisely.

On either side of the steps, within a solid block of stone, is a hole of some eight inches in diameter. There is a foot-scraper just within and at the bottom of this hole, and a stout brush is firmly fixed at each side. Below and within the aperture is an opening, the upper end of a tile pipe. This is to carry away the dirt which would accumulate at times. The building is arranged to be self-supporting, or ready for use at any time, with little care, so all these conveniences serve to keep things clean.

Upon entering the very large lounging room the visitor is instantly impressed with the imposing appearance of the massive mantel over the deep fire-place, the grand feature of the room. Several white-birch logs, with kindlings beneath, are in readiness in the fire-place. The great hearth-stone, the sides and the mantel shelf are of the same ledge stone, very smoothly finished, and which here has almost the appearance of cast metal. The mantel or capstone is thirteen feet in length by a foot thick, and extends back into the kitchen at the south side of the building. It weighs eight tons. The moulding on the mantel and the stone fire-dogs were cut and shaped by Mr. Aitken personally.

A big buffalo head adorns the light panelled wood wall over the center of the fire-place, and on the top of the mantel are a number of stuffed birds, one of which is a red-backed

shrike, locally known as a "butcher bird," subsisting altogether on other birds, and which was shot by Mr. Aitken while against the window of his residence, trying to get at a canary bird in a cage within.

In two corners of the main lounging room, nearest the large plant-filled front window, are settles covered with soft cushions and sofa pillows galore. Wicker tables and easy chairs are placed in inviting positions on the big light-colored art square. There is a desk, and there are bound volumes of English magazines devoted to out-door sports and to the study of birds and animals, and pretty country homes and gardens, with unquestionably the finest printed pictures in the world. The highly varnished natural wood walls are adorned with fine photographs in novel frames of bark and leaves or carved wood, burnt wood pictures and fine crayon and pastel sketches of dogs on the estate, The Pogue, or pond atop the mountain, with its trees, corn in the shock and other scenes on the estate.

At the right of the fire-place one enters a generous, well-lighted, gentlemen's toilet room, with fine marble washbowl and nicked fittings and plumbing. Out of this is a very large bath, made of slabs of the ledge stone, polished as smooth as glass. This is provided with a shower bath or it can be filled with water for a plunge bath.



PHOTO. BY A. S. MORGAN.

NEAR THE POGUE.

At the extreme left of the building is the ladies' toilet room, handsomely equipped and decorated with photographs and pastels.

The kitchen is a goodly sized room, between the two toilet rooms. There are neat furnishings, a large china closet with glass front, and a large refrigerator kept filled with ice constantly, as the building is in almost daily use. There is also an electric range, heated by electricity from the plant on the estate.

Hardly climbing vines have been trained along the piazzas, lending a homelike coziness to this ideal resting-place. The golf links are laid out upon fifty acres of rolling meadow, stretching away before the house, and the Ottawaquenee River flows past its borders, with an electric launch and a canoe for the pleasure of those so inclined. What better could one desire?



❖ OLD HOME WEEK. ❖

STATE OF VERMONT,



EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

OLD HOME DAY will be celebrated throughout Vermont in all the cities and towns whose inhabitants find it in their hearts to do so, at such time as each may select during the week beginning with the tenth and ending on the sixteenth day of August next.

During the week named, which is fixed by law, comes the anniversary of the Battle of Bennington, where was gained for the rising American Republic the first decisive victory in the war of the Revolution.

Bennington Battle Day will always revive recollections of the heroic age on the New Hampshire Grants, and call to mind the patriotic men who laid the foundation of the government under which we live.

Vermont, ever true to the early examples, has a glorious history, the pride and inspiration of all her sons and daughters, both at home and abroad.

The observance of Old Home Week in our State last year was everywhere marked with gratifying results and gave promise of the permanence of the festival in the years to come.

Therefore, the old State that we love, bearing the beautiful name which its mountains have given, bids all her absent children return and renew the associations and recall the memories of other days amidst the scenes of their childhood.

Be assured that all who come back will receive genuine Green Mountain hospitality.

An old home, under the shadow of our mountains, near which the departed generations of your family sleep, is worthy of an annual pilgrimage.

For how true it is that in all our after life we find no flowers quite so brilliant or fragrant as the old roses that bloomed by the home of our youth; and we hear again no music quite so sweet as the rippling brook and the song of bird which was heard in the summers of long ago, when to us the world was new and bordered by the horizon of home.

Given at the Executive Chamber, in Ludlow, this twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

WILLIAM W. STICKNEY, Governor.

THE BARRE GRANITE INDUSTRY.

... The next issue of the JOURNAL will be largely devoted to a review of the Barre Granite Industry, the several chapters forming probably the most complete write-up of the granite business ever presented. Mr. W. F. Scott, a former journalist and long-time resident of Barre, has had special opportunity for observing the manner of manufacture, and rapid growth of the business and describes it most interestingly. He conveys to the reader a better knowledge of the subject than could be gleaned by a personal tour of the mountain railroad, the quarries and shops. The article is illustrated from special photographs, many of the plates being among the largest we have used.

... As a large picture number the next issue will be hard to beat. A magnificent picture of Woodstock's latest structure, one of the finest bank office buildings in the country, will be presented, with a brief description of its equipment, and a large picture of the old Churchill house, which occupied the site of the present building, will be a pleasant memorial of one of the last of the old-time buildings at the county seat.

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Henry D. Pike,

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CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

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10 Cents a Copy.
50 Cents a Year.

A Romance in the Rough.

BY ELLA LOUISE MEAD, SHOREHAM, VT.

I.

A hint of snow was in the air,
And all the fields were brown and bare,
When swiftly through the gathering gloom,
That shut the earth in like a tomb,
Sped Michael Casey and his mare.

II.

Beside him on the "Concord's" seat
With store of knowledge all complete,
Which she at boarding school had learned,
Of Latin, science and all that,
The new schoolmarm of Ricksville sat.

III.

She was a girl of lofty thought,
Whose stern sense of duty'd wrought
Within her conscience with great might :
And to this lonely country place
She'd come to teach the backward race.

IV.

As o'er the frozen country road
The wagon jolted with its load,
Casey, with many a sideways glance,
Vowed that he'd never seen such grace,
Nor ever viewed a fairer face.

V.

Then he thought of his wife who'd passed away
A year ago next Christmas day ;
And he a widower had been left
To brave alone all life's rough cares
With six small children like a flight of stairs.

VI.

Well, so among them the maiden came,
And her grace and learning brought her fame
Among the simple country folk.
The children 'neath her gentle sway
Were led cheerily onward in wisdom's way.

VII.

In the evenings cold with frost and snow,
With light, quick touch she'd draw her bow
Across her rare Cremona's strings,
And her hand, like Parian marble white,
Gleaned in the hearthfire's ruddy light.

VIII.

Such music rare ! With songs as are by angels sung
The farm house's ponderous rafters rung ;
The player's cheeks and eyes grew bright
As she thought that later perhaps her name
Would ring o'er the world in notes of fame.

IX.

Three years have passed since a maiden fair
She first rode into town behind Casey's mare.
The world knows not her dream of fame.
Her violin no longer rings —
The bow has ceased to own the strings.

X.

The firelight shines upon her face
As she sits rocking with old-time grace
A tiny cradle with her foot,
And her fingers move in a pensive mood
As she darns the stockings for Casey's brood.



SILVER LAKE, BARNARD, VT.

THE JOURNAL AND READERS ARE HONORED.

Foremost among those who have favored the JOURNAL with their kindly contributions in the past and of those who have expressed a willingness to join our circle in the near future we wish to present the name of a widely-known author whose summer home is upon the bank of our own broad Connecticut.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, of Cornish, New Hampshire, author of "Richard Carvel," and "The Crisis" is to write something for these columns during the coming season.

THE GRANITE INDUSTRY.

BY W. F. SCOTT, BARRE, VT.

TWENTY years ago the population of the old town of Barre was 2,700. Today the town and city of Barre, covering the same area of territory, numbers 11,794. Thus, in less than a quarter of a century, one town in Vermont has seen a rapid growth in the census report. What has produced this wonderful development? There is but one answer: Granite; its manufacture and introduction into the country. Tons upon tons of this stone have found their way into nearly every town and city in the United States and the Canadas.

Situated about three miles from the city of Barre, in a south-westerly direction, is a small mountain, named a good many years ago "Millstone Hill," from the fact that millstones for grinding grain were obtained here. Very little quarrying had been done on either side of this mountain previous to the time mentioned in the beginning of this article. As is well known, the granite for the State House at Montpelier was quarried in Barre, although it came from what is now known as the Wheaton quarries.

In *Children's Gazetteer* of Washington County we find that William Bradford, a resident of the town, was a pioneer in hauling freight. The writer of his biographical sketch in the *Gazetteer* says: "The herculean enterprise of his life was in fulfilling his contract with the State of Vermont to supply the granite for constructing the State House at Montpelier, which was commenced in 1833 and completed in 1838, and which he executed with integrity, but with heavy loss. The price Mr. Bradford and his son, who worked with him, received for the job was eight cents a foot. This would seem absurdly small to dealers of today, who receive from 75 cents to \$1.00 per cubic foot at the quarry.

Joseph Glidden and his son Mark also drew some of this stone. They would leave their home at four o'clock in the morning with a team of four horses and a yoke of oxen, drive to the quarry where, with the aid of skids and rollers (no derricks in those days) the load was put on. They then drove to Montpelier and unloaded, getting home at ten o'clock at night. For the eighteen hours' work and twenty-five miles' journey they received \$4.00. It is no wonder these parties lost money doing this job, as it was before the days of railroads.

In 1849 a charter for a railroad from Montpelier to the Connecticut River was obtained, but for a long time was only opened as far as Barre; now it extends to Williamstown. As far as the granite business is concerned, the opening of the road to Barre might be termed "The Spout," into which rough and finished granite has been turned for the past eighteen or twenty years.

THE BARRE RAILROAD.

April 9, 1888, the Barre Railroad was chartered and built to the quarries. This road is something wonderful, as it zig-zags its course up the hill. Arriving at the summit it skirts both sides of the mountain, completely circling it. Tracks are also laid into the principal quarries, so that the flat-bottomed cars made especially for transporting the heavy blocks of granite, can be set under the huge derricks. The stone is then lifted from

its bed and deposited on the car, ready to be taken to the cutting shops in the city or taken away to some foreign shop to be manufactured.

The great question to decide was how to handle the stone and still keep the business in the town of Barre as far as possible. It was thought by some of the leading men of the town that the Central Vermont Company, then owning the charter of the Montpelier and White River road or, as it was known at that time, the "gulf route," would extend their line to Williamstown, skirting the hill west of Barre village and about one-half mile away. This would give Williamstown an opportunity to get stone to that village from the hill, work it into monuments and ship it via Barre to the western markets. As a matter of course this would tend to cripple the granite industry in Barre.

It therefore became necessary for the manufacturers to look sharp after their interests. The matter was talked up and a series of railroad meetings were held, which finally took shape and resulted in an arrangement with D. N. Sortwell, then president of the Montpelier & Wells River Railroad, who agreed, if the town would take stock to the amount of \$40,000, to put a road from Barre village to the granite quarries. This money was easily raised, and a survey was begun in the spring of 1888. Ground was broken July 4, 1889, and before the ensuing March five miles of the road were completed, three carloads of granite being brought from the quarries in December of the same year.

The road is a novelty in the engineering line, said to be the steepest traction grade east of the Mississippi River. The cars are run by the Baldwin "saddle tank" locomotives. All the engines are equipped with the Westinghouse quick-action brakes, and will draw ten empty cars up the main line, the maximum grade of which is two hundred and sixty-four feet to the mile. That on the branch lines running to the different quarries is four hundred and seventy feet to the mile. The road now runs into nearly eighty quarries, and has about thirty miles in operation. The highest elevation reached by the road from Barre city is 1,025 feet in a distance of four miles, air line.

Before the railroad was built all the granite was hauled to the cutting sheds, a distance of about six miles, by teams. A large amount of stone is still drawn down the hill in the same way. Horses are used, and as many on a wagon as the load or size of the stone demands. The number of horses vary from two to twenty. It is no uncommon thing to see twelve, sixteen or twenty horses hitched to a load coming in; sometimes several teams, one behind the other.

The following, however, will show how much larger blocks the railroad can handle. It is the only thing that puts a limit to the size of granite blocks that can be produced at the quarries.

"The Barre Railroad recently brought down from E. L. Smith & Co.'s quarry one of the largest blocks of granite ever carried. It was a base, and was fifteen feet six inches square and was two feet six inches in thickness and weighed 84,000 pounds. It was so big that it projected over both sides of the car and struck poles and posts near the track at several points.

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One old platform was knocked off its pins. After it was gotten down into the city it barely cleared several buildings. It was destined for Jones Bros'. to be cut, but when the car reached the electric light station at Smith, Whitcomb & Cook's it would not pass without tearing the building from its foundations and was sidetracked on another track. The stone is a monster, and notwithstanding its size it is a clear and perfect piece of stock."

This is the foundation stone of a monument said to be, among monument builders, "one of the wonders of the age," and weighs alone nearly forty tons. It has just been completed on the family lot of L. M. Ludwig at Woodlawn Cemetery, Toledo, Ohio. A remarkable feature about it is the absolute perfection of each and every piece of granite in the entire structure, there being not a shade of color difference, neither a streak, stripe or the slightest variation of grain in the various pieces. This fact is little short of marvelous, when the great size of these blocks is taken into consideration.

Resting on the base is the "die," which weighs twenty tons and has a cap of magnificent proportions, weighing eleven tons. At either of the four corners of the cap rests a beautifully carved, highly polished and symmetrical column, nearly nine feet in height, each surmounted by fine carved capitals. A magnificent canopy rests on these capitals, carved and polished inside and out, the whole surmounted by a shaft thirty feet high and weighing ten and one-half tons.

The contractors on this job met with a serious obstacle in securing a derrick large and strong enough to handle these great blocks of granite. After casting about for some time they learned of the existence of a derrick consisting of two sticks of timber two and one-half feet in diameter and sixty-four feet in length, that had been used in erecting a monument to the mem-

ory of George Washington at his birthplace, and also one for Mary, his mother. A visit and an inspection was made of this derrick and the outfit was purchased by the Toledo firm and transported to that city.

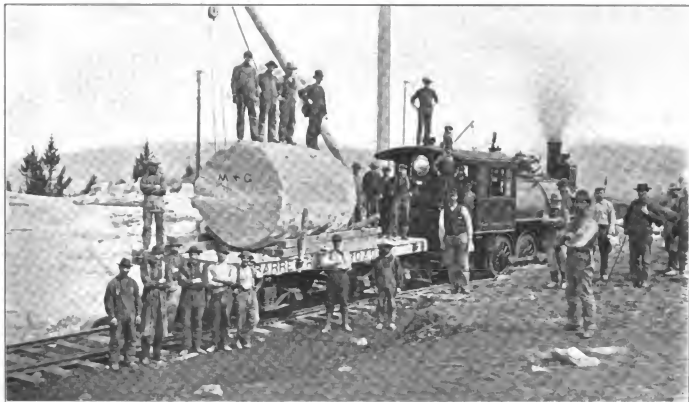
It may be well to say just here that these blocks came out of the first quarry ever opened on Millstone Hill, John Collins owning it at that time.

What a change the railroad has wrought in a little over ten years! Had it not been for the introduction of steam power as a means of transportation, the granite business of Barre would still be in its infancy.

Not only has the railroad helped to build up Barre, but it has made it possible for Montpelier, Northfield, Waterbury and other places to work granite as one of their industries. They all do a large granite business, especially Montpelier. Speaking of the latter, we are reminded of a remark made by the editor of the Barre Enterprise when the granite business first opened at Montpelier. Somehow the thought was quite prevalent that they were going to do all the business there. In an editorial at that time the editor, above referred to, said: "Montpelier could not have the stone any faster than they drew it down in carloads."

GRANITE QUARRYING.

Granite is mentioned in Thompson's Gazetteer of Vermont, published in 1824, as the principal rock of the eastern part of Washington County. In those days the quarrying was all done by means of hand drills — a slow process. Since the "boom" in Barre granite commenced, some twenty years ago, new devices for quarrying have been invented, so that now a large part of the work is done with the steam drill.



A QUARRY TRAIN ON THE HILL.

As stated previously, there are about eighty quarries, covering both sides of Millstone Hill. A general description of the process of quarrying will answer for the whole. The stone lays in sheets varying in thickness from a few inches to several feet. In opening a new quarry there is first a covering of soil to be removed. Then a large block is laid out with a chalk-line snapped across the back side of the sheet. A set of holes must then be drilled to a depth of the thickness of the block. The slow process of drilling now commences, one man holding the drill while another with a sledge-hammer strikes the head of the drill. The holes thus drilled are about four inches apart. Iron wedges are inserted in these holes between thin strips of iron. With a small sledge the man taps the heads of these wedges gently and evenly, and in a few minutes he sees the large block separated from the main rock as easily as though it had been a stick of timber cut off with a saw. Quite often these blocks as they come from their bed weigh several tons and are too large to

handle. In preparing the stone at the quarries for shipment there is a large amount of waste. This is called "grout." The visitor to the quarries would see near each quarry large heaps of stone, and probably wonder why such large blocks should be thrown away. These blocks contain more or less iron rust, which renders the stone utterly useless for monumental or even building purposes.

Granite is composed of quartz and feldspar, with a small amount of mica, blended evenly, having a fine grain and susceptible of the highest polish. Barre granite, compared with that found in other quarries in the country, is said to be freer from knots, streaks, etc., than any other stone. It was this feature that granted it the highest award at the World's Fair in 1893 and received a medal and diploma. Wherever a block of Barre granite has been sent, the intelligent public saw a quality of stone which attracted their attention, and this is what has made this granite so famous.



A GRANITE QUARRY.

handle. By the same process they are very easily made smaller. They are now ready to be taken to the cutting shop, there to be transformed into beautiful and expensive monuments.

Hand drilling was the only means of quarrying stone until within the past ten or fifteen years the steam drill has been introduced. This drill is similar in its operations to the hand drill. It is simply a machine into which a drill is fixed. Steam from the stationary engine then sets the drill whirling, and the hole is made much quicker than by the hand process. The introduction of the steam drill has completely revolutionized the quarry business. It is safe to say that if all the stone now used had to be quarried by hand-drilling, one-half of the business would be taken away.

It is said that the quarryman is so eager for his dinner that when the whistle blows he leaves his hammer in the air and starts. Can any one imagine how the atmosphere around the hill looks on a hot summer day, full of hammers, while the drills remain silent in their holes, waiting for the one o'clock whistle to blow, when they are again reunited in the great work of quarrying?

CUTTING AND POLISHING.

Having gotten the stone quarried and drawn to the shops, the next thing to be considered is its manufacture. There are two methods of cutting in use — the ordinary chisel and hammer and the pneumatic or compressed-air tool. The chisel cutting is a slow process on account of the hardness of the stone; consequently the chisel has to be sharpened quite often. Every shop has its blacksmith, or sharpener, as they are more commonly known, and many boys are employed to carry the tools to the sharpeners. One good workman will sharpen for a gang of fourteen men and keep them going.

The compressed air tool does not differ in respect to the chisel, that instrument being fastened in a mechanical arrangement. The compressed air is then introduced through a rubber tube and, coming in contact with the chisel, revolves it very rapidly. An expert with one of these machines will turn out a large amount of work in a day and do it as nicely as it was ever done by hand.

We now come to the polishing department. This work is usually done in a separate shop, erected for that purpose. It is



OLD WAY OF DRAWING GRANITE.

only a few years ago that the polishing wheel was brought into use. Formerly all polished work was done by hand. The operator had a small machine that he ran back and forth over the face of the stone, and with the aid of sand, water and plenty of "elbow grease," in time would produce a polished surface as smooth as glass. This was also a slow process and too tedious for the hustling granite dealer. There is yet considerable hand polishing done, as the wheel cannot be worked into corners and other intricate places on the monument. The polishing wheel is very simple and consists of a wheel with a smooth surface fastened in a frame. The wheel lies flat on the face of the stone, and by means of power from the steam engine is revolved quite rapidly. The operator pulls the wheel around on the stone and with the aid of sand and water has a polished surface much quicker than by the old way. The sand used is of different qualities, a coarse grade being used first, the finer quality later, to get the very fine polish. Monuments generally show hammered and polished work, making a fine contrast.

PAVING STONES.

In another part of this article mention was made of "grout" heaps at the quarries, the stone being considered worthless. This is not entirely correct, as a large amount of granite blocks are used in the cities for paving streets. Several years ago the work of preparing this stone for market was commenced here and has been carried on to some extent ever since. The process of manufacture is quite interesting. It takes a skilled workman to do the work. A stone is selected and squared, say two feet long and about twelve inches thick. With a chalk-line the man divides this block into squares, then with his small sledge he

breaks it up, the pieces thus obtained looking as much like the old-fashioned lumps of white sugar as can be, for comparison. Barre has furnished the cities of Troy and Albany, N. Y., with a large amount of paving stone. They are set in the street endwise, close together; and streets thus fixed are said to be very durable.

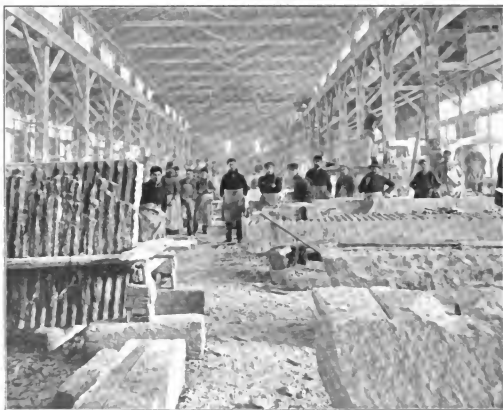
CRUSHING MACHINES.

Another feature of the granite business is a machine for crushing the stone for macadamizing streets. After the stone is thus prepared the crushed material is thrown into sieves of various grades, from which is obtained almost fine sand, and from that to a coarse quality. The city of Montpelier has used considerable crushed stone on its streets. We are sorry to say that Barre has not yet used either paving stone or crushed material, having experimented for several years past with concrete. The people demand good roads, and the writer of this article prefers the macadamized to any other.

THE GRANITE SHOPS.

An article on the granite business of Barre would not be complete without a more extended idea than has already been given. The granite works in the city cover an area of territory nearly or quite two and one-half miles long. The shops, some fifty in number, are built on both sides of the river. There are probably one hundred and fifty different firms at work in these shops.

One of the largest of these, built at the upper end of the city a few years ago by George C. Mackie & Son and now occupied by Barclay Bros., is the largest in the world. Their present shop is three hundred and fifty-two feet in length and sixty-four in width. To this they have added an extension of seventy-five feet in length and conforming in width to the rest of the building,



INTERIOR OF BARCLAY BROS.' GRANITE SHOP, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

thus giving an addition of nearly 5,000 feet more of floor space, and over 27,000 feet in all in the main building. This is only one of the half-dozen larger establishments in the city. There are also several large buildings used for polishing shops. One plant alone is devoted to turning granite. This is an interesting process, although not so very different from wood turning. The lathe is practically the same. Instead of the chisel held in the hands of the workman, a disk is used, having a sharp edge, and so adjusted that it can be placed in any position. Large and small pillars, urns, etc., are quickly made in this way. Fifteen years ago but little of this work was done; now large quantities of turned work are manufactured every year.

Another important feature of the granite business in Barre is that nearly all of the machinery used in quarrying, as well as derrick irons, stonecutters' tools, etc., are made here. There are six quite large shops engaged in this work.

There are probably over 2,000 workmen employed, about 1,400 of them being stonecutters. The balance are divided between the polishers, blacksmiths, lumpers and helpers. The pay-rolls of the larger firms amount to about \$5,000 to \$6,000 a month. The workmen are composed largely of Scotch and Italians, and are, as a rule, quiet, industrious people. We do not mean to say that they are all temperance men, as that would not be true. We will venture the assertion, however, that it would be hard to find a place of 8,000 inhabitants where there are so few arrests for drunkenness as the city of Barre. The average pay of the workman is \$2.50 a day, Scotch and Italian sculptors getting as high as \$5.00 a day. Quite a

number, especially the single men, send a large part of their wages to their homes in the old country.

THE FUTURE OF BARRE.

Unless some unforeseen thing happens, Barre city is destined in the near future to stand equal in size with Burlington and Rutland. Already the valley is full of buildings, and the hills on either side are beginning to be well covered. With the help of a building and loan association and the aid of the banks, many a workman in the granite business has been enabled to provide himself with a comfortable home. Large numbers of the foreign element, especially Scotchmen, have taken out their naturalization papers and have become citizens of the town, thus adding their mite to the wealth and prosperity of the largest granite manufacturing center in the world.

BARRE SCHOOLS.

One of the results of the granite business is the rapid growth of the school population. Out of over 8,000 souls in the city it is safe to say that 2,000 are children. Of this number about 1,600 are of school age. Besides the Spaulding Graded School building and Goddard Seminary there are seven school houses of four rooms each, one having from forty to sixty scholars. This, with the Spaulding Graded Schools, calls for thirty-two teachers, at an expense to the city of over \$30,000 a year. No better schools can be found in the State. We refer to this to show what any industry will do in building up a place.



INTERIOR OF JONES BROTHERS' POLISHING SHED.

SOME MONUMENTS.

Perhaps a mention of a few of the monuments quarried on Millstone Hill may give some idea of the work. Among some of the older ones is the Ethan Allen monument in Green Mount Cemetery, Burlington. The base of the pedestal is eight feet square on the ground and consists of two steps of granite on which rests a die of solid granite six feet square, on the four faces of which are set panels of white marble, bearing inscriptions. Above the pedestal rises a Tuscan shaft of granite four and one-half feet in diameter and forty-two feet high. Upon its capital, on a base bearing the word "Ticonderoga," stands an heroic statue of Allen, eight feet four inches high, intended to represent him as he appeared on that eventful moment when he demanded the surrender of the fort "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The monument is protected by a fence of original design, the corner posts of which are iron cannon, and the pales are muskets with bayonets, resting on a base of cut granite.

The stone for the pedestal of Ethan Allen in the portico of the Capitol building at Montpelier, as well as the one in the college campus at Burlington for the statue of Gen. Lafayette, came from Barre.

One of the most important deals in Barre granite was that of the Leland Stanford mausoleum, made several years before the railroad was built onto the hill. The structure is in the form of a Grecian temple, and is forty-one feet in length by twenty-five wide and twenty-six high. The roof and gables are made of large blocks of granite. Much difficulty was experienced in getting these huge blocks to the cars at Barre. One piece, weighing more than fifty tons, was taken a distance of four miles on rollers, and its rate of progress was nearly one mile per week. Surely a very slow process.

Since the opening of the railroad the number of monuments quarried, manufactured and shipped from Barre has been something marvelous. One firm alone has made a large number, among which may be mentioned the President Harrison monument at Indianapolis, Ind. The output of one single quarry averages over 5,000 cubic feet a month. This quarry is fitted with two engines running three derricks of twenty-five, thirty-five and fifty tons capacity, respectively. Another firm furnished the polished column and carved capitals for the mausoleum erected at San Francisco, Cal., by John L. Flood, the mining king.

A walk through any of the granite shops would be very interesting to a stranger. They would see monuments of all sizes and in all stages of completion. At one of the shops recently a very handsome design has just been worked out. It is a carved imitation of a stuffed leather easy chair. It stands three feet eight inches high, is two feet ten inches wide and three feet deep, and is a perfect imitation of a good substantial chair. The chair will go to Toledo, Ohio, where it will be placed in a mausoleum. The man who has ordered it provides that after his death a life-sized bronze statue of himself shall be placed in the chair.

Another curious piece of workmanship is the lower part of an oak tree, beautifully carved in granite. It is a little more than twelve feet in height and is three feet six inches in diameter at the base. Around the massive trunk a spray of ivy is entwined. A broken limb lies across one side, and the whole thing is marvelously true to nature. It is to be set so that the foundation

will all be under ground, and the grass will grow up about the base as it does around the roots of an oak. This job goes to Louisville, Ky.

A heavy rock-faced monument, with a half-buried cross on the lace, is a substantial product of the designer's art. The inscription is on the rock-face of the die, and ivy twines around the cross. This monument also goes to Louisville, Ky.

The Masonic fraternity are remembered by members of the New York jurisdiction of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. A plot has been purchased by them in Kensico Cemetery, and the entrance to it consists of a stairway with heavy buttresses. Each of these is surmounted with a sphinx carved in imitation of the famous Egyptian sphinx, and all in Barre granite.

Undoubtedly one of the best jobs of fine stone carving ever sent from Barre is the floral Celtic cross that tops a monument in a cemetery at Providence, R. I., for the O'Sullivan Brothers. The cross stands six feet high, with the side arms in proportion. The chief feature of the cross is the flowers that are strewn over the face of the cross as if thrown upon it. At the center of the cross, with the "H" at the intersection of the arms, are the three letters, "I. H. S." The flowers represented are roses, pansies, morning glories, forget-me-nots, marguerites and lilies. The flowers are as real as life, and if they could only be painted it would not be imagining anything to say they were real and had just been placed there.

The cross stands on a plinth on which is cut the harp and shamrocks so dear to every true Irish heart. It will be twenty-five feet above the ground, and is cut from the very best light Barre granite. There is only one dark stone in the entire monument. With all the modern tools and machinery that can be obtained, it is no wonder that Barre granite is so eagerly sought for and has so wide a sale on the market.

One of the latest productions in the monumental line is the one sent to Evergreen Cemetery, New York city. It is erected in memory of a man high up in the order of Royal Arcanum. The monument is six feet square on the ground and stands twenty-three feet high. On the second base, of which there are three, is the name, "Kelley," of raised letters on a polished surface. The four panels are polished and on one of them is the inscription in raised letters: "In Memoriam: Brother Thomas W. Kelley, a member of the Royal Arcanum; Oct. 24, 1851—Feb. 15, 1901. This monument is erected as a loving tribute by his brothers in the State of New York."

Resting on the third base is a die and cap, and on top of that a spire twelve feet eight inches high, on one side of which is the emblem of the order, raised one inch, on a polished surface. Mr. Kelley held various offices in his council, was a representative to the Grand Council and held various offices in that body.

THE BURNS MONUMENT.

To one unacquainted with the business a surprise is in store after seeing a large block in transport to the shop. Go there a few months afterwards and instead of the rough, unshapely block of granite, a beautiful monument has been worked out. Take, for instance, the Burns monument now standing in the Spaulding High School grounds of this city, of which the following is a brief description, and for which we are indebted to the Barre Daily Times:

"The monument stands twenty-two feet ten inches in height and is eight feet square at the base. The bottom base is plain. The second base, with its inscription and cap is five feet six

inches square by one foot five inches thick. On this are carvings of eggs and darts, dentals and brackets, the whole surmounted by an imposing statue of Burns. It represents him as he appeared in early manhood, when he was engaged in his greatest work. On the four sides of the monument are panels, the one on the front representing 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' The family are grouped around the kitchen table, listening to the father, who sits in his chair reading from the Bible, which rests on the table, while the mother and children are attentively listening. There are eight in this piece. Beneath is the couplet:

'From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,'

"On the back panel is the representation of Burns' cottage, showing its front and front yard, with a wheelbarrow and various agricultural implements scattered around. Beneath is the inscription: 'Burns' Cottage.'"

"On the right-hand panel is a representation of 'Tam O'Shanter's Ride,' where he is crossing the bridge chased by the witches. Underneath is the couplet:

'Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tale.'

"On the left-hand panel is a representation of Burns at the plough, illustrating the poem, 'To a Mountain Daisy.' Burns is represented in a contemplative mood, looking at a daisy in one hand, which he has just ploughed up; the other hand is on the handle of the plough, which is in the furrow he was ploughing. The two horses, and the dog sitting watching his master, are inspiring to look at, although depicted in cold granite. Underneath is the couplet:

'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour.'

"At the top of the die is carved the rose, thistle and blue-bells. There are no bronze tablets about the monument. Every inscription, every illustration, everything in connection with it is of Barre granite.

"It is safe to say that this monument is the finest piece of workmanship ever executed in Barre. It took many months to carve it all out. It would take several hours of close study to get at all the details brought out by the artisan.

"Rev. Dr. Lorimer of Boston delivered a lecture on Burns in this city a short time ago. After his arrival in town he visited the monument. In the opening remarks to his lecture he said: 'I have probably seen all the monuments ever erected to the memory of Burns, and if I were in some other place I should say this was the finest piece of work I have ever seen.'"

GRANITE DIFFICULTIES.

The year 1902 was ushered in with mutterings of trouble at the quarries. Some time ago the quarrymen organized a union, but had made no particular effort to regulate the time of labor and wages to be paid. On the 18th of March the quarry owners received, through the officers of the Quarrymen's Union, a formal demand for an eight-hour day with nine hours' pay, and time and a half for overtime. At this time the Quarrymen's Union numbered about nine hundred men, and no wonder the quarry owners felt nervous over the situation. Should no settlement be reached it meant a strike. This would be a bad blow, as it would not only cripple the granite business but other things dependent upon this business.

Meetings on both sides were frequently held and an agreement reached. This we give in full, to show how such things can be handled and adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The agreement is as follows:

Agreement between the Granite Quarrymen's Association and Quarrymen's Union of Barre, Vt.:

1. No change to be made in hours or wages until July 1, 1902.

2. On and after July 1, 1902, eight hours to constitute a day's work.

3. The hours of labor to be as follows: For the months of December, January, February and March, from 7:30 A. M. to 11:30 A. M. and from 12:30 P. M. to 4:30 P. M.; for all other months in the year, from 7 A. M. to 11:30 A. M. and from 12:30 P. M. to 4 P. M., standard time to govern.

4. On and after July 1, 1902, wages to be advanced to per cent. per hour. Overtime to be paid at the same rate as regular time.

5. No discrimination to be made between union and non-union men by either party to this agreement.

It is also agreed that any contention that may arise during the period of this agreement as to the performance in good faith of said agreement by either party, shall be referred to a committee consisting of six members, three to be selected from the Association and three to be selected from the Union, which shall act as a board of arbitration; and failing to agree by a two-thirds vote, said board by a five-sixths vote shall agree upon and select a disinterested person to act with them, and the board thus constituted shall hear the parties and make an award within thirty days by a majority vote—such award to be final. Pending such arbitration in reference to the foregoing agreement, it is mutually agreed that there shall be no strike, lockout or suspension of work.

This agreement to remain in force until July 1, 1905. If either party desire a change at that time, notice shall be given in writing, specifying the changes desired, at least three months previous to that date. If no notice is given then this agreement shall hold good for another year, and from year to year thereafter, with notice of change as provided above.



BARCLAY BROTHERS' GRANITE SHOP, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

A Lesson from Nature

BY IDA L. LEWIS, BETHEL, VT.



ERECTED BY ADMIRERS OF BURNS, AT BARRE, VT.

THE GROWTH OF BARRE.

We have already intimated something of the growth of Barre, made so by the granite business. One of our prominent men has kept a record of the number of buildings erected since 1882, the date at which the granite business fairly got under way. Quoting from his figures, we find that in 1882 there were twenty-two houses built; in 1901 there were one hundred. The greatest number during the twenty years was one hundred and one in 1891. To one unacquainted with Barre it would almost seem incredible that any business could grow to the immense proportions that this has, with no end to the call for homes and tenements. The more any town or city in Vermont builds up the more it helps the State at large. Barre is certainly doing her share towards building up the industrial interests of the State.

One of the leading granite men of this city last spring said his belief was that, while the manufacture of granite for monumental purposes is now well developed and flourishing, the use of granite for building purposes is still in its infancy. He thinks it will be increased a thousand fold and more, when heavier and more powerful machinery is brought into use. Granite will then be put on the market at a price to compete with marble, red stone and the various sandstones. It is much more durable than any of these, and has the advantage of not becoming discolored and expensive to keep looking well. Every year the use of granite for the higher class of buildings increases, and the extent to which the business might be developed is practically limitless.



I have seen the ripe leaves falling
Leaves of yellow, crimson, gray,
Like the blighted hopes of youth time
Floating silently away.

I have seen the earth grow sodden,
And the hills turn brown and sere;
Seen the frost king drop his mantle
And the flowers shrink with fear.

I have watched the snows of winter
Sweeping o'er the mountain's crest,
And have seen the jewels sparkle
On the meadow's icy breast.

I have heard the wild winds howling
Thro' the forests bending low,
Where the sky and earth were blended
By the whirling, drifting snow.

I have watched the snows dissolving
When the days grow bright and long;
Heard the roar of many waters
Blended with the robin's song.

I have seen the brown earth quicken
Underneath a glowing sky;
Seen the trees again exultant
Toss their plumes of green on high;

Heard the soft winds, flower-scented,
Whispering to the meadows gay,
Where o'er waters roaring, flashing,
Tasseled willows bend and sway.

I have seen the flowers springing
From their one-time dying bed;
Brighter in their gorgeous beauty,
Richer in their fragrance shed.

I have watched and learned the lesson,
Grasped the hope the truth instills;
Seen that thro' earth's death and ruin
Life forever glows and thrills.

And I know from out earth's sadness,
From the shadow of the tomb,
From the strife and desolation,
From the woe, and wreck, and gloom,

Life again shall thrill and quicken —
As the morning follows night.
Joy shall spring from out the shadow,
Beauty rise from out the blight,

From earth's jar, and strife, and discord
Yet a song of peace shall roll;
From death's crushing hand triumphant
Upward spring the living soul,

From earth's falsehood and injustice,
Shall arise the pure and true,
And a higher life shall waken
From the old into the new.

A New Bank Building.

SEE COVER ILLUSTRATION.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

THE Ottauquechee Savings Bank building, which forms the cover illustration of this number, is Woodstock's newest and handsomest public building. It was completed in July of this year and as it is conceded by banking men to be one of the best arranged and lighted bank office buildings in the country, a description is certainly in order. . . . Past the outer doors of brass grill work the visitor enters the vestibule, floored with white marble, and then into the lobby or customer's room, which is very wide and has handsome desks and a marble floor. This is separated from the main banking room and

upholstered in green leather. All the furniture was specially designed by an expert of a leading desk company, and since its production the firm has been kept busy on orders for pieces of similar pattern for other offices. The fire-place is of Roman brick. The metal trimmings and the gas and electric fixtures are of the finish known as old brass.

There is an abundance of "waste space," appreciated by every man of business. From this room a fine view of the Square, the business center, is had, and beyond, the entire length of Elm street, a broad, handsome thoroughfare.

The private office is at the left front, as seen in the picture, and is handsomely but simply furnished. The large window at the front commands a sweeping view of the north side of the Park and street, and the side window looks out upon the Square and Elm street.



THE OLD CHURCHILL HOUSE, A FAMOUS LANDMARK IN WOODSTOCK.

This was one of the oldest buildings in town and stood on the site of the present Bank building. By reference to the History of Woodstock, by Henry Swan Dana, we find the house was erected by Artemus Baker in 1793, on the site of Josiah Holsington's cabin, the first log house on the Green, erected in 1773, Holsington being the original owner of the Green and a large land owner. It was occupied by Elisha Taylor in 1795, and owned by Major Benjamin Swan from 1798 to 1825. Then it became the property of Sylvester Edson until 1827 when Major Churchill moved into the house and it had since remained in the possession of the family until sold to the Bank and taken down in the spring of 1901. The great pillars have been reproduced in the Bank structure so that it will always be reminiscent of the building which once stood there. The beautiful elm, which now lends a softening touch to the portals of the new building, was set out by Sylvester Edson in 1826.

the Treasurer's private office by a partition of mahogany and glass, of suitable height, giving breadth and additional light to the whole interior. The banking room is thirty feet square and fourteen feet high. It is finished in mahogany. The floor is carpeted in red, the plaster walls are of light green, and the ceiling is cream colored. The furniture is mahogany and of original pattern. The heavy desks, a large double typewriting desk, and the Treasurer's private roll-top desk, are of startling simplicity and uniqueness, yet elegant and strictly practical, and every piece is set up on legs clear of the floor. The chairs are

The Directors' room is on the opposite front of the building, at the right of the entrance. It is very large, is finished in stained English oak, has terra cotta walls, light green carpet, creamy-white ceiling, and a large fire-place of dark green glaze exterior. The massive table of English oak was made to order as there was nothing like it in the market. From this room there is a straightaway level quarter of a mile view: the Library, the Court-house, the famous Woodstock Inn, the southern side of the Park and its roadway, many residences, a vista of broad lawns and walks. Woodstock is a town of breadth, to describe

it in one word, and the Bank building is a further reflection of its character, embodied in architecture.

The steel-walled vault is placed at the side of the banking room, in the rear of the Directors' room. Its position is a preliminary of safety. The great steel doors and a steel-fenced gallery over the vault are in the banking room in plain view of the walk. One side forms part of the rear wall of the Directors' room and a door in that wall, left open at night, shows the length of a hall-way back of the vault, thus two more sides are in view of the walk in front. A continuation of the hall-way around the other side is in plain view of the night watchman, through a heavily barred window at the rear.

The vault was made by the Remington & Sherman Co., and this and another at St. Albans are the only ones of the kind in the State. The vault weighs about thirty-eight tons. It rests on cross beams and plates of steel on a foundation of twenty-four inch brick walls on three sides and a thirty-six inch wall in front. The large open space within these walls is to prevent successful dynamiting from below, and this lower room is inspected daily. The great vault doors weigh ten tons and swing easily on ball bearings. The complicated mechanism known as a chronometer, within the vault doors, does not swing them open as some suppose, but merely bars or unbars an aperture, at any desired hour, upon which the moving of scores of heavy bolts from without, depends.

The building is from plans by W. W. Clay, a Chicago architect. It is built of old gold or copper-tinted Roman brick, mottled, and our engraving gives but a partial idea of its quiet beauty.

The Colonial style of architecture was followed in the building and its furnishings. It is heated by the hot water system.

The Ionic columns and pilasters are of terra cotta, cast in seven foot lengths, the length over all being about twenty-five feet. The porch is thirty by eight feet, in three blocks of Hardwick granite. All the exterior finish is of terra-cotta, except the window casings, the roof is of copper, and the partitions are all brick, so that the building is fire-proof.

The Ottawaquchee Savings Bank was incorporated in 1847. Its assets, the first day of July, this year, were \$1,315,000.

The officers of the Bank are President, F. S. Mackenzie; Vice President, Alvin Hatch; Treasurer, Chas. F. Chapman.

The Trustees are Chas. H. Maxham, Wm. S. Dewey, J. W. Parker, F. C. Southgate, Henry W. Walker and W. S. Hewitt.

The Bank has the entire lower floor. The upper floor is occupied by the central office of the New England Telephone Co., the millinery store of Mrs. W. L. Wood, and the private apartments of Mr. Chapman, the Treasurer, all being reached by an entrance on the left side of the building.

JOURNAL QUALITY.

These articles will soon appear in the JOURNAL: Report of Old Home Week in several towns; President Roosevelt's visit to the Connecticut Valley; Notes of local Fairs; Letters from Rev. P. P. Womer, a popular clergyman of West Lebanon, N. H., who has gone abroad for a year of study and will write of Scotland, England, Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy, as he visits those countries; Newfound Lake, one of New Hampshire's fishing and pleasure resorts; Springfield Schools and the company of lady cadets;—all profusely illustrated. In stories there will be "The Burglar and the Baby," a strongly impressive and novel tale, and "The School-ma'am's New Shoes," while "Before the coming of the Railroad" will tell of early days, and "A Study of the Hive" will be found of interest. Shorter stories and poems will help to round out each issue.



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INTER-STATE JOURNAL

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.



HIGH SCHOOL CADETS AT SPRINGFIELD, VT.

SEE ARTICLE ON SPRINGFIELD SCHOOLS IN THIS ISSUE

The young ladies are known as the "High School Lady Cadets," the boys are the "Slack Cadets." Each company drills weekly during term time and a high degree of efficiency in training has been reached.

The School Directors approve of the companies and assisted in their formation. The trend of the times is toward the manual of arms and other helpful exercises for more physical development, in place of "plugging" for hours over certain studies which will be of little or no value in after years. Give our boys and girls a healthful figure as a first preparation for life work.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY,

AND OTHER TOPICS, IN THIS ISSUE.

White River Paper Co.,
 WHOLESALE STATIONERS,
 White River Junction, - - Vermont.

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PHOTO. BY WES. F. L. DARLING, WINDSOR, VT.



THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

BY A. E. K. WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

I'm a delver in the plow-land,
Truth-seeker in the earth,
For health and strength and appetite,
I dig for all I'm worth.
There's honor in the labor,
Your scorn gives rise to mirth,
And Mr. Markham's pity
To merriment gives birth.

I have as long ancestry
As any he can boast,
Long generations stand behind
Both him, and me, and most,
Since, in the ages distant,
We sprang from out the host
Of monkeys and gorillas,
On Afric's sunny coast.

And delvers in the plow-land
We all have been and free,
And gathered in the glory
Of mountain, sky and sea,
And never yet have failed us,
Wherever we might be,
To pride us on our birth-right
Beneath the greenwood tree.

And so I yield to no man,
To no man do I bow,
In independence live I,
To nought I make my vow,
Save unto truth and honor,
That from the earth comes now,
In answer to my delving
With hoe and rake and plow.

The Approach of Autumn.

BY S. M. KENDALL, PETERBORO, N. H.

AS WE FIND ourselves once more entering upon another change of season with all its sad but earnest suggestions of things dying or going to rest, our souls seem almost overpowered with vain longings and inexpressible visions of that Supreme Being who is all in all to those who search for Him. Some one has said "we are all poets in the Spring," but, to a thoughtful nature there is felt, at the approach of each

season, a vein of true poetry, and deep, prayerful eloquence which, though not expressed in words is still there, and carries with it that earnest conviction of an unseen presence and an infinite power which controls all things.

As these autumn days approach, they bring with them the thought that all things are changing and we are but transitory and soon our bones will be mingled with the dust "to mix forever with the elements," and that mysterious part of our nature which we term the spirit, will have passed on to some higher state of being of which we cannot know until we have entered upon it, any more than in youth we may peer into the future and gaze upon the sights and scenes that await us in later life, for "we may look backward through the reach of ages; we can look forward, not a single hour."

Over, around and through all this we are enshrouded by that ever great mystery called time. These dark and cloudy days and cold and dreary winds, as we listen to them sighing through the treetops, which are now clothed in wondrous beauty and in a few short days are shorn of their radiance, and stand there naked and silent, reminding us of work well done and the rest and sleep that surely must follow weary, unceasing toil, can but affect our hearts with a passing sadness. We see again our many friends who, through life toiled untiringly, but who, sooner or later laid aside their earthly cares and passed on to the unknown. We are reminded of the laborer who, after long toil through a hot summer's day goes home to his cot to his well earned sleep and rest. And all these signs of approaching winter bring to our minds many thoughts of those two great mysteries,—sleep and death.

And yet, through all this, we know it cannot last; that this appearance of tired nature going to rest is only one more proof of the Father's great plan of change and renewal. This oncoming season too has a wonderful power of recalling to our minds the events of the past. We are placed once more upon that old homestead where in Autumn we participated in the gathering in of the season's harvests. We see the large farm wagon with its load of golden grain, and the many dreary days we have passed in the old barn, assisting with our small strength in stripping the golden ears of corn of their husks and piling them in a basket until the top is reached, and thankfully see it borne away only to be returned for our tired fingers to refill again and again.

Even the rustling of the leaves, made by a passing footstep often times brings to our minds like a shock the remembrance of some nearly forgotten event, simple and unimportant it may be, yet thrilling us to the heart's center with the force of the recollection: and so the approach of this season of the year always brings to our minds a sort of thoughtful sadness which is not altogether unpleasant because of the sense of the infinite which pervades it.

Plymouth Old Home Day.

BY MRS. LESLIE I. WALKER, PLYMOUTH, VT.

PLYMOUTH celebrated Old Home Week this year, as last, being one of the comparatively few towns to prove itself loyal to State interests by readily accepting the new custom and carrying it through in good spirit. In many places last year there was great display, much work by most of the community, and some expense, with the result that they could not bring themselves to try it again. It is a positive fact that here in New England we are gradually taking on that "tired feeling," whereby united effort is becoming impossible. But

gathering, talking over old times and exchanging pleasant daily experiences in the life of each, just the kind of reunion that the New Englander of real old stock delights in.

From eleven to twelve o'clock Mrs. Maria Regan of Waukegan, Ill., a real daughter of the Revolution, and Mrs. Esther Damon, a widow of the Revolution, and a daughter of the town, received in the church, Governor and Mrs. Stickney, Rev. H. L. Slack of Bethel, Conn., Rev. E. C. Carpenter, of Meriden, Conn., and Parker Green, the oldest son of Plymouth present, assisting.

During the afternoon the Bridgewater Band and the Grange choir of Bridgewater furnished pleasing music, and several singers gave selections. Rev. H. L. Slack spoke in a reminiscent, humorous way of incidents of the past and present. Governor



LISTENING TO THE SPEAKERS. A TYPICAL OLD HOME DAY SCENE.

This picture best represents the annual holiday in the smaller villages of Vermont and New Hampshire, when the friends and neighbors of all the country-side put away the cares of the farm, and attired in their best, gather on the village common to renew old acquaintance, lunch together and listen to the exercises of the day. The settings of this picture could not be improved. What a familiar scene it is! the little group of houses at the cross-roads, the general store, the great spreading elm tree, the triangular plot of green with its flag-poles, the quiet, intent interest of the audience, the teams drawn up by the roadside—and all surrounded by the wooded hills. We dedicate this picture to our readers in other states.

Plymouth celebrated quietly and had a successful reunion, proving that the genuine Vermont spirit still exists in places a little removed from the whirr of present day prosperity.

The exercises took place at the Notch, on the little triangular common, so often a feature of country villages, a sort of general playground and village green, and meeting place for Fourth of July celebrations, flag raisings, campaign oratory and Old Home Day exercises. Saturday, August 16, Bennington Battle Day, and the last day of Old Home Week, was the time of this annual gathering. The neighboring villages contributed largely to the hundreds present, and many former residents were there from cities far removed. The morning was given over to good cheer and handshaking, while the company was

Stickney, who followed, spoke in his usual quiet, easy manner and (as is the invariable custom of Old Home Day speakers) proved conclusively that the world in general would amount to very little except for the town under present consideration.

Rev. E. C. Carpenter made some happy hits. He congratulated his audience upon not being obliged to daily see wretched humanity reeling in and reeling out of the open saloon as were he and Mr. Slack in Connecticut, and urged the voters to see that the curse be not allowed to strike its roots into the soil of the old Green Mountain State. Other speakers followed.

Plymouth people hope that these reunions may be of annual occurrence so that each year they may extend greeting for the return of those gone forth to a wider sphere of influence.

Plainfield Old Home Day.

BY ELSIE E. WHEELER, MERIDEN, N. H.

THE day dawned as bright as possible, with shining sun, and sparkling dew-drops. It seemed that Plainfield had robed herself in her most bejeweled garment to welcome back her beloved, though wandering sons and daughters. Many were gathered. They returned as children at Thanksgiving time always wish to return—to home and mother.

At 10:30 o'clock all were called together by the stirring notes of Meriden Cornet Band. After prayer, the address of welcome was given by D. C. Westgate, who assured his audience that Plainfield was proud of her sons and daughters, and glad to welcome them back, even for one day, to renew acquaintances and to greet the old familiar faces of childhood. The response was by Edward E. Leighton. A tribute of remembrance was reverently given to the four familiar faces, that greeted all with love and welcome last year, but now are missed by their earthly friends. A male quartet gave three selections during the day to which all listened with pleasure. E. W. Westgate read a letter. Mrs. O. S. Bugbee favored us with several songs; also Mr. Coburn sang a fine humorous one. Miss Mary Westgate read an original poem by John Frost, and Norman Hapgood gave an address; then Winston Churchill, one of the well known nearby residents of Plainfield, spoke eloquently of the lonely forests, and how they were being slaughtered; wishing they might be protected and more trees planted. Afterward an original hymn written by Elizabeth M. F. Chandler was sung to the tune of America. This closed the morning session, and dinner was served to all invited guests, others enjoying a picnic lunch.

At 2:30 the band again called the company together, after which a solo by Miss Bailey was enthusiastically received. With O. C. Davis as toastmaster, the program was continued by Josiah Davis and his account of what was done when he was a boy. Rev. Chas. Richards, D. D. recalled remembrances of his youth, and wondered if girls and boys were the same now as then. They seem to have the same liking for fun and frolic, and the "one-horse open sleigh," and the same bit of sentiment usually creeps in. His talk was interspersed with funny illustrations and witty anecdotes, which made it both interesting and amusing.

The program was finished by an open air concert by the Windsor Band. And thus closed a day long looked forward to, one that will be remembered as a bright spot in the lives of many. May New Hampshire have many more such days! She is ever ready to welcome, and presents the same smiling countenance. Other faces may change, but her rocks and hills remain the same. Even the man of the mountain stands with his grand old countenance unchanged, ready to pronounce a benediction on all the loved ones who return even for a day to this picturesque "Switzerland of America."

And they will return, for her sons and daughters all respond to the sentiment voiced by Edna Dean Proctor, when she says:

"Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge
Forget to greet the sun,
Connecticut forsake the sea;
The Shoals their breakers shun.
But fervently, while life shall last,
Through wide our ways decline;
Back to the mountain land
Our hearts will turn as to a shrine."

HONESTUS STEARNS.



Honestus Stearns, a life-long resident of Felchville, Vt., died August 10, at the home of his son-in-law, O. S. Randall, after an illness of two months. He was born July 22, 1820 on the farm which has always been his home. Mr. Stearns was the youngest of a large family of which there remains but one son living, Dr. Geo. W. Stearns of Winchester, Mass., aged 89. His ancestor, Chas. Stearns, settled in Watertown, Mass.,

in 1636. His mother was Lucy Kneeland of Gardner, Mass., whose father, Timothy Kneeland, served four years in the War of the Revolution, being acting sergeant at the battle of Bennington. The Kneeland family trace their ancestry back nearly seven centuries to Alexander Kneeland of Scotland who married an aunt of Sir William Wallace. Timothy Kneeland's wife was Moriah Stone, granddaughter of John Stone a celebrated Captain in the Colonial army, and a descendant of Degory Priest who came over in the Mayflower.

Mr. Stearns inherited many of the traits of the Kneeland family,—he possessed a bright mind, a remarkable memory, and a love for the best in literature and art, together with a natural simplicity and lack of conservatism which have ever been characteristics of the Kneeland family.

Mr. Stearns in his younger days was a teacher and an interesting writer of both poetry and prose. He was also the pioneer of the grafted fruit industry in his town. Although a life-long sufferer, he was most patient and cheerful at all times.

He leaves four daughters: Helen, the wife of Dr. George W. Nichols, of Milaca, Minn., Mrs. Kate M. Rice and Mrs. Lucille M. Randall, of Felchville, and Mrs. Cora T. Whitcomb, of West Lebanon, N. H. His only son died in 1889. There are also eight grand children and one great grand child, a little son of Dr. G. Clarence Nichols, of Chokio, Minn.

If you wish to pay for the JOURNAL and haven't a coin card at hand, send silver in a small envelope or folded in paper or cloth, and it will come safely, or send stamps, or better, send a dollar bill, enclosing the address of a friend with your own subscription. BE SURE TO SIGN YOUR NAME. We frequently receive the money only, and have to ask Postmasters to find who sent it, usually without success.

MORE NEED OF THOROUGH TRAINING.

(West Canaan correspondence of Enfield, N. H. Advocate.)

Charles Dwinels would like to have the one who is digging his potatoes, pick them up clean as far as they go.

SPRINGFIELD SCHOOLS.

BY MRS. BERT DENNY BOWEN, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

THE early inhabitants of Springfield were earnest supporters of schools. The first school of which any history is obtainable was at the house of Hezekiah Holmes, on the Dr. Hubbard farm, in the summer of 1773. The second was at Eureka, about 1795. The school-house was probably built in 1794. The town took early action toward the support of schools, and in 1784 a committee was appointed to divide the town into school districts. In 1812 there were eighteen districts. The school-house on Parker Hill was probably the next and was built early in the century. The first school-house near the village was on the corner where Mr. James Woodbury now resides, near the Common. This was burned and the next one built on the south-east side of the Common.

From 1847 to 1866 the larger pupils had the advantages of the Springfield Wesleyan Seminary, a literary and scientific institution, under the patronage of the Vermont Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Seminary was located in the old brick meeting-house on the hill. This building had been deeded to the trustees of the Seminary, and was fitted up for school purposes. This school had a prosperous existence for twenty years, but in 1866 it was thought best to close the Seminary in Springfield and sustain but one Methodist Seminary in the state, which is now located at Montpelier.

About this time the districts in the village took the name of No. 7 and the system of graded schools began. A new house was built on the west side of the river, now the Catholic Church, and a higher department organized. Soon the Seminary property was purchased and a High School established. Thirteen men have labored faithfully as Principals in the High School since its organization. In 1894 the town voted to build a new school-house and all the old buildings in the village then occupied were either torn down or remodeled as dwelling houses.

The present building, one of the finest in the state, will soon be unable to accommodate all who wish to attend there, as many come from outlying districts, or even near towns.

The facts concerning the early schools were obtained from the Town History.



THE OLD SEMINARY.

Under Prof. Dressel and his able corps of assistants the training of boys and girls in the High School is admirably conducted. Recently a new feature has been introduced as a part of the work of the pupils. In the spring of 1901, Col. W. H. H. Slack, a prominent citizen of the town, formed a company of cadets among the boys. They were furnished with uniforms and rifles. During 'term time they receive weekly drill and they have once encamped upon the Common. Col. W. W. Brown presented the "Slack Cadets" with their Colors.

About a year later, Col. Slack and Mr. W. D. Woolson assisted by Hon. G. F. Leland, all School Directors, carried out like arrangements for the girls of the school. They are known as "High School Lady Cadets." Their uniforms consist of dark blue skirt, with white blouse waist, cap and gloves. In place of rifles they are supplied with dainty flags upon slender staffs. The beneficial results of this drill upon the cadets are noticeable. The wearing of uniforms allows no contention among the pupils in the matter of dress, and also adds a dignity to each one. A just personal pride or ambition arises and they become more manly and womanly as the weeks advance.



THE PRESENT HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE STATE.

The President in the Connecticut Valley.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S visit to the Connecticut Valley may be said to have begun with his arrival at Newbury, N. H., where he was the guest of Secretary of State John Hay. The President and party reached Newbury by special train at 6:25 o'clock, August 28, after a nearly twelve hour tour across New Hampshire, with stops at Nashua, Manchester, The Weirs and at Concord. The Secretary's steam launch was waiting at the station and the President with Secretary Cortelyou and Dr. Lung were soon on their way across Lake Sunapee to "The Fells," Mr. Hay's beautiful summer home.

After a quiet night at Mr. Hay's residence, the President returned on the launch Nomad, with Miss Hay as pilot, to the station where a crowd of summer visitors were assembled to greet the President. As Secretary Hay was saying goodbye to the President on the rear platform of his car, an enterprising photographer asked the two gentlemen to pose for him. They did so and every snap-shottist present made the effort of his life to get a good picture, but not one of them were successful. The train left Newbury at ten o'clock and soon arrived at Newport, nine miles distant, where an enthusiastic reception was accorded the President, who made an address from his carriage. At its conclusion he was driven to the residence of Mrs. Austin Corbin. Luncheon was taken at the nearby residence of Mr. George S. Edgell, Mrs. Corbin's son-in-law. Carriages were then provided and the entire party were taken on a drive through a part of Corbin Park, one of the show places of the Connecticut Valley, a wild animal preserve of 25,000 acres, enclosed by thirty-five miles of high wire fencing.

The President did not intend to do any shooting at the Park but the persistent appeals of Senator Proctor of Vermont, a member of the President's party, and a stockholder of a club which leases shooting privileges at the park, induced him to take a brief trip, and soon after luncheon the President, the Senator, Secretary Cortelyou, Dr. Lung and Austin Corbin, Jr., entered the park by the Brighton gate. Only the President, Senator Proctor and the guides penetrated the woods. Buffalo and deer were seen but the wild boar was the game for which the President was searching, and they are so very shy that although there are nearly 1,000 in the Park, it was nearly noon before a small drove was sighted, the President shooting one and firing at another, which escaped, unharmed.

During this brief diversion from travel and speech making, the President was attired in blue overalls, and when he doffed them after the hunt, the Senator made amusement by his indecision as to whether the overalls should be cut up for souvenirs or framed.

The President completed a day of thorough enjoyment by sleeping in one of the plainly furnished rooms of the clubhouse.

A MODEST RECEPTION AT CORNISH.

Cornish Flats, a typical country village, set in a valley between two ranges of hills, and nine miles distant from the nearest railroad station, Windsor, Vt., across the Connecticut,

was the next place to be honored by a visit from the President of the United States, which will go down in history as the greatest event of the region. Into the little square in the center of the village the President was driven from the clubhouse of the Blue Mountain Forest Game Club at Newport, arriving at 9:55 o'clock. There was only a little cheering from the crowd of 500 persons gathered there that misty morning but the welcome was seen in the pleased faces upon which the President looked. Eight veteran soldiers were lined up before the little soldier's monument, two in uniform, holding tattered flags and the school children of the place stood shoulder to shoulder beside them, the village doctor at the head of the assorted regiment, waving his cane as a sword. "Salute the flag," he commanded. The old soldiers and the little ones raised their hands to their heads and pledged them to "One nation, one country, one flag."



ENTERING THE STATE OF VERMONT AT WINDSOR.

A picture full of action. Winston Churchill's tally-rod at a twelve miles an hour clip. President Roosevelt is raising his hat. The buildings at the left are at the entrance of the toll-bridge. Photo. by Mrs. F. L. Darling.

At another command from the doctor, the school children marched forward by twos, each girl carrying a bouquet which she presented to the President. And it was no magnificent florists creations that they offered, but tributes of their own growth and assorting—asters, geraniums, bachelors' buttons, cornflowers, sweet peas, pansies, etc., and that very fact lent to these tributes an additional value in the appreciation of the President. That he was glad to get them there could be no mistake. He showed it by his smile and the kind words accorded each donor.

After this touching little ceremony the President called the old soldiers forward and addressed them. At the conclusion of

his remarks Dr. Hunt called for three cheers for the President, and they were given. After saying goodbye to Ex. Senator Chandler, who had accompanied the party across New Hampshire, the President was then taken in charge by Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, and driven to Windsor, Vt., on a tally-ho with four magnificent horses attached, and the President, sitting on the box beside his old acquaintance, Mr. Churchill, greatly enjoyed the trip. Senator Proctor often remonstrated with Mr. Churchill for his strenuous driving over roads that have a habit of making sudden drops and then rise with equal abruptness on the other side. The nine miles were made in less than an hour.

THREE HOURS AT WINDSOR.

Like every other town at which the President was to stop, Windsor was touched by the spirit of preparation for days in advance of his coming. The streets along more than a mile of the route he would traverse were hung with flags and streamers at regular intervals. This work was done by a force of Boston decorators, at an expense of about \$2,000. The front of nearly every house was festooned with color, or flag bedecked, while the President's picture was often seen. As a result Windsor was said by travelling men to be the best decorated of Vermont towns and cities.

The visit of the President occurred on the last day of the Windsor Horse and Cattle Show, and his presence on the grounds that day was sure to prove as strong an attraction as the camp and drills of the cavalrymen the year before. Many visitors were in town at the opening of the Horse Show and people who desired to remain in town over night found it hard to secure lodging.



THE "WHITE HOUSE" OR RESIDENCE OF THE LATE SENATOR WM. M. EVARTS, WHERE THE PRESIDENT TOOK LUNCHEON.

PHOTO BY CHAS. R. QUINN.

The morning of August 30 was foggy and to amateur photographers who were "laying for" the President the outlook for a successful picture was poor indeed.

It was expected that the President would arrive by team from Cornish at about twelve o'clock, his special train arriving also at about the same hour, and there was some speculation as to which would arrive first. At a few minutes before eleven o'clock, while people were gathering along the main streets and the greater part of the crowd had gone to the fairground, there came a bugle blast. There was a rush for the curbing and to doors and windows. Those who delayed an instant only caught a glimpse of mounted marshals and a brake with the

President on the driver's seat, lifting his hat and bowing this way and that. Several teams followed closely at the same rapid speed and before most people realized it the President had arrived and passed. It was done so quickly that general disappointment prevailed among those in waiting, as no one really had a good look at the nation's chief executive.

The President was driven to the home of the late Secretary of State William Evarts, where the party lunched. Here he met Mrs. Evarts, Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, Governor Stickney, who extended a welcome to the State, Senator Dillingham, Representative Haskins and Foster, Gen. Gilmore, and the officers of the Horse Show. The Evarts mansion, or the "white house," as it is often called, is one of several fine residences on the Estate, all situated on an eminence over-looking the main street, surrounded by handsome grounds and screened from the street by trees and shrubbery.

From the Evarts mansion the President and party went to the Horse Show on coaches, the



ENTERING THE GROUNDS OF THE EVARTS ESTATE AT WINDSOR.

The President, Mr. Winston Churchill, who is driving, and Mrs. Churchill are plainly depicted. The waters of Runnymede Lake are seen at the left.

PHOTO BY F. H. CLARK.



THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY ENTERING THE HORSE SHOW GROUNDS AT WINDSOR.

The Woodstock coach and six, President Roosevelt with splinted hat, driver Forrest Richmond, Senators Dillingham and Proctor and Mr. Maxwell Evarts.

PHOTO BY G. E. WHITE.

President remarking as he climbed up beside driver Forrest E. Richmond of the Woodstock Inn coach, that he had ridden on coaches times enough to know where the seat of honor was. Groups of people at the homes all along the route were watching for the President and cheered him lustily, and he had a bow and smile for every one. The party entered a private gate at the grounds, a little ahead of time, as usual, and were driven through a quarter mile lane of cheering people to a special stand opposite the two grand-stands. The track between was soon packed with humanity.

Mr. Maxwell Evarts introduced the President and the crowd cheered. The President was in fine spirits. He was attired in an ordinary appearing business suit of blue, and was thoroughly at home with his audience. He did not closely resemble the pictures which most good Americans have in their homes or many of those in publications, these seeming to represent him as younger and not as solidly built as he is. It is doubtful if the President has posed for a likeness recently. That is the reason we do not present a large picture of Theodore Roosevelt in this article. Only a very few newspaper artists have secured pictures of the President as he really looked on his New England tour, for even the camera sometimes fails to record a man's appearance in the familiar way in which we know him, as may be seen by the various miniatures of the President in this number. But the Rooseveltian "strenuousness" was there in his manner of speech and action, and the gleam of "Teddy's" ivory was unmistakable. He impressed his hearers as a kindly man of forceful determination and a man of fine physical development.

Nearly 8,000 people saw and heard the President at the fair grounds, and the speech which he delivered there was one of the most important on the trip, because the President spoke at some length on the relations between capital and labor and the dangers of mob violence or capitalistic greed. His speech is given elsewhere in this number, and in reading his address the reader is likely to feel that he is getting a \$500 magazine essay for nothing.

At the close of the President's speech, Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, a Vermontor, was called and made a few remarks. Then the track was cleared, and the President was entertained for a few moments by features of the Fair program. Chas. Taylor, the veteran driver, made an exhibition half-mile behind Robert B. in about 1:07. The President eagerly watched Taylor around the track from the rear of the stand. As Taylor drew rein before the President's stand after the heat, and saluted, the President expressed a desire to meet him, and he was asked to step up into the stand. As Mr. Taylor got off the sulky, President Roosevelt ran quickly down the steps and met him on the platform below. It was a handsome thing for him to do. He shook hands heartily

PHOTO BY G. E. WHITE.



AFTER THE HEAT. CHAS. TAYLOR AT JUDGES' STAND.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. TAYLOR.

The President, but in hand, stands at the foot of the stairway while Taylor's cap is seen back of the horse's head.

PHOTO BY MISS NELLIE L. GUTTON.

with the old driver, while his face beamed with pleasure. "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Taylor," he said, "I must say I am much surprised to see a man of your age on a sulky after so fast a trotter." Mr. Taylor has been crowned with applause at our county fairs for many years, but many another man would have been proud to have been in his place and receive congratulations on his achievements from the President of the United States.



ABOUT TO LEAVE THE FAIRGROUND, WINDSOR.

PHOTO BY MR. F. L. BARRETT. The President bowing in response to cheers of the crowd.

Then the prize winning horses were paraded, and as the spirited animals pranced and curvetted, it was a scene from a horse show, which would have given a Rosa Bonheur inspiration. The President looked on with great interest and frequently exchanged comment with Senator Dillingham.

Then the Woodstock Inn and Dartmouth coaches were drawn up before the stand, the President resumed his seat beside the driver, Senators Proctor and Dillingham and Mr. Maxwell



JUST BEFORE DEPARTURE, WINDSOR.

PHOTO BY MR. J. G. UNDERWOOD.

Evarts taking the upper seat, the Windsor Band played "Hail to the Chief," which the President has had brass-banded at him from one end of New England to the other, the crowd gave three cheers and the coaches rolled around the track, and off to the special train at the station. The program of the Fair went on but the interest was gone out of it for many.

As the party went to the station, a mile away, the President told Mr. Richmond that his team of six bay horses was the finest he had been behind on his New England trip, and indeed no more evenly matched, handsome, spirited horses can be found in the Connecticut Valley than the carefully selected pairs which Woodstock sent to convey the President while at Windsor.

At the station the President made a few remarks from the rear end of the car, thanking his audience for the warmth of his welcome and for their kindly interest shown in his coming by the decoration of the village.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN.

The five cars of which President Roosevelt's train was composed were the pick of Pullman coaches in the east. The first of these was the combination buffet smoker and baggage car Brutus, which runs ordinarily on the Colonial express between Boston and Washington. Next came the dining car, Thames, a beautiful bit of railway architecture which is owned by the New York, New Haven & Hartford company.

Two Pullman coaches followed, the Umatilla from Jersey City, and Yale, occupied by the newspaper men accompanying the President. The Yale was taken from the Federal express service between Washington and Boston.

Last of the quintet was the President's private coach. This was 50 or 60 feet in length and contained at the rear end, a drawing or reception room where the President spent a great deal of his traveling time, and first greeted the local committees on arrangement.

The President traveled on this train eleven days through New England, each railroad furnishing its own locomotive and train crew. The Boston & Maine delivered the train to the Central Vermont at Windsor, and it was there taken under the direct supervision of Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, vice-president and general manager, assisted by Mr. C. E. Soule, superintendent, and Mr. S. W. Cummings, general passenger agent of the Central Vermont Railway.

The Presidential party consisted of Dr. G. A. Lung, the President's physician, secretary George B. Cortelyou, assistant secretary Barnes, two stenographers, secret service men, a parlor car superintendent, telegraph experts, and a dozen reporters and photographers.

The presence of newspaper space-writers does not disturb the President in the least. They are a necessary adjunct of such excursions. President Roosevelt is a good example for business men. He believes in advertising. When he went to Cuba with his regiment of Rough Riders he took along a corps of reporters and photographers. The result was that we heard more of Roosevelt and his Rough Riders than of anybody else. It seemed as if he was doing most of the fighting. Mr. Roosevelt looks ahead a long way. This bit of enterprise was part of a



THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.

well-conceived plan by which a college man, lawyer, author, mariner, sportsman and newly-made military hero caught the popular fancy, became governor of New York upon his return and eventually brought up in the White House.

An example of what progressiveness with advertising can do.

Five minute stops were made at White River Junction, South Royalton, Bethel and Randolph. The President addressed large crowds at these points and each village was decorated to some extent. He received a warm welcome all along the line.

To describe the President's visit at Montpelier, Burlington, Thompson's Point, Rutland, Bellows Falls and Brattleboro would fill many pages but we do not wish to devote an entire issue to any topic, however interesting.

New England is won for "Teddy."



Address of President Roosevelt,

DELIVERED AT WINDSOR.

"Mr. Evarts, and you, men and women of Vermont, my fellow Americans—I am glad indeed to have the chance of greeting you and of saying a word to you today. This is the place where the constitution of your state was formulated; the first constitution definitely to forbid human slavery in this continent.

Your state was founded by men who knew how to fight when the need was to fight, and who knew that fighting was not all that they had to work in civil life also.

Vermont has done what it has done throughout our history, and furnished the leadership in our public life, which it always has furnished—has shown that healthy sanity of public sentiment which has so prominently distinguished it, because Vermont has understood that while it was a mighty good thing to produce material prosperity, it was a better thing to produce men and women fit to enjoy it.

You look through our history and you will see that while, of course, material prosperity is the basis, the foundation upon which we build, yet the leadership of the nation has always lain with those who realize that material prosperity was an indispensable foundation, but useless if there was not a superstructure upon it, the superstructure of the lofty lift toward things better which only a great and generous people can feel.

And your forefathers understood that no one quality was sufficient for the successful founding of a country, any more than

any one quality will do to make a citizen a success. You have got to make a number of different qualities.

In the first place you must recognize the sphere that the nation has. Something—a good deal—can be done by wise laws, by fearless administration of the laws. But after that has been done there remains the fact that you must trust to the citizen himself to work out the ultimate salvation of the state.

You can restrain men by the law and by the execution of the law from wrong-doing. And the wrong-doing man takes either one of two steps: took those steps a century ago, takes those steps now. The crimes of craft and the crimes of violence both are equally dangerous. And we must remember after all that those who come from the set where one kind of crime is dangerous are apt to denounce the other type of crime.

Both must be put down. The man who commits violence, above all, the body of men who commit violence, commits an outrage not merely against their fellow Americans, but against the whole body politic to which they belong.

Violence of the individual, above all, violence of a mob—that type of violence is incompatible with free government, with free and orderly liberty in our republic.

The first requisite of liberty as we and our forefathers have known it, is the willingness to abide by the law.

The government must be just; the law must be no respecter of persons; the law must get at the big man who goes wrong just as it gets at the small man who goes wrong, and it must get at him in his own interest.

You can protect the man of big means against wrong-doing by the law just so long as you make him, himself, responsible to the law. On the other hand, the worst enemy of the people upon whose behalf mob violence is often invoked is the man who invokes it; the man who connives at it or incites it.

The worst wrong that can be done to our people is to try to teach them that aught can be obtained by mob rule or violence of any kind.

We can make this government—we can keep it what it is; we cannot only make it what it is, but we can raise it to still loftier heights, but it must be done through orderly, decent process of liberty working through law.

It is not kindness to bring up a child in the belief that it can get through life by shirking the difficulties. The child who is going to be worth its salt must be taught to face difficulties and overcome them.

I pity no man because he has got to work. I despise the man who will not work. He is not worth envying, no matter at which end of the social scale he is. The man who cannot pull his own weight, that man is not any good in our public life.

Now we have to do it in widely different ways; each man has got to at least pull his own weight, and if he is worth his salt he will pull a little more. And we cannot afford as a nation any more than as a family can afford it in the training of the individual members of the family—we cannot afford to have our citizens brought up in any other theory.

Each man of you who looks back on his life will feel proud to hand on to his children, not the memory of the days of ease, but the days that were pretty hard, that meant hard work, but wherein he did something.

Now in every audience that I speak to here all through New England, I see men like our friend there, who wears the button that shows that you fought in the great war. You did not go down there to have an easy time, did you? You did not go down there for the pay, it was less than \$13 a month if I remember. You went down in the prime of your youth, the prime of your strength, leaving all that there was at home, to spend four years, knowing defeat as well as victory, until with stern courage from defeat you wrested ultimate victory.

But they were not easy years; not a bit of it. They were years of heart-wearing work for a righteous end, and thrice fortunate the nation which has citizens within its borders who in time of peace and in time of war alike are willing and anxious to spend the best there is in them to do all that their strength allows, to war for decency and righteousness, to struggle with all their might for a worthy end."

The
Largest

Stock of

 **GLASS**

In this vicinity is at
The Picture Frame Store.

**PICTURE
CLASS**

in sizes up to
28 x 40.

**WINDOW
CLASS**

in sizes up to
28 x 40,
and 18 x 52.



**SINGLE AND DOUBLE THICK.
ANY SIZE CUT TO ORDER.**

F. T. WILLIAMS,

South Main St., White River Junction.

C. M. KEYES,

**Practical
Furrier,**

AND MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S

Fur Garments.

Seal Garments redged in New York,
equal to the best London dyed.

**Remodeling and Repairing
a specialty.**

All kinds of Furs treated artistically.



Write to or call on me, at

SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT.

REFERENCES GIVEN IF REQUIRED.

Always our specialty—

**"The
Finest
Portraits
That
Can
Be
Made."**



We do not try
to see how
cheap, but how
GOOD they
can be made.

**FELLOWS
THE PHOTOGRAPHER**

Just look at this list—



**FINE PHOTOGRAPHS,
FINE CRAYONS,
FINE WATER COLORS,
FINE SEPIAS,
FINE VIEWS,**

"What we say we do we do do."

WE KEEP A GOOD LINE OF...

Cameras and Amateur Supplies

At all times. Our experience may be of some use
to you.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VERMONT.

**We present our claims
for consideration**

TO THE

**FURNITURE BUYING
PUBLIC**

confident that when Goods are
examined and prices compared
all purchases will be made here.



Our showing of Parlor, Bedroom, and Dining Room
Suites, Odd Pieces and Chairs is complete. The goods
are new and well-made. No greater bargains anywhere.

**The best place in Windsor County
to buy Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, etc.**

E. A. SPEAR,

UNDERTAKER.

WOODSTOCK, VT.

**THE
Empire
ENGRAVING
CO.**

PROCESS ENGRAVERS

39
Columbia St.
Albany, N.Y.



PHOTO BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

FAIR-GROUND AT SPRINGFIELD, VT.

A day at Springfield and the Fair.

BY CHAS. R. CUMMINGS.

ON the way to Springfield, we were amused by a passenger who had barely made connection with the early morning train. He required six miles of preparation, putting on collar and tie with great difficulty, combing his tousled hair, readjusting and brushing his apparel, etc. to complete his toilet, the train arriving at the North Hartland station as he finished. Then he got his grip open again and breakfasted. Then he drew the curtain, lay flat across two seats and took up the remainder of his night's rest. He was as cool as a cucumber, a sort of Eliphalet Hopper, never getting on and not at all disturbed by the presence of company.

The large man asked the Conductor if there'd be a team at Hartland station to carry passengers to the Four Corners. Conductor didn't know. If there was a team he would see it when the train pulled in. Man paid for self and wife to Windsor. A man with a team was waiting at Hartland depot and inquiry developed that he connected with morning and noon trains, regularly, carrying mails to Hartland Four Corners, and could take two passengers. The big man had time to get off, but elected to stay. He was wrathful. He lit on the brakeman first and demanded to know why he didn't tell him, et ceteras. The brakeman's reply was "We ain't supposed to know the price of feed at every station. If we know the time-table the road seems to be satisfied." Then it was the conductor's turn. "How long you been on this road?" "Two years." "Well, you're a good one." The conductor listened with the polite interest of one who is hardened to kicks. "I'll give you a recommend and write your resignation!" The conductor gave up a wink. "I'll accept it," he said with a smile.

At Charlestown station there was a long stretch of lawn, with many walks and splendid flower effects, beside the electric terminal, and flower beds on the station grounds, all a credit to

the Boston & Maine Railroad system, and to the exceptional care of Mr. W. R. Sheldon and R. R. Fenn, station agents of the past and present.

The six mile electric ride from Charlestown, N. H. to Springfield, Vt., was enjoyed in a warmed car with all the sounds and speed of city traffic. The way lies across the Connecticut and along the winding Black river, closely following the highway. This modern method of conveyance prepares the visitor for a wide-awake business center and such is Springfield.

The many large manufacturing plants are set closely about the falls of the Black river, in the very heart of the village, and there are no less than four dams thrown across the stream within a few rods of the bridge.

The graceful steel bridge is just below the main fall and it is an ideal spot from which to view the play of waters. Black River Falls may not be so grandly impressive as those of Niagara, no massive downpour in feathery column, but a tumbling of waters in slides, torrents, spurts, pools, eddies, sprays, and slanting falls, now slowly, now driving on, a New England water poem to charm the eye and ear amid the prosy hills, the mountains and the meadows. The memory of a study of the Falls outlasts all others. It is one of the attractions of the State.

The village stores are nearly all around the square, which is a center of compressed interest on a busy day. In the center there is a little plot of green, with seats and a fountain, 'neath the shade of tall trees. The store buildings are not all modern but within a city pervades, the extensive stocks are arranged and placarded in modern style, and the merchants are pleasant to meet.

The terminal of the electric line is before the Adnabrown hotel, a large, modern house, where on a silvered card in the main hall we read:

WHO'E'R HAS TRAVELED LIFE'S DULL ROUND,
WHERE'E'R HIS STAGES MAY HAVE BEEN,
MAY SIGH TO THINK HE STILL HAS FOUND,
THE WARMEST WELCOME AT AN INN.

Holiday Gifts

FOR YOUR GENTLEMEN FRIENDS,



House Coats,
Bath Robes,
Suit Cases,
Umbrellas,
Slippers,
Neckwear,
Gloves,
Fur Coats.

And many other things that will make him happy.

WHEELER BROS.,

GENTLEMEN'S TAILORS AND FURNISHERS,

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

FINE FURNITURE

If you want
to see the best
visit Watson's.



Buffets,
Book-cases,

China closets,

Easy chairs, Turkish chairs,
Parlor cabinets,

Music cabinets,
Writing desks,



Work and Waste Baskets in great variety and coloring.

Fine new line of Dinner and Toilet Sets.

A decorated Toilet Set for \$2.50.

KITCHEN CABINETS in three styles.

Contains bins for meal and flour, drawers for cooking utensils, moulding board, and a meat board, and the top is used as a table.

Alfred E. Watson, WHITE RIVER
JUNCTION, VT.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING.

prise when he tried to climb up, or he would leap into your outstretched hand for a nut and actually sit there and arrange it for transportation, or climb into a hammock, sit on your arm and do the same thing. Tie a peanut on the end of a string, and after a few attempts to get away with it "Chippy" would promptly open the shell and turn the joke on his tormentor.

Any one of these chipmunks must have store enough to last the neighborhood all winter.

Watermelon seeds were prime favorites with the chippies, and they would take a great number before starting for home, often sixty or seventy, and one family avers that their chippy took eighty-one of an hundred watermelon seeds put down to test his avarice.

These little striped squirrels are not wholly without fear, being always alert, so that the hasty opening of a door or the arrival of a stranger would sometimes result in a yellow streak the length of the piazza, but they usually returned. When things were quiet they would enter the houses and scurry about the rooms on a tour of investigation.

Such dear little creatures. The first camp pleasure we found was in watching their cunning little ways, and we disliked to come home without "Chippy." We had never seen such confidence in creatures of the woods, but it can surely be gained by anyone, anywhere.



That "man is his own worst enemy" is in this instance clearly shown by a trick of photography, whereby Dr. Carpenter of South Royalton, Vt., is seen in the act of shooting at himself with a revolver. The scene is in the park at that place.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Some queer expressions are used by foreigners learning our language. An amusing instance of this was told to me by a friend whose father employed a French lad to help him during the cultivating season. The French boy seemed very anxious to learn to speak English, and took the opportunity, while leaning on his hoe, to inquire, "What ze month is it?" He was told the name of the month at that time, — June — and the succeeding months to the end of the year. He seemed pleased, and repeated them again and again to himself.

In the evening, when asked if he remembered the names of the months that had been told to him, he replied with triumphant air, "Oui," and, commencing with June, gave them in words which sounded thus — "Yu, Yuly, Allgutch, Spleet-timber, Knocked-ober, No-wonder" — but he got no further, his hearers were convulsed with laughter.

The Resurrection of Jane Stubbs

BY IDA L. LEWIS, BETHEL, VT.

THE hot sun of an August afternoon beat down upon a weather stained New England farm house. The heats that lay with outstretched wings, kicking and squirming in the dust holes they had dug out among the bouncing beds and pig-weeds growing under the west windows, opened their mouths and gasped. In the open doorway stood a thin, angular woman with drooping jaws and gray hair twisted into a tight knot at the back of her head. She wore a faded calico dress and held a brown gingham sun-bonnet in her hands. "No, I shan't give one cent ter buy 'em er cow," she was saying to a kind faced neighbor standing near. Her voice rose shrilly as she continued, "I have pinched and scrippled all my life and I can't afford ter give it away now. What's ther reason, I'd like ter know, that them great lazy boys can't go ter work and earn a cow? When I see young boys hadter work instead of wastin' their time goin' ter school. Here you—!" she exclaimed savagely as she made a lunge with her sun-bonnet at an inoffensive looking cat, eating something under the scraggly lilac tree by the doorstep—"I'll have that cat killed if that youngone don't step stufin' it all the time!"—and fairly quivering with the energy of her emotions, Mrs. Stubbs looked around to find her neighbor had taken leave. She gazed after the retreating figure for a moment with a look of sour displeasure upon her sallow face, then turned and entered the kitchen, where her daughter was ironing. As Mrs. Stubbs looked around the hot, uncomfortable kitchen, the corners of her mouth drooped still lower. "I never see, Lucy Ann," she began, fretfully, "such a fool as you be—a pretty performance, I should think, er wastin' wood er ironin' white dresses this hot day. I made you wear dark colored calico for best, and yer jest as well oft as if I'd shaved myself ter keep ye in them white flummies!"

Lucy Ann's hot, tired face flushed still redder at her mother's words; evidently they stirred unpleasant memories of the past, but she said nothing.

Mrs. Stubbs threw her sun-bonnet into a print covered rocking chair and giving her daughter another glance of stern disapproval, went into the "other room" and threw herself upon the lounge to rest.

Mrs. Stubbs was ambitious and tireless when others were to do the work, for she could bear their backaches with great heroism, but when her turn came—well, she always rested afterwards—so she lay still for some time watching the shadows of the big poplar just outside the windows cast upon the opposite wall.

Some two hours later, her daughter was shaking her vigorously, and crying, "Wake up Mother! For mercy's sake, wake up!"

Mrs. Stubbs stared around her wildly for a moment, and then sitting up, exclaimed fervently, "Oh, thank the Lord, I'm resurrected! O Lucy Ann—I'm so glad I'm resurrected!"

Lucy Ann looked at her mother in surprise, and then said, "You've had a bad dream I guess, but it's all right now, so come and get your supper before it's cold."

Mrs. Stubbs sat down to the table and ate her supper in silence. The peas were underdone, and the biscuit were scorched, but she apparently took no notice of it—a fact which

caused her daughter great surprise, a surprise which increased later when her mother said "You must be dreadful tired, Lucy Ann; you go and set down where it's cool, and I'll do up the dishes. I haint done nuch ter day and 'twill do me good ter stir around. Come, go long," she added pleasantly as her daughter stood staring at her in a bewildered way.

After Lucy Ann left the kitchen, Mrs. Stubbs, sitting to the looking glass over the sink, trying to get a good light as possible, studied her own features anxiously. She shook her head sadly as she repeated the words and drawing a long breath she muttered half aloud, "Yes, it's all true—every bit of it. I've been a stingy, cross, fault-finding old woman, but thank the Lord I'm resurrected, and now I'll do the best I can—yes, I will," she said firmly, "I'll not die and have no one care."

The next morning Mrs. Stubbs arose early and went down to the empty kitchen. As she crossed the threshold there was a look of stern resolve upon her face. She paused for a moment and, closing her eyes, said imploringly, "Lord help me ter do my best—Lord help me for I'll have a tough time ont with myself ter day." She then went up to the sink and began washing the potatoes.

When noon came and dinner was ready Lucy Ann looked at her mother and said kindly, "You must be real tired, Mother. You've helped me a lot today."

Mrs. Stubbs' face flushed and her eyes filled with tears at the unusual tone and words. "If I deserve it I'll git it," she thought to herself.

Some days later, Lucy Ann followed her husband out to the barn and said, "I can't think what has come over Mother. She has worked real well and hasn't found fault or scolded a bit for several days. What do you suppose it means, John?"

John eyed his wife doubtfully. "She aint er goin' ter be sick is she? I see she give that Jones boy some of them early apples ter day and I was er good deal s'prised, and he acted kinder scairt I thought. You better keep yer eye on her for she may git crazy or something."

The weeks passed into months, but Mrs. Stubbs showed no trace of insanity or illness. Occasionally she was seen to study her countenance attentively in the glass over the sink, and once she was heard to remark to herself in a most determined voice, "I'm not too old, yet, I'll do it—I will." A great improvement was soon noticeable in her personal appearance. She no longer went about in slovenly apparel, but kept herself clean and tidy. She was much quieter than she had formerly been, and she found fault and scolded and fretted no more. So helpful and kind and pleasant did she become that the neighbors who had for years avoided her began to show pleasure in her society and Lucy Ann never ceased to wonder over the great change in her mother's character. Little Jenny confided to her father one day that grandmas were nice to have after all, and the cat was allowed to eat her meals without comment.

It was August again. The noonday work was done and Mrs. Stubbs and her daughter were sitting in the "other room," when Lucy Ann suddenly looked up from her sewing, and said "I wonder what day of the month it is?"

"It is the seventeenth," said her mother promptly. "It is just a year ago today that I was resurrected."

"Mother," said Lucy Ann, earnestly, "what do you mean by being resurrected?"

The Constitutional Convention of New Hampshire.

BY HARLAN C. PEARSON, CONCORD, N. H.

A CONVENTION for the revision of the constitution of the state of New Hampshire was held in its capital city of Concord during the month of December, 1902. The membership roll of the convention included many of the State's most distinguished men; and the importance of its results, achieved in the comparatively short time of three weeks has attracted attention and appreciation all over the country. Interest has been revived, also, in the constitution itself, a document which, with very slight modifications, has served as the organic law of the commonwealth for considerably more than a century.

REVISIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

New Hampshire was the first of the rebellious colonies to adopt a plan of government after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. But the constitution proper of the state was adopted in 1784. The first convention for its revision was held in Concord in 1791-2 and adopted 72 amendments for submission to the people. Of these only 46 were ratified, the result being that the rejection of the others caused inconsistencies in those that were adopted and a further session of the convention was necessary. When the amendments were finally straightened out the constitution as thus modified remained without further alteration, the fundamental law of the state for nearly 60 years.

The next convention of revision met in 1850. All the amendments it proposed were defeated, so it met again in 1851 and submitted three more, abolishing the religious test and the property qualification for the right of suffrage, and for a new mode of amending the constitution. The amendment abolishing the property qualification was ratified; the other two were rejected.

More successful was the convention which met on December 6, 1876, and was in session 11 days. All but two of the amendments which it proposed were ratified. The same was true of the next to the last convention, which was in session from January 2 to January 11, 1889.

The convention of 1902 was in session from December 2 to December 19 and submits to the people for ratification 10 proposed amendments to the constitution.

METHOD OF CALLING AND HOLDING CONVENTIONS.

Not often, but once in seven years the legislature is authorized to give the people a chance to vote upon the proposition, Shall a convention for the revision of the constitution be held? If a majority of the votes cast on this question are in the affirmative the legislature may, in its discretion, make arrangements for the holding of such a convention. Delegates to the convention are elected in the same manner and in the same number as representatives to the legislature except that every town, "classed" or otherwise, is entitled to at least one delegate.

The convention organizes with the choice of a president, secretary, etc., and the appointment of a few standing committees, viz., on bill of rights and executive department, on judiciary department, on legislative department, on future mode of amending the constitution, and on time and mode of submitting

amendments to the people. Any amendment to the constitution may be introduced by a member and referred either to a standing committee for consideration or to the committee of the whole. It is passed by a majority vote and goes to the committee named above to be put in proper form for submission to the people.

The amendments which the convention thinks should be made to the constitution are submitted to the people in the form of interrogatories. If two-thirds of those who vote are recorded in favor of any amendment, it is declared adopted and becomes a part of the constitution.

Quite often, however, action on the part of the legislature is necessary to give effect to the practical intent of the amendment.

THE MAKEUP OF THE CONVENTION OF 1902.

The convention which recently closed its work was composed of 413 members who received \$3 per day for the 18 week days of the convention's life, making a salary roll of \$22,000. The appropriation by the legislature for the expenses of the convention was but \$25,000, which served to pay the salaries and the incidental or running expenses of the session. The mileage roll of \$6,000 and the expense of issuing the journal and other publications of the convention was left to be defrayed from an appropriation which it is hoped the legislature now in session will authorize.

The organization of the convention brought a lively contest over its principal honors. Frank S. Streeter, Esq., the prominent attorney of Concord, was elected president over Judge David Cross of Manchester, the Nestor of the New Hampshire bar, and Edgar Aldrich of Littleton, judge of the United States district and circuit courts. Thomas H. Madigan, Jr., of Concord, secretary of the Democratic state committee, was made secretary of the convention in preference to James R. Jackson of Littleton, secretary of the convention of 1889, and George W. Fowler of Pembroke, an editorial writer on the Manchester Union.

President Streeter generously recognized his rivals in the appointment of committees, naming Judge Aldrich as chairman of the committee on bill of rights and executive department, and Judge Cross as chairman of the committee on legislative department. Former Chief Justice Isaac N. Blodgett of Franklin was made chairman of the committee on judiciary department; Attorney General Edward G. Eastman of Exeter, of the committee on future mode of amending the constitution and other amendments; and ex-United States Senator William E. Chandler of Concord of the committee on time and mode, etc.

Just a few of the other prominent men in the convention were ex-Governor John B. Smith of Hillsborough; Naval Officer James O. Lyford of the port of Boston and Judge R. E. Walker of the supreme court, of Concord; U. S. District Attorney Charles J. Hamblett of Nashua; Prof. James F. Colby of Dartmouth college, from Hanover; ex-Congressman Henry M. Baker of Bow; two railroad magnates, Benjamin A. Kimball of Concord and John W. Sanborn of Wakefield; ex-Congressman James F. Briggs of Manchester; and Colonel Henry O. Kent and Hon. Irving W. Drew of Lancaster.

Seventy proposed amendments to the constitution were brought before the convention and the first two weeks of the session were largely occupied in debate upon them. About a third of the whole number proposed various changes in the basis of representation in the lower house of the legislature.

Interesting Articles in store for our Readers.

FORT DEFANCE AND THE INDIAN RAID ON BERNARD, (VT.) 1780. This story of fact begins when Bernard and Bethel were frontier towns. The raid, the alarm, the building of the fort, the companies of Rangers, the diary of a soldier of 1780, the exact location of the fort, valuable relics, Fort Fortitude in Bethel, the muster rolls of Capt. Cox and Capt. Safford's companies, are some of the chapters. It cost the writer 20 years of research to sift out the true story of those times. And he tells with humor how it was accomplished. The fortunes of scores of the early patriots of this vicinity are interwoven in this narrative. An accurate picture of the fort, with its company drawn up within, has been prepared by a skilled artist, and will, with other pictures, prove worthy of study. By DR. GARDNER COX, Holyoke, Mass.

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An interior photograph and a description of this fire are included in this issue.

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EACH MONTH.



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WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., JAN.-FEB., 1903.

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Ex-Gov. Roswell Farnham,

AN HONORED SON OF VERMONT WHO DIED JAN. 5, 1903.



ROSWELL FARNHAM, the thirty-seventh Governor of Vermont, was born in Boston, Mass., July 23, 1827. His father removed to Bradford, Vt. in 1840, and there, while assisting on the farm, Roswell attended the academy to prepare for college. In 1849 he graduated from the University of Vermont, and was engaged for a time in teaching at Dunham, Canada. Ten years later he removed to Franklin, Vt. and took charge of the Academy. After three successful years he was appointed Principal of the Academy at Bradford, which with the assistance of his accomplished wife, he conducted for two years with marked success. Having selected the profession of law, he had in the meantime devoted his spare time to legal studies. These he conducted further under the late Robert McK. Ormsby, then the leading lawyer of Orange County, and was admitted to the bar in 1857. He commenced practice in partnership with

Mr. Ormsby. In 1859 he opened an office for himself and soon had the most profitable clientele in the county. His ability and high personal character were recognized by the Republicans of the county and in 1859 he was elected State's Attorney and twice re-elected. While holding this office the war of the Rebellion broke out and he was among the first to enlist for the defence of the Union. He had foreseen the coming crisis and had joined the Bradford Guards, one of the few companies of Volunteer Militia then in existence in Vermont. At President Lincoln's first call for troops, in 1861, he went to the front as Second Lieutenant of Company D. of the First Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, and was soon appointed Provost Marshal on the staff of Col. J. W. Phelps, in command at Newport News. He returned to Vermont at the close of the three months' term of the First Vermont, with the reputation of a spirited and capable officer. When President Lincoln, in August, 1862, called for 300,000 militia, Mr. Farnham, who had been appointed Captain of the Bradford Guards, re-organized the company and when it was assigned to the Twelfth Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of that fine regiment. This formed part of the Second Vermont Brigade. For nearly half its term of service Colonel Blunt was in command of the Brigade and Lieutenant Colonel Farnham commanded the Regiment. Soon after the Battle of Gettysburg, Colonel Farnham was mustered out, with his command, and soon resumed his law practice at Bradford. In 1868 he was elected to the State Senate and was re-elected in 1869. In 1876 he was a delegate to the Republican National convention, at Cincinnati, which nominated President Hayes. He was a Presidential Elector in the same year. In 1880 he was unanimously nominated for Governor by the Republican State convention and elected by nearly 25,000 majority. He gave care to the duties of his office and retired from it with the respect and esteem of the people.

He had been a member of the State Board of Education, a Trustee of the University of Vermont, Treasurer and Trustee of Bradford Academy and member of the State Board of Agriculture. Governor Farnham's legal practice was large and successful, and he had conducted many noted cases. He held many prominent offices in the village of Bradford. He was a member of the Congregational Church.

He was united in marriage, Dec. 25, 1849, with Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Capt. Ezekiel and Nancy (Rogers) Johnson, of Bradford. Charles Cyrus, who is a prosperous lawyer in Buffalo, N. Y., Florence Mary, wife of Col. Edward G. Osgood of Bellows Falls, Vt., and William Mills Farnham of Buffalo, N. Y., are their children.

Mr. Farnham's health had been gradually failing during the past year, but he had appeared at his office almost daily. The funeral services were largely attended by representatives of the State government, the press, the bar, and the people of Bradford.

EDWARD CONANT.

ONE OF THE STRONGEST EDUCATORS OF VERMONT,
WHO DIED AT RANDOLPH CENTRALLY.



EDWARD CONANT, who for many years has held a prominent place among the educators of his native state, died Jan. 5, at his home in Randolph Center, Vt. Mr. Conant met with a severe accident at Niagara Falls in 1901 from which he never fully recovered, although able to resume charge of the Normal School and do a great deal of work.

He was born in Pomfret, Vt., May 10, 1829. At the age of fifteen he went to West Bridgewater, Mass., where for six years he worked as a machinist and made a special study of machinery and mechanics. He then returned to Vermont and after a two years' preparatory course at Thetford Academy, entered Dartmouth College in 1852. In the fall of 1854 he became Principal of the Academy at Woodstock, Connecticut, and later was Principal of the Academy at Royalton, Vt., and of the High School at Burlington. In February, 1861 he became Principal of the Orange County Grammar School at Randolph Center, and being a believer in Normal Schools secured an act of the Legislature which made it a Normal School in August, 1866, and also provided for the establishment of two other schools. The State contributed very little to its support at the outset and Mr. Conant was active in securing a permanent fund of \$10,000. He was elected State Super-

tendent of Education by the Legislature of 1874 and held that office until 1881, and while in that position visited every town in the State two or more times. He advocated the town system of schools, town high schools, a state school tax, and was known as "the father of the Normal Schools in Vermont." In 1881 he became Principal of the Normal School at Johnson, Vt., where he improved the course of study, and in 1884 returned to the principalship of the Randolph Normal High School which place he had since held.

He was Town Superintendent of Schools at various times, a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1870, a member of the Board of Education, 1866-67. In 1862 he enlisted in the army, but the Trustees of the School hired a substitute for his military service and requested him to remain at home, which he did. He was twice President of the State Teachers' Association, and a prominent member of many other educational associations, and had received honorary degrees from Middlebury College and the University of Vermont.

He was the author of several well known text books.

He was an active member of the Congregational Society at the Center, and one of its deacons for many years. He was a member of the Ascutney Congregational Club and a member of the National Council of Congregational Churches which met in 1865, 1874 and in 1892.

He was an independent Republican, well read on all great political questions, but not an active politician.

Mr. Conant was a zealous worker and won the esteem of the hundreds who came under his instruction. At a largely attended Alumni reunion at Randolph in 1902 his former students presented him with a purse of \$500, as evidence of their affection.

Mr. Conant was married May 10, 1858, to Cynthia A. Taggart, by whom he has four children living: Frank Herbert, a civil engineer in the State of Washington, Seth Edward, Nell Florence, and Grace Lucia.

One of the strongest educators of the state, an upright and Christian man has gone, and his town and state mourn.



THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING AT RANDOLPH CENTER.

PHOTO BY
BRADSHAW

A Glimpse of a Human Soul.

BY EDNA BOYDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

NOT long ago on Broadway in New York City there occurred an incident so unusual in character that it paralyzed for a moment the crowd there, which as a rule hurries on absolutely unmindful of any but its own affairs.

A great burly fellow with a hardened face and apparently about thirty years of age, was being led along by an officer. The well-dressed "*gentlemen*" hurrying along evinced no particular interest in the man who was evidently under arrest; indeed they seemed hardly aware of his presence, unless it was to be very careful not to allow his ragged coat to come in contact with their neat well-brushed clothes.

Suddenly there rang through the crowded thoroughfare a woman's piercing cry! While crossing the car-tracks a little child had stumbled and fallen. In a moment more the car would be upon her! The mother paralyzed by fear, stood on the sidewalk, powerless to save her little one! A man dashed forward to the rescue! A man? Yes, the man under arrest. Even the officer was too much astonished to comprehend that his prisoner had escaped. But the prisoner did not intend to escape. Snatching the child from the track and placing her carefully in her mother's arms, he walked up to the officer and once more resigned himself to his charge.

The whole action lasted but a moment and the jostling crowd moved on, but alive now to the fact that they had witnessed the deed of a hero. In the midst of a great crowded city, they had seen a glimpse of a human soul.

The Beauty of the Morning.

BY C. T. W., WEST LEBANON, N. H.

BEFORE the rising sun had first kissed the highest peak of the distant mountain-tops, when peace, beauty, and freshness reigned in the world, I strolled to the sylvan bowers to behold Nature gradually awakening in the dawning light of a new day.

The twittering of the birds was heard, as the first rays of light broke the spell with which Morpheus had bound them. Soon the echoes of the forest were awakened by the delighted and melodious warbling of their clarion notes, expressing exuberance of delight and utter abandonment to ecstasy, on approaching the realm of their dear and life-long friend,—the sun.

Each blade of grass and flower was adorned by its tiara of glistening, diamond dewdrops, adding to the attractions in the celebration of the advent of a new day.

As the enchanting scene was rolled into the presence of the great and glorious sun, all nature became active and alert. The bees shook off sluggishness and flew away to sip nectar from the flower-cups.

The length of the shadows decreased, and the babbling brook invited me to a seat on its mossy bank beneath the shelter of frondent branches. Here, beside the singing brook, which never rests but lulls to sleep the birds, I gazed, pondered, admired, and breathed a prayer of thanks for the dawn's enchanting scenes and the refreshing beauty and blessings of the morning.

Interesting Historical Events.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH, EAST LEMPSTER, N. H.

THE FIRST LADY-VISITOR IN CONGRESS.

Many of the most valued customs of social and public life—ornamental as well as useful—have been gradually learned. It was thus that "*ladies in the gallery*" came to be a Congress fashion; and it would be much harder now, probably, to discontinue it than it was one hundred and sixteen years ago to introduce it.

For some time after Congress commenced its deliberations no ladies were admitted to hear them. But when the famous John Jay treaty with Great Britain was brought home for ratification, the ladies expressed a desire to hear the debates in the House on the appropriation necessary to carry it into effect. Mrs. Langdon, the wife of a member of Congress from New Hampshire, one day expressed her regret to Mr. Ames, of Massachusetts, that she could not hear a speech which it was known that he was to make the next day. He gallantly invited her to come, and by a little personal entreaty silenced one or two who were disposed to object, so that she and a party of female friends were permitted to occupy seats in the gallery.

Since then ladies have been regular attendants upon the debates, some taking their crochet work to amuse them during routine business, and nearly all going down to the lunch rooms under Congressional escort.

OLDEST LITERARY SOCIETY FOR WOMEN.

In these days of widely diversified tastes and of distractions innumerable, the simple fact that one club, of solely literary aims, should have flourished for fifty-one years, would seem remarkable. But when coupled with it we find that it is a woman's club, we are all the more astonished; for we remember how much the horizon of woman has widened in this time and the many ways in which the world has opened its doors before her.

It is no small honor to be the oldest literary society for women in America. This honor is rightfully claimed by the Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo, Michigan. All honor to the "*Successful Woman's Club*" which a New England Magazine has happily delineated.

Fifty-one years ago, in January, 1852, when the commonwealth of Michigan was in its teens, and the beautiful little city of Kalamazoo, barely able to stand alone,—when men's hands were full with clearing lands and building homes and finding bread for their families,—a number of earnest women in the little village met one day to solve the problem: "How can we furnish intellectual food for ourselves and our children in this new land?" It was a vital question. They had come, many of them, from New England homes; and inherited tastes are not easily laid aside. They wanted books and lectures; but books were scarce, and lectures scarcer, and money, alas! scarcest of all. It was clearly a case for organized effort. What one could not do, many might; and when earnest women organize to help themselves and their children, who will predict failure? The immediate result of that afternoon's work was the organization of a society whose avowed objects were the establishment and maintenance of a circulating library, and the promotion of literary culture in the town. From that day to this, a period of over fifty years, the Association has been in active operation, and has deviated not one hair's breadth from the original objects. The means have varied with the growth and literary advancement of the town and the requirements of the age; and the end has been the same.

A Fighting Parson.

BY REV. HOMER WHITE, RANDOLPH, VT.

THE Rev. Benoni Wolster lived in northern Vermont at the time of the second war with Great Britain—the war of 1812. The Monroe doctrine had not then been enunciated and so of course was not a subject to be quarrelled over, but a cause of quarrel, or *casus belli*, was not lacking nevertheless, and war was declared between the two countries for the second time. There were many people in Vermont, as well as in other parts of the United States, who were opposed to the war and thought the declaration of it by our country against England was both unwise and wrong. But Vermonters were all united in the determination to repel invasion, and the people of northern Vermont were especially agitated, as they were near neighbors of Canada and the war seemed likely to be brought to their very doors.

Elder Wolster was a large and powerful man and a noted preacher of the Gospel in that region. He enjoyed the respect of the Green Mountain Boys who admired him as much for his manly attributes as for his rough eloquence in the pulpit. Many stories are still told of his physical prowess, and the sinner who ventured to oppose him by violence of tongue or hand was likely to be convinced of the error of his ways by a sound thrashing. Tom Green, a reckless young fellow, had on one occasion aroused the Elder's ire by his profanity and insolence, and the Elder thinking that he needed some reformatory discipline, threw off his coat, saying, "Gospel lay there!" And then he seized the swaggering Tom and gave him such a drubbing that the victim of righteous wrath allowed that he had had enough and cried for mercy.

On Thursday, the eighth of September, 1814, the Elder was holding a service in his little church when news was received of the advance on Plattsburg of Gen. Prevost with 14,000 British troops. The Elder was a veteran of the Revolutionary war and he again threw off his sacerdotal garments, in the national quarrel, and called for volunteers. The Green Mountain Boys, without distinction of party, responded to the call and he had no difficulty in raising a company. The first man to come forward was Tom Green, who said with a grin:

"Elder, I want to be on your side this time!"

The Elder was made Captain and with his men, armed with their own guns, he hastened forward to meet the enemy. He was a born leader—a village Napoleon —and his men followed him with confidence and alacrity. They were not well drilled but they were all good marksmen, hardy and brave, and they knew where they were going and what they were going for.

"The Captain will give us a chance to take sight at the red-coats," remarked Tom Green: "he is going to be where the fighting is, you can bet."

"He's a good fighter, is he, Tom?" inquired a comrade slyly.

"Well, you'd better tackle him, if you want to know for sure."

Captain Wolster and his company without delay crossed Lake Champlain to Plattsburg which place they reached in safety on the morning of Sept. 10th, in spite of the British vessels on the lake, and there, with numerous other companies of Vermonters,

2500 men in all, who had come in haste from different towns, they joined the army under Gen. Macomb. The American force was much inferior to the British in point of numbers, but they made up for this inferiority by the spirit which inspired them and they were prepared to give the enemy, as Gov. Martin Chittenden said, the "mortifying lesson that the soil of freedom will not bear the tread of hostile feet with impunity."

Capt. Wolster reported immediately to Gen. Macomb who cordially greeted him and told him he had not come any too soon, as he was expecting an attack of the enemy at any moment.

"Give me and my boys a position where there is some fighting to be done," said Wolster, "and we will not disappoint you. We have come to drive back invasion."

"You shall have as good a chance to fight as there is, Captain, and I know your Green Mountain Boys will not retreat with full powder horns."

The Captain was content with this and so were his boys.

The next day, Sunday, the English commander on the lake, Commodore Downie, began the naval battle by attacking Commodore Macdonough and the fleet of American vessels which had gathered there to oppose the further progress of the enemy by water. This was the signal for the land battle to commence and the British forces bravely assaulted the American works and made an attempt to cross the Saranac and get in the rear of the Americans. But men of their own blood and courage were opposed to them, both on land and water, and men, too, who were fighting for their homes.

Capt. Wolster and his company were conspicuous for their bravery and some of them gave up their lives in the desperate battle. They with some others left the fortifications to dispute with the enemy the passage of the Saranac. The Captain's tall form and his reckless daring made him a shining mark, and the bullets began to fly around him in a manner to make his near neighborhood a decidedly dangerous place. But Tom Green stuck closely by him, loading and firing his old muzzle-loading rifle as rapidly as he could, and doing effective service.

"Follow me!" cried the fighting parson, as he saw a favorable opportunity to get into closer quarters and thereby be enabled to do greater execution. His men followed him but it came near being the last charge of the gallant parson. An English soldier singled him out and took deliberate aim at him. It was a critical moment, but Tom Green had seen the intention of the soldier and he was quicker with his rifle than the other. He sent a bullet which stopped that of the enemy from being fired and the Englishman fell to the ground. Wolster noticed how he had been preserved and exclaimed:

"Tom, you are heaping coals of fire on my head. You have saved my life and I will devote a part of it to saving your soul."

Meanwhile the fight had raged with fury on the water. As one of our own historians says: "The conflict was exceedingly obstinate; the enemy fought with great bravery, but the superiority of the American gunnery prevailed over the enemy's superior force." At all events victory rested with the Americans, either through superior gunnery or superior luck. The fortunes of war are various and it is hard to tell after a battle is begun how it will end. The battle on the lake lasted two hours and twenty minutes, when those of the enemy's ships which had not been captured or sunk withdrew from the contest and made their escape.

As the beginning of the naval battle had been the signal for beginning the strife on land, so the close of the naval battle seemed to be the signal for ending the strife on land. As soon as it was known that their fleet had been beaten, the enemy gave up hope of success by land and began making arrangements for retreat. During the afternoon and night all their forces were withdrawn and they retired towards Canada. The Americans pursued with ardor, capturing many prisoners and large quantities of provisions and ammunition which in part, at least, recompensed them for the property the British had taken and destroyed at Plattsburg two years before when victory had perched on the English standard.

Capt. Wolster and his men joined in the pursuit and were not by any means the hindmost. Some of their number had fallen in the battle, killed or wounded, and the feeling of vengeance, as well as the nobler one of patriotism, urged them to inflict all the damage that they could. Occasionally a part of the pursued made a stand to check the pursuit and then the struggle was renewed, and shots were exchanged which brought down many a poor fellow whose name went on the list of the "unreturning brave."

In one of these brief combats Capt. Wolster's company was in the lead and bore the brunt of the contest. It lasted for only a short time and the enemy were forced to continue their retreat, but of the parting volley which they fired a shot struck Tom Green and gave him a mortal wound. He fell beside his Captain who stopped and knelt down to examine his wound. He soon discovered that it was mortal, and immediately the gallant officer forgot his temporal warfare and became the tender priest whose mind was intent on the holier warfare against sin and whose heart burned to achieve the victory which should give eternal life to the poor, dying soldier at his feet.

"Thomas," said he in a voice so gentle that it did not seem possible it could have come from the same man who had lately been shouting in the excitement of battle, "you are hurt beyond recovery. You can not live long."

"I know it, Elder, but tell the folks I wa'n't shot in the back," and the gallant fellow smiled while the blood flowed from his deadly wound.

"You are a brave man, Thomas, and have done your duty nobly. I will bear evidence to that. I hope the Lord will have mercy on one who dies for his country."

"I never was very pious—I don't know—" said the dying soldier faintly.

"I will pray for you," said the warlike Elder, and removing his hat and kneeling on that bloody field he prayed earnestly for the soul that was passing away. Then he turned again to the soldier.

"You are a sinful man, Thomas, like all the rest of us, but the blood of Christ can wash away your sin. Do you repent of your sins?"

"I might have been a better man—I wish I had been, Elder,"

"Do you forgive your enemies?"

"I don't hate the man who shot me—it's all right."

"So may your Father forgive you," prayed the Elder, and then—"Do you believe in Christ?"

The name of "father" had roused the memory of a dearer name in the mind of the man who was rapidly growing unconscious.

"My mother told me!—I be—"

The voice stopped—the word was unfinished—Tom Green was dead.

His Captain, with eyes full of tears, tenderly composed the limbs of the dead, feeling that he had won a greater victory than that over the fleeing enemy.

The troops returned at length from the pursuit; their prisoners were secured; the dead were buried and the wounded cared for. As they were engaged in this latter duty Captain Wolster approached the spot where lay the English soldier who had attempted his life and had been brought down by a bullet from the rifle of the faithful Tom Green. He stooped to examine him and found that he was not dead and that his wound was not a fatal one. The soldier, who was unconscious from loss of blood, was a young man with a pleasant, honest face and the great-hearted Captain could not bear him any malice. Binding up the wound he raised the man in his strong arms as tenderly as though he had been an infant and bore him to the hospital where he was properly cared for. The Captain watched over him during the night and in the morning the patient, when he awoke, recognized his attendant and a flush suffused his pale cheek.

"How came I here?" he inquired.

"I brought you here, my friend," replied Wolster.

"And have taken care of me?"

"Yes, and you will be all right in a day or two."

"I am glad I was shot," said the young man.

"Well, so am I," said Wolster with a grim smile, "since it had to be either you or me."

"Then you know—"

"I know you tried to shoot me, but that was your duty as a soldier, and I think no less of you for it."

"I will never try to shoot another American. I don't wish to be exchanged."

"You need not be unless you like."

"I would rather remain with you."

"You may go home with me if you wish."

"Thank you; I should be glad to."

"Then get strong as fast as you can."

Wolster told the youth, whose name he learned was John Edwards, of the temporary character of his military service and promised to procure peaceful employment for his former enemy in his own town.

All danger from invasion was over for the present, and the volunteer force was at liberty to return home. A few days after the battle Captain Wolster led his men home where they were received with pride and joy. There were tears for some who came not back, and there were hearts which were saddened for life by the desolation wrought by cruel war. John Edwards went home with his magnanimous enemy and became in after years a respected citizen of the town. Many of our invaders did the same thing and their descendants are now as good Americans as those whose forefathers came over in the Mayflower.

Elder Wolster resumed his preaching and served in the ministry for many years. Men loved the grand nature of the rugged but kindly old man, and the influence he wielded in life survived him. A soldier of his country and a soldier of Christ, he passed at last from the warfare of earth to an honored rest with the hope of a triumphant waking.



A RECENT FIRE AT MONTPELIER, VT.,

AND ITS PROBABLE ORIGIN.

PHOTO. BY KIMBER A. THOMAS.



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, MONTPELIER, AFTER THE FIRE.

FOR a season when coal was unobtainable at any price and wood had to be used in coal stoves and furnaces, as during the past winter, it is not surprising that many destructive fires have occurred and that many incipient blazes were discovered just in time to save the property. Among the chiefest conflagrations in central Vermont was that of the partial destruction of Christ's (Episcopal) Church, at Montpelier, on Jan. 24.

The fire caught in a cold air box soon after it had been started in the furnaces and while the Janitor was at work in the auditorium. By the time the firemen arrived it had got into partitions about the chancel which were entirely without fire cut-offs, and was beyond the reach of water. The flames soon reached the woodwork of the roof and the entire upper portion of

the building was a burning mass, and before portions of the slate roof could be removed to allow water to reach the fire the entire ceiling arch was ruined.

The almost priceless memorial treasures about the chancel were not seriously damaged. The splendid new organ, installed at a cost of \$4,500, suffered most, and many of the altar furnishings were ruined. Several memorial windows were slightly damaged, and a \$500. chancel window destroyed. Only the pews, floor, and stone walls remain, and the latter may be damaged. After three hours' work the fire was under control. The damage to the building was placed at \$7,000, and that of the organ is not yet announced.

The church was erected thirty-five years ago at a cost of \$30,000. Rev. A. N. Lewis is the rector.

It is practically decided that this fire caught from a deposit of paper scraps, carpet lint, dead leaves, etc. representing the accumulation of years, which had found their way into the cold air register and were carried through the cold air box and deposited near the bottom of the furnace. A scrap of paper was probably swept down the hot air register and was some day blown down the pipes when they were cold to the furnace where it lodged on the fire box. When fire was again kindled, the paper caught fire and the air currents swept it down through the cold air flues to the pile of rubbish at the mouth of the cold air box.

This idea occurred to the Janitor of the Bethany church, who thereupon broke open the cold air box of one of his furnaces, crawled into it and down under the furnace where he found nearly half a bushel of paper, shavings, leaves and similar combustible waste which had found its way there through the cold air register; and among the rubbish were four scraps of burned and charred paper which had fallen upon the fire box, taken fire and then been blown through the cold air flues to the waste below, but had fortunately burned out before reaching it. Otherwise Bethany church might have suffered the same disaster that has befallen Christ church. This shows how close a call Bethany church had, and there are probably similar fire-traps under scores of other furnaces.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

The second letter of foreign travel from Mrs. P. P. Woner, describing impressions of Glasgow, Scotland, the second largest city of the British Isles, and illustrated by photographs of its magnificent buildings.

A sketch of Gov. Nahum J. Bachelier, of New Hampshire, in which Harlan C. Pearson tells how the boy from the farm worked his way to the highest office in the gift of his State. With portrait.

The new Kimball Public Library at Randolph, Vt., described by Rev. Homer White, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. Several handsome illustrations.

"Bee's Solo," a story of merited success at the music festival; by Gertrude Elinor Harris, Windsor, Vt.

A brief description of the great fire at Middlebury, Vt., with a view of Main St. as it was, and pictures of the ruins of the same district after being fire-swept.

The Rev. George W. Bailey of Springfield, Vt., who at 86 years of age is one of the noticeable figures among the Universalist clergymen of Vermont. [Contributed by Hamilton Ormsbee, Associate Editor of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

And other features of special interest.

Ages Aggregate 173 Years.



MR. AND MRS. J. S. HOLT

OF SO. WOODSTOCK, VT., ONE OF THE OLDEST COUPLES
IN NEW ENGLAND, CELEBRATE THE SIXTY-SIXTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

BY REV. H. L. CANFIELD, WOODSTOCK, VT.

AN occasion of extraordinary interest was the celebration of the sixty-sixth anniversary of the marriage of Joseph Slayton Holt and Maranda N. Holt, at South Woodstock, Vermont, Thursday, January 15, 1903. The celebration was held with the son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin J. Holt, at the Kedron Tavern, of which hostelry, until very recently, he has been the owner and proprietor. It was a happy company of friends and relatives that assembled, and mingled with congratulations were wholesome mirth and enlivening reminiscences.

But among all the guests none were brighter or more vivacious than the honored bride and groom of two-thirds of a century ago. They are people whose faculties have been remarkably preserved, both being able to read and write readily without the use of glasses.

After a time spent in social enjoyment, a sumptuous dinner was served in the old tavern dining room, then repairing to the parlor, an hour was devoted to songs and congratulatory addresses.

A few biographical facts relating to this interesting couple will be of interest: Joseph Slayton Holt was son of Jacob and Desire Slayton Holt and was born June 9, 1815. Jacob Holt in his early life studied medicine—the Thomsonian practice—but later became interested in religion and fitted himself for the ministry.

After the death of one of his children, he entered into a thorough examination of the grounds of the prevailing theology of the times with special reference to the doctrine of "infant damnation,"—a doctrine which his sorrow made intolerable to him. As a result he became a Universalist in belief, was ordained as a minister of that faith and was for years an able and faithful preacher and pastor. In addition to his ministerial duties his knowledge of the healing art brought him often as a physician to the bedside of suffering neighbors and parishioners.

He died at the age of 61, of a fever contracted while in Missouri where he had gone to purchase a tract of land.

Mrs. Holt's maiden name was Maranda N. Rood. She was the daughter of Henry and Betsey Keith Rood, and was born February 10, 1818, in Elmore, Vermont. Her great-great grandmother was Catherine Wolfe, sister of the intrepid young General James Wolfe, who against great odds led his forces successfully against Quebec which was gallantly defended by the French General Montcalm. At this fierce struggle on the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe was mortally wounded, but lived to know that his army had been victorious, and exclaimed with his dying breath the memorable words, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace."

Her grandfather was Thomas Park Rood, one of the very earliest settlers of Hartland, Vermont. Coming up the Connecticut River in his canoe, he put in at Lull Brook, where he located his farm and it is said built the second frame barn in town. This farm is now called "Reindeer Farm" and is in the possession of the great grandson, Melvin J. Holt. On the old slate-stone slab marking the grave of Thomas Rood is this quaint inscription: "In memory of Thomas Park Rood, who died October 10, 1795. Age 63. He moved to Hartland in 1762, one of the first settlers, bore the brunt of a new uncultivated wilderness, lived to see five of his tender offspring taken by death, one only left to set this stone."

Mr. and Mrs. Holt have been industrious farmer people, hard-working, but with time to be neighborly, and to form the righteous purposes which controlled their lives.

There were born to them seven children, but of these only one is living, Melvin J. Holt.

An accident befell Mrs. Holt about four years ago, since which time she has been unable to walk, but aside from this both Mr. and Mrs. Holt are in the enjoyment of good health and continue life's way with much of the spirit and good cheer of youth.

Of the fifty guests who were present at the wedding sixty-six years ago only one is living, a brother of Mr. Holt, who at an advanced age, resides in Marlborough, Massachusetts.

With congratulations are mingled the kindly wishes and the Godspeeds of a host of friends, to this aged couple who have not allowed the multiplying of the years to crowd the sunshine from their lives.

THAT YELLOW DINNER PAIL.

BY GERTRUDE ELINOR HARRIS, WINDSOR, VT.

With rosy cheeks and hair in wavy curl

I see her still, a merry little girl,

In cloak of brown, like sturdy coat of mail

And holding still that yellow dinner pail.

When autumn days were bright and glowing clear

Before the leaves had thought of turning sere,

She came each day holding by the bail

Her stanchest friend, that yellow dinner pail.

So, later too, when winds from wintry north

Howled without, she bravely sallied forth

Firm sheltered from fear of every wintry gale

By the toothsome contents of that yellow dinner pail.

Full many a day the rain-clouds have hung low,

Or frozen clouds have filled the air with snow,

Then like a ray of sunshine in a jail,

Beamed in our schoolroom that yellow dinner pail.

I wonder if when riper years have come

If she will find in books or world or home

The happiness that never seemed to fail

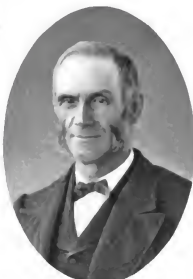
The heart of the little girl with yellow dinner pail.

WINTER.



The following poetry
was written by the late
Oscar F. Barron of Que-
bec, Vt., in the year 1850
and is now printed for the
first time. Contributed to
the Journal by his young-
est surviving daughter—

O. F. B. L.



OSCAR F. BARRON.

Old Winter has come with frost and with snow,
The zephyrs have gone and the fierce breezes blow;
As the seasons succeed in their order sublime,
Old Winter knoweth well and keepeth his time.
From out the cold chambers of the North he glides,
And over the land triumphantly strides;
On the tops of the mountains he first takes his stand,
And the plains soon feel the cold touch of his hand.
Monarch of Monarchs! Old Winter is he,
And his reign on the earth forever will be;
Empires and Kingdoms are within his domain,
And the hemispheres, too, come under his reign.
He comes in a mantle of ermine whose folds
Are covered with jewels which the starlight unrolls,
Till they go at length with the singing rills,
That give a sweet voice to the silent hills;
And hastening on where summer calls,
Just pausing to play at the water-falls,
They hide in the glassy pools away,
To rest a while from their weary play;
Then singing away to the ocean's shore,
They join her great anthem forevermore.
Or, they go to make the pearly gems
That glitter in the storm-cloud's diadems,
When the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar
Are seen and heard on the distant shore,
And the welcome calm succeeds the driving blast,
And the fury of the raging storm is past.

There are many who dread a visit from him,
Who is hoary with frost and whose visage is grim;
Yet a magic he has, which he very well knows
Secureth him honors wherever he goes.
The old man reveres him as a long tried friend
Whose faithful returnings will have no end
While the taper of life with its flickering ray
Sheds its last gleam o'er his closing day.
In the presence of Winter he draws him nigher
To the genial warmth of the cheerful fire,
Contemplating there in the depth of his soul
The countless seasons as they changing roll

O'er the field of his vision, and life anew,
In one grand panoramic view:
And that aged face lights up with joy,
As he sees himself once more a boy:
Once more a boy! How many are they
Who would crave such a blessing when they're passing away?
To live for an hour in ecstacy sublime,
Though in visions it be that golden time;
For Youth, how they love him! With shout and with bound
They utter their greetings when Winter's around.

The forests in summer when the sky was serene,
Wore their leafy robes of emerald green;
Inwrought in Autumn with hues from the skies
Of golden and crimson and violet dyes;
Yet he heeds not grandeur, but ruthlessly dares
To desecrate robes which no Monarch wears.
So the trees are disrobed wherever he goes
To make a soft couch for Old Winter's repose.
The verdure and blossoms which have covered the earth,
And the beautiful things which in Spring had their birth,
The treasures of Summer and Autumn's rich store,
Have vanished from sight and we see them no more.
The snow-flakes which Winter with miserly care,
Has placed in his store-house high up in the air,
Come dancing along and so gracefully play,
As he sendeth them here to herald his way.
Poising their pinions they linger around,
And daintily deign to rest on the ground.
And, oh! Tho' they revel in mimic mirth,
When they come for awhile to stay on the earth,
Tho' so merry and gay the snow-flakes appear,
They are weaving a shroud for the old dying year.

But long ere Old Winter has finished his reign,
The snow-flakes will rise to their revels again,
And as they again plume the breezes wings,
They'll rear and adorn many wonderful things—
For see! In the snow drifts, mimic mountains arise,
Then a pyramid points aloft to the skies—
Now, a palace arises, there, a castle stands,
The wonderful work of invisible hands—
And so along the extended plain
Are the snow white tents of a warrior train,
Whose silent advances to their cold bivouac
Have left no tears o'er a blood-stained track,
Where the wail of the orphan and the widow's moan
Ascend like incense to a tribunal throne,
For the love of the dear ones whom the tyrant's power
Has robbed them alas, in this battle hour.
The rulers of earth may come and know
Of a warfare devoid of human woe.

And mirrored now is a placid lake,
When stirred by naught save a pebble's wake,
And the wrath of the sea when tempests blow,
Is pictured too in the drifting snow;
As though there had gone from sovereign will
The mandate again of "Peace be still,"
And the raging billows towering high
Were made to wait in their sublimity.
While the mermaids build amid the waves
Their cunning cells and fairy caves,
Where the elfin spirits revel free,
And dance to the wild wind's minstrelsy.
'Mid sculptured walls and arching domes
They consecrate their spotless homes,
And in those halls of dazzling white
They hold their courts in the moon's soft light;
Till at the approach of the dawning day
Like the morning stars they vanish away!

The Schoolma'am's New Shoes.

BY ELIZABETH NICHOLS, NORWICH, VT.

A dismal March rain beat against the school house windows. School was just dismissed, and groups of umbrellas were taking their zigzag courses along the street where deep pools of water alternated with melting drifts. The Principal's Assistant sat alone at the desk, at that moment not a particularly resolute school ma'am. Tears were falling fast on her bunch of papers, blistering them in a way hard to be explained when they must be returned.

Miss Winslow's wheel of fortune had turned from sunshine into storm and cloud; she had tried resolutely to be mistress of her fate, but tonight the desolateness of her life had been thrust upon her thought afresh.

"Your mother must be placed in a hospital for a time," the doctor had told her when she stopped at his office on her way to school.

"Where can I save or earn another penny," Miss Winslow was thinking, "and it will cost a hundred dollars at least. How different it would have been when father was alive! How different it would be as it is, if I had Roger Bennett—" but this was a tabooed subject, she would dismiss it at once. But her brain was too exhausted for decisive action of any sort, and her reverie went on, only changed in subject. "How the class giggled when Miss Norton was in! Am I such a hideous old maid that the boys and girls can not love me, or even respect my position? Why did Miss Norton say what she did *anyway*? 'Oh, you good people who have settled down quietly for life have no idea how social the *young* people of our church are getting to be! I *do* believe, if I do say it, that Dr. Roger Bennett and I are the best social committee the Christian Endeavor has had yet!' Can it be that she knows? Would he be cruel enough to tell *her*, of all people?"

The heart that has a secret imagines that everyone can read it. But she need not have feared; no one, least of all, Miss Norton, knew that Dr. Bennett and Myra Winslow had been more than friends during their academy days. Their coming to the same town had been purely accidental; Miss Winslow had signed a contract for one year in the school, so both remained and treated one another as strangers. Miss Norton never thought that Dr. Bennett's devotion to her, almost from the moment of his arrival, might be troubling anyone, further than to make the other village maidens a little jealous, and to give them a wholesome sense of her superiority.

But Myra's thoughts went on—"And they were going past under his umbrella tonight when I dismissed." Then came a swift retrospect of his tender care for *her* in the days past—too confused and rapid to be definite thought.

"*There*," she said, rising to her feet, "That's enough of that! When *will* I learn not to think?" She closed the dictionary with emphasis, blew her nose resolutely, picked up the papers, and started to put on her mackintosh.

But Heaven helps those who help themselves. A boyish voice called in—"Say, Miss Winslow, you don't want to ride to H—, do you?" The voice belonged to Sam Bartley, a beaming, freckled faced boy, who usually had his lessons, got into mischief, and made a public apology nearly every Friday afternoon.

The temptation was too great for Miss Winslow's naturally high spirits. The clouds had cleared away, and a glorious sunset was in progress. She tied her veil with a fold over red eyes. Sam wouldn't notice, (and if he did she should talk about her mother's illness.)

Under the spell of Sam's talk she grew light-hearted once more. He told how he worked it so that Jim with all his airs, got left Sunday night after Endeavor meeting, how dreadfully foolish Sue was, and how her face got milkish, pinkish white when Harry walked off with Eliza. Then he told conundrums. Finally he settled down seriously to wondering if he better work the farm all his life, or go to college and please his mother and disappoint his father.

When they reached H—, she felt that life was well worth the living so long as one could be of service to such boys.

"Let me do a bit of shopping, will you?" she said to Sam.

Next evening the Y. P. S. C. E. were to give a sugar festival, one superintended by the harmonious social committee which has been mentioned. She might as well have the shoes for this great event of the year at A— since they were a necessity, regardless of the hospital bill. Of course she should go. Mr. Bennett should see that she still could have a good time with the minister's son, with Sam, with the lawyer, or with some of the college students who were sure to be present. As she waited her turn in the shoe store, a half unconscious thought kept busy with a familiar name. She remembered the day at the academy distinguished by his oration on Ivory Soap, which, from the nature of the subject, he was not allowed to finish. But the next week, nothing daunted, he tested the forbearance of the faculty by an oration on "Shoes." She even remembered the few words of it which he managed to give before he was excused from speaking.

"Shoe—noun, substantive, instrument of torture to the wearer, a machine for whipping small boys, a weapon of defense against your daughter's beau, the adorable Cinderella-slipper of said girl which said beau so much admires—"

"A great piece of literature for me to be quoting," thought Myra as Sam came into the store. "I can have no Cinderella shoe this time, only a strong, serviceable one!" she thought sadly.

Thus far poverty had not been able to crush out of her that exquisite daintiness of dress and belongings which had been characteristic of her in more prosperous days. It was but the expression of refinement and beauty of soul, a beauty which Miss Norton's striking style of dress never suggested. Today the dealer said cheerily,

"We got just what you're looking for, Miss Winslow. Here is the S— mark shoe, a new make we have just got in, better in shape and durability than those for which you have been paying twice the money."

She was in better humor now, and smiled as she said to the merchant,

"That is my ideal of a shoe, at last in actual shape."

So Sam stowed away under the seat a box containing a pair of S— mark shoes.

Next evening saw the élite of A— assembled in one of the town's most attractive farm houses. Miss Winslow and the new shoes were present. Though less rosy than during her school life, she looked anything but the traditional school ma'am, as she played the part of city cousin in a short face. When

this was over there came a dreadful pause, during which everyone *thought*, and said nothing. Perhaps they all were living over the quadrilles they had enjoyed in this farm house one week before. Perhaps too, they were longing even now for the flesh pots of Egypt, for other than the kindest glances fell upon the pastor of this young flock, as he sat stroking his beard, in their midst. But his sermon was uncompleted, and it was Friday evening, so the good man soon took his leave. While he was meekly ploughing his way through melting drifts, lantern in hand, Miss Norton and Mr. Bennett seized the opportunity to initiate their daring innovation upon the customary program of church socials. There was to be *promenading* if not dancing. So the ladies were lined up, a mysterious curtain was drawn before them, leaving visible below nothing but a line of shoes. The gentlemen, chalk in hand, promenaded before the irregular line of feet, 3's, 6's, and 7's, and chose partners from what each knew, or thought he knew of the shoes his favorite friend usually wore.

Mr. Bennett told himself it would be an easy task to detect Miss Norton, with her wealth and refinement she would be sure to wear the newest and daintiest of shoes. It was just here in the matter of refinement that Mr. Bennett was mistaken in his estimate of Miss Norton. She was, in his eyes, pretty, kindly, elaborately gowned, well educated; and of course she could not be otherwise than refined. But of late he had been troubled by a vague feeling that she did not appeal to his best self, and by a half unconscious hunger for the old sympathy and uplift which always came with Myra Winslow's presence. But the fault of the quarrel had been hers, he would not be the first to complain of the estrangement. Life, after all, was very comfortable and genial with Miss Norton's friendship, and misgivings were only occasional.

Soon after the curtain was drawn, Miss Winslow felt a decided "B" marked on each shoe, as Sam's well known giggle reached her ears. "So Sam saw and remembered my shoes," she said to herself. "I never can say again that men do not know what women are wearing." But when the curtain rose, she saw not Sam Bartley, but Mr. Bennett standing before her. An expression of some surprise was visible on his face, but he was making that seemingly careless bow that so often had quickened her pulses at academy hops. He was remembering the one occasion when he had seen her eyes black as they were now, and that spirited curl on her lips. His own face flushed angrily at the recollection. But the music so familiar to both, and its flood of memories were not the best tonics for the resentment of either. The resolute school ma'am's hand slowly slid into the arm of the man whom she had prayed for five years to forget. And when little Cupid saw it, he forgot himself and turned a somersault at a meeting of the gods on Mount Olympus.

Although Mr. Bennett spent the rest of the evening with Miss Norton who evidently expected him, Sam Bartley found Miss Winslow such good company that he confided to his sister next morning that Miss Winslow, besides being the crackiest teacher, could give a fellow a better time than any other girl in town, and that it was a mighty lucky thing for A—that she was an old maid and so likely to stay awhile.

The months flew past. Sam Bartley awoke to the fact that Miss Winslow's career as old maid and teacher was at an end. More hopelessly homely and droll than ever in his struggle not to "let on" to the fellows how sorry he was, he merely strolled down to the station in time to tie upon the trunk of the new Mrs. Roger Bennett the very pair of shoes which had turned her sad life into bliss.



PHOTO. BY G. D. FREEMAN.

SNOW FOLIAGE IN COLBURN PARK, LERANON, N. H.

Sparklets.

ON DANCING.

THE pastor of one of the village churches had preached against dancing, the Sunday before, and of course there was considerable talk on the subject and the elder ladies, as usual, generally sided with the pastor.

At an accidental meeting of several ladies of different persuasions at the house of one of them, dancing was the absorbing topic of conversation. Most of the ladies expressed themselves as opposed to it, but one, a younger woman, kept a discreet silence. Noticing this, one of the more bitter opponents of Terpsichore turned to her and remarked in a sneering tone:

"Your church, I suppose, believes in dancing."

"Well, yes," replied the other demurely, "but not as 'generally necessary to salvation.'"

BARNARD'S PUGNACIOUS SHOEMAKER.

Nearly every country town has had its "odd character" in the person of some eccentric old tinker who lived by himself, whose habitation near the woods was a never failing source of wonderment to the village boys, and whose most remarkable feat when visited might consist in unexpectedly falling into a fit, uttering unearthly sounds, and chasing the boys all the way to the nearest house, with a butcher knife in each hand. Such enlivening incidents are always remembered by the participants and with his stock of neatly-turned phrases oftentimes furnish amusing recollections long after "old John" is dead. The recent transfer of real estate in Barnard, Vt., brings to the mind of the correspondent of the *Randolph Herald and News* the terrorizing visits of such a wanderer of many years ago.

Austin Ward has bought of Henry A. Allen what has been known for seventy-five years as the Jake Allen place. It is situated on the north road, opposite the iron kettle watering trough. Here Jacob Allen lived in his younger days. He was a man of herculean strength and stature, claiming to be a direct descendant of Ethan Allen, Vermont's idolized hero. Jake inherited the same pugnacious traits, decided convictions and determination to have his way, especially when in liquor which, in his later years, came quite often. When not crossed

he was genial, very social and good company. He was a first-class itinerant shoemaker, travelling most of the time in Barnard, Bethel and Stockbridge, where he has now probably some descendants. In his wanderings he would call for cider or rum and if given, would make himself very agreeable, but if refused was declared. Many houses would close their doors, inmates hiding, if they saw Old Jake coming.

One time he came to Prince Haskell's and called for cider, as usual. Mr. Haskell refused, saying he ought to and should be complained of for going about the country in this way. Uncle Jake said, "I will give you something better to complain of." Taking Haskell by the throat, he backed him against a post in the woodshed, holding him with one hand, then with a sharp axe said he would cut off both ears, striking first on one side then on the other, the axe sticking into the post but not touching Haskell's ears. For this fun he was given a term in state's prison, and served his time faithfully, becoming quite popular.

Not long after, he had more fun with some Shakers from Enfield, N. H., who were at a private house on Mt. Hunger holding a meeting. Uncle Jake happened along and was interested so much that he took charge, acting as floor manager. He danced the presiding elder from one end to the other, making him take steps not before thought of. For this later fun Mr. Allen was given another term at Windsor, coming out much improved in health, in fact, it did him good, as it did others to have Jake take a vacation, and give the people a rest. When sentence was pronounced on him the last time he said, "All right, Judge, they will have a d—n good shoemaker when I get there."

In later years of his life, after he became an old man, it was easy to see that but for drink Jacob Allen would have been one of Barnard's best.

A DISEASED CORK LEG.

A gentleman who had the misfortune to lose a leg recovered, after a long tedious illness, sufficiently to have a cork substitute for the original limb affixed to the still tender stump.

He was so pleased with being again able to walk and was so pressed with business that he used the new leg too much and the result was that an abscess formed where amputation had been made and he was obliged to remove the offending cause of the trouble and take to his bed again until the sore was healed. This gentleman had a young son who was not very well versed in the attributes of cork legs, never having had any experience with them before.

A sympathetic friend of the father met the boy on the street one day and asked him what the matter was with his father that he should be shut up again. "O, he's got an abscess on his cork leg," replied the boy.

AN ANIMATED SIGN.

BEFORE the lately discarded Prohibition law was enacted, more than fifty years ago, liquor was sold freely by all Vermont taverns and by many stores as well. At a certain Four Corners which shall be otherwise nameless there was a tavern which dispensed a good deal of liquid happiness and a store directly opposite, across the road, which dealt in the same kind of fluid.

There were more hard drinkers then than now. Jack T. who was a good customer of the tavern sat one pleasant day on the tavern steps and looking across the road saw old Mose B. standing unsteadily by the store door, swaying from side to side and coming dangerously near to losing his equilibrium at each swaying motion. Jack watched him with amusement and finally had the pleasure of seeing Mose fall helplessly to the ground. Jack laughed long and loud and then, not wishing to have all the fun to himself, called vigorously to the store-keeper across the road. His cries at length brought that person to the door and he angrily asked—

"What ye want?"

"I wanted to tell you, Square W., your sign's fell down!"

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

ONE of the early cabinet makers of Randolph, Vt., was Isaac Reed who came from Boston and who in addition to lisping and stammering was afflicted with an invincible tendency to state things wrong end foremost or get the cart before the horse, as it is said.

One day he said to his workman: "Now, in the fifth pla-athe, Henry, I wau-ant you to ma-make me a three-foot-oot rule juth this feet lo-long; but in the fifth pla-athe you may h-h-hew off that plathath."

His shop took fire one day and he said that he had some warped boards to straighten and so just before he went to breakfast he set the stove up around the boards and he supposed that was how the fire caught.

Being laughed at by a neighbor for his backward way of saying things, he replied: "Well, Jo Thorth, I-I know I d-do thum-thim get th-th the thorth afore the c-c-cart but it ith very theldom."

DASHED LITERATURE.

ALL editors are troubled more or less by contributions which are dashed off in a hurry and ought to be dashed into the stove as soon as finished.

De Auber—This is a little sketch that I dashed off hurriedly just to keep the wolf from the door.

Criticus—Well, if that doesn't frighten the life out of the wolf, I miss my guess.



Sugar Cookies. One egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half cup sour cream, one-half teaspoonful Caraway seed or nutmeg if desired.

Rice Balls. Boil one pint of rice until done soft; put in small cups, and when perfectly cold place on a dish; make a boiled custard of one pint of milk, three eggs, half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch; flavor with either lemon or vanilla. When cold, pour over the rice balls. This is a simple but nice dessert.

Fruit Pudding. One cupful chopped raisins, one and one-half cupfuls graham flour, one cupful sour milk, one-half cupful molasses, one teaspoonful soda, spices to taste; steam one hour. SAUCE—One-fourth cupful butter, one cupful sugar, three tablespoonfuls cream, two-thirds tablespoonful vanilla. J. W. H.

Spice Cake. One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup raisins, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, two cups flour, spice to taste. A good cake for winter when eggs are expensive.

Scalloped Oysters. Sprinkle a buttered dish with bread or cracker crumbs, put in a layer of oysters, some bits of butter, a little pepper and salt, and so on till dish is full, leaving crumbs on top. Pour over the whole sufficient milk to fill the dish. Bake till a light brown.

Graham Pudding. One cup sweet milk, one cup molasses, one cup seeded raisins, two and one-half cups graham flour, one teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt. Steam three hours.

Bean Soup. Use any good beef stock for the foundation. To four quarts of stock add one quart of cooked beans, colored ones preferred. When boiling thicken with one cup sifted corn meal. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve hot with toasted bread or crackers.

Jumbles. Four cups sugar, four eggs, two cups butter, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon soda, flour enough to roll, sugar on top.

Veal Loaf. Take three and one-half pounds veal, fat and lean, one thick slice of fat salt pork. Chop the whole raw. Take six common crackers pounded fine, two eggs, one-half cup butter, one tablespoon pepper, a little clove, and any herb to suit the taste. Mix well together and make into a loaf like bread. Put into a shallow baking pan with a little water, cover with bits of butter, and dredge flour over it. Bake slowly two hours, basting it as you would meat. This is nice cut in thin slices.

Prepared Mustard. Two tablespoonfuls mustard, one-half tablespoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, enough boiling water to mix, (not too soft.) When cold add one tablespoonful butter, and vinegar enough to thin it. F. T. W.

Banana Pudding. Four large bananas, sliced in a pudding dish. Pour over them one-third cup sugar. Make a custard of one pint milk and the yolks of two eggs and one tablespoon corn starch in double boiler. Pour hot over the bananas and use whites of eggs for frosting.

Rye Rolls. One cup rye meal, one-half cup wheat flour, one cup sour milk, one-fourth cup sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful soda. F. T. W.

Fruit Cake. Six cups flour, three cups sugar, two cups molasses, two cups butter, one and one-half cups sweet milk, six eggs, one glass coffee, one-half pound citron, two pounds raisins, two pounds currants, one teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon soda.

Snow Pudding. Soak one-half box gelatine in one pint cold water ten minutes, then place over the fire until dissolved. Remove and when nearly cold beat to a froth with egg beater. Add two cups sugar, whites of three eggs beaten stiff. Flavor to taste and beat all together. SAUCE—One pint milk, one-half cup sugar, one teaspoon corn starch, yolks of three eggs, flavor. Cook until like cream.

Berwick Sponge. Three eggs, one and one-half cups sugar, two cups flour (even) one heaping teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda (even), one-half cup cold water. Beat the eggs two minutes, add sugar, beat five minutes. Add cream tartar and one cup flour sifted together, beat one minute. Dissolve the soda in the water, put in with above and beat, then add other cup of flour and beat all one minute. Very nice. M. S. B.

Circle Cake. One egg, one cup sugar, two cups flour, three tablespoons melted butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one heaping teaspoon cream tartar, one-half soda, (even), any flavoring you wish. Stir flour, sugar and cream tartar together. Put the milk, egg, soda and flavoring in together and stir well. Then add to the above and stir once more thoroughly. Bake slowly.

Butternut-meat Cake. One egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup sour milk, one-half cup butter, one cup butternut-meats chopped fine, one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in milk and flour enough to stir rather stiff. Bake slowly. M. S. B.

Corn Muffins. One cup meal, one cup flour, one cup milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls butter, two teaspoons sugar, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, salt.

Lotion for Chapped Hands. One ounce of glycerine, one-half ounce of benzoine, three ounces of rain or snow water, (never use spring water be it ever so soft), and three or four drops of bergamot. Shake well and use freely before going to bed. Can use on face also. Good for sunburn.

March 1903

W. H. Pratt

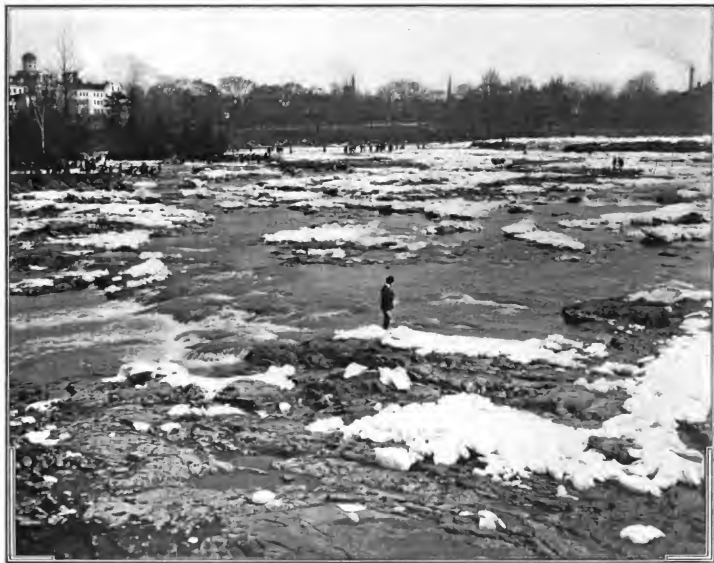
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DRY NIAGARA, JUST ABOVE THE AMERICAN FALL.

This picture shows the condition of the upper Niagara River, Sunday, March 22, 1903, when the waters were diverted from the American channel by an ice jam which formed up the river. The view is one looking from Goat Island toward the New York mainland. For centuries the torrent has rolled and tumbled in great volume over these reefs and rocks and human beings never visited points where they romped that day.

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THE OLD ELM TREE

BY
AMELIA M. CHAPMAN.
WINDHAM, VT.



Oh! my mem'ry clings so fondly,
Round my childhood's happy home,
And across its so loved portals,
Once again I long to roam.
In my dreams again I see:
But the dearest, of the mem'ries,
Cluster round the old elm tree.
There it stands in lofty grandeur,
Pointing upward to the sky:
Every dainty leaf a-quiver,
As the song birds through them fly.
On its grand old trunk are carved,
Relics that are dear to me,
Of the time when once I lingered
In the shade of that elm tree.

Mem'ry bring to me so clearly—
All the faces with me there,
In the orchard and the meadow,
Ere old Time had brought us care,
How we played with glad abandon,
Childish games in merry glee:
And when weary, rested softly,
Underneath the old elm tree.
Pictures of a genial father,
Ever thoughtful, always kind,
And a mother's gentle presence,
Are engraven on my mind.
How these pictures glow and brighten,
How the shadows seem to flee,
As in mem'ry grandly rises,
Once again the old elm tree.

From beneath the old elm's shadows
We could see the cottage door,
With the clinging vines about it,
And the home look that it wore.
We could see the river flowing,
Down the valley broad and free,
As we lingered, fondly lingered,
Underneath the old elm tree.
Far away from off the hill-tops,
Came the breezes, gay and fleet,
And their touch upon our faces
Seemed like kisses soft and sweet:
And the very clouds seemed softer,
And the sky more fair to see,
As when viewed with childish rapture,
From beneath the old elm tree.

Years have passed, as fleeting shadows,
Years of loss, and years of gain—
I have learned life's golden lessons
Some of joy, and some of pain.
I have wandered in far countries,
But they were not fair to see,
As that spot of my dear home land,
Underneath the old elm tree.
Time has brought its many changes,
And my eyes with tears are wet;
But the mem'ries of my childhood,
Linger fondly with me yet.
Far away are now the loved ones,
That are ever dear to me,
But in fancy still I see them,
Underneath the old elm tree.

Observations, briefly stated.

One half the magazines of today are imitations of the other half. This publication came into being along a slant of its own, and will continue on the same course.

It is successful as a repository for the best thought of a semi-rural region, ever widening. It has won friends, as a publication of character should, and many have said that each succeeding issue has shown improvement. With the next issue the Journal begins another year. It has become a class publication. All its subscribers have been found to be of a sunny temperament. If you know others of the ilk kindly show them copies of the Journal.

GOVERNOR BACHELDER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



BY HARLAN C. PEARSON, CONCORD, N. H.

NAHUM J. BACHELDER, fifty-sixth governor of the state of New Hampshire, was born in Andover, the town where he has always resided, on September 3, 1854. His ancestry traces back to Rev. Stephen Bachelier, who settled at Hampton, N. H., in 1632.

The great-grandfather of the present governor cleared a farm in Andover in 1782 upon which his descendants have ever since lived and labored, giving Governor Bachelder the distinction of being the first farmer in sixty years to become the Chief Executive of the Granite State.

Nahum J. Bachelder was the first child born to William A. and Hannah F. Shaw Bachelder, both now deceased, although the father lived to see his ambition crowned by the nomination and election of his son to the highest position within the gift of his state.

This son spent his youth upon the farm, attending the district schools and supplementing their instruction with terms at Franklin Academy and New Hampton Institute. After a brief experience in teaching he resolved to devote his attention to practical agriculture, and has since been largely and successfully engaged in market gardening and in dairying. His farm at Andover is today one of the finest in the state.

Governor Bachelder first entered public life through the order of the Patrons of Husbandry, becoming a member of Highland grange at Andover in 1877. He was soon elected master and in 1883 he was chosen master of the state grange, holding that office for eight years. He was then promoted to the master's chair which he has filled ever since with remarkable success. As master of the state grange he has been a member of the

national body of the order and in its councils has wielded great influence. For two terms he was a member of the executive committee; is now serving his second term as lecturer; and is now and has been for many years a member of the legislative committee charged with the important duty of appearing before congress in reference to pending measures of beneficial or injurious interest to the agriculturists of the state.

In 1887 Mr. Bachelder was chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of James O. Adams in the office of secretary of the state board of agriculture. That position he has held without interruption from the date of his first election and in the discharge of its duties has advanced to a wonderful degree the best interests of the farmers of the state.

The man who is able and willing to do things is always receiving from others the opportunity to do more and more. So it is not surprising to note that the secretary of the board of agriculture has been called upon, in addition, to act as immigration commissioner, as secretary of the state cattle commission and as secretary of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association.

Each new duty has found Mr. Bachelder cheerful in its acceptance; earnest, thorough, ever successful in its accomplishment. The amount of work that he accomplishes in a year is astonishing; and the benefit he does to the state in the same length of time it would be impossible to estimate in dollars and cents. Directly through his efforts the abandoned farms of the state have been occupied by the hundred as summer residences and as all the year round homes; far wandered sons and daughters of the state have been brought back to their birthland, some for brief visits, some for permanent residence. He has greatly assisted in the notable uplifting of the farmers and the farmers' wives of the state, materially, morally and intellectually.

The average New Hampshire farmer of today is a better and broader man than he was 20 years ago. He conducts his business upon business principles; varies his crops intelligently; keeps good stock and constantly strives to improve it; treats his wife and children with less selfishness; and has greater self-respect. In short he is a worthy type to which Governor Bachelder is proud to belong.

Aside from his public service Mr. Bachelder has lent his aid to some other enterprises of merit, serving for a number of years as secretary of the Grange State Fair at Tilton and its successor, the Concord State Fair.

He is a Mason, a Congregationalist, and a member of the University and Woonolancet clubs of Concord. In 1881 he received from Dartmouth College the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He married June 30, 1887, Mary A. Putney of Dunbarton, and they have two children.

As a writer and speaker, Governor Bachelder is terse and forceful, yet ready, easy and pleasant. He has made more speeches in the last 15 years than any other man in New Hampshire; but he has never yet taken his seat after an address in which he did not leave with his hearers some worthy thought or striking truth, adorned with wit, humor, illustration and imagery; yet pointed and direct as good sense would dictate.

As Governor this typical New Hampshire man is fulfilling every high hope entertained by his friends and supporters. He enters upon the duties of this new and lofty office with the same careful thoroughness, conscientious zeal and absolute fearlessness which have characterized his work in other spheres.

After an administration so successful as his is proving and is sure to prove until its end, the people of New Hampshire are likely to ask themselves if in this governor of the state and man of the people, they have not the best possible timber for national service at Washington.

ONLY NATURAL.

BY EDNA BOYDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

IN the latter part of April on a warm, sunny afternoon, a young man was wheeling at a good pace along a country road in a suburb of New York City. Not a house was in sight, nothing but woods on either side of him and a long stretch of road in front. Suddenly another cyclist came in view. As they approached each other, he saw that "the other cyclist" was a young girl. She had just passed him, when he heard a loud "bang" succeeded by a hissing noise.

"A puncture!" he exclaimed, and immediately dismounted and walked his wheel back a short distance, which was but natural for any gentleman to do. The girl had also dismounted and placed her wheel against a convenient tree.

"Can I be of any assistance?" inquired the young man laying his wheel down by the roadside and coming forward. The girl eyed him dubiously, then as if satisfied by his appearance that she need not hesitate to accept his proffered help, said, as she examined the puncture,

"Thank you. If it were only a small puncture, I could put on the tire-tape myself, but I think it is large enough to need a plug. I might manage to put a plug in; I don't wish to trouble you."

"No trouble at all. Let me do it please," he interrupted eagerly. It won't take five minutes."

Necessity compelled her to consent. The tire was soon repaired and the girl was very profuse in her thanks. They walked their wheels back to the road, and the girl said,

"Goodbye, and thank you very much for your kind assistance." She mounted her wheel and smiled and nodded to him as she rode away.

The young man raised his hat, mounted his wheel and rode on in the opposite direction. Each was ignorant of the other's name, the one only knew that a kind young gentleman had aided her, the other that he had assisted a pretty young girl.

It was three months later. On the deck of a large excursion boat a young man busied himself with the strange occupation of sewing. The morning had been clear, but a shower coming up in the afternoon had caused nearly everyone to take refuge in the cabin. The young man had the deck to himself. He was mending or trying to mend an ugly rent in his blue serge coat.

The rent extended from the shoulder to the elbow. The coat lay on his knees and he plied his needle vigorously, attired meanwhile in a coat of the engineer's which was far too small for him. He scowled furiously at the innocent coat and pulled his thread with such force that it broke.

"There, that's the second time that thread has snapped!" he exclaimed. It must be pretty poor thread, I should say. I wish I knew some women aboard this boat. But I don't and I can't go home with my sleeve in this condition; so there's nothing to do but mend it."

While he soliloquized, he was not aware that he was being observed or heard. He had just made the discovery that he had sewed both sides of the sleeve together and was giving vent to his wrath accordingly when a girlish voice addressed him,

"Can I help you?" and looking up he saw "his bicycle friend" as he had styled the girl whom he had once assisted,

for the "coat-mender" was no other than the "tire-mender" of three months before.

"Why, Miss — Miss —" he hesitated.

"Stephens," said the girl.

"Miss Stephens," said the young man, rising, "I am glad to meet you again. You must excuse my appearance, but you see I have torn my coat and the engineer was kind enough to lend me his and all the implements for sewing. I'm trying to mend mine. It's a hard task and requires great perseverance as I have discovered."

"Allow me to take it please," said the girl. "I'll mend it." She reached out her hand for the coat. It was but natural.

"Really Miss Stephens," began the young man, "I don't like to bother you —"

"Yes, I didn't like to bother you one day, but you were willing to be bothered. And now let me do this. One good turn deserves another you know." And she looked into his troubled brown eyes with her own sparkling blue ones and laughed just a little. He could not resist such pleading and handed her the coat. She sat down and shook her head with mock gravity as she examined his work.

"Is it really very dreadful?" he inquired. "I have never been to sewing school you can plainly see," and laughed.

"You won't be offended if I rip out these stitches, will you?" she asked.

"Not at all," he answered, and she began to rip and sew.

"You told me your name, and it is only fair that I should tell you mine," he said, watching in admiration how skillfully her little fingers did what his far larger ones had failed to do. "Besides, do you know, yours sounds familiar to me. See if you ever heard me?"

"Kingston — George Kingston," she repeated. "Yes, I did," her face brightening suddenly. "Did you ever live in Philadelphia?"

"I spent the first ten years of my life there," George replied. "I lived there too!" exclaimed the girl excitedly. "And if I remember correctly your family lived in the next house to ours and we were friends. My first name is Harriet."

"Is it possible?" George exclaimed. "Little Harry" as you were called when you were my playmate?"

"Yes," replied Harriet, smiling, "that was my nick-name. How strange that we should have met last April and neither discovered who the other was. I am very glad that I came out of that stuffy, little cabin to get some air. I graduated from Normal College in New York in June and intend to begin teaching in the fall. You are living in New York now, I suppose."

George said that he was and declared that he thought they had been quite formally introduced, at which his companion laughed a little, and then they chatted together in the free and easy manner peculiar to young Americans.

"There, your coat is mended as well as I can do it," Harriet said, holding up the coat for his inspection.

"Oh, it is done beautifully!" George exclaimed. You were very kind and have my warmest thanks." He took the coat.

"See, it is clearing! Look at that bright sky!" Harriet exclaimed, pointing toward the west. "We shall have a fine sunset."

"Here come all the people from the cabin," said George. "I must go and return the engineer's coat and don my own. We are nearing the city. But first, I want to ask if I may call upon you at your home?"

"O yes, do come and see us," the girl said cordially. "Mother will be so pleased to find Mrs. Kingston again. She has often spoken of her and wondered where she was living."

"I shall be pleased to come, thank you," George replied.

Harriet gave him her address and they parted, Harriet to rejoin her party and George to go to the engineer. George Kingston called at Harriet's home during the following week and many times after and — well, it was only natural that Harriet Stephens should teach school but one year.

Impressions of Scotland.

BY MRS. P. P. WOMER.

"Mountain and mist, lone glen and murmuring stream,
The shaggy forest and the grey hillside—
These are thy features, Scotland—these the pride
Of those that love thee, and thy minstrel's theme.
For partial nature that denied to thee
The sun of England and the soil of France
Hath clothed thee in a garment of romance,
That dearer for that dearth thy face might be.
Proud mother, whose least son with reverence turns
To greet thee,—land of Wallace, Knox, and Burns—
Thy rugged hills are sacred from the feet
Of heroes; and thy bards a countless throng,
With tuneful tribute make the charm complete—
Each moor a memory, and each stream a song."

THE first impressions are never to be repeated. A second look will notice much that has not been seen before, but after all, the sharp lines of the first proof are always more interesting, no matter what the eye or mind fixes upon. Our first impressions of Scotland were received in the early morning of a day in last October. During the night the vessel upon which we had sailed from New York, had entered the river Clyde and at six o'clock A. M. was safely moored at the dock in Glasgow.

The crowd which met us at the pier was anything but reassuring. I expected every moment to have my pocket picked or my satchel stolen. But we lost no time in having ourselves transferred to other quarters. A cab was called and we took our first ride in a foreign land. At the hotel we had a little scene with the cab-man, but when my companion said that he would just call a policeman and have the matter settled he drove off in hot haste leaving us much amused at the incident.

At the hotel we found things more to our liking, but the absence of elevators could not fail to give a rather unfavorable first impression of European hotels. I thoroughly agreed with the sentiments of a fellow countryman that to be compelled to climb so many flights of stairs was nothing short of a reckless

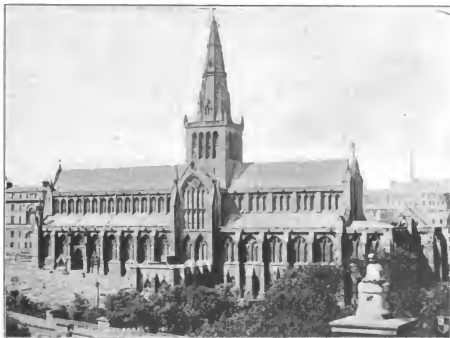
waste of energy. Indeed this reckless waste of energy is noticeable in this country in respect to a great many similar matters. People prefer to do things as they have always been done. The habits of centuries are opposed to innovations and improvements. Walking the streets in the morning one who is unaccustomed to the sight is astonished to see a maid at every doorway, with bucket and scrubbing brush, scouring away at the stone steps, and even as far down as the sidewalk. And the steps in most cases are badly worn with the scourings of centuries. One cannot but pity the poor maids who must do this drudgery at the rate of sixteen shillings per month, and to think how much better the results might be if their strength were utilized to a better purpose.

It took us some time to find comfortable lodgings, or "diggings" as the people here are accustomed to say. After weary days of house investigation we began to know by the appearance of the maid who answered the door bell whether we cared to investigate further. It makes one feel like a health officer, this searching for quarters in a strange city. But at last our patience was rewarded, and we are living in true American style, with many things to remind us of home, such as Force and Shredded Wheat Biscuits.

The city of Glasgow is the second in size in Great Britain, and far the largest in Scotland. It is a commercial city and its atmosphere does not differ from that of all commercial centers. To an American, upon first sight, the appearance of the city is somewhat "squatty." There are no buildings of such a height as one is accustomed to see in New York or Boston. As a rule they are not over four or five stories. But they are all built of stone and this gives a very solid and substantial look to the city. The dwelling houses are wholly without adornment, with the exception of the long rows of chimney pots which are everywhere in evidence. The stone walls are black with dust and soot, lending to everything a very somber aspect. Especially is this the case on a dull and heavy day, a thing which may be counted upon at least six times a week and sometimes seven.

Among the many objects of general interest in Glasgow mention should be made in particular of the old Cathedral. This structure is truly one of the wonders of Scotland. It was built by the Picts three or four hundred years before the discovery of America, and remains today as a monument of those far off centuries. The style of the architecture is Gothic, and this with the beautiful windows, and the evidence of age presents to the observer a picture that is very impressive. The great crypt extending under the choir is dark and damp and inspires a feeling of awe and reverence. St. Mungo, famous in early Scottish history is buried here and about him cluster many old legends.

Another building of commanding interest, although a very modern structure, is the University. It is also Gothic in style, and of enormous dimensions. It is splendidly located on a hill overlooking the city, and is deservedly the pride of Glasgow, because it is said to be the finest building in Scotland and one of the finest in Europe.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL, BUILT LONG BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, ONE OF THE FINEST BUILDINGS IN EUROPE.

Mention should also be made of the splendid Municipal buildings which are famed for the varied and magnificent nature of their internal decorations. They have been beautified with materials from almost every corner of the earth. Italian colonades, satin wood from Ceylon, Mosaics from Venice, South American amber wood, and many other materials of a similar nature are to be found. These buildings are always visited by tourists, and it was in one of them only a few days ago that a very amusing incident happened. A party of Americans were admiring the exquisite stair-case, when the Lord Provost in simple garb made his appearance. Seeing that the Americans were greatly interested he offered to act as the escort of the party and to explain some of the interesting features of the building. When they had finished their tour, one of the Americans stepped up to the great "Dignitary," slapped him familiarly upon the shoulder and called him a fine old chap, and gave him a "tip" to the amount of two shillings. The Lord Provost took the money and afterwards gave it to some charitable object, and is now telling the story to the great amusement of the public.

I do not think that I am finding every thing in Glasgow "couleur de rose" although the checks of the people are of a very brilliant hue. The dense fogs, and the excessive dampness are especially disagreeable. There have been many days this winter when it was necessary for us to keep the gas lighted throughout the day, the darkness being almost as deep at noon as at mid-night. The temperature throughout the winter has been very much milder than is usually the case in New England. But the excessive dampness imparts a chill to the atmosphere that is very penetrating and disagreeable. And furthermore the

houses are not as well provided against the cold as is the case in America. The only convenience for heating is the fire-place, and we have certainly found this a very poor substitute for hot air.

But, as Emerson declares, there is a law of compensation that may be seen everywhere. In Scotland the compensation for the bad climatic conditions is to be found in the people. The Scotch as a people have sometimes been criticised for their unsociability, but a more intimate acquaintance shows that this criticism does them a great injustice. We have found them exceptionally kind and hospitable.

One's first thought on walking through the streets of a Scotch city is that the people in matters of dress are a little showy and ostentatious. Crowds of business men are seen going to their offices dressed in frock coat, wearing a silk hat, and perhaps carrying a gold-headed walking stick. But a closer acquaintance with these men and with



THE FAMOUS MUNICIPAL BUILDING AT GLASGOW.

the people as a whole quickly removes any unfavorable first impression. Owing to a very lucky combination of circumstances we have enjoyed exceptional advantages for getting acquainted with the Scotch people and seeing Scotch life at its best, and our experiences in this respect will we doubt not, be some of our most cherished memories in the future.

We have also had some exceptional advantages of seeing Scotch life at its lower levels. But time and space forbid that I should pursue this subject any further. It will suffice to say that the misery and squalor which here meet the eye on every side are scarcely if ever witnessed in America.

It should be said in closing, that we have so far seen Scotland at the most unfavorable season. But happily we have yet a few months before us and perhaps by the time I write my next letter, the outward conditions will have changed so much that I can write of some things more favorably.

The Kimball Public Library at Randolph, Vt.

BY REV. HOMER WHITE.

THIS building which has lately been finished stands on Main Street nearly opposite the school-house and is an ornament to one of the most beautiful villages of Vermont. It has cost about \$17,000.00 and is a present to the town from Col. Robert J. Kimball, a generous son of Randolph and a successful business man of New York City. He owns a handsome residence in Randolph and is a citizen of Vermont, doing his voting in his native town which he has once acceptably represented in the legislature.

The Library building is sixty feet long on the street with a width of thirty-five feet. It is solidly built of brick, trimmed with brown sandstone, and is surmounted by a copper-sheathed dome. It is practically three stories high, the basement story, faced with dark marble, containing several very useful rooms, light and dry, with cement floors. These rooms, on the back side and nearly all around are on a level with the ground with plenty of windows and two outside doors, so that there is nothing cellar-like about them. The facade, which looks down School street, is ornamented about the entrance with carved stone and above the doors, in large bronze letters, is the name of the building, "KIMBALL PUBLIC LIBRARY." But a glance at the accompanying cut will give a better idea of the outside appearance of the building than any words can do. The steps which lead up to the entrance are of marble with heavy blocks of the same stone on either side. The marble used on the outside and the marble and fine wood finish of the inside are all products of Vermont and can not be excelled.



As one enters the front doorway he finds himself in a vestibule wainscoted with verd antique marble. This passage opens into the wide hall which passes through the centre of the building and at the farther end of which is a large brick fire-place. The wainscoting of the hall is of clouded white marble with a base and rail of darker colored marble. To the right and left the hall opens through wide passages between handsome pillars with gilt capitals into large rooms — the reading room and reference-library room on the right and the stack room and a room for conversation on the left. From the center of the arched ceiling of the hall rises the structure which supports the dome and which is shut off from the hall by stained glass that admits the light from above. The walls of the hall above the wainscoting are painted a dark red and the ceiling is handsomely frescoed in lighter colors. Forming a part of the ornamentation of this central ceiling are painted on the four sides the names of those New England worthies, Webster, Bancroft, Phillips Brooks, Hawthorne, Emerson and Longfellow. The wainscoting, floors, doors, casements and frieze of the other rooms are of red birch, beautifully grained and highly polished, while the walls are painted a dark green, except in the room adjoining the stack room where the walls are a yellowish brown. On the left of the vestibule is an elegant lavatory, while on the right is the stairway leading to the basement, and over it the stairs to the third floor where there is an abundance of room which may be utilized in the future.

The architect is Mr. H. M. Francis of Fitchburg, Mass., and the builders, Wiley & Foss of the same town, while the Hon. Wm. H. Du Bois has had the general direction and management of the work and has put a great deal of time and careful thought into the enterprise on behalf of Col. Kimball and the board of trustees. The lot on which the library stands was purchased by the village of Randolph at a cost of \$3,200.00 and a site presented to the town. The furniture will be all that is required for such a building and of an excellence agreeing with that of the inside finish. About \$2,000.00 worth of new books have lately been purchased so that there are now some five thousand



PARTIAL VIEW OF INTERIOR, SHOWING STYLE OF FINISH.

books. Among the new books is a reference library costing \$500.00 and presented by the family of the late Hiram Kimball, a brother of Col. R. J. Kimball. The other new books including a valuable juvenile library, were bought with money left by Mrs. Sarah Jane Crocker, but the balance of her legacy, amounting to \$2,000.00 has been set apart as an endowment fund.

A large globe, costing \$250.00, has been presented to the Library by Mr. H. J. Morse of New York and a library clock is the gift of Mr. George A. White of the same city. Altogether, the value of the property, including site, books and endowment is over \$27,000.00.

The dedication of the library building occurred Tuesday afternoon, February 24. The exercises were held in the Congregational church which was packed to overflowing by people from all parts of the town. The program was as follows:

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|---|-------------------------|
| 1. ORGAN VOLUNTARY, "Recollections of Home" Caprice, <i>S. B. Mills</i> | |
| MISS CLARK. | |
| 2. GREETING, PRESIDING OFFICER, | REV. GEO. E. LADD |
| 3. PRAYER, | REV. G. W. PATTERSON |
| 4. MUSIC, Quartette, | MISS SPARKS, MRS. SEGAR |
| "To Thee O Country," | DR. KELTY, MR. BIDDLE |

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 5. REPORT ON THE NEW BUILDING, | WM. H. DU BOIS |
| 6. PRESENTATION, | COL. ROBERT J. KIMBALL |
| 7. RESPONSE, | REV. HOMER WHITE, Chairman
of the Board of Trustees |
| 8. MUSIC, "America," | QUARTETTE |
| 9. FORM, "Books," | REV. HOMER WHITE |
| 10. MUSIC, "Forget me not," | QUARTETTE |
| 11. ADDRESS, | PRES. M. H. BUCKHAM, D. D. |
| 12. MUSIC, "Old Hundred," | |
| 13. BENEDICTION, | REV. F. G. RAINEY |
| 14. ORGAN POSTLUDE, "Carnegie March," | K. Ockleston-Lippa |

The singing was good; Rev. Mr. Ladd made an excellent presiding officer, and the prayer by Rev. Mr. Patterson was suited to the occasion. Col. Kimball's speech of presentation was a model of its kind, and Pres. Buckham's address was full of high thought and practical suggestion expressed in purest English. Though many were standing, not a sound disturbed the speaker. He held the closest attention of his audience. The reception in the library was attended by a very large number of people who inspected and admired the beautiful building.

Middlebury Fire-Swept.

PHOTOS. BY WILL WAUGH.

ONLY once has Middlebury, Vt. been visited by as great a conflagration as that in February last, when every business block south of the bridge, on Main St., except one, was destroyed, together with a planing mill and several other buildings.

The fire was discovered by a policeman while on his rounds at two o'clock in the morning. It is supposed to have started from an overheated furnace in Union Block. The village fire alarm system was out of order and in



the delay experienced in ringing the fire bell the blaze made great headway. In less than an hour the first big block, away up on the left in the picture, was a mass of flames, the fire had crossed the street and progressed at such a rate on both sides that human effort was unavailing to check it. The heat became terrific, while the fire lighted up the surrounding country for miles. The fire department worked nobly and kept the flames from extending northward across the river and from the residential section on the east.

The business part of the village was destroyed. The total loss was about \$100,000. There is little doubt but that the fire-swept portion will be rebuilt at once.

CENTRAL VIEW OF MAIN STREET, MIDDLEBURY, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE. RESPECTIVE SIDES OF THE STREET TODAY.



BEE'S SOLO.

BY GERTRUDE ELINOR HARRIS, WINDSOR, VT.

THE Stone Church choir had finished its weekly rehearsal and was now busily discussing the musical festival to be held in the neighboring town of Linville very soon. Nearly all the members of the choir belonged to the chorus and parts in duets and trios had been assigned to various ones. "Now there's that contralto solo we promised them," said the chorister in his drawing voice, "Mis' Lyman you going to take that?"

"I really can't, Mr. Jenkins, I'm dreadfully sorry but I'm going down to my sister's silver wedding at the time of the festival. I hate to miss it but Lou would be so disappointed if I didn't come."

"You don't say Lou has been married twenty-five years!" cried Miss Peterson, the organist. "Why it don't seem more than five. Of course I was quite a little girl then," she added.

"Of course," murmured one of the younger girls, winking roguishly at the others thereby causing them to giggle.

Bee Holman, however, did not laugh but looked apprehensively at her mother.

The choir rehearsal was held in the Holman parlor and Mrs. Holman was the leading pillar of the Stone Church. In fact to put in a homely fashion she "ran" the church and everything connected with it even to the choir. She could not sing and really had no knowledge of music at all but she labored under the delusion that her daughter, Bee, had a fine voice and would become a great singer if properly trained.

In reality Bee had only a sweet but very mild parlor voice. Bee knew this and so did everybody else but so great was Mrs. Holman's domination that no one dared breathe a word but what that Bee's voice was all Mrs. Holman thought it. True, Bee often protested tearfully that she could not sing and just hated the word, "music." It was all the same to Mrs. Holman, and Bee continued to warble meekly in the wake of Mrs. Lyman's strong contralto Sunday after Sunday and to appear at all of the village musical affairs in the role of one of the performers.

So Bee looked anxiously at her mother on this evening when the other girls were laughing, the women gossiping, and Mr. Jenkins reflectively chewing one finger.

"I think Bee will sing it for you, Mr. Jenkins," announced Mrs. Holman blandly, at the same time sending a dagger glance at Bee.

"Er—why yes—er—we—will you sing it for us, Miss Bee?" stammered the chorister helplessly.

"I really couldn't," said Bee, much distressed.

"Of course you can, Bee, don't be idiotic," said her mother.

"But before all those people and Professor De Rosa," said Bee.

"Bee will sing it, Mr. Jenkins, she is only a trifle bashful about it," said Mrs. Holman in a tone that boded ill for Bee.

Her face was very red as she studied the pattern in the carpet and the other girls stifled a giggle in their handkerchief. Mrs. Holman took possession of the solo and poor Bee was rehearsed and practised until she was nearly wild.

At last the day before the festival arrived and in the morning Mrs. Holman awoke with a severe headache and hoarse sore throat while Bee who had tried her best to get cold was as well as ever. "O, mamma, if you can't go I may stay at home, mayn't I?" she begged.

"No, indeed, you will go and sing your solo, of course," croaked Mrs. Holman from her sofa. "And you had better go right down and see if Miss Peterson has got your dress done."

Hopelessly Bee put on her hat and sallied forth. "I can't *can't* do it," she groaned, clenching her fists. "Why will mamma be so unreasonable? If I could go like the other girls to listen or even to sing in the chorus. But to get up there and sing a solo when I can't sing anyway. I've been poked into every single musical occasion in this town since I was a baby and now I've got to go over to Linville and make a fool of myself!" Tears sprang into her eyes and she stamped her foot. "O, if I didn't know a note," she muttered.

She was directly in front of the house where her cousin Ruth lived.

Ruth was poor and the house was small but Ruth could sing while Bee couldn't, but Ruth had no chance to cultivate her music for Mrs. Holman was jealous of her niece for Bee's sake.

Just as Bee came opposite the house Ruth began to sing. Astonished Bee listened. It was her solo but it sounded very differently from the way she sang it. Full and clear the sweet notes rose and fell with a depth of meaning and a rich pure tone Bee might strive for in vain.

As the song came to an end Ruth let her hands fall idly on the keys and looked wistfully out of the window. She was startled from her reverie by her cousin's meek little greeting.

"Why, come in, Bee," she said, pleased and surprised, for Bee, though friendly enough, did not often call.

"No, I can't stop," said Bee. "I came to see if you were going over to the festival?"

"No," answered Ruth with a sigh, "I should just love to but I can't afford it."

"You do sing beautifully, Ruth, I—I wish you could go in my place and sing my solo," said Bee tentatively.

Ruth made no reply but let her fingers run lightly over the keys to the little old organ making thereby a melody that Bee could practise for in vain on her elegant piano.

"Mamma is sick so she can't go," said Bee presently as she shifted her feet uncomfortably.

"That's too bad, I'm sorry," said Ruth.

"Ruth!" cried Bee, "Would it—would it be very wicked if you sang in my place? You are Miss Holman too and no one will know but what it was changed except mamma. O, Ruth, dear, won't you do it, please? I just can't get up there and pretend to sing before all those people and Prof. De Rosa, please Ruth?"

Ruth's eyes shone with a sudden light, half triumphant, half defiant.

"I'll do it," she said.

* * * * *

The festival was a great success especially Miss Holman's solo. Everybody pressed forward to congratulate her upon her triumph. Professor De Rosa remarked that hers was the most promising young voice he had heard in that part of the country.

After the evening concert the girls returned home laden with flowers.

HOSEA V. FRENCH,

WHO DIED JAN. 31, 1903. WAS A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF WOODSTOCK, VT. AND TREASURER OF WINDSOR CO.



Mrs. Holman, of course, was highly delighted at her daughter's supposed success and could not lavish praises enough on Bee whose blushes she attributed to modesty.

Her self satisfied look of "I told you so," drove the girls nearly frantic.

Ruth had been invited as a special favor to Bee to stay all night.

The girls occupied the same room and after the light was out and all dark and quiet, Bee murmured sleepily,

"Anyway it was better than me murdering it!"

And Ruth answered, "I have to get a chance to sing something." Then she added, "I don't feel exactly happy though."

"I don't—either," said Bee and Ruth felt her bury her head in the pillow.

Next morning two very shame-faced girls came down to breakfast. Mrs. Holman was much better and beaming with satisfaction. She opened the paper to read the account of the festival to the girls, dwelling very complacently upon the complimentary remarks about Miss Holman's solo.

"I always knew you could sing if you would," she said, looking over her glasses to Bee.

Bee stole a glance at Ruth and Ruth answered the glance.

"Please, mamma," began Bee bravely, "I didn't sing it, Ruth did."

Mrs. Holman looked surprised and puzzled from one to the other.

"Yes, ma'am," said Ruth, "Bee asked me to and I wanted to so I did. Tell me what a wicked, mean, deceitful creature I am and don't let Bee ever speak to me again," and Ruth burst into tears.

"Daughter, is this true? Have you deceived me?" asked Mrs. Holman.

"Ye'es," said Bee miserably, "but I knew I couldn't sing, mamma, and Ruth could and I couldn't bear to be laughed at and—" Bee faltered and buried her face on her arms on the table.

Mrs. Holman's air-castles and self satisfaction were all vanishing. She felt as if the foundation of things had given way.

At last she said slowly, "Then all these flowers and words of praise belong to Ruth?"

"Yes, ma'am," murmured Bee.

"And Professor De Rosa said this about you, Ruth?" asked Mrs. Holman, looking again at the paragraph she had been reading.

"Yes, auntie," sobbed Ruth.

"Well, Bee, I think we will let Ruth finish out your term of music and you can use Bee's piano to practise on," said Mrs. Holman after a little, "and, Bee, after you have bathed your eyes you can go over and tell Mr. Jenkins that after this, Ruth will sing in your place in the choir."

"O, mamma!" cried Bee in shame yet joy.

"O, auntie, I don't deserve it, I truly don't!" cried Ruth.

"Don't forget you did very very wrong to deceive as you did," said Mrs. Holman severely, but perhaps I was wrong in my ideas about Bee's singing, and if she wants to give it up and give you the opportunities she would have had—"

"Mamma, I never never will be so wicked again!" cried Bee, "but I am so thankful I shan't ever have to sing again lest I want to!"

"Dear auntie how can you be so forgiving and good to me when I was so wicked!" cried Ruth, and both girls flew at August Mrs. Holman in a way that knocked off her spectacles and that doubtless was what made her eyes so misty as she drew them both into her arms.

MR. FRENCH was born in Bridgewater, Vt. He learned the painter's trade but afterwards went into business at Woodstock, and was for twenty-five years or more honorably connected with the business interests of the town. In later years he traveled as a representative of several business concerns. While on one of these trips in Maine, in the early part of this last winter, he had a slight attack of pneumonia, from which he soon rallied sufficiently to admit of his returning home, but a weak heart prevented a complete recovery. He was able to be around, but with failing powers, until two days before his death. He was nearly 77 years of age.

In religious belief he was a Universalist and had long been identified with the interests of the church at home and in the state. From 1879 to 1882 he was president of the Universalist convention of Vermont and Province of Quebec, and served, in all, seven years on the board of trustees of that body. For a number of years he was chairman of the board of trustees of Perkins Green Mountain Academy, South Woodstock, Vt., and from 1880 to 1890 was trustee of Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt., and as its financial agent raised an endowment fund of \$10,000.

Among those who knew him, Mr. French was respected as a man of high moral purpose and of unimpeachable integrity. In the early days of the temperance movement he was associated with Doctor Thomas E. Powers,—the Neal Dow of Vermont, and a Universalist, through whose impassioned eloquence and indefatigable labors Vermont's prohibitory law was enacted fifty years ago,—in the organization of a lodge of the Sons of Temperance, and through the years the weight of his influence has been thrown for purity in private and public life. For thirty-six years he was the treasurer of Windsor county,—a fact which testifies abundantly to the confidence reposed in him by his fellow-citizens.

He was twice married, in 1849 to Miss Lucy H. Reynolds of Montpelier, who died in 1893; and in 1899 to Mrs. Rebecca Burleigh of Centre Sandwich, N. H., who with his daughter, Mrs. Clara Smith, survives him.

Our Interpretation of Life.

BY MRS. JEROME W. PIERCE, SPRINGFIELD, VT.

IT matters little whether one is brought up in a cabbage patch, or in a rose garden, so far as the formation of character is concerned, for that is moulded by one's thoughts, and not by one's environment. Thought may grow to span the earth, yet derive its sustenance from the humblest sources. One's disposition, however, may, and often is, modified by externals,—the color of one's thought, and the fiber of one's will determining the limit of that influence. We find the world mostly as we look at it. There is a dyspepsia of heart and mind directly traceable to a pessimistic attitude towards everything under the sun. The victim of this disease richly deserves the approbrious epithet of "kicker," for he is happy only when trying to pull his neighbor into the mire of his own making. Of all the outlooks in this world the uncharitable one is the most depressing. We are apt to forget that we do not live by bread alone, and that we build most lastingly, and most surely by the thoughts we cherish. Since we are what we think, let our interpretations of life be broad and humane.

Low thoughts make low lives, and high thoughts, wrought into fine doing, make high toned lives. From the kind of nourishment we give our minds will be evolved the kind of man, or woman, the world wants, or does not want. We are told that the necessities of life are few; this may be entirely true in regard to both the spiritual, and the physical life, but that "few" must be the nectar of gods, and the ambrosia of angels. In order to be permitted to sit at this feast, one may need to be baptised by fire, and by water,—to suffer the neglect of children, and to endure the vituperations of enemies, to struggle with loneliness, and to feel the lack of that high courage necessary to keep one's life well up to the best standards. One who can still stand unscathed under all of these trials, holding fast to the eternal verities, will feed the breath of angels, and the Divine touch that waketh to new life.

Rev. Geo. W. Bailey,

A WELL-KNOWN CLERGYMAN OF SPRINGFIELD, VT., WHO WILL SOON BE 87 YEARS OLD. IS VERY BRIGHT AND ENJOYS VERY GOOD HEALTH FOR A MAN AT HIS ADVANCED AGE. WAS ASSOCIATED WITH REV. DR. MINER AND LIEUT. GOV. TRASK OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HAMILTON ORMSBEE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ONE of the noticeable figures among the Universalist clergymen of Vermont, is the Rev. Geo. W. Bailey of Springfield, the fifty-ninth anniversary of whose entrance into the ministry was celebrated there in 1898 on June 19. Mr. Bailey's 82d birthday. Mr. Bailey preached on that occasion, although he had for some years retired from active pastoral labors and an audience was drawn from many towns in that part of the state and from New Hampshire.

Mr. Bailey was born at Weare, New Hampshire, in 1816; was educated at the Academies in Cavendish and Chester, Vermont, and at the Scientific and Military Academy at Unity, New Hampshire, then in charge of the Rev. A. A. Miner, the distinguished Universalist clergyman. Mr. Bailey preached his

first sermon at Amherst, New Hampshire. His first pastorate was in Springfield, followed by settlements in East Randolph, Lebanon, New Hampshire and Morrisville. His pastorate at Lebanon extended for fifteen years and that at Morrisville for ten years. Since 1876 he has lived in Springfield without a charge, but has officiated at many funerals and weddings. Mr.



REV. GEO. W. BAILEY.

Bailey twice represented his town in the legislature of this state from Morrisville and was twice elected to the New Hampshire legislature from Lebanon. He has served for many years as the Superintendent of Schools for Springfield, and has held that office for seventeen years in all his parishes. He was one of the committee which selected Barre as the location for Goddard Seminary, serving with Lieut. Gov. Trask of Massachusetts and the Rev. Dr. Miner. Mr. Bailey, during his ministry has preached over 4,000 sermons, has officiated at 700 funerals and at 375 weddings.

He has been twice married, first to Martha B. Dow, of Lowell, Massachusetts, and after her death to Mrs. Hannah Hawkins Brown, of Springfield, Vermont, who died on New Year's Day, 1901. He has one son, Geo. B. Bailey, for many years in the customs service in New York City. Shortly after his wife's death in 1901, Mr. Bailey presented to the Universalist Church in Springfield a handsome stained glass window in her memory, "Christ Blessing Little Children." His son erected a companion window in honor of his father, "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane." These windows are among the handsomest examples of stained glass in the state. Mr. Bailey enjoys good health considering his advanced age, and frequently takes part in notable events in his town.



Sparklets.

HIS CREED.

Robinson Crusoe has long been a favorite of the young people and is kindly remembered by most elderly people, but his fame does not rest upon his religion or the creed he professed.

It has now been decided, however, by a little girl that he was a good churchman. "What makes you think so?" she was asked.

"Because he kept good Friday."

If you would work any man, you must either know his nature or fashions, and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him; or his weaknesses and disadvantages, and so awe him; or those that have an interest in him, and so govern him.

—LORD BACON.

A SCRIPTURAL REASON.

A certain merchant who was brought up in the good old way of asking more for his goods than he expected to get in order that his customers might enjoy the pleasure of beating him down to a reasonable price, was sometimes agreeably surprised by receiving what he at first asked.

One day a gentleman entered his store to purchase some article and being told the price, immediately paid it without any demur and walked out with his purchase. Another man who was in the store at the time and witnessed the transaction, rebuked the merchant for taking advantage of the gentlemen's evident ignorance.

"What made you ask him twice what the thing was worth?" he inquired. "It was robbery!"

"Well," replied the merchant, "the Scripture says, 'ask and ye shall receive.'"

ONE THING STILL CHEAP.

In the same store, at another time a would-be customer asked the price of an article he wanted and was given what he considered an unreasonable figure.

"Isn't that a pretty high price?" he inquired.

"Perhaps so, but these goods have gone up."

"It seems to me that every thing you deal in has gone up."

"No; rags not gone up—just the same."

Rags were the only things the merchant bought of his customers.

Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else; rarely to those who say to themselves, "Go to, now! let us be a celebrated individual!"

—HOLMES.

WHAT HE WOULD BE.

The commercial traveler is a humorous man and carries around with his grip of samples a stock of jokes, stories and conundrums which he exchanges with his brethren of the road, or disposes of to his customers, free gratis for nothing, apparently, but after all their value somehow gets into the bill of goods he sells.

The last good one it has been our privilege to hear was perhaps evolved from the sad experience of the traveler at a cheap hotel: It took the form of this question:

"If a goat should swallow a rabbit what would the rabbit become?"

We never were any better than Lord Dunsy at guessing conundrums and such like things, and so after the appearance of a mental struggle sufficiently prolonged to show that we meant to do our best, we gave it up and called for information. The genial man of the road, after a glance of pity for our one-story intelligence, generously answered his own question:

"Why, he would be a hare (hair) in the butter."

The best speculation the market holds forth, The best that I know for a lover of puff, Is to buy a man up for what he is worth, And sell for the price that he sets on himself.

WHAT IT WAS INTENDED TO DO.

A fine new church had been built and the priest in charge of the parish was naturally proud of it. One day he was showing it to a visiting friend and after the interior had been duly inspected they came out of the door and stood looking at the exterior of the building.

The friend had gazed at every thing in speechless admiration and now the priest inquired:

"And what do you think of it, Michael?"

"It bates the divle!" he replied.

"That's what it was intended to do, my boy."

MINISTERS' SONS.

Our Methodist brethren deserve a great deal of credit for their energy and liberality in raising the Twenty Million Dollar Fund for church work—a million for every century of the Christian era.

In this connection ministers' sons, who are generally supposed to be the worst kind of sons extant, ought to have a good word said for them. One minister's son drew his check for four hundred thousand dollars to help swell this fund. His father used to preach for four hundred dollars a year. It would have taken the old gentleman one thousand years to earn the sum which his son gave away at one stroke of the pen.

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.

I sat me down one summer day
To write about the weather,
And drew my paper, pen and ink
Quite carefully together;
A wonder happened, strange but true,—
Else I would never tell it you,—
For as I was about to write
Some funny thoughts, some fancies bright,
My pen, grown rusty in the foggy air,
Did break in twain, without a care
For my poetic inspiration.
When I repaired this aggravation,
My ink I found was frozen stiff,
And then, of wind, there came a whiff,
And blew my paper every where,—
Enough to make St. Simon swear!

And when I'd gathered all again together
I found my thoughts all gone. Dog-gone
the weather!

A. K. K.

CONTAGIOUS.

THE editor of the Baltimore American is probably a poor fisherman. He does not say that he was the party of the second part in the following story, but this is the way he tells it:

"This fishin' fever seems to be contagious," said the stranger, noting the long row of anglers perched upon the creek bank.

"Yes, it's contagious, all right," said the man who had been fishing four hours without a nibble, "but not ketchin'."

WOODEN SIDE JUDGES.

Many people wonder what side judges are for and why they are retained in our judiciary system. One such individual was once elected to the legislature of a certain state and the new-made lawgiver proceeded to air his views on the subject.

He brought in a bill abolishing the present side judges and providing that wooden ones should be substituted for them by the authority of the state. He argued that his plan would do away with office-seeking for these positions, would save the salaries now paid, and altogether would be better than the present system.

The bill was opposed by a fellow member who said that the cost of making the wooden judges would be very great and he couldn't see that they would be any better than what we have now.

The bill was defeated.

Correspondence and Comment.

Next to the pleasure of receiving subscriptions comes gratification in the assurances that the JOURNAL is read with interest. Here are three letters of varying import, received since the last issue, and each is accompanied by explanatory paragraphs.



A STORY THAT BROUGHT RESPONSES.

MR. CUMMINGS:

Bethel, Vt.

I enclose you a little poem which you may like for the JOURNAL. It has no especial merit but it seems to me the rhythm is pleasing. I was surprised to learn how widely the Journal is read, for after the publication of "The Resurrection of Jane Stubbs" I received letters telling me of its being read before public gatherings of various societies. I also heard from it from five different states and Canada. Personally I care nothing but I am much pleased because I am so much interested in the Journal and have been from the first number.

My son is going to California next week and I thought perhaps you might like a short article and a few photos from there sometime. If so will you please inform me whether you have to have a photo printed upon any special kind of paper?

Wishing you success in the fullest sense of the word,

Yours truly,

(MRS.) IDA LEWIS.

In these days of national inertia, when the vision of prosperity has come true and the homes of America's workmen are the most comfortable in the world, when boys and girls don't care to work, people won't go to church, won't attend lecture courses, are willing to leave the care of schools to somebody who is paid to do it, and care so little about the future of state that they allow the saloon to be thrust upon them—it is gratifying to know that a powerful story can yet strike a responsive chord.

"The Resurrection of Jane Stubbs" appeared in the December JOURNAL. A life of selfishness clearly shown in the bright light of a dream gave Jane Stubbs the resolve to live for others. In the several thousand homes to which this story went, its power for good may have been great as a mirror in which we might also see the narrowness of our own lives.

The interest in the JOURNAL is not confined to the Connecticut Valley. In addition to many subscribers in other states hundreds of copies are remailed monthly to distant friends and thus the far-reaching influence of our wholesome stories is felt.



WHEN THE FIRE-ALARM SOUNDS IN RUTLAND.

Rutland, Vt., people are always enthusiastic over the work of their fire department. During the past year there were more than the usual number of fires, but the proportionate loss was smaller. There are eighteen regular firemen and a volunteer force in addition. It is the claim of the Rutlandites that there is no use going to a fire over there for they put it out before it starts, and they tell with gusto how the men of the department are often seen getting into their apparel as their trucks go swinging through the streets.

Rutland, Vt.

FRIEND CUMMINGS:

Your kind remembrance in the shape of the INTER-STATE JOURNAL was received this morning and I can assure you it was read with interest. I was much interested in your article on the recent fire of Christ Church. I always like such articles and I shall await with pleasure your next number which I see is to contain an account of the Middlebury fire. By the way, speaking of fires and remembering your account of the Lebanon department, reminds me of a pretty run to a fire here in Rutland, recently, which I was fortunately able to see and to time. I was just getting ready to back on to my train with my engine, preparatory to starting on a run, when I saw a man pulling in an alarm. I stood at the foot of a long, straight street that I knew they

would both have to come down, and waited. In just one minute from the time the alarm was rung, No. 2 showed up at the top of West St. hill. This street is parallel to Washington and Center and is paved the same. You have seen the moving pictures of railroad trains? Well, this was just like it. They could be seen in the distance coming like mad. When about halfway down the street the No. 1's swung in beside them off a cross street, and it was a magnificent sight to see those two teams with the fine big horses, and the nickel plated harness and trimmings of the fire wagons glistening in the sun. It was a well-matched pair and neither gained on the other. As they passed a hydrant near the alarm box two men jumped off holding the end of a line of hose, a line from each wagon. The teams never slackened but were still driven at top speed, directed to the spot where the fire was by the gestures of the crowd that had gathered. Arriving at this point the horses were stopped, hose was broken, nozzle screwed on, and before the nozzle was fully tightened the water was heard rushing through the hose. How long do you suppose it was from the time the alarm was pulled until the water was on? Two minutes, ten seconds. One of the fire stations is in the City Hall and one up back of the Post-Office. No. 2 had nearly a mile to go but it was a straight stretch and down hill, while No. 1 had to turn several corners and no down hill to help, but they did not have as far to go. Is this as good as the W. R. J. record? I never before had just this opportunity to catch the time and watch such a race. It's exciting and don't you forget it.

GEO. K. KENNEY.

Rutland city has magnificent asphalt pavements. The chief of the department is a man of wide experience, and is considered even better than old Chief Hannum, who for many years was the best fire-fighter on the West side. The members of the department have considered it a part of their duty to familiarize themselves with city property so they know just how to get at a fire. The graphic description of our correspondent demonstrates the value of a reliable alarm system, an experienced chief, and a handful of paid men who get many a fire out before the average citizen can arrive on the scene.



JOURNAL PICTURES TO BE WIDELY SEEN.

MR. CHAS. R. CUMMINGS:

Boston, Mass.

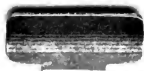
If you care to loan me the picture of "Recent Fire at Christ's Church," in your February issue, or the cut of "Snow Foliage, Colburn Park," either or both of them will appear in "Our Dumb Animals," with due credit to you. Our circulation you will notice in the enclosed, and I would add that we have been offered by Boston and New York publishers the use of some thousands of cuts simply for giving credit for the same.

With kindest wishes, I am

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The JOURNAL office has been accorded many compliments, but we consider this request perhaps the greatest of them all. It is an eminent recognition of our effort to supply attractive pictures for JOURNAL readers. "Our Dumb Animals" has been published for thirty-five years by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is also the representative paper for the American Humane Education Society and for the Bands of Mercy which are being rapidly organized all over the country. It has a circulation of 50,000 copies and sometimes a much larger number. It goes each month to all the Massachusetts clergy, thousands of business and professional men in that State, to the Boston police, the Massachusetts Legislature, to Humane Societies throughout the world, to large numbers of subscribers in this and foreign countries, thousands of Bands of Mercy, college presidents, and to the editors of over twenty thousand publications in our own country and British America, who in their turn print what is read by perhaps sixty million readers. Probably no copy ever goes to the waste basket unread. Through its columns Mr. Geo. T. Angell, the veteran President of the Societies, has wielded an unceasing influence which has won thousands from a position of indifference to an active working interest in behalf of our domestic animals, for the protection of birds, and other worthy objects. The universal movement in this direction is probably due in large measure to Mr. Angell's efforts. Our Dumb Animals is published at 19 Milk St., Boston, at 50 cents a year. To read a few copies is to feel that you know Mr. Angell and that you have become a champion of the cause he represents.



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